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PHOTOPLAY

MAGAZINE

July
20 Cents

Dorothy
Phillips

Yesterdays of Vitagraph *By J. Stuart Blackton*



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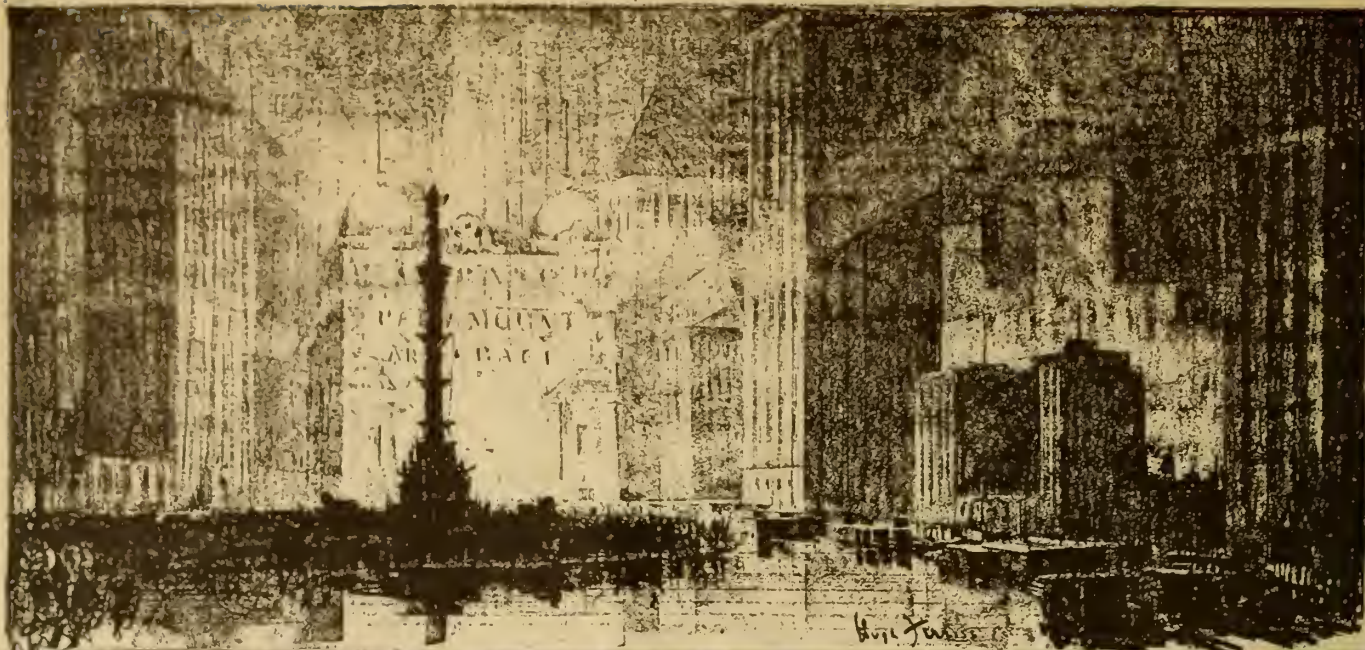
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Listed Alphabetically. Released up to May 31st.

Save the list! And see the picture!

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 Enid Bennett in "THE HAUNTED BEDROOM"
 Billie Burke in "GOOD GRACIOUS ANNABELLE"
 Marguerite Clark in "COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN"
 Ethel Clayton in "VICKY VAN"
 Dorothy Dalton in "THE LADY OF RED BUTTE"
 Dorothy Gish in "I'LL GET HIM YET"
 Lila Lee in "RUSTLING A BRIDE"
 "Oh! You Women" A John Emerson-Anita Loos Production
 Vivian Martin in "THE HOME TOWN GIRL"
 Shirley Mason in "THE FINAL CLOSE-UP"
 Charles Ray in "THE BUSHER"
 Wallace Reid in "THE ROARING ROAD"
 Bryant Washburn in "SOMETHING TO DO"

Paramount and Artcraft Specials

"The Hun Within" with a Special Star Cast
 "Private Peat" with Private HAROLD PEAT
 "Little Women" (from Louisa M. Alcott's Famous Book) A Win. A. Brady Production
 "Sporting Life" A Maurice Tourneur Production
 "The Silver King" starring WILLIAM FAVERSHAM
 "The False Faces" A Thos. H. Ince Production

Artcraft

Geo. M. Cohan in "HIT THE TRAIL HOLLIDAY"
 Cecil B. de Mille's Production "FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE"
 Douglas Fairbanks in "THE KNICKERBOCKER BICKAROO"
 Elsie Ferguson in "EYES OF THE SOUL"
 D. W. Griffith's Production "TRUE HEART SUSIE"
 "Wm. S. Hart in "THE MONEY CORRAL"
 Mary Pickford in "CAPTAIN KIDD, JR."
 Fred Stone in "JOHNNY GET YOUR GUN"

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Arbuckle Comedy "LOVE"
 Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies "WHEN LOVE IS BLIND"
 "LOVE'S FALSE FACES"
 Paramount-Flagg Comedies "WELCOME LITTLE STRANGER"
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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, *Publisher* — JULIAN JOHNSON, *Editor*

VOL. XXVI

No. 1

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Introducing—

Mr. A. Gnutt, a famous, though obscure, writer, who is a new member of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S editorial staff.

Mr. Gnutt (the G is either silent or not) is to conduct "The Squirrel Cage." See Page 49.

Mr. Gnutt, being a pioneer newspaper man, has accumulated a great many facts that he was never permitted to use. These facts are to be given to our readers.

Through "The Squirrel Cage" you will absorb a great deal of information that will be useful. The field for expression is broad, and Mr. Gnutt may say anything that occurs to him. The only limitations are Ford automobiles and corned beef and cabbage. If you are in constant need for information either curious or amusing, you will find all of the after-dinner speaking material worth while on this page.

We must tell you a curious thing in connection with the above portrait. Mr. Gnutt agreed to pose for his picture and indeed did so. But the photographer neglected to put in a plate when he snapped the bulb. Just at

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W. M. HART, Adv. Mgr.

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that moment his lease on the studio building expired and there was, naturally enough, no more time in which to re-pose the portrait. We give you our word that as soon as the photographer finds a new location we will have Mr. Gnutt pose again.

In the meantime—turn to Page 49.

Screen Supplement to Show Mr. Griffith

It has been often said that David W. Griffith is the most difficult person in the film business to interview for the reason that he declares he has nothing interesting to say. That is modesty of the most genuine sort.

And because of his reluctance to pose as a sage or a prophet even in his own kingdom, he has been interviewed but seldom, and seen on the screen only on the rarest occasions.

PHOTOPLAY'S Screen Supplement has scored its greatest triumph to date, therefore, in visualizing this remarkable creator in the very premises from which his great pictures came. Our camera picks him up as he studies a script in the old "rehearsal room" on the Fine Arts lot in Hollywood. Then is shown a tremendous recollection of the Ride of the Clan, in "The Birth of a Nation," after which Mr. Griffith and Mr. Quirk, publisher of PHOTOPLAY, saunter over to the most famous architectural relic in America, the ruins of Babylon. And here in these weeds and broken piles of brick and mortar, imagination—and the magic of the camera—for a moment recreate all the splendors of Belshazzar's court.

The Fifth Supplement will also show some interesting scenes filmed about the Metro studios. May Allison, Richard Rowland and Viola Dana all appear informally before the Supplement camera and some unusual views of the life about the studios is included in this feature.

Remember Joe Martin, the histrionic orang-outang? There is a story about him in this issue of PHOTOPLAY. Well, he and a big neighborly elephant at the Universal zoo got together before the PHOTOPLAY Screen Supplement camera and proved that the best of jungle enemies can meet far from the denizens of wild beasts and be sociable.

The Supplement, released by the Educational Films Corp., will be shown in your neighborhood theatre soon. If it isn't—ask the manager.

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LOS ANGELES

Maxwell Karger
Director General

NEW YORK

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).

AIRCRAFT 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 Gover 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, 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 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).

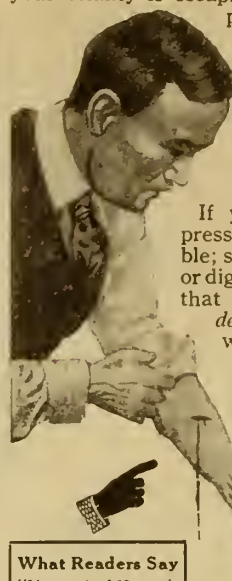
VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, E. 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Hollywood, Cal. (s).

WHARTON, INC., Ithaca, N. Y. (s).

WORLD FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City; Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

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She Played to Lose!

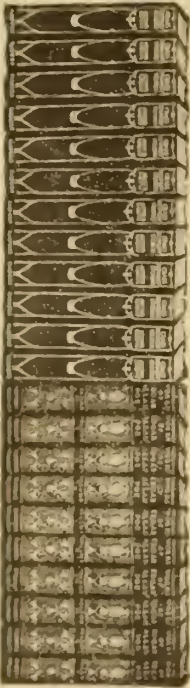
This woman—so soft—so lovely—so exquisite in every detail—so out of place in that wild gambling hell—this woman played to lose. Across the gleaming tables her long white hands pushed the crackling bills. One after another the yellow backed hundred dollar bills passed from her golden bag to the dealer. And yet she smiled serene.

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Five gold "Sea Goddess" brooches, jewel-set for women, will be awarded the best jinglers. The twenty-five next best efforts will be rewarded with brooches of lesser value.

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Priscilla Dean



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Because she's been bad—and has just found it out?
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Or because she's fighting a hopeless fight for love?
—“*The Wicked Darling.*”

Or because people won't trust her?
—“*A Silk-Lined Burglar.*”

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ATTRactions

-read this remarkable tribute from Cecil B. de Mille



"I have no doubt that the amateur creative mind can be trained and developed under proper systems and competent teachers. . . . From what I have seen and heard of the Palmer Plan, I may say that I regard it as probably the most efficacious method now in existence for developing the amateur creative mind; while the Manuscript Sales Department, it seems to me, is certain to be of benefit not only to photoplay authors but to producers as well. I am naturally interested in any development that will make for successful scenario writers because there is always a demand for original and well conceived material."

Cecil B. de Mille

[Director-General Famous Players-Lasky Corp.]

READ it again—and again—for this is no ordinary letter of lukewarm indorsement. It is a significant message from the foremost director in the motion picture field—one of the world's highest screen authorities. It is a high-power statement from the man who stands at the very apex of achievement—the man whose name is a warranty of high-calibre photoplays.

And this remarkable letter, mind you, typifies the attitude of the entire motion picture industry toward the Palmer Plan of Photoplay Writing. For the Palmer Photoplay Institute is filling a definite, vital need by serving as a Clearing House for the interchange of photoplay ideas—and by acting as the logical connecting link between producer and writer.

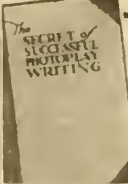
The Palmer Plan is making photoplay authors out of many people who never dreamed that their names would loom large on the silver screen. One member secured a staff scenario position three weeks after enrollment. Another member succeeded in having his first story accepted and produced. Another, after struggling unsuccessfully for years, received \$500 for his initial effort through us. Another, a busy housewife and mother of four children, is earning over \$200 monthly from spare-time work. Still another rose in a few months from an underpaid clerical position to Assistant Managing Editor of one of the largest film companies. Hardly a day goes by but what we receive a letter from some grateful member with the story of his or her success. And that, after all, is the thing that counts—the thing that interests you.

Understand—there is no magic or mystery about what the Palmer Plan will do for you. It is simply a concise, clean-cut plan that shows you how to put your "movie" ideas and plots into definite, cashable form. It is the only plan of photoplay training that helps you all the way through—from primary instruction to Advisory Service and then on to Marketing Service.

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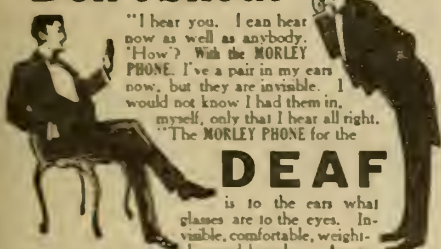
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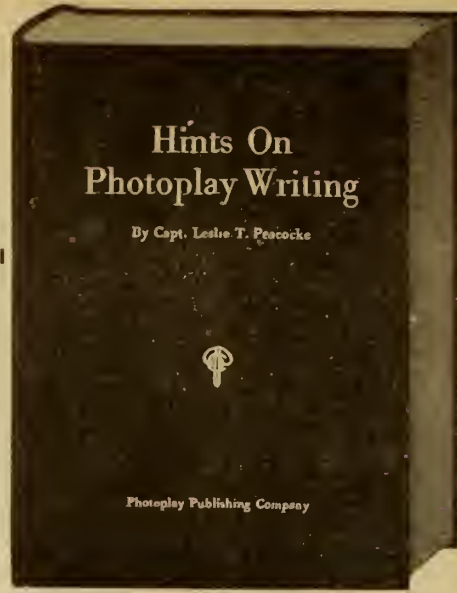
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Many women apply Motor Cream, then Marinello Powder, before starting out to motor, or to take part in any outdoor sports. Men find it excellent for use after shaving, and also after motoring, boating, swimming, golfing.

Why there are seven Marinello Creams

Skins vary. Some are inclined to be too dry; others are too oily, others fallow, etc. Few complexions are as beautiful as they can be. For this reason the Marinello skin specialists perfected a different cream for every different skin condition. Now your skin can have the specialized care it needs. Study the Chart of Marinello Seven Creams. It will help you to select the proper cream for your skin—the cream that will give you the radiant, healthy skin you long for. If you wish to ask any particular questions about your skin, address our Expert Department.

How to Sample Marinello Creams

Mail us two 3-cent stamps and we will send you a generous sample of the cream your skin needs, together with a sample of Foundation Cream and a beautifully illustrated booklet which tells what to do for a red nose, stippled skin, pimples, blackheads; how to use rouge; how to cleanse the skin; what to do for dandruff, for a dry or itchy scalp, falling hair—and many other useful beauty helps.

MARINELLO CO., Dept. P-3
MALLERS BLDG., CHICAGO
366-5th Ave., New York
La Crosse, Wis.

Chart of Marinello Seven Creams

Lettuce Cream for cleansing the skin. It cleans more thoroughly than soap and water and without irritation, 60c.

Tissue Cream for a rough, dry skin. It builds up the skin and gives it the extra nourishment which it needs, 60c and \$1.20.

Astringent Cream for an oily skin. It restrains the too abundant secretion of oil, 60c and \$1.20.

Whitening Cream for a sallow skin. Gives your skin that "pink and white" rose-leal quality; 60c and \$1.20.

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, 60c and \$1.20.

Motor Cream for skin protection. Neither wind nor weather can harm your skin if you fortify it with Motor Cream first, 60c and \$1.20.

Foundation Cream before using powder. It makes the powder go on so much more smoothly and stay longer; 75c.

Now sold by
Drug stores
Department stores
and 3500
Beauty Shops

MARINELLO
"A Beauty Aid
for Every Need"



Try this famous treatment tonight

Wring a soft cloth from very hot water, lather it well with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in *very gently* a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, *stopping at once if your nose feels sensitive*. Then finish by rubbing the nose for thirty seconds with a *piece of ice*. Always dry your skin carefully.



Conspicuous Nose pores— *How to reduce them*

Complexions otherwise flawless are often ruined by conspicuous nose pores.

The pores of the face are not as fine as on other parts of the body. *On the nose especially*, there are more fat glands than elsewhere and there is more activity of the pores. These pores, if not properly stimulated and kept free from dirt, clog up and become enlarged.

To reduce enlarged nose pores: Try the special treatment given above and supplement it with the steady, general use of Wood-

bury's Facial Soap. But do not expect to change immediately a condition resulting from long-continued exposure and neglect. Make this special treatment a daily habit. Before long you will see how it gradually reduces the enlarged pores until they are inconspicuous.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. You will find Woodbury's on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. A 25 cent cake will last a month or six weeks.

Sample cake of soap with booklet of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream for 15c.

For 6c 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 15c 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., 507 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 507 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.



*If your skin is marred
by blackheads*

It is because the pores have become clogged with oil, dry cuticle and the dirt and dust of the air. A special treatment for this skin trouble is given in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.



SHE was just a kid, at Griffith's. Graduating, she went to Triangle, where, at sixteen, she scored in "Until They Get Me." Now Pauline Starke is a star in "Humanity," and in Maurice Tourneur's "Marcene."



THE new Mrs. William Desmond—née Mary McIvor. A lovely peach in Bill Parson's comic garden; sometime ago a Triangler—and now we hear that the blonde Mrs. Bill is to appear, with her husband, for Hampton.



*A PART of every-fan's creed: "I shall not miss a Talmadge picture!"
Norma, twenty-two; or Constance, nineteen. Babyhood in Brooklyn;
school-days at Erasmus Hall; first filming for Vitagraph—their careers coincide.*



Alfred Cheney Johnston

WE don't need a statistician to explain that Peggy Hyland is an English girl. She made her American film debut with Famous Players, later starring for Vitagraph. Peggy is working now in "Cowardice Court"—(Fox).



Samy

LIEUTENANT AND MRS. H. PALMERSON WILLIAMS. *Marguerite Clark's marriage hasn't interfered with her picture-work, except that she will wear her wedding-ring in every part. Her latest, "Come Out of the Kitchen."*



Witzel

JACK HOLT isn't always this agreeable; he doesn't have a chance to be. Obligated, of late, to "register" aloof and patronizing, with la Stewart in "A Midnight Romance," and in "The Woman Thou Gavest Me."

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MILTON SILLS—one of our most responsible leading men. He bears rather gravely the screen burdens of such stars as Viola Dana and Gerry Farrar, upon those broad shoulders. Supporting Polly Frederick, now.



LILLIAN GISH as "Marie," the flower of war-time France, in "Hearts of the World"—a camera-study which won first prize in the annual exhibition of photography in the Royal Salon in London. Posed by Hendrik Sardov.

THE WORLD'S LEADING MOVING PICTURE MAGAZINE

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The League of Sunshine

THE Smiths, in the next apartment, are strangers. You have no particular thought as to how late you ought to play the piano. You take as much of the common basement space as you can get away with. But to know the Smiths is to regret nervous little Mrs. Smith's sleepless nights, which retire your piano not long after dinner. And, feeling a shy comradeship with the pale, sweet-faced little Smith boy, you pile your stuff high in one corner of the basement, and perhaps you help him build a big fort in the rest of the space, from which, on stormy days, he can shoot Indians or defy the world.

Before any two peoples can realize the brotherhood idea of The League of Nations, all peoples must get acquainted.

Getting acquainted—a commonplace, gossipy, every-day thing, yet it is at once the mightiest task and the gravest problem of The Twentieth Century. There is only one force that will tie country to country, continent to continent, in the bonds of understanding: The Motion Picture.

You can't interest a warm human being in cold things like editorial arguments, lectures, or the gales of the spellbinder, where this matter is concerned. You've got to show him other human beings of like mind. We are interested in the commonest business of every-day living. "Ave!" "Hail!" and "Hoch!" have been drowned in the universal cry, "When do we eat?"

The ideal condition would be everybody going on a personal visit to everybody else, but since such a transit is as impractical as Bolshevism, we must seek a substitute, a Universal Visitor. The Motion Picture is the only Universal Visitor.

We must back up The League of Nations with a League of Sunshine.



Vitagraph's memorable comedy stock company, at its best in 1913-14, included Hughey Mack, Lillian Walker, Albert Roccardi, Flora Finch, Etienne Girardot and Wally Van.

Yesterdays of Vitagraph

Intimate recollections of the memorable Brooklyn stock company which reared a host of stars—a great new chapter in the pioneer history of the movies.

By J. STUART BLACKTON

(EDITOR'S NOTE:—Commodore Blackton, though still an executive of the Vitagraph company, has been making entirely independent productions for so many months that he can look back in true perspective upon the historic organization of which he was inspirer and guiding spirit. In the time of which he writes Commodore Blackton was the foremost creator and exponent of intelligent stories and constantly improving screen-craft. He shares with the mighty David Wark the honor of first bringing intelligent people to the movie houses in large numbers. The Vitagraph theatre, perched on the very heart of Broadway, was the parent super-theatre of the films.

have done, we shall do a great deal more. Though we have gone far, we are still on the threshold of opportunity.

Yet, though our historical days are not truly upon us, we are in an hour when we can look back with some assurance, take stock of progress to date—and smile, maybe, at our first stumblings!

Biograph has been called "the cradle of the movies." If that is so, Vitagraph was certainly the movie nursery and kindergarten. Its list of debutantes and juveniles, its array of directors, writers and technical men are to-day—on the one hand, stars; on the other, leaders in film construction or creation. A few of Vitagraph's pioneers are dead, and perhaps an equal number have retired, but a much greater number are in this hour kings and queens of the great international art in which America leads the world.



THERE are so many "yesterdays" in Vitagraph's history, as I look back upon those crowded and whirling years of mechanical, actorial and creative achievement, that I scarcely know where to begin this account. The pioneer days of the films occupied less than two presidential administrations as the calendar runs, yet has there ever been an art, or a science, which went as far in half a century?

I do not feel that it is yet time to write, or even begin, anything like a "history of the picture business." Much as we

In its first period, Vitagraph—whose property in Brooklyn now covers many acres, occupied by numerous costly studios, laboratories, offices and administration buildings—consisted of a suburban lot in the center of which was erected an open platform of boards.

When this was supplemented by the first studio, a two-story concrete block building with a glass roof, we felt that we had



Norma Talmadge in her first part: the girl in the tumbrel in "A Tale of Two Cities," produced in 1909. Maurice Costello is playing Sidney Carton.

Fuller evidenced a combination of great talent and great drawing-power, and soon rivaled Florence Turner as our "leadingest" lady.

When Vitagraph had grown from one building to several, two pretty girls, scarcely more than children, were to be seen on the lot, participating where they could, "atmosphering" a great deal, and in general showing promise of future prominence and real usefulness. They were Norma and Constance Talmadge—Norma, very reticent but determined; Constance, a blithesome flapper, with very long thin legs and arms.

Then came the period of Earle Williams, Harry Morey and Clara Kimball Young. If my memory is correct, the very juvenile Mrs. Young became a real managerial asset for the first time after the release of our historic comedy, "Goodness Gracious," in which her acrobatic eyes were noticed from coast to coast. Her now ex-husband, James Young, was her director then, and was one of our very best producers.

Just about this time, or possibly a little earlier, I was directing a picture called "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," and after completing a scene in which we had the then astounding total of two hundred Greek dancing girls, I observed a slender, graceful, dark-eyed young girl of extremely beautiful and expressive face. She appeared to possess extraordinary charm and personality. I inquired if she had done any previous picture work. She answered: "No, for I'm just out of High School—but I'd love to try!" I told her to report the following Monday morning as a regular member of the Vitagraph stock company at a weekly salary of \$25. She was so overjoyed she could scarcely speak—and that's how Anita Stewart came into films. Her brother-in-law, Ralph Ince, was one of Vitagraph's leading directors then, and many of the



Here is a rare survival—the only existing photograph of the first automobile disaster in the history of motion pictures. This melodrama was called "Escaped From Sing-Sing," and was made in 1905.

reached the summit of artistic aristocracy.

In and around this edifice labored such personages as Florence Turner, Edith Storey, Charles Kent, the late William Shea, and the late Mary Maurice.

I say "labored" advisedly, because in those days it was a common sight to see Florence Turner helping Hector Dion tack the white muslin on the frames which subsequently became scenery.

Into this group came Maurice Costello, who was destined to be, for a brief while, the international screen idol.

Does "The Big Four" sound to you like a brand-new notion in pictures? Perhaps—and probably. But Vitagraph had the first "Big Four" the industry ever knew, in the persons of John Bunny, Kate Price, Flora Finch and Hughey Mack.

Also during this period came Mabel Normand, Lillian Walker, and little Kenneth Casey, the first of the long line of boy picture celebrities. I saw Kenneth, just the other day. He looked down at me from his towering height of more than six feet, and voiced a "Hello!" in deep bass.

Mabel Normand fluttered through a series of one-reel comedies and flew away, and then we were joined by Mary Fuller. Miss

Florence Lawrence and the late William Shea, in the "The Shaugraun."





Even when the movies were in their infantiest infancy they were able to improve a sedate old city like Venice. Observe the flivver gondola in a wooden Grand Canal. W. V. Ranous is playing Othello, and Julia Swayne Gordon, Desdemona.

films in which she appeared were made under his direction. I believe the first picture in which she played a part was called "The Wood Violet."

Shortly after this, E. K. Lincoln served his screen apprenticeship with us.

Ralph Ince, whom I have just mentioned, had previously entered direction from the comedy class, and pretty soon my family was increased by the addition of Dorothy Kelly, little Bobby Connelly, and Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew.

Mr. Drew's recent death makes him an especially interesting figure—and especially interesting indeed to us of the old Vitagraph fold, for here he found the romance that lasted through the rest of his life. We sent Mr. Drew to St. Augustine, to film Archibald Clavering Gunter's comedy romance, "A Florida Enchantment." Little did we know how aptly that play was named! In Mr. Drew's company was Jane Morrow—the nom-du-theatre of Miss Lucille McVey. Miss McVey—or Morrow, if you please—

returned from Florida as Mrs. Drew. The Florida enchantment had worked its spell.

Let me go on, for a moment, about Mr. Drew: He made his picture debut under my direction. It was in a very serious drama, entitled "The Still Voice," and in it he elected to play a white-haired old man full of conscience and troubles. I do not think that many people in the great film audience remember that the first Mrs. Drew was a writer of distinction. Under the name of "George Cameron" she wrote some of the finest of our early plays.

Virginia Pearson had appeared in some of my comedies, and after going back to the legitimate stage again forsook the boards and returned to "the family" in Brooklyn.

During the year of her return Antonio Moreno made his first appearance, playing opposite Edith Storey in "The Island of Regeneration." Edith had not long since graduated from page parts in tights, but she made me very proud of her accomplishment as *Glory Quayle*, in Hall Caine's "The Christian."

Other names crowd my memory, and a long list of those whom it has been my pleasure to pilot through various roles include Rogers Lytton, Anders Randolph, William Humphreys, Tefft Johnson, James Young—he was an actor as well as a di-



"Making her cry" was a nefarious practice indulged early and often of Louise Huff—slightly assisted by the persuasive violinist at the

rector, with me—James Morrison, Leo Delaney, Wally Van, S. Rankin Drew, Ned Finley, James Lackaye and many others.

Rankin Drew, a hero now bivouacked on the eternal camping-ground of France, would have left a bright and enduring name in motion pictures had he been spared to any maturity of accomplishment. As it was, "The Girl Phillipa" is a better thing than most of the celebrated ones have ever done.

I must not forget the talented women contemporaneous with the group above, including Julia Swayne Gordon, Eulalie Jensen, Rose Tapley, Mary Charleson—now Mrs. Henry Walthall—Louise Beaudet, Naomi Childers, Rosemary Theby and Zena Keefe.

Rose Coghlan did a bit of Shakespearean drama. Cissy Fitzgerald danced and winked through the "Winsome Widow" series. Josie Sadler sidestepped in from vaudeville, and Anna Laughlin breezed out of musical comedy.

It was also my pleasure and privilege to direct the first actor of the American stage, E. H. Sothern, who appeared in "An Enemy to the King," and other modern plays.

I wonder if you have any idea when the automobile, which is now as great and constant an aid to the picture producer as the telephone is to his brother, the stage director—I wonder if you have any idea when this constantly tired but always ready mechanical friend made its motion picture debut?

It was in 1905 that we used automobiles for the first time as a means of escape and pursuit. The piece was "Escaped from Sing-Sing," a "chase" melodrama. Paul Panzer played the chief convict, and Charles Kent the warden. The two motors, with a third trailing them with camera and director, careened through Bronx Park one bright summer morning, chased and chasers yelling wildly, firing broadsides of blank cartridges at each other. As the striped felons and blue-uniformed guards flashed past a couple of park policemen standing by their horses we realized that we were in for a more or less serious interruption. In a moment they were on their horses and after us. They were quickly joined by a few bicycle cops, but at that we left them all behind and would have made a clean get-away had not a single motor-cycle joined the hue and cry. Well . . . it was a busy day in Bronx Park, and we made our explanations not on the turf, but at the station-house, to an amazed lieutenant.



The happy family group at the top includes Florence Lawrence as Juliet and Paul Panzer as Romeo. Miss Lawrence at this time was Juliet's own age—sixteen years old. In the center, the late John Bunny, Lillian Walker and Wally Van. Below, Clara Kimball Young, in "Love's Sunset."

But see what happens in 1910: banks are robbed in broad daylight, officers are slugged before applauding crowds, and men are actually shot while the audience of thoroughly movieated Americans just jumps about pleasantly, laughing at very honest yells for help, and only trying to *get into the picture!* Such is the contempt familiarity breeds.

We had one *pièce de resistance* in that year—1905. It represented, as we breathlessly announced it, **THE ACTUAL DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF A FIVE-THOUSAND DOLLAR AUTOMOBILE!!** Really, it was just a second-hand electric, but such artistic extravagance was unheard of, and became the talk of the trade.

A few years later, for a single short scene in "The Jugernaut," I bought a passenger locomotive and an entire

by Commodore Blackton. He is seen here wringing the heart left, whom you may possibly identify by one of his fingers.

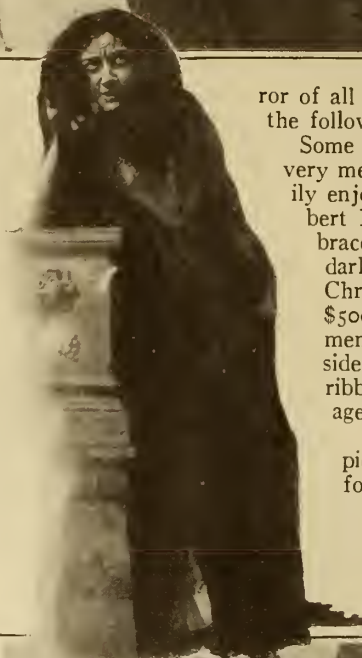


The first celluloid "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was a three-reeler of 1909.

train of cars, took them out in New Jersey and sent them off a high trestle to complete destruction. My bill for this rolling stock was a little over \$50,000. And I'm free to say that that debauchery didn't make half the impression of extravagance that the little old burning electric supplied. Thus, familiarity with expense also breeds contempt.

To return to our motor thieves: when they were cornered in their shack (crooks always hide in shacks) they put up a terrific battle with the "posse." This was filmed on the roof of the Morse building in Nassau street, lower Manhattan, and our neighbors in adjoining office buildings made complaint that the conflict caused all the office boys to spend their time hanging out of the windows, while the stenographers were frightened by the shots. So, I devised a scheme of doing it soundlessly. I stationed a boy with a box of talcum powder at the shack window, just out of camera range, and every time a trigger clicked a cloud of talcum flashed as the smoke. When the scene was finished the robber band, dead upon the floor, were indeed pale corpses! In fact, they more nearly resembled recumbent millers, for the "smoke" had settled. The scene had to be retaken—with as many men but much less Mennen's.

"The Life of Moses," which we put on in 1908, was the first five-reel feature ever attempted. It was an ornate production for those days, and I have a vivid recollection of the large black-snake we hired for the scene in which Aaron casts down the rod that becomes a serpent. It was winter, and friend reptile was as lively and as cold as a piece of steel cable. Our property man, fertile with the notions of genius, determined to provide a little artificial summer for our coil of actor by heating a piece of sheet-iron to slip under the floor cloth. He did the job so thoroughly that had the floor cloth not been part asbestos, it would probably have exploded. Moses and two hundred extras held the dramatic pose, and once more our day-laboring serpent



of all creeping things. He didn't come back until the following day.

Some of my pleasantest recollections concern the very merry Christmases the original Vitagraph family enjoyed. Every employee got a turkey, and Albert E. Smith and I stood, white-aproned like a brace of butchers, behind the pile of "white and dark," handing them out. Then there were the Christmas bonuses, ranging from a \$10 bill to a \$500 check, and innumerable small personal remembrances. And the giving was not all one-sided. Many mysterious packages tied with ribbon and holly found their way to the managerial desks.

I remember that in 1909 we did a Biblical picture called "Jeptha's Daughter," in which, for the first time, "back lighting" was used.

At the left, Mary Fuller having a pleasant time as Elektra. Below, Charles Kent, Leo Delaney and Florence Turner, in "A Tale of Two Cities."



I had been studying the art-work of the old masters in an endeavor to approximate their effects—particularly those of Rembrandt. I succeeded in reproducing Rembrandt's lighting of the face and figure by bunching a large quantity of arc lamps behind and above my characters in exact contradiction of all previous laws of photographic illumination—which, of course, called for light to be thrown on the scene directly from the front. The result was not only satisfactory, but extraordinary.

There was a lot of celluloid Shakespeare in 1900. It was the year of the Bard's screen premiere. Florence Turner and Edith Storey played Viola and Sebastian in "Twelfth Night," Florence Lawrence and Paul Panzer gave us "Romeo and Juliet," and Rose Coghlan and Maurice Costello embalmed "As You Like It" in the gelatines.

Victor Hugo came next, with "Les Miserables," in which W. V. Ranous played Jean Valjean. This was the first of a number of motion picture productions of this mighty novel—each representing itself as indubitably number one.

Also, we beat that excellent actor William Farnum to "A Tale of Two Cities," by quite a number of years. But, unlike

Mr. Farnum, we had two men playing Sidney Carton and Charles Darnay. Maurice Costello and Leo Delaney, in make-up, bore a remarkable resemblance to each other. Hence Mr. Costello played Carton, while Delaney enacted Darnay. Charles Kent gave the finest performance of Dr. Manette that I have ever seen. Florence Turner was Lucy, wearing a blond wig.

When Mr. Farnum made his production of the Dickens story Florence Vidor sprang into prominence over night for her genuinely sympathetic portrayal of the girl in the tumbril who asks Carton, as they are enroute to the guillotine, to hold her hand. This wonderfully human bit is one of the greatest master-strokes Dickens ever penned—but we had playing this fine small role a very young girl, every bit as sweet, as sincere and as sympathetic as Miss Vidor. The girl was Norma Talmadge, and it was her first part.

In this year I induced Annette Kellerman to display her skill and charms in a one-reel beauty-show.

Also, I put on the first screen version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in three reels.

Dressing Tables

By
ANGELE
LA DRIERE



The debutante, or the vampire—

Of Ebony and Black Leather
Or of Silver with Monograms.
There's always a Picture in a Frame
Of a Girl.
And another picture
Of another girl.
And another Picture of—
His Mother.
And everything (except the girls)
Looks superbly mannish.
And one almost expects to see a suit of
B. V. D.'s tumbling out of a drawer.
I could love a man with this sort of Dress-
ing Table.

THEN there is the Dressing Table of the
Country Girl,
Or perhaps it's her Mother's,
And they both use it.
There is the Red Velvet Pincushion
That Aunt Sarah painted
After taking only one lesson.
It has a lovely ruffle around it,
And a bow in the corner.
And there are always two Tall Porcelain
Bottles,

With nice round stoppers,
And which hold something
Like Bay Rum or Cologne.
There is a mirror with a rose painted on it
Where it is cracked.
Also done by Aunt Sarah.
(The Rose, not the Crack).
There are no Manicure Things;
Just oodles of fancy Pin Trays,
Match-holders,
Tiny Vases,
China Figurines,
Such as one wins at Roulette at the County
Fair.

And there are photographs of Relatives and
Friends,
And there is one Photograph,
Very new and modern-looking,
And that is the Man who came from the
City
And went back.
I dislike this type of Dressing Table

AND there is the Dressing Table of the
Working Girl,
The kind that goes with Hall Bedroom

At one-and-a-half per week
Payable in advance.
This Dressing Table can be bought for five
ninety-eight,
Second-hand.
It needs Varnish
And One Caster.
The Mirror is cracked
Just at the place where one's face comes.
And its drawers won't open
Or shut.
This Dressing Table
Is used by the Girl Who Came To The City
To win her way to Fame
And Fortune.
There is always a Comb and Brush
(From Woolworth's)
And a half-empty bottle of milk
And an open box of crackers.
And there is a Photograph of a Man
Who Forgot to Remember.
I have a Dressing Table of this sort.

THEY are always there
In the movies.
They amuse me.



The girl who came to the city—

THEY are always there
In the movies.
They amuse me.

There is the Dressing Table of the Society
Girl,
The Debutante,
Or the Vampire.
It has crystal Essence Bottles,
And many things of Ivory,
And of Lace and Silk.
There are many little French Roses,
And some real Roses in a Vase;
Roses that He sent.
And His picture is in a frame.
There are many mirrors swinging on hinges.
And Manicure Things, all in a row.
Nothing ever gets mussed
Or out of its place
I never could keep mine looking that way.

THERE is the Dressing Table of the Bon
Vivant;
His dressing table
So perfectly proper,
With its Mannish Things,
With its Stern-Looking Things,



Photograph by St-egg

A Gunwoman's Fowl Work

TEXAS GUINAN'S back yard, in the gelatine village of Hollywood, is one of the few lurking places of that primitive civilization in which chickens actually ate corn. Nowadays even country birds demand a relish, a soup, a fish, an entree, a salad and some perfectly grand anti-fattening dessert. However, these chickens are probably giving a special camera performance. Doubtless they eat their regular meals at the Alexandria, just like their Sennett sisters.

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Symbols

By JULIAN JOHNSON



LIKE Rachmaninoff's best-known prelude, John Barrymore's acting symbolizes the lotty tragedy of human life. A beginning in faint sounds that are very ghosts of silence, a swirl to the clamor of noisy young confidence, a crash into the discord of maturity, a trembling into the uncertainties of age . . . a fadeout into chorded nothings.



A SYMBOL of all the ladies of embattled England, is this Sylvia Breamer: suave, yet ardent; poised, but passionate, with the tide in her veins as red as it is steady. Her image might well be the dusk figure-head of any ship in the vast blue court of the Mistress of the Seas—indomitable, inflexible, invulnerable, indetachable.



MARIE PREVOST must be the old marble that Pygmalion loved and made warm ivory. Surely a sculptor wrought those round arms and perfect legs! Anyway, she's a Greek girl—a vision of the youth of the world, when there weren't any motion picture censors and it wasn't considered naughty to be gorgeously healthy and beautiful all over.



DO YOU think of a glacier on an infinitely-patient volcano when you look at Katherine McDonald? She ought to play nothing—absolutely nothing—but those regal cool wives with Babylonian eyes who are always saying "Mine has been a marriage of convenience, George . . . I understand . . . but you must never try to see me again . . ."



RICHARD BARTHELMESS is a symbol of Delight Evans' juvenile ideal. On her fair figurative knees she begged me to write an "impression" of him, but I told her cheap competition had driven me out of the impression business. Some day she'll go to chant a Grand Crossing rhapsody about him. Please omit flowers. I'll tell the Coroner she died of joy.



PHYLLIS HAVER, chicken-incarnate, is the standard sample of Misses'-size America. Looking at Phyllis, one thinks of so many, many wonderful things! However, it's a safe bet that Phyllis is thinking only that she's hungry, or of that dance last night at The Ship, or of the new hat she's going to buy next week at Robinson's.



DOROTHY DALTON is as much an emblem of the Middle West as a sorority-pin from the U. of I. Looking into her pictured eyes I see grain elevators and moonlight on Lake Michigan; I hear French spoken with a State street twang; I think of a millionaire's home in Lake Forest where they have a stack of wheats for breakfast.



CRIME in three shades—pink, pinker, pinkest; that's Priscilla Dean. If you are ever robbed by Priscilla you must, surely, do one of two things; love her yourself, or get some one else to do it. If you don't want to, you know my address. She's the 1919 model of all the bad babies who have to be made good by kissing.



THE PEOPLE who don't govern themselves because they're too busy governing everybody else have a statue that moves and talks and everything. Its name is Tom Moore. They took his eyes for lakes, his brogue for a language, his smile for sunny skies, dumped them over a lump of land in the North Atlantic Ocean, and called it Ireland.



YOU'RE Russia, Alla; Russia with all her potentiality for art, power, anarchy. As a Chinese girl, an American mother, an Arabian adventuress, you are always that same symbol—brooding, fantastic, incomprehensible. In the tropics you suggest a background of snow on the steppes, yet in a Moscow *drosbky* you seem a veritable Sirocco. You're Russia.



PEARL WHITE is the image of a creature she has never played—not one of these Chinese-chased serial queens, but a grand adventuress in diplomacy; a high-sexed schemess who, a year ago, would have set all the young Vons in the Wilhelmstrasse fighting wildly to protect her when some entirely old Hindenburg turned her up to Pa Hohenzollern as a spy.



FRANK KEENAN, more than any other interlocutor of the vertical platform, symbolizes the Original Stalwart American. Why? Because said O. S. A., never one of these sweet juveniles, was there forty ways at fifty, a rugged oak sheltering some great cross-roads of life. Good man or bad man, Keenan plays them all, and truly.



She Retires at Twenty-Two, the Undefeated Comedy Champ

SINCE there is no precedent in the history of the world or the history of the stage upon which to base Queen Mary's amazing retirement from comedy, we must credit Miss Thurman with a mind of her own, and a reasoning power decidedly unlike anything feminine heretofore developed.

Washed into Drama

When Mary Thurman found that all she got in comedy was wet, she abdicated her royal bathing-suit, and joined the serious peasantry.

By ROBERT M. YOST, JR.

ON a certain beautiful California morning, Mary Thurman, queen of comedy, rolled herself out from her regal blankets, took a long look at the early sky and decided that it was a great day to abdicate her throne.

Thereupon she dressed hurriedly—while the mood was yet with her—and mounting her favorite limousine, dashed down to the Sennett studio and threw that otherwise quiet and peaceful custard swamp into a furor of excitement by "quitting her job cold."

Then she returned home, sold her throne to a second hand dealer and threw her scepter out of the window. At the early age of twenty-two, or thereabouts, she had retired as the undefeated comedy champion.

And she called it a good day's work.

Since there is no precedent in the history of the world or the history of the stage upon which to base this amazing act of Queen Mary, we must credit the young woman with a mind of her own and a reasoning power and power of will, decidedly unlike anything feminine that has heretofore developed.

Psychologists would undoubtedly find something very interesting and entertaining in the mental processes by which Miss Thurman divorced herself over night from one of the best positions in the motion picture world, from a position in the field of screen comedy that admitted of no competition, to don the sack cloth and ashes of the novice and enter the field of screen drama.

Mary's friends think Mary a species of nut.

But as usual in all things feminine there is the reason that defies reason, and Mary had spent many a day in contemplation before taking the big step.

There are sixteen separate and distinct reasons why Miss Thurman, the most prominent feminine figure in comedy, and let me say the loveliest as well, jumped from comedy into drama.

The first—"She wanted to."

The other fifteen really do not matter.

"Tell them it was *not* because I was getting fat," said the lovely Mary as she drooped amidst the gold cloth and ermine of what had formerly been the throne room of her palace.

The former royal cat and the ex-royal hound, still faithful to their mistress, crouched at her feet and she toyed with them.

It seems that the royal cat was a vassal in the Queen's retinue in the old days when the Queen taught school in Utah. He still wears his Utah name, which is "Pete," probably named after one of the latter-day saints.

The royal dog is of importance because his name is "Lady," and he is a recent acquisition. Queen Mary had prepared a beautiful basket of silks of many colors to match the stained eucalyptus leaves in her room and had placed therein the tiny form of "Lady," a white, woolly sort of hound.

Just at the moment that Mary delivered herself of the statement that she had not abdicated because of *being fat*, Pete decided to become jealous of Lady's silk couch.

Pete is a very big cat and Lady a very small dog. The cat reached out quietly and bit the dog thoroughly on the left ear.

For a while it looked as if the interview might be over, as the ex-queen and the ex-royal dog and cat mingled all over the Chinese blue rug to decide who was the boss.

After Mary had pulled her dog out of the cat's mouth, we began all over again.



Mr. Yost looks down on mere comedy queens, but you can see for yourself that he had to look up to a great dramatic actress like Sennett's lost Mary.

Photography by Stagg



"I was getting along very well and it was just the sort of work I liked best when the chance came to go into the comedies. I needed the money so I accepted the offer.

"I shall always be grateful for the years I spent in comedy. I attained success and I made money but it wasn't the sort of work I liked.

"Then came the bathing suit era and I was marked for the sacrifice. After that I spent a great deal of my time in bathing suits. I was in the water most of the day. This kept up for a long time.

"Then one day I said to myself—'Mary, the only thing you're getting out of this work is wet. Are you going to play the tanks all your life?'

"'No,' I said to myself, and I began to think

Mary Thurman
and Mae Marsh in
"Spotlight Sadie."

"Then I said to myself: 'Mary, are you going to play the tanks all your life?'"

"It's a long story," said Mary. "Let's begin at the beginning—but remember, it was not because I was getting fat.

"Some people have drama wished on them. I had mine washed on me. In that room lies a great chest and in that chest, wrapped in frankincense and myrrh and a few moth balls, are the relics of my former grandeur—to wit, two dozen assorted bathing suits. I hope never again to look a bathing suit in the face.

"Possibly you never noticed it, but comedy never came natural to me. I had to force my comedy. I became a comedian for the same reason that Rockefeller founded the Standard Oil; I needed the money.

"When I first came to California, I liked the country so well that I stayed here until I was just about broke. It was then suggested to me that I might make a living in the pictures. Well, I had always been an actress at heart.

"I had always dreamed of going on the stage and the proposition appealed to me. So I started out to get a little career for myself.

"My first picture was called 'The Spell of the Poppy.' It was a two-reeler and the director was D. W. Griffith.

"I had a good part in Douglas Fairbank's first picture, also in De Wolf Hopper's first screen offering:



of a lost art; my dramatic ambitions.

"So at last the time came when comedy no longer appealed to me. In my case it was just one bathing suit after another. One morning I decided to take the big step.

"I went to the studio and quit. It was then or never. It was a leap in the dark and I don't know yet just how it will turn out. However I weighed all my chances first. In comedy

(Continued on page 131)

NANCY could not realize for a moment what the lawyer was trying to tell her. She stared, bewildered, at the legal papers on his desk.

"You say my husband left nothing?"

"Nothing, madam, — but debts."

"Debts! Oh, don't speak of them!" She sank into a chair, and buried her face in her hands. She could not keep back the tears. Everything seemed so hopeless.

Much against her will, Nancy Lee had married James Trevor, after several stormy scenes with her father. She had held out against his wrath, until he brought her mother's name into it.

"I am at the end of my resources," said the old gentleman, who was distinguished even in his rages. "I can no longer give your mother the luxuries she needs. Would you see her want to satisfy a whim, a girlish caprice? Nancy, if you were in love with someone else I shouldn't ask it, but you say there is no one." He turned away as though the matter were settled. "James Trevor is a good man. You will learn to love him."

But James Trevor was not a good man. Nancy soon found that out. He seemed absolutely without a moral standard. He was a *bon vivant*, a reveler. He had made a fortune, and he was determined to spend it "in riotous living." The friends he gathered around him, and to whom Nancy was expected to act as hostess, valued him and his lovely Southern bride for the lavishness of their table and the excellence of their wines. Luxury became the breath of life to Nancy, and in the society of her husband's friends she gradually lost her sense of proportion.

After Trevor died, she continued to spend just as lavishly



Nancy was amazed, stunned, by what she read.

Nancy Lee

In which a woman marries for money and repents at leisure.

By PHYLLIS LODGE

over. She had scarcely removed her wraps when she was vociferously hailed by Molly Wise and Johnny Finch, two of her late husband's boon companions, who represented fairly well the circle of which she had become the shining center.

Molly was a handsome woman with a loud voice and clothes to match. Both she and her fiancé, "the shrimp," were dressed as became members of the near-smart set. Johnny's pinch-back coat and his polkadot tie were a haberdasher's dream of sartorial perfection.

Molly was busily powdering her nose, to repair the ravage of a short walk from the automobile.

as before. Supposing that she would have a fortune after the will was read and the estate settled up, she had freely accepted the money offered by her devoted slave, young Douglas Wreford.

The lawyer's words bit into her dulled consciousness. "Nothing but debts!"

And now more debts! Refusing the lawyer's offer of sympathy, she stumbled from his office.

Returning to her luxurious home, a litter of mail met her eyes. Most of the envelopes contained bills. "Shall I ever be able to look at an envelope again without wondering whether it holds an unpaid bill?" Nancy exclaimed bitterly.

Anna, her maid, came in noiselessly, as the Trevor servants were paid to do. "Mr. Wreford telephoned while you were out, Mrs. Trevor. He asked if you would kindly phone as soon as possible."

Here, at least, was a faithful friend, who would not urge her to pay, — and from whom she would be able to obtain whatever she needed in order to tide her

Nancy Lee

NARRATED by permission from the Select production, adapted from Eugene Walter's stage production of the same name.

- NancyNorma Talmadge
- Anthony WeirConway Tearle
- Douglas WrefordGeorge Le Guere
- Molly WiseJobyna Howland
- Johnny FinchHassard Short
- Nancy's fatherFrank De Vernon
- Her sisterMay McAvoy
- Anna, the maidRicca Allen

"Come on, you poor fish. Don't always be lagging behind." She rushed forward and embraced Nancy with effusion. "Say, dearie, is it true that man Trevor has died without leaving you anything?"

Nancy smiled sadly. "It seems there was nothing to leave."

"Well, ain't that the limit? Just ran through with it, hey? Well, of all the selfish brutes—"

"Please, Molly. We wont discuss that now."

"Oh, well, you should worry! With a man like Douglas Wreford crazy about you—"

Nancy laughed. "A man, did you say, Molly? Why, Douglas is only a boy."

"See here," objected Johnny, who felt himself affronted by her remark. "Do you think every man's a boy until he raises whiskers?"

"Shut up!" commanded Molly. "Nancy, we dropped in to remind you about the party to-night. We'll pick you up about nine o'clock."

"Thanks," said Nancy.

Johnny made an excuse to return after Molly had breezed out. "Say, old girl," he whispered, "don't overlook this guy Wreford. He's your one best bet. Don't get sore, now—" He dashed away, as the voice of his loved one called out once more, "Come on, you poor fish."

In the handsome studio apartment belonging to Anthony Weir, his guardian, young Douglas Wreford rang hastily for his butler.

"Andrews, has there been any answer to my cable?"

"No sir."

"You're sure you sent it to the correct address?"

"Yes, Mr. Wreford. To Mr. Anthony Weir, Hotel Savoy, Paris, France."

"Quite correct, Andrews." He turned away.

"Pardon my asking, Mr. Wreford, but are you in any trouble?"

"Very grave trouble, Andrews."

"Would you see her want to satisfy a whim, a girlish caprice?"



"Could I be of any assistance, sir?"

"None, thank you."

"Sorry, sir. You're giving a party to-night, sir."

"So I am. Lay out my dress clothes, Andrews."

Left alone, Douglas Wreford took a revolver out of a drawer, replaced it—and then sat down at his writing-desk. In a few minutes he called his butler.

"Be sure to hand this note to Mrs. Trevor to-night, Andrews."

"Very good, sir," said the wondering Andrews. Douglas had written the bad tidings he had not the courage to speak.

Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like Johnny Finch at the party that night. From his expensive studs to the gardenia in his buttonhole, he considered himself the perfect man of fashion. He and Molly, arriving before their host had come downstairs, improved the golden moments by doing that delectable modern dance known as "the shimmy." Nancy, arriving soon afterward, found their antics rather amusing than otherwise, and waited good naturedly for Douglas.

The apartment of Anthony Weir, in which his ward, Douglas Wreford, was living, was an old New York dwelling from which one entire floor had been removed, leaving a palatial effect of lofty ceilings and magnificent distances. Douglas was standing on a Moorish balcony perched midway between floor and ceiling, when the butler gave his note to Nancy. He fingered his tie nervously. He would let the contents sink into her mind, let her become used to the idea, before going to her.

Nancy was amazed, stunned, by what she read. Glancing up, she saw Douglas. When the dance was ended, and the gay crowd had left the room in search of refreshments, he joined her.

"Why did you do this thing? I can't believe it," she exclaimed, crushing the letter in her hands.

He hung his head, but she insisted.

"Why did you do it, Douglas?" she repeated.

He groaned. "Don't you blame me too, Nancy. It was for your sake. I wanted you to have things, and there was no other way of getting them. I thought your estate would be settled—I thought my guardian, Anthony Weir, would help me out—oh, it's all such a mess." He dropped beside her on the divan, and buried his face in the cushions.

The dancers came trooping back. Nancy moved forward

to meet them. "Please!" she said. "Can't you stay out just a little while longer? Douglas and I are talking."

"Come with me," was Johnny's cheerful invitation to the crowd. "I've got more drinks in my house than any other man in town. Rich guy," he added in an undertone. "Let Nancy land him!"

"But Douglas," protested Nancy when they were once more alone, "I never suspected. I wouldn't for the world have—"

"I know it," muttered the youth hopelessly. "I made you take the money because I love you, Nancy."

"Oh, you think so, dear, I don't doubt," she said hastily and changed the subject. "But how could you keep this expensive apartment?"

"It's not mine. It belongs to my guardian, Anthony Weir, —finest man in the world. But he's turned me down. Never answered my cable. Well, it means imprisonment, I suppose. I can't pay up!"

"No, no! There must be some way out," Nancy rose impulsively. "I know,—Johnny will help us." She threw her opera cloak over the brocaded evening gown she was wearing. "I'll be back in a few minutes."

"Nancy, you mustn't do this," he objected.

"I've got to! There's no other way."

She was gone in an instant. Once more the boy took the revolver from its hiding-place. "I can never face arrest—" he muttered, "a trial—court—" He raised the weapon slowly. With one of those coincidences which make facts constantly stranger than fiction, he was prevented from pulling the trigger by the sudden arrival of his guardian, Anthony Weir, whom he had supposed in France. Furtively Douglas laid the revolver on the piano. "Tony!" he shouted, and rushed forward to meet him.

"Douglas, old kid! It's certainly great to see you!" "But I didn't know you were on this side of the ocean." "Important business brought me back. You're not looking quite yourself, Douglas."

"Oh,—I've a sort of a headache." He dropped into a chair. Weir came up, and stood behind him. "I'm here to keep you from making a fool of yourself. You must have known someone would inform me about the fascinating widow who always needs money."

"Tony! how dare you!" He leaped up angrily, but the older man forced him down again.

"Now don't become theatrical. Just how bad is it?" Weir caught sight of the note which Nancy had dropped on the floor, picked it up and read it. "Well, it's high time I came."

"I didn't want you to see that note, Tony," said Douglas. "Probably not. But I have seen it!"

The youth spoke excitedly. "I never intended to steal the money, Tony. But she needed it, and I practically forced her to accept it."

"Who, Mrs. Trevor?" Douglas gave a start of surprise. "How did you know her name?"



"Aren't you ashamed to practise your wiles on my ward?" asked Weir.

Weir laughed. "Who doesn't know? I suppose you couldn't resist her baby blue eyes."

"Her eyes are not blue! They're brown!"

"Ah! A widow with soulful brown eyes! She's not worthy of you, Douglas!"

An expression of extreme anger appeared on Douglas' face. "You have no right to speak of her in that way. Why, you don't even know her."

"I am acquainted with the species."

"She's the finest little woman in the world, I tell you. She is absolutely honest."

"Naturally, that's her stock in trade."

Unable to bear any longer this abuse of the woman he loved, Douglas swung on Weir, forgetting in the madness of the moment that he was striking the best friend he had in the world, the only one who stood between him and certain disgrace. But Anthony Weir easily defended himself without injuring his ward, and pushed him into a chair.

"Now don't get excited, old chap. I'll see you through, but on one condition. I've got to have a word with this Mrs. Trevor."

"Why?"

"To give her a piece of my mind. Letting a boy ruin himself to provide her with luxuries! Why, the thing's disgusting!"

"Tony! You shall not see her! You sha'n't talk to her."

"We'll see about that." He had lighted a cigar and now leaned back comfortably on the couch. There was a ring at the bell. "There she is!" exclaimed Douglas. "She's been over to Johnny's."

"My curiosity is about to be satisfied," said Anthony, rising, and throwing down his cigar.

"Not if I know it," exclaimed the youth. For answer the older man shoved him into the den, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket. Douglas banged on the door.

Nancy came in dejectedly. Johnny had been unable to offer her any assistance. He, too, had been living beyond his income. "Sorry, old girl, but my creditors—"

"I understand, Johnny. Sorry I bothered you."

"Douglas! Where are you?" she called softly. The corner of her cloak slipped listlessly from one bare shoulder. She caught it together as she spied the stranger.

"I am Anthony Weir, at your service, madam," he said, with a mocking bow.

"How do you do?" she said nervously. "I had something to say to Douglas."

The knocking at the door redoubled. "Indeed?" answered Anthony, wholly ignoring the sound. "Well, perhaps you won't mind talking it over with me instead. Won't you be seated?"

Feeling very much at a loss, Nancy did so. Weir seated himself opposite her, gazing in unwilling admiration at her dark loveliness in its rich setting.

"Douglas has told me everything," said Weir abruptly. She started to speak, but he stopped her with a gesture. The knocking at the door ceased suddenly. Douglas was listening.

"Now, Mrs. Trevor," asked Weir sarcastically, "aren't you ashamed to practice your wiles on one so young as my ward?"

"My what, Mr. Weir?" asked Nancy in a puzzled manner.

"Your wiles."

She rose. "I didn't come here to be insulted, Mr. Weir."

"I shall try to insult you just as little as possible, Mrs. Trevor, but I am obliged to talk to you in this way because you seem to have lost all sense of decency."

She gasped, but Anthony went on relentlessly.

"Three years ago this boy was a decent young chap, but now he has become a thief—a common criminal—thanks to you and your friends."

"Oh, it isn't true, Mr. Weir. You misjudge me."

"You have accepted his money, haven't you?"

"I had no idea it was stolen."

Again the sarcastic smile. "But your smiles called for payment, your gentle hints for generosity."

Nancy rose angrily and paced the floor. "Oh, it is impossible to talk to you."

Anthony Weir persisted. "He is now in a serious predicament. What about the money he has given you?"

"Oh, I don't care if he never gets it," she exclaimed, sweeping into the reception hall. Weir followed, to attend her as far as the door.

Suddenly she turned and looked up at him. "I'm sorry for what I said just now. I spoke hastily."

"Your apology is accepted, Mrs. Trevor. But none the less I shall call on you to-morrow at noon. If you do not return at that time the money my ward has given you, he will be arrested for larceny, and you will be named as an accomplice. Good night, Mrs. Trevor."

Next morning Nancy was up early, working with feverish haste. She gathered jewels, gowns, and furs all in a pile in her boudoir. Then she wrote down in a little note-book a list of them, with the approximate cost of each. She raised her hand to the brooch at her throat, and added that to the heap—she had forgotten that. Her maid stood by in astonishment.

While she was in the midst of it, Molly Wise arrived. "What's the big idea, Nancy? Going away?"

"No, just getting a few things together."

"Wonder you wouldn't ask a fellow to sit down."

"Well, there's the bed. I think it's the only place that isn't all covered up." She told Molly of her meeting with Weir.

"Why, the poor simp!" exclaimed her friend. "I hope you told him where to head in at?"

A ring at the bell prevented Nancy from answering. Weir was on time. Molly started to put down the cigarette she was smoking, and go, but Nancy stopped her. "Please don't go. I want you here—for moral support."

"My Gawd, Nancy, I never gave that to anybody."

However, Nancy prevailed upon her to stay, and overhear the conversation. Accordingly she had the butler show him into the small sitting-room adjoining.

"Please come in," she said archly. "I promise not to practice any of my wiles on you." Molly, who had begun to file her nails, suddenly sat upright on the bed. This was a strange beginning!

Weir seated himself at Nancy's request, and said, "It is noon, Mrs. Trevor."

"I am perfectly aware of that fact, Mr. Weir." She rang for the maid, and asked her to fetch the jewel-case, and the pile of garments. Taking the fur coat first, she flung it at Weir.

He stood rather helplessly with the thing hang-

ing across his arms. "What is the meaning of this?" he asked.

"Part payment," she answered briefly. After it she flung a handsome plum-colored embroidered dress, a gold dress, a pink dress, her feathered opera cloak,—the whole pile that she had so industriously gathered together. Weir resembled a fashionable modiste's assistant. A lacy negligee was hurled, and fell atop the heap. "Now I want you to see the balance

(Continued on page 132)



"I made you fake the money because I love you, Nancy," Douglas muttered.

Grand Crossing Impressions



By
Delight Evans

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."

Never Mentions Art
No—he'd a Heap Rather
Talk About the Kid
Directs his Own Stuff, Now—
And his Life is Not All
Personal Appearances
He's Perfectly Sane,
His Hat Fits,
He Puts Cream in his Tea,

And has Three Big Things
To Think About:
His Wife,
His Work,
And George, Jr.
He's Never Been in Italy,
But Sunny Italy is in him.
"Yep—he's a Great Kid!"
Beban was Pumping my Hand—
"Ask Frank Keenan about him—
Ask Washburn—and
He's Got a Kid of his Own, too—
Ask Anybody in Hollywood.
And What do you Think he Said to Me
Before I Left California?
'When you Come Back, Daddy,
You'll be Able to Lick
Bull Montana, I Hope!
Yes—another Picture Soon—
And George'll be in it—
Watch Out for him!"
George, Jr. is Four-and-a-Half,
And "Bob White," for Short!

HARRY CAREY
Was Three-Deep in Kids,
Small Boys
Who Wanted to See him
Close-up, at his Personal Appearance.
They
Were Disappointed, I Think.
One Told Me, Disgustedly,
"Aw, he didn't
Wear Chaps, or
Tote a Gun,
Or Nothin'!"
Harry Carey Said
He'd Be— if he Would.
I Thought
I'd Try Again, at his Hotel.

Who Used to Be
A Cow-puncher,
A good cow-puncher, they say—
How sad he changed occupations!
I Didn't Want to See
An active Man
Like Mister Carey
Pose for a Still Portrait—so
I Didn't Go Along
I Knew if I Did,
He'd Never Forgive Me. Besides,
After that he Had to Meet
His Mother, at the Station—
He hadn't Seen her
For Nine Years.
"Naw," he Said,
"I Didn't Know
A Darned Thing about the West
Up till a Few Years Ago; but
I Learned—
The Ropes, and Ever'thing,
I Could Make
Thirty a Month on a Ranch,
If I Ever Lose Out
In the Pitcher Game."
He's as Breezy
As if he'd been Born on the Desert,
And Cradled in a Cactus Plant.
Mrs. Carey?
"Sure Thing!" as she'd Say—
"Only—
Don't Tell them
He's Married.
They Want to Hear about him—
Not Me.
I'm Only his Wife."
"She's Ashamed of Me."
Grinned her Lesser Half
"She knows a nawful lot"
She's a Little Blonde,
His Personal Manager,
And Boss
Of the Big Carey Ranch in Cal.

"Well," he Began Right Away,
'What did you Think of My Kid?'
The Kid—
George Beban, Junior
He Runs Away with
His Dad's Picture,
"Hearts of Men."—
"Fact is, I Always Knew
George Jr'd Do It,
If we Gave him a Chance"
Beban
Is an Artist who



Meeting Mother Carey.

(You Know the Slogan
For Harry's Pictures, is
"Action
From Start to Finish!"
That P. A.
Was No Ananias.)
I Got There
At Twelve Sharp—
He was Breakfasting,
"Wal," he Said,
"I Spoke at Ten Theatres
Last Night and I Figgered
I Needed the Rest."
Harry has
A Plain Honest
Unvarnished Face, and
The Manner that Goes with it.
He Said
He Wouldn't Be Long—
No—he was Going Right Over
And Have his Picture Taken
With the Mayor of Chicago—



George and "Bob White" Beban.

TO the motion picture the government, through its divers and sundry bureaus, departments, committees and such, said in effect: "This is our war and we will take our own movies. Begone!"

If the printing art was only twenty years old, or thereabout, like the motion picture, the newspapers would have no more rights than an alley cat at a Madison Square Garden dog show.

The newspaper is run as a business enterprise and is looked upon officially and governmentally as a quasi-public institution, sharing the public rights because it serves that public.

The motion picture is also run as a business enterprise, and it gets about the same official and governmental treatment as the liquor trade and the burglar's union.

Your Pi

The United States Government in the film business.

YOU have been in the motion picture business for about a year—that is, if you are a citizen of these United States. It is very possible that you did not realize it, but to whatever extent you may find yourself enjoying a partnership in the national government you have been a partner in a concern engaged in the making, compilation and marketing of films.

You have been renting pictures to the theaters for hire and you have been more or less operating a big selling machine for the purpose.

Mostly this participation of yours in the film industry has been through the Division of Films, a part of the much-discussed Committee on Public Information.

By the time that you read this, according to the indications observable as it is written, you will be out of the film business, with the dissolution of the Division of Films and the winding up of its affairs. You will still own a lot of films but you will have no wholesale and retail picture company. So it may not be entirely inopportune to discuss with you at this time some of the aspects of your enterprise. It may be of value to you in the event you should go into the business again sometime.

According to unofficial reports, but probably just as accurate as any you might ever get in the film business, your picture venture is going to show quite a profit on the books. However, there are a number of items of cost in production and marketing that will not appear in the accounts. It seems that the United States Army did most of the photographic work and that a lot of patriots donated a great deal of advertising.

In fact there are a number of aspects of this venture of yours that a simple, plain-thinking man can speak his mind about much more clearly now than in pre-armistice days.

One phase of the matter deserves some special attention—that curious monopoly that the managers of your film enterprise declared for the benefit of their—I beg your pardon—for the benefit of your

business. You see, all of your pictures were war pictures and very largely, so far as the picture business was concerned, it was the private war of the Division of Films. It is fair also to go farther and say that so far as the American public was concerned, also, it was a private war—exclusive photographic rights to the Division of Films.

Which leads to the passing observation that when you went into the film business you overlooked a very big opportunity in a closely related line that ought to have been just as good, perhaps even better—the newspaper business.

With the very excellent and spectacular war making the raw material over there in France, assuming that your managers had been as capably alert and aggressive among the papers as among the pictures, you could have put over a fine side-line by declaring another monopoly on war news and using it in the issuance of your own war newspapers.

There would have been no question but that if you had had the monopoly on the war news your paper would have attained quite a circulation and might very well have shown a profit, if as ardently sold as your pictures were. We would all have had to buy your government-exclusive war newspaper if we were to know how the war was going on and what the score was. It might have been a little hard on the existing publications which had been serving you rather faithfully for a good many years, and it is just possible that they would have made it pretty hard for you to freeze them out of the war news business.

It might also be remarked as we go along, too, that unless you had done better with your newspapers than you did with your pictures, by way of service, you would not now know that the war was over. Also many would not know that there ever had been a war.

All of which is to say that the United States government in dealing with the war and motion pictures did some astounding things, possible only because the picture business in its relative youth does not know its rights, possible only because the nation was in a state of war with a public and a picture industry committed to a policy of "my country right or wrong." It is also true, laying aside the war phase of the thing, that to all effective intents and purposes the motion picture as an institution has no rights clearly established in the public mind.



ctures!

By
TERRY RAMSAYE

Decorations by
R. F. James

And still, the motion picture, to any serious observer, must be accepted as a medium of expression and communication of fact and thought with functions in every sense identical with the press of the printed word. The difference is that the paper tells you about what happened second hand through the eyes of its reporters, while the motion picture brings the event to you and lets you do your own reporting and summing up with your own eyes.

When the war came along the folks who make the newspapers were permitted to go look it over and report it for you through a more or less free press—subject naturally to a military censorship. There were some sharp clashes in the beginning—a number of first page broadsides, a number of official declarations, and all that. But the fact remains that the reporters did go to the war and did get and send back material which was published in their papers.

Abstractly, it is pretty hard to understand how any government, or rather how any government bureau, could dare such a stand as was taken with the motion picture.

To the motion picture the government, through its divers and sundry bureaus, departments, committees and such, said in effect: "No. This is our war and we will take our own movies. Be gone."

Abstractedly amazing, concretely very plain and simple, it is.

If the printing art was only twenty years old, or thereabout, like the motion picture, newspapers would have no more rights than an alley cat at a Madison Square Garden dog show.

The newspaper is run as a business enterprise and is looked upon officially and governmentally as a quasi-public institution, sharing the public rights because it serves that public.

The motion picture is also run as a business enterprise, and it gets about the same official and governmental treatment as the liquor trade and the burglar's union.

When the war was declared the established motion picture concerns, whose business it was to disseminate news to you and your neighbors on the screens, naturally went after the biggest news story the world had known—the war. Here if ever was a chance for the fullest realization of the mission of the motion picture. Here if ever was an opportunity for service to the public, to the public's govern-

THE greatest diplomatic event in history, the Peace Conference at the Quai d'Orsay, has been utterly unchronicled as far as any adequate motion picture representation is concerned. Here was a scene for the masters, if ever there was one. The government might have commanded a Griffith, a Blackton, a DeMille, to take this in charge, and the man named would have been glad to go. But there were no such orders issued—no permissions, even!

At the exact moment when the Armistice came and it appeared that the profits on war pictures would not be so alluring the Division of Films began to wane in activity. It seems that it had no especial obligation to the public, none to those whom it had deprived of the usual and previously established screen news services. Business is business, of course.

ment. The picture concerns applied for permission to make films in Europe, on the battlefields and elsewhere abroad, subject to any kind of supervision, the negatives to remain the property of the United States government.

Our nation of a hundred millions of people was sending its sons off to war, across three thousand miles of sea into what to the most of us then was indeed a far, strange land. Every home in America had its heart in that war. Every mother, father and daughter had something at stake, and every uncalled son was counting the weeks until he, too, should be summoned to go.

Here was a motion picture, a medium that in a thousand feet, a showing of fifteen minutes of the actualities, could answer more questions about "over there" than a hundred columns of type.

Did the government say to the film-news services, "Go ahead, under the terms of censorship for military necessity, and tell our public about the war. Go ahead, all you competitors, and see which shall tell it best, who shall serve our public most." No sir. The government did not.

Meanwhile the representatives of the Associated Press, the International, the United and all of the press associations and many of the metropolitan newspapers went over to see the war

and report it in printed words. To their credit it may be said they gave us some excellent *mental* pictures. The value of the printed word depends very largely on your own constructive powers and imagination, on your previous observation of the thing the word means. That is why words failed so often in this war. That is why pictures might have done much. The motion picture is ready-made mind picture. It is predigested description. It is popular because it is easy to take. Its powers might have been a vast aid and service in the war.

Of course this proposition of the newspaper and the printed word versus the motion picture and the screen did not stand out in sharp outline and contrast like that right at the time. There was a



hazy sort of early impression that the government would doubtless take a lot of film on the battle lines and that it would get distribution to the public through the regular channels and the theaters somehow. And that's exactly how such pictures as the government made did get to the public—just somehow.

The first thing that resembled an arrangement was to the general effect that the Signal Corps of the U. S. army would take the motion pictures and that through the American Red Cross they would be sold or distributed to the picture concerns in the business of disseminating news through the medium of

films. The expeditionary force was to send films to Washington and Washington was to look them over, censor and ship to the Red Cross in New York. The Red Cross was to have the profits.

It was a day of vast patriotism and no one ventured to object officially and audibly to making contributions to the Red Cross with government films as a pretext.

A working arrangement of the kind began and for a number of weeks it began to look like the public would get a line of
(Continued on page 121)

TO begin with, I'm a self-made monkey. I have risen out of the trees entirely through my own efforts, to the position I occupy to-day: that of the only chimpanzee in pictures with a star's dressing-room. And yet—well, you can't tell ME real ability is appreciated. Maybe it's because I came from Madagascar; although there has been a story out about me that I am an American-born chimp—from the Bronx Zoo. This is one of the worst libels that has ever been printed about any star, and I wish to refute it right away. Why, I even have a recollection of swinging from tree to tree in the Madagascar jungle, by my tail; and chasing the little monkeys up and down the cocoanut grove. I always was so playful. But this idyllic existence didn't last long; certain family affairs were not of the best and I soon found it expedient to hop away from home and make my own way in the world. Ah—and I have succeeded. I suppose; but often, while the camera is grinding and the director yelling "Shoot!" I find myself, in fancy, back in dear old Madagascar, among the little monkeys and the high-hanging palms.

As I said, I made up my mind to run away; so I curled my tail around a cocoanut and beat it. I got to the seacoast; and there my adventures began. Some queer creatures—I did not know then that they were men, supposing them to be another species of monkey—although I thought I knew all the monkeys in Madagascar—saw me, and seized me; and carried me off in a boat. The next thing I knew I was behind the bars: I was in a circus. But it was no picnic. As I often tell the children now, the life may seem gay and care-free, it may look attractive from the outside looking in, but the bars are in reality very, very hard; and it is no fun at all doing exercises on those iron rings. Too, people come and stare, and throw peanuts that are so stale you cannot possibly munch them. Those vulgar crowds are the worst feature. I don't mind telling you that that was why, the real reason why I went into pictures.

(I hate peanuts. I have never confessed this before; but it is true. I hope some day to be able to do something for the poor monkeys who must eat the peanuts thrown at them.)

I may be a chimp but I'm no chump. It's a shame the way they treat us monkeys. We are not half so funny as they are.



We wonder how much Tarzan's papa, Edgar Rice Burroughs, really knew about the habits of apes? According to Edgar, Tarzan, a baby abandoned in a jungle, was reared by a motherly old lady monkey. Yet in real life Joe Martin loses no time in swiping the baby's bottle.

Joe Martin Says:

"Now that I have quit all monkey-business and am a real actor, it's time to chatter about myself. So—"

I "got there" solely by my own ability, as I told you before. A film man came to look over the chimps. He immediately selected me; I went out to Universal City and have been there ever since. At first I played extras; but my size was such that I did not remain long in obscurity. I began to get better parts—whenever they would try to make me do atmosphere I'd grin at 'em and they soon changed their minds—until now I am leading man for such serial stars as Marie Walcamp. Sometimes I am loaned to other companies for \$100 a day; Universal values me at \$10,000—or maybe it is \$7,000. I think the importance of money is grossly overestimated.

Marie and I are great pals around the studio. She comes to see me every day. Anyone else on the lot might not like the way I steal her scenes but Marie is a real artist and never says anything. Several times I have been directed to pull her about by the hair—for the film, you know. Other actresses might lose their tempers, not to mention their wigs, but not Marie.

I get on all right with kids, kittens and baby lions. I take a fatherly interest in the cats and cubs; while I would rather play with Cutie than anyone in pictures excepting Marie Walcamp. Cutie is just a little girl—one year old. The other day they wanted me to take Cutie and carry her into a house and set fire to it. Then I got temperamental. "No," I said, "I won't burn Cutie, not even with smoke-pot fire." They all got around me and chattered like monkeys at the Zoo; I tried to argue with them but couldn't get in a word edgewise, and finally gave it up. I didn't want to spoil the picture; besides, it didn't hurt the kid.

A reporter from PHOTOPLAY was in to see me the other day. I offered him a cigar and he said, "What is your opinion of the Darwinian theory?"

"Who is he—an actor or a director?" I asked.

The reporter spluttered, seemingly unable to answer. I guess my brand of cigar is too strong for him.

In conclusion I should like to remark upon "Tarzan of the Apes." I have not read the story but I have met Mr. Elmo Lincoln, who portrays Tarzan; and I must say he is a most personable man—when he is dressed up. Perhaps I am not, after all, competent to judge the character; for I did not see any ape-men in the jungles back in Madagascar.

Shrinking the World

A pleasant, not dangerous, process being rapidly accomplished by the American motion picture, an educator from Tallahassee to Timbuctoo.

By ORRIN G COCKS

Advisory Secretary, National Board of Review of Motion Pictures

THE world has contracted decidedly during the past fifteen years. We understand something of the happenings in Canton, Teheran, Bombay, Sydney and Rio de Janeiro. The news is flashed by cable or wireless, and straightway rushes to our breakfast table in the metropolitan dailies. Steamers also bring those who inform us by word of mouth. Such messengers, like the ancient story tellers and gossips before the age of writing, keep the world informed of outstanding events. Immediately their first hand information becomes common property by the use of the complicated machinery of American civilization. We, as a people, know more about the world than any other nation.

But this does not explain the intimate knowledge of the people, which has drawn the world into sympathetic relationship. At the best, such a sowing of facts reaches only one edge of the field of mankind. To be sure, this edge is occupied by the cultured, the alert, the intellectual and the scientific. This group appears large but it is almost impotent to effect lasting changes unless the germs of information are scattered far and wide over the whole field of world peoples.

In a popular government changes are wrought, battles are fought, alliances consummated, and friendships solidified by the millions who compose the nation. Though we jeer about the common people, this basic fact of popular support has become one of the dominant traits of modern times. Europe went into the war because the masses knew and had formulated convictions. America remained quiescent when Europe was ablaze, until the millions from Nova Scotia to Lower California had passed from indifferent individualism through fusion, to the white heat of passionate, unselfish conviction.

For this same reason some reforms have failed even in this country of popular education; the citizens have not understood nor approved. Always it is a question of making clear to the majority the essential injustice, under present systems, and the basic results of common welfare involved in the proposed changes. Then only is the transformation made. Yes! it is the common intellect and the popular emotions moulding mass conviction which must be touched. To this end, publicists have

devoted their energies. They have used most often the classic media and have learned that they have been tilling and retilling the intellectual minority with their books, pamphlets, articles and addresses. Close at hand the greatest agency of popular enlightenment has been developing and they have been all but blind. This agency is the motion picture. Were it simply a question of reaching America for Americans the other forms of publicity might be allowed to proceed in their more leisurely fashion. But in this year 1910 the field is the world, while the forces which need to be moulded into various forms of democracy are widely scattered and full of agelong traditions and prejudices.

This article proposes to discuss fruits which have been reaped in the field of the nations, because of sowing of which the diplomats, business men and students have taken little or no account. Possibly the accredited agents of the government

have failed to see the ripening fruits in this field of world peoples because the motion picture did not speak their language, and did not present the arguments to groups of leaders in world capitals. Moreover, it is the first time that any form of drama has played a considerable part in developing international friendships.

Its mission has been to the humble and has taken the forms of drama, melodrama, comedy and amusement with just a dash of the educational. This is no story of set purpose developed by psychologists or business men with world vision. Not one person in a thousand has realized the by-products of the amusement which has captured the world. Those who have set themselves to entertain America have dug deep down into the rich mine of golden dramatic material. Here and there they have turned up themes

which ring true among all peoples. These have been clothed in thrilling incidents, hair-breadth escapes, heroic men, lovely women, dastardly villains, and happy denouements. Lo! something emerged which had a universal appeal that touched to life the imagination of Europe, South America, Asia and Australia. It spoke a language more extensive than them all. In the reflected glow of the flickering picture, races of strangers, became, during the absorbing tale, kindred.



And do you think that this merging of emotions has been all that the motion picture has done? See the impression that out-of-the-way pictures have on yourself. You go to a film entertainment with the background of Constantinople, or the Shadow of the Pyramids, or the terrible Dawson Trail, and discover for yourself the mass of ideas which spring into your mind. These secondary impressions of background remain and you have quite as vivid grasp of the people, dress, landscape and customs as though you had mingled with the people.

This is actually the effect which the American motion picture has had upon the minds and habits of thought of common-place individuals widely scattered over the earth's surface. This, in a word, has been the service of this new method of thought expression. It has carried ideas of the American public to Wang and Jean, to Micheal and Yussuf, to Mac and Matsui and has done it all with supreme unconsciousness.

This is American publicity! While European nations have striven for world markets and world endorsement, the United States has expended most of her energies on the development of her resources at home. But many influences have been at work to attract the eyes of the common people to our land. Among these might be mentioned the American influence in settling the Russo-Japanese War; the use of the indemnity of the Boxer Rebellion; the flow of American tourists to Europe; the development of the cable and the telegraph, the wireless and the railroad; and the immigration of world peoples to America. Her very indifference to world politics and to colonization, all have had their influence. The peoples abroad have had a desire to know more of the self-contained nation of the west which has developed high standards of living, and an enlarged democracy. The masses have found these facts in the backgrounds of motion picture plots.

This form of American exposition has been in startling contrast to German propaganda. It illustrates with unexpected clarity the fundamental difference between publicity and propaganda. The latter, working in the dark, sets itself with satanic ingenuity to present isolated facts, so phrased as to have the surface indications of truth, and to accomplish changes of opinion in favor of a half truth. Our new form of publicity boldly tells to the world the whole truth, tawdry and golden, muck-raking and lofty, in terms the cramped peasants can understand. It designedly tells no lies. It allows the people to form their own judgments and draw their own conclusions. It rests its case on the self-evident results of Democracy worked out by one hundred million people.

Now observe the results obtained by these two forms of presenting knowledge! The German has had the glory of the Fatherland in mind. His method of regulating cities, his system of secondary schools and collegiate training, his trade policies and his finished products have been regarded by him as unexcelled. In his world campaign he has glorified his army, his scientists, his benevolence and high-mindedness. While in the secrecy of council chambers he has developed a contempt for mankind, and an arrogant superiority to all those beyond

the confines of the Empire. "Deutschland uber Alles." Since he despised the ignorant and circumscribed at home it was second nature to direct his world campaign toward the cultured. Herein the American method, if the term method could be used of a movement which was sublimely unconscious, has been antithetical. The motion picture has appeared before countless village audiences in package of celluloid. It has been revealed in places of amusement frequented by millions of hard-handed sons of toil. This American movement for world knowledge has permeated and surrounded and enfolded tales which have lifted the audiences out of their dull surroundings. It has carried these foreign peoples into the home life of commonplace Americans and allowed them to see for themselves.

Propaganda has resulted in temporary success but when facts of another character began to flow from Louvain and Brest Litovsk, from aerial attacks and submarine torpedoes, from slaughtered Armenians and factory explosions, and from the cries of little babies, then a revulsion set in which swept clean the slate of expensive propaganda throughout a half hundred countries. It was all a pack of lies.

Publicity has struck deep down into the mental and emotional life of the masses. They have had their impressions of American Democracy confirmed with the passing years. The last great adventure of our nation, in arms and unified against the common enemy has captured them. So today the money-grabbers of a score of years ago have become the champions of the rights of mankind. Surely the results on a world basis have demonstrated the value of publicity over propaganda!

Motion pictures from England, France and Italy have circulated in America and throughout the world. They have been excellent in some cases, superior in photography, technique and accuracy of detail. Their themes, however, have dealt largely with the life of the upper middle classes or with classic and historic situations. The American picture has reflected our democracy and has portrayed all ranks and stations who would yield material

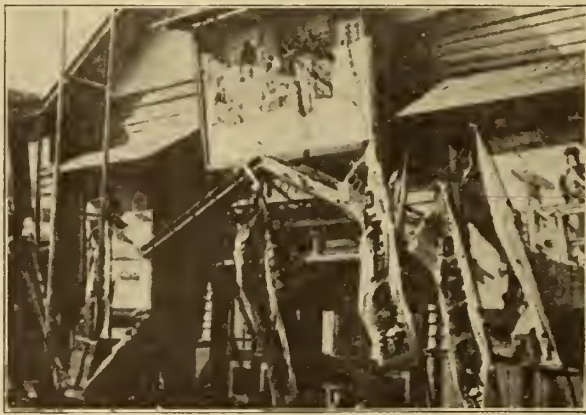
for drama or comedy. We have been amused and so, apparently have audiences on the seven seas. The figures of the exportation of American film, cited later, will reveal how attractive our stories have been for years. On the outbreak of the war the world was compelled almost exclusively to turn to us for this inexpensive form of amusement.

The people of Europe and South America have seen in our films many things which we have taken as a matter of course. Some of our dominant characteristics we have eaten, slept and worked with until it takes some keen analyst like Dickens or Stevenson or Tardieu to make them plain. Only by contrast have they appeared in their full significance. Such traits immediately came to the fore when they were caught on the celluloid record and were compared with time honored customs of the cotton workers of Birmingham, the pottery employes of Limoges, the vintners of the Appenines or the mechanics of Nagasaki. The decisive nature of these contrasts

(Continued on page 123)



"Seeing America." Above—a "rialto" in Japan—showing a street in Yamagata City, lined with picture theatres. Below—a closeup view of one of the theatres, wherein American photoplays, properly translated, are shown. Photographs taken from scenes of a Burton Holmes travelogue.



The Squirrel Cage

By
A. Gnuett



Motto: "Sweetest nut hath sourest rind. Such a nut is Rosalind." —As You Like It

SPEAKING of "nuts" do you know that the word was first used in England to define young men of the middle classes who endeavored to pass as men about town? The Miniature Reference Library thus defines the word and says further that it probably was "originated by a club of young fellows who called themselves the 'nuts'; which title was furnished by the initial letters of their motto, 'Nothing Unless Thoroughly Sociable.'" Well, we can at least be sociable.

DEFINING pride, Col. Henry F. Donovan of the Chicago *Logic* says: "If you tie a piece of red flannel around a rooster's leg, such a gun will gain weight."

HERE is a case of what happens when a person tries to be too sociable. It happened at a bridge party, says the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.
"Miss Ghoans," urged the hostess, "do have some more ice cream."
"No, really, I—"
"Oh, don't refuse, or I'll think you don't like it."
"Well, if you'll just give me a mouthful—"
"Ah, that's all right," Katie, to Miss Ghoans' plate for her."

WATCH your glass eye! It might blow up if you become too hot or cold. A writer in the *Cleveland Medical Journal* describes the danger of glass eye that has blown up when in a large and in fourteen instances when being in a car.

SAFETY razors are now being issued to our soldiers because the army has learned by experience that a clean shave greatly sustains the morale of the man. In 330 B. C. Greek soldiers were forbidden to wear a beard "lest it should give a handle to their enemies." There's a reason for everything, but a little matter of more than 2,000 years may change it.

DON'T complain if you catch your over-zealous minister preaching a sermon you have heard before. In 1117 in a parish church in England the same sermon has been preached for 123 years. Richard Johnson, who died in 1715, liked it so much so well that he left a provision in his will whereby the vicar was to receive a guinea for preaching it and two warrens a guinea each for listening to it.

Of course you are planning to visit Europe next year that the war is over. If you should visit France as a tourist, chief "tip" you should take is, don't offer a reward with "no questions asked." You will be liable to a fine of \$250 if you do.

WHEN you solve a problem in addition or subtraction, do you ever wonder where the plus (+) and minus (-) signs came from? Neither do we, but they were first used either by Chinese or by the Arabians, who published a book on algebra in 1228, or by Michael Stifelius in 1544. Will some reader of *The Squirrel Cage* tell us what signs were used before these dates?

PERHAPS the first French words our Sammie took to learn why they teach France are: "I n'avez pas une allumette?"
And in case you are "going over" yourself and are fond of cigarettes, it might interest you to know that the cigarette maker, in Yankee vernacular:
"Gotta match!"

GIRLS, if you can't find a husband in this country there is no reason for remaining a "old maid" after 35. Just move to Siam, where

you will be labeled and placed under the care of the king, who will find a mate for you. The method is simple. A prisoner in any Siamese jail may gain his pardon by marrying one thus classified. It matters not if he be married. A man is not restricted to one wife in Siam. My city loves company the world over.

If a person could travel as much as his blood it does he would be a wonderful tourist. If you live to be eighty your heart will have propelled your blood a distance of 5,000,000 miles, equal to 200 round trips along the equator, according to *London Tit Bits*.

THAT the year 1823, suicides in England had to lie buried at cross roads.

WHEN is a man a steve? Ask Antonio Mango. He is a Sardinian who received 16 wounds in the war.



What Is Wrong Here?

LONDONERS were quite upset recently when they saw the Statue of Eros restored in Piccadilly Circus as shown above after the danger of air raids was over. *The Sketch* (London) printed the above picture of the statue after the restoration and for a very obvious reason it attracted a great deal of hilarious comment. A prize of one English walnut will be given to the reader of the *Squirrel Cage* who sends in the first correct answer.

HERE is a way to keep the Kamasutra from getting feet sore. According to this treatise, salt is the best to use to rub on the soles of your feet. It is not a good idea to rub salt on your feet, but it does keep them cool.

If the wet, want to camouflage into the day in this country they ought to use the Swedish flag. In Sweden the public houses are closed

on Saturday, which is pay day, while the banks banks are kept open until midnight.

DID you know that a red orange sky at evening time presages good weather, a yellow wind, a pale gray in the morning, good weather, a highly colored sky or clouds in the morning or those of yellow orange or violet indicate bad weather? Indeed, according to the French system of weather rate prediction, one must be an artist to be a weather prognosticator.

HAM now costs sixty cents a pound. Don't blame the hog. He doesn't get it.

FRANKNESS is a virtue that sometimes is as effective as a two-edged sword. Note the following card printed by a western mayor in his local paper: "There is some complaint in this town to the effect that I do not love the people. But if you could see the people who are making the complaints you wouldn't blame me."

HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER in the *Chicago Daily News* says he has a distinguished botanist's word for it that the dye used for dyeing the uniforms of London policemen is woad, the identical stuff with which early Britons dyed themselves blue before going out to fight Julius Caesar. Now we know where camouflage started.

HAS the irrepressible youth at the piano organ in your favorite photoplay house ever spoiled a picture for you? What ought to be done to this one? In a very impressive court scene a man was to be sentenced to death. As the judge placed the black cap on his head before pronouncing judgment, the pianist played "Where did you get that hat?"

BY the way, hat wreaths that manly tried in England in 1510 by Spaniards. The joker "Where did you get that hat?" is believed to have been saying about 1510.

TOMMY was an inveterate talker in school. His teacher, despairing of containing him wrote on his report card: "Tommy talks a great deal." Back came the card duly signed by Tommy's father and above his signature were the following words: "You ought to hear his mother." —*I've a Little Secret*

A MEDICAL journal reports that a soldier deprived of speech by shell shock regained it by being unexpectedly kissed by a Red Cross nurse. Might try her out on the Sphinx.

HAVE you ever tried to hit the bull's eye of a swinging target in a shooting gallery? I've, and the answer is, no, if you know how. Wait until the target goes to the end of its swing and then fire. It will be standing still at the time and, inasmuch as the bull's eye is generally the largest on the gallery, easy to hit. Never try to hit it when it is in the middle of its swing.

ACCORDING to DeRose's "Poems," British assistance was directly carried by the war. It is a little bit of a number of the 1919 family had been killed, as well as 21 poets. It is a little bit of a number of the 1919 family had been killed, as well as 21 poets. It is a little bit of a number of the 1919 family had been killed, as well as 21 poets.

ONE day last summer Pat was working with a crew digging a trench for gas mains. One day he fell into the trench. His wife, Meg, saw him there and his last words, "Cuddles, I missed her."
Pat was gone, but Pat's wife was still there. "I've done my best," she said. "I've done my best," she said. "I've done my best," she said.

All Dre

—and no place to work, because side studio hours the Sennett

HARRIETT HAMMOND (at the left) seems to have accumulated a lot of clothing she didn't have in the May issue of this magazine. When the photographer happened by with his graflex camera, Harriet had just bought a new screen comedy wardrobe which she was carrying in her pocketbook. Harriett is a professional pianiste but due to overstudy, was ordered away from the piano a year ago. Her physician introduced her to Mr. Sennett. The sea air is wonderful; Harriett's only fear now is of a "double chin."



ONE of the bright sayings of motion picture origin was recently generated by a great publicity writer. He referred to Myrtle Lind as having "the face of an angel and the composure of a Scotch preacher." The marine on the U. S. S. Maine who reported that "the ship is sinking, sir," was flighty-minded compared to Myrtle. She ran away from home, taking residence across the street from her father's house and, like Huck Finn, found entertainment watching the searching parties. Before going into pictures, she appeared in one of the "Wizard of Oz" plays.

ssed Up

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, PICTURE
ARTS AND SCIENCES
HOLLYWOOD, - CALIFORNIA

they don't work that way. Yet out-
silent choristers are quite a la Lucille.

WHEN Inez McDonald posed for the picture at the right, the studio clock said 8.32 a. m., and Inez doubtless suffered a severe scolding for being late. You would never guess from the expression on her face that she knew what was coming, but then Inez is a good actress. Not so long ago—just about the time the fox at her side was trotting blandly along toward his delicious destiny—Inez visited the Sennett studios. It is narrated that one day a director sent Inez home to change her hat. Five weeks later she returned with the hat in her hand. "Is this the one you wanted?" she asked sweetly.



VIRGINIA DIEPPE was her real name, but the letters she has just received are addressed to Virginia Warwick. Virginia is a gay, lighthearted young kellermann who knows all the Pacific starfish by their last names. She relegated more than one truant officer to the sanitarium from trying to keep her in school. Virginia's pa was a friend of John C. Fisher, manager of the Floradora company when Mack Sennett was in the chorus. Thus, having the goods on Mack, Fisher slipped Virginia in among the Sennett birds of paradise and now Mack can't thank him enough.



MARIE PREVOST—(shown at left)—had no romantic illusions. She went into the movies because her father was dead and her mother needed the money. It happened that she was pretty; that she had a wonderful figure with something of the lithesome strength of the boy in it. Marie had some queer experiences when she first began acting. One time she lost the friendship of one of her best girl friends when the girl saw Marie being hauled out of a bar-room by the police. It was no use to tell the girl it was only a picture. She had seen what she had seen. Another time, a wire broke, dropping her down into the middle of a street from the height of a two-story building. And again—while taking scenes for "A Tugboat Romeo," a windlass with which the girls were pulling up the hero from the bottom of the sea slipped its moorings and hit Marie right between the eyes, a crack that prostrated her. Like so many California girls who live outdoors all the time, Marie is a wonderful swimmer, so that the adage that the screen bathing beauties never go near the water cannot apply to her. She is one of the few girls who can really ride a surf board. Marie may be unlucky in her picture work but she has lots of friends, which we may account for by the fact of her sweet disposition, girlish, simple manners, and an innate sense of good breeding. Marie has the physique of a prizefighter for all her small stature and the lungs of an I. W. W. orator if she cared to use them.



AT the right—another of the Sennett comedy favorites—Phyllis Haver. Rob Wagner, a well known magazine contributor, was her art teacher at the Manual Arts high school in Los Angeles. The pupils of the art class were taking turns posing for each other. When it became Phyllis' turn Rob Wagner suddenly realized that the eyes of artistic wisdom had, up to that moment, been actually blind. Phyllis Haver was, he decided, exceptionally beautiful. The result of his enthusiasm was that Phyllis was asked to "visit" at the Lasky studio. At the end of her visit the Manual Arts school had lost a pupil. Phyllis had launched her screen career. Phyllis has no expressed desire for a dramatic career. For the present at least she is content to be wholly ornamental on the film beaches, with an occasional "dressed-up" part.



White

THE artistic combination of Marjorie Rambeau and Hugh Dillman McGaughey, her leading man, which New York saw in "The Fortune Teller," a late production of last season, became a domestic one when Dillman—playing the "son," won the heart of his youthful stage "mother." They were married after a performance of their play. Housekeeping now in a Manhattan apartment, with Miss Rambeau making mid-season flyers in stock and vaudeville. The McGaugheys are planning not only future stage activities but film work in the studios—together.

Broken Blossoms

In which a yellow man falls in love with a child of the London Slums, and attempts to protect her from the brutality of one of her own race.

By ANDREW DAY

CHENG HUAN, a Chinese student priest, did not understand sailor psychology, which is entirely foreign to that of any other human type. Had Cheng Huan realized the temperament of jackies he would have very likely refrained from interceding when a group of them, visiting off an English man-of-war, clashed in the street, impugning the oriental twilight with noise and riot.

Cheng Huan, ever shrinking from the vulgarity of public argument and all forms of violence, attempted to intercede in the name of the great god Buddha who represented spiritual tranquillity and physical dignity. The jackies, failing utterly to catch the import of this spirit, greeted Huan eagerly and the fight raged on, richer by the inoculation of one Chinaman. Well distributed among the chaos, Cheng Huan received impartially the blows of the jackies and when he was finally churned out of the fracas, like cream in a separator, he lay on the ground, edging out of the range of the contestants, feeling for broken bones. A few minutes later, while the sailors grinned at him, he arose and limped off down the street, more convinced than ever that the Anglo-Saxon needed the refining qualities, the gentle lessons, of Buddha.


His encounter with the English sailors crystallized his decision, long dormant, to some day cross Asia and spread the word of Buddha among the white men. Through the following weeks and months, while earnestly studying under the learned priests of the temple, Cheng Huan gave earnest thought to his impending mission. When his day of release came, when the older heads decided that he was qualified to spread the word of Buddha, he left his nativity and turned his face toward the West. And—eventually—Cheng Huan reached England London Limehouse and White Blossom.

Now, Cheng Huan did not come directly to Limehouse—England's waterfront slums. No alien ever went from sheer virtue to utter defeat in one jump. The road that turns treacherously into the lowlit causeways of the Dockroads is intricate and winding. Cheng Huan fell hard. Long he held steadfast to his ideals and oriental purpose. But little by little his dreams of missionary work among the Anglo-Saxons had waned in the face of cold realities.

When we pick up the young priest again several years have passed, a brief stretch of time in which an incomprehensible descent into depravity was made possible.

Huan was known about Limehouse merely as a Chink store-keeper, and his yellow heart had now forsaken the dogmas taught him by the wise men in the temples of the East. To the riff-raff, the derelicts, of East London's slums, he was like unto a thousand of themselves, sans individuality, purpose, future. Ruminating day by day he dwelt alone and aloof from the nondescripts of Limehouse.

Misunderstood at every hand and embittered because of it, he buried himself in his shop, drowsing eternally over his cigarette and staring out the window, only rousing from his lethargy when he longed for his accustomed jolt of opium, procured not so far from home. The rest of the time he pried into the immediate past for a logic that would be consoling were it not so elusive; found nothing satisfying in recollections of past orgies that had marked his graduation from the teach-



"Why are you so good to me, Chink?" Lucy asked him.

ings of Buddha—recollections of dope-scented dens in the various chinatowns of the world,—yellow men, white men, Lascars, Malays—and memories of despair over fan tan tables that ever held a fascination for the yellow men.

Then, too, sitting musing at his window, he discovered Lucy. He decided to call her White Blossom from the first. Passing his window one day, she roused long sleeping qualities within him, brought an ache over futile longings.

White Blossom—Lucy, Battling Burrows' child—evoked in Huan that power to create honest unrest, ambition, that all Limehouse had missed. This curious fact proves importantly that Cheng Huan possessed spiritual possibilities without which the entire theme of this story would be illogical.

This child of fourteen—fair to the point of ivory, vibrant to the responsiveness of the trees to the wind—grew in the eyes of Cheng Huan, day by day as the one influence in Limehouse that was not destructive and degenerate. In his fertile imagination she became a creature of his own sympathies—elusive yet present, evasive yet alluring—a thing to look up to indeed. Through the magic iridescence of the child's occasional passage, Limehouse became glamourous by a radiance that made Cheng Huan incredulous. Pennyfield, the slums—the sodden passersby—Limehouse in all its iniquity seemed magically purged of its evil.

Cheng Huan craved to meet the child. Battling Burrows found the way to bring it about.

Battling Burrows was the man of Pennyfield districts who alone claimed and executed the right to beat the girl any time he saw fit. Lucy was the medium through which Burrows exploded his wrath, accumulated every so often. Abysmal, gorilla-like, he was typical of the East London slums. A

prize-fighter by profession and a debauchee by preference, he was known and feared throughout the neighborhood.

Lucy had come to her strange foster father thirteen years before. Her mother, hysterically muttering something of an urgent need for seeing her parental abode, had put the infant in Burrows' arms and then

ing, Lucy had wandered from the abode and passed Cheng Huan's shop. In her face the Chink recognized signs of unhappiness, and all of the goodness in his heart swelled into a longing to be of comfort and assurance to the child. The drowsiness of the dry poppy-blood still within him curiously painted her into a background that was exquisitely oriental, in the mind of Huan White Blossom became a Chinese child—clad in wondrous oriental silks, lathed with exquisite perfumes—and protected by Huan's overwhelming reverence. . . . Following her, he wandered out of his idyllic dream and when a chink lurched against her on the curb the wrath of her idolator was poorly restrained when he only threw the fellow to the ground.

Later that afternoon, the Battler came storming back home. He had just finished another session with his manager who had been particularly insistent that he give up his liquor-love during the process of training for his next fight. Finding Lucy at home, he roared for his tea and when she spilled some on his hand, fell on her unmercifully, lashing her into unconsciousness.

Some hours later the child awoke. Staggering slowly to her feet, she groaned under the weight of pain and misery. Further residence in the house of the Battler was impossible, she decided. A great desire to get away came over her—a wish to put behind her the den of torture, the lowlit room of Battling Burrows, in which every corner suggested abysmal fury and unreasoning cruelty. She sneaked out of the house and went, following the shadows, away from this place of horror. Finally she came

to the threshold of Cheng Huan's shop and here, tired and exhausted, she crept into the room and collapsed onto the floor.

Shortly after this, Cheng Huan returned from his noodles and tea and a pipe of chandu in a place not far distant, and stumbled over the figure of the child. The aroma of the lit pipe still in his brain, for a moment the Chinaman took this for an opium fantasy. But instantly he knew this was not so; that White Blossom—the holy, refining influence of his life, lay prostrate on his floor, herself obviously in need of comfort and protection. Reverently he lifted the child into his arms as she stirred in her deep sleep, and swiftly took her to the room above.

White Blossom received the first kindness she had ever known. Though startled over the vision of a yellow face staring into hers, the dulcet, reassuring manner of Cheng Huan as he told her of his purpose led to trust and relaxation. She came to smile into his face and Cheng Huan was lifted clear of the insidious depths of Lamehouse existence. Cheng Huan bathed her wounds, applying lotions the likes of which no white man had ever concocted and then heaped her with soft silks and oriental garments that he had hoarded in a teak-wood chest—against some nameless future.

Thus, through perhaps the same magic chemistry by which diamonds evolve in the mud of the ages, Lucy had attained the age of fourteen and still lived, and dreamed—and smiled.

Drinking with slatternly women was the Battler's weakness. Between orgies he fought. When he lost, which was seldom, his manager would attribute it to physical unfitness; and when he won, he laid off whipping Lucy to receive the plaudits of his East London's followers. Also when he lost—his manager raked him over the coals, admonishing his looseness, demanding a decent respect for the pugilist's golden rules. And when the manager thus berated him, Burrows took it all meekly enough and then working himself into a frenzy of wrath, went home and leapt upon his child, senselessly exploding his fury on her.

One day, after the Battler had been particularly persecut-



Through the night he sat low on the floor at her side as she slept, holding to a hand that was relaxed in its trust. In the hours of darkness his love blossomed as though by magic; all of the goodness that had been buried by despair years ago now suffered resurrection, and at the dawn he was far away from the petty unhappinesses and sordid weakness of the slums-people. His one ambition was to cherish the trust of this child and to preserve her freshness from the smudging

influence of Limehouse. When he brought in a quaint old oriental doll, she stared at him curiously. "Why are you so good to me, Chink?" she asked. But Huan merely stared deep into her lovely eyes.

That day Battling Burrows learned where his child was. It happened through the tattling of one of his adherers who had come to Cheng Huan's shop for a purchase. While Cheng Huan had gone out for change, the White-Blossom, upstairs, knocked a brush to the floor. The Spying One, puzzled by this noise, sneaked up the steps and peered into the room. With his discovery on his tongue, he hurried to the Battler and told him. Burrows was now across the river, undergoing rest and training for the fight that was to be staged that evening.

"Lucy is gone with a Chinky," the Spying One whispered and the wrath of the Battler vocalized into a roar. He demanded details and the Spying One told how he had discovered Lucy in the room over the Chink's shop, clad in silken garments of a Manchu queen, singing contentedly, apparently happy.

After fueling his anger with liquor, the Battler decided not to seek revenge that night, but to wait until after his fight and then descend upon the Chink's shop.

All ignorant of the Spying One's duplicity, Cheng Huan and the child spent a quiet evening together in the room over the shop. Cheng Huan tried to impart to the child, in the gentle slurred phrases of pidgin English, how great was his devotion to her and how she had come to him—as a great white bird through a pall of evil night—clarifying his vision and helping him back onto an objective road, affording him something to live for.

On her part, the child, awed somewhat by the devotion of the Yellow Man, accepted his kindness with a maturing faith.

In the meantime, Battling Burrows was having the hardest fight of his career. Dissipation had played havoc with his customary strength and endurance and once he was floored, "The Limehouse Tiger" on top him. But before the count of ten the Battler was again on his feet and eventually he bested his opponent.

After the battle, then went Burrows across the river, looking for the Chink who had taken away Lucy. On the way he filled himself copiously with revivifying raw gin. And while he moved toward the Chinaman's shop, Cheng Huan was moving away from it—out on an errand and now delayed by a conversation with another Chink.

The Battler discovered Lucy up in the room over the shop. But while he tore about the place, wrecking everything in his drunken effort to capture her, she eluded his arms and tearing off the silken garments for her own rags, fled from the room, down through the shop, and into the street. Here she was cornered by some allies of the Battler's who held her for him. In his grasp again, the terrified child swooned away as he dragged her through the night to his abode.

When Cheng Huan returned to his shop sometime later, the deranged room above met his eye as a blur of unformed confusion. After his shaking hand had put a light to a low-burning lamp, he stared about him, fearful of



In his grasp again, the terrified child swooned away as the Battler dragged her to his abode.

discovering what was wrong—what was wrong, aside from the shrieking absence of White Blossom. Comprehension slowly stole over him, blanching his face, and chilling his blood. The room was speaking to him of some monstrous catastrophe newly enacted, bearing monument to just about what the child had suffered before she had been dragged away from the place. Here a drape of shimmering silk had been torn to the floor, trampled under a grinding boot. There a pearl inlaid table, behind which a small body could with scant safety hide, was smashed against the wall. Grimly, Cheng Huan visualized a scene of conflict wherein White Blossom had been crushed between table and wall as the atavistic torso of the Battler had hurled itself after her.

White Blossom was gone! Some unreasoning, all-destroying influence had visited the room, sweeping her out through a chaos of ruins. Battling Burrows, he knew instinctively, was responsible.

Here and there were scattered remnants of the wondrous garments the child had worn. These, coupled with the empty corner of the shelf, where her own rags had hung in a abandonment, formed a story that told itself all too vividly.

Groaning under his breath in a queer monotone, Cheng Huan searched the room for a weapon. An instant later he was slinking along the darkened street, a revolver in his blouse and a black hatred renewing itself with each step.

Cheng Huan was bound for the home of the Battler. In the meantime, however, the pugilist, maddened by drink and a rage that was far beyond any hopes of control, had dragged the child to his room. Once inside, she eluded his drunken clutch and as his blows rained on empty air, found temporary respite in a closet, locking herself in. But the Battler secured a hatchet and crushed in the thin wooden barrier.

Finally—after that—White Blossom lost consciousness, mercifully. But the maniacal fighter lashed senselessly on, dragging her about the room and finally throwing her fair form across the cot in the corner, which was soon streaking with crimson.

The Battler was sobering. Continued assault upon an inanimate object was, he decided, grinning, foolish. Of what use to whip if the victim could not feel? He would wait until she regained consciousness. Then he would further show her what happened to a white girl, belonging to another, who went with a Chinky.

He staggered into the other room for a drink. And slowly and fitfully during the next ten minutes the child boy-red on the verge of consciousness—her dreams a miasmic whirlpool of supreme pain and torture. Once her nightmare brought a groan to her lips. That attracted the Battler. White Blossom



There on the cot he saw White Blossom, as though sleeping amidst rags, half-torn from her body.

som was past enduring further hurt. Thereafter but once did she rouse entirely from her lethargy as he beat her. This was a moment when he had stooped low to study her face—seemingly just realizing that she was in danger of passing forever out of his reach. Whimsical at the last, she inserted her finger tips into the corners of her mouth and drew the corners up into an expression of smiling—a biting taunt, and one she had often employed when beset by punishment. Then she sank into a final stupor.

Cheng Huan sneaked in through a side window as Burrows strode heavily away for another drink. There on the cot he saw White Blossom, as though sleeping amidst rags, half-torn from her body. He grabbed her hands and found them cold and stiffening. Then in the midst of his sorrow, he heard Burrows step through the doorway and roar out, upon seeing him prostrate there.

Broken Blossoms

NARRATED by permission from the D. W. Griffith scenario of the same name. This, in turn, was adapted from Thomas Burke's celebrated story, "The Chink and the Child" (Limehouse Nights, Robert McBride, publisher). "Broken Blossoms" was produced by Mr. Griffith with the following principal players:

- White Blossom..... Lillian Gish
- Cheng Huan..... Richard Barthelmess
- Battling Burrows..... Donald Crisp

The Battler, completely insane now through drink and rage, leaped at the Chink but he side-stepped him, meanwhile drawing his revolver. The Battler reached out for the hatchet lying by the shattered closet door, but in that moment the Chinaman sent a bullet through his heart.

The Battler fell without a groan. Cheng Huan gave him no further attention. He crept back to the couch and knelt at the side of the dead girl. Drawing nearer he stared intently into

(Concluded on page 131)

Marguerite's Dancing Fingers

Miss La Motte, a protegee of Pavlowa, whose most noteworthy terpsichorean rival is her own sensational hands, has left the stage for the movies.



*Photography by
Witzel*

WHEN Douglas Fairbanks saw Marguerite de la Motte's hands, he gasped and said: "Sign the young lady for 'Arizona.' If a girl with hands like that isn't an artiste 'there ain't no such animal.'"

When Bessie Barriscale saw those same hands she exclaimed: "If she can't act she can do pantomime with her hands and that ought to go over with a bang. We'll give her a part in 'Josselyn's Wife.'"

And when H. B. Warner first glimpsed la petite Marguerite's wonderful fingers, he contemplated them for a long time and remarked thoughtfully: "If Paderewski ever sees those hands he will be green with envy."

Then Mr. Warner signed her up as his leading lady in "The Pagan God."

And Marguerite is not yet sixteen years old.

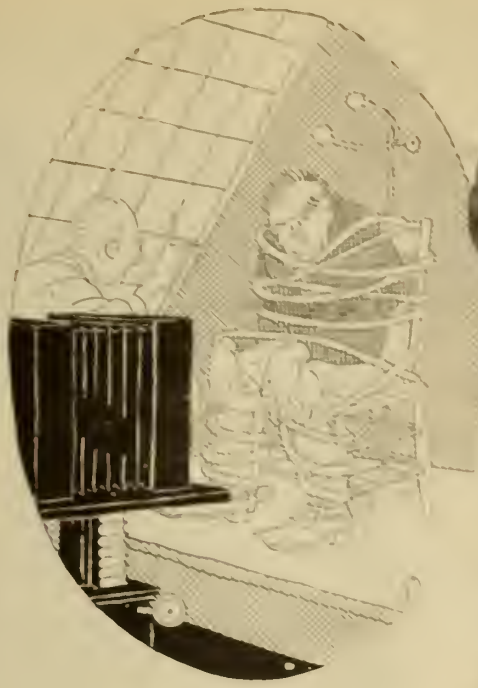
Miss de la Motte's hands are not only soft, graceful and artistic, but they are strong, and as full of expression as her lithe and airy-fairy body when in complete abandon of the dance.

Who is she?

The daughter of Joseph de la Motte, a Los Angeles attorney and his wife—a school girl who chose dancing as a career and who at twelve had reached such proficiency that she attracted the attention of Pavlowa and was personally coached by the Russian marvel. Miss de la Motte appeared professionally at Grauman's Theatre, Los Angeles, a year ago in the "Blue Heron" dance, a terpsichorean gem created by herself from a hunting incident told her by her father and illustrated in the circle above.



All Sweet and Pretty



Perhaps the artist overdid himself on the drawing. Below is Will Rogers in a scene from "Laughing Bill Hyde"—and he doesn't look a bit "scart."

Aside from the fact that he's scart to death of photographers, Will Rogers is right glad he's back in the movies.

By
LEIGH
METCALFE

WILL ROGERS, the rope-throwing literary digest of the Ziegfeld Follies, is about as fond of photographers as a shynola belle of the South Pacific is of a muskrat coat. "I don't aim for nothin' better'n an argument with a picture-taker," he imparted last spring in Chicago. "I can't see any sense in an awkward maverick like me tryin' to look sweet and purty before the camera."

Rogers' aversion to posing for his portrait is genuine, although a year (just beginning) before Goldwyn's first line machine-camera trenches should, we hope, have its effect. Rogers' modesty is as real as himself. And he is as real as tax-bills. At the rate his head is swelling over his success one year more will probably find him hiding permanently in some dark corner.

We need only consult PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE's photograph files to realize how real his camera shyness is. This library, containing about a million pictures of the players, provides just one (1) picture of the man who has made a high art of rope-twirling. This picture is a still scene from "Laughing Bill Hyde," his first picture

"I did have a picture taken once," he said to me, brightening for my sake. "Meble I got it upstairs. Praps it's only one of them red proof things, though. Don't calculate you could use that."

However, enough about photographs. I am sure Mr. Rogers would feel happier if I changed the subject. So I'll switch the typewriter into lyric soprano and sing of Wild West shows in the Transvaal, three-year-old pinto busters, rope-throwing aboard the New Amsterdam Roof and of the most extraordinary rope-ladder in the world.

To those of our readers who have been so careless as to miss the national institution called the Ziegfeld Follies, I'll explain that Will Rogers is one of the few men of the stage, aside from the electrician, who needn't shave for four days at a stretch and who, if you give him enough rope, can do almost anything with it but hang himself. In the Follies, garbed as a cow puncher, it was Mr. Rogers' duty to impart the news of the day to people so busy watching the pretty girls behind the footlights they didn't get time to read the papers.

"I'm not an actor," explained Mr. Rogers. "I'm a rope-

thrower. I can't act. I can't be nothin' but myself."

Right-o, Will, and if you let Mr. Samuel Goldwyn try to make you be anything else, then—

"—and I don't know just what sort of thing I'm gom' to do in pictures. Movie people are funny! They send me a book to read and ask if I'd like to do it in pictures. I read the book and write back that I would. Then they don't buy it. And if I say I don't like a story they buy it. I don't know much about pictures, though."

However, he has some interesting views on them. "I don't want to be a hero," he protested. "Let Bill Hart and Tom Mix do that. Heroes are right good to look at and we all like to see thrillers, but I don't aim to play in those parts. I was never much on killin' people and I'd rather not gallop through my pictures armed like a battleship and hain a dozen bad men against the Arizona skyline, dyin' of fright."

"I'm friendly by nature, I guess, and in my pictures I'd like to smile a lot and make everyone feel sociable and at home-like. Then, meble we could tack a weddin' on the end, with some love scenes and all, y'know."

Will Rogers first twirled a rope when he was so young that he lassoed his bottle at mealtime. This was in Claremore, Oklahoma, Rogers county—named after his father who was the first settler there. His parents were both part Indian—Cherokee. "Which makes me," said Rogers, "about one-eighth cigar store."

He learned to walk almost with a rope in his hand and through his childhood galloped with the cowmen on his father's ranch. Still in his boyhood he decided one day that there was a lot more room further south in which to twirl ropes and so went to South America. He intended going into the cattle business down there but soon after landing heard the cannibals calling across the Atlantic and was lured to South Africa. This was just after the close of the Boer war. He joined "Texas Jackie's Wild West Show" and for fourteen months showed the diamond-diggers and missionary eaters our own Western culture. Then Rogers and some other rope-throwers went to Australia, joining
"W o r t h



In the oval below is the Rogers juvenile rope-throwing trio. From left to right: Mary, aged four years, Bill, six, and Jim—toughest of the lot—two. Above—Bill, with his silver-mounted outfit.



Will Rogers in action—rehearsing, on his Oklahoma ranch, the rope-throwing tricks that he used in the Follies.



Bros. Circus." For six months Rogers remained with this organization but finally admitted they couldn't show the natives anything as queer as a kangaroo and so came back to the United States. "I left America first class and after working for over two years was able to return third class," he said. "But I was glad to get back, anyway. "We went to the St. Louis World's Fair where we performed in some of the Wild West attractions there and in 1905 I went to New York."

And now the germ of his career began to yawn and stretch. He joined a vaudeville circus act, rope-twirling. After a few months the owner of the show conceived the idea of having his rope-throwers announce their own acts. "So I told the audience one night what I was going to do—that I

had a little trick that was pretty good if I could make it work.

"A titter started down in the parquet as I finished speaking. It went around the house, swelling in volume. I felt myself flushing. I was seized with stage fright for the first time in my life. I got sore and walked off without doing the trick. I wasn't intendin' to be laughed at."

Those few words, emitted earnestly enough, were the very same that Rogers came to use over and over—night after night. They were the key to a famous stage type and the manager of that act seemed to feel it. Possessing a good showman's instinct, he decided that perhaps this business of making the people titter would be important. He induced Rogers to spring his lines again. He did. And got a big laugh.

It wasn't long until Rogers was using his lines every night and was getting out of the rope-throwers class.

Followed a period at Hammerstein's in vaudeville, during which Rogers slowly and carefully developed his stage character. Then he went in for a season of rope-throwing monology at the Folies Bergere in Forty-sixth street. This was in a revue managed by Henry B. Harris and Jesse Lasky.

A freakish incident was instrumental in making this season his blossoming one. Rogers with his ropes was on the stage when suddenly the lights went out and panic threatened. From the dark of the stage started to drawl the soothing voice of Will Rogers, begging (Continued on page 130)

ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURE AND SCIENCE HOLLYWOOD, - CALIFORNIA



1919 Models F. O. B. California

IT is a well-known fact that motor manufacturers would starve if it weren't for the speed demon in every little filmster. Always the first to smooth out every new wrinkle, the twinklers are here shown trying out their hobbies—horses, in some cases; or—cars of a curious kind in others. Directly above this caption you observe Dot Farley—a comedienne in working hours—who likes to take a little canter on the L-Ko bridle path every morning. When the camera caught her here, her mount had become frightened at a director who appeared on the scene without puttees and a megaphone. Miss Farley, an expert horsewoman—note divided skirt—was compelled to exercise all her craft in horsemanship to make the beast behave. Left—Bill Russell, whose hobby is horses but not hobby horses. He has trained these little Shetlands to eat hay and oats and everything.



Gloria Swanson's favorite sport is limousining in director Cecil DeMille's new highpowered gasless coastabout. She is one of the most expert drivers in the Hollywood hills but woe to the man who crosses her path when she is out for a record. This picture was taken while Miss Swanson was in third, with a special lens designed for her by Mr. Eastman himself.



Tom Moore, John Bowers, and director Harry Beaumont use this when they're in a hurry to get from one set to another. It holds the record for all stages at the Goldwyn studio from standing and flying start, with all cylinders missing.



She Vamped the Photographer!

Pictures posed especially
for PHOTOPLAY
by Sarony, N. Y.



"OH, see the pretty birdie!" But for Mary-Louise Huff-Jones, who knew that it was old stuff, the bird remained in a state of low visibility. The photographer dragged out the old stuffed dog and made it say "bow-wow." Mary-Louise elevated her already tiptilted nose and confided to her mother that she didn't like that mans. "Sarony, N. Y.," at the end of his string, gave up; but Mary-Louise's little blonde mother, having promised these pictures to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, finally coaxed the truth from her youngster. "I vill," said Mary-Louise, very gravely, "I vill sit still if that mans will let me put my shoes an'—my new *butting* shoes—n stockings on. I vill not go barefoot in all my pitchers!" And so she faced the camera for the study-in-pride pictured at the left, very very conscious of those butting shoes—even if the make-up man did cut off the toes. And for the others she graciously consented to be posed with her feet *au naturel*. And she vamped "Sarony, N. Y." so beautifully—process of vamping pictured away up above—that she carried away with her all the photographers' props in the place.

Louise Huff is resting just now, after her engagement with Emerson-Loos-Paramount for "Oh, You Women!" As Mrs. Edgar Jones she is pretty well occupied with the young Indian. Mary-Louise is always on the war-path and already has a string of scalps to her credit, including the photographer's.

C L O S E - U P S

EDITORIAL EXPRESSION AND TIMELY COMMENT

Capital Tax. Financiers, bond-holders, landlords and heirs who pay a large income-tax pay just that—an income-tax.

Artists who pay a large income-tax pay, in reality, a capital tax.

The income of a great established business, or a great property, is profit, not capital. But the product of a creative artist—barring his savings—is the only capital he has. It is the product of a unique ability or a unique popularity. It is productive high tide for its possessor, whether that possessor is old or young, for the records of achievement show that the human harvest—years—except in the most extraordinary cases—are numbered, and he who swings the sickle of celebrity in his twenties will live upon stored bounty in his forties. The talent of the triumphant older artist compares directly to the economic edifice reared by the sound and successful business man; both are capital, created and nurtured by years of intense application and preparation. But there is this difference: the man of business may change his capital, the fruit of his life, into many things, and it will still be capital; whereas the artist cannot transmute the fruit of his life into anything visible or tangible unless he turns it into a thing called income.

One well beloved and tremendously industrious artist of the screen, a man nearing fifty, has just ended a year in which the capital of this, the summit of his career, represented more money by far than he ever had in his life at one time. Seventy-two percent of this sum is listed as income and sur-tax.

2

A Solomon Among Censors. Very recently a member of the executive staff of the Famous Players-Lasky corporation appeared before the motion picture committee of the leading woman's club, in an important city. The club favored local censorship. And it considered that censorship would

be rightly placed in the hands of its own committee.

The speaker rather astonished the club by offering no visible opposition to their ideas.

"I presume"—he spoke as if their Soviet were already established—"you would distinctly oppose the screening of Coppée's 'The Guilty Man'?"

A moment of silence, and then one woman said, determinedly: "No—I shouldn't." Cries of dismay and violent dissent rang around her.

"I say that I should not oppose it," she repeated, staunchly, "I tell my children everything. The only way to shun evil is to be able to recognize it!"

"Preposterous!" exclaimed another woman. "The work has its place as a book for adult reading, and for adult patronage in the theatre, perhaps. But before the absolutely indiscriminate audiences of the movie houses—never!"

"You're both wrong," chimed in a third seeress. "'The Guilty Man' could be shown carefully edited, perhaps slightly rearranged—"

And the tumult increased, until their interrogator suddenly spoke again.

"Ladies," he said, "there are scarcely more than a dozen of you in this small room. You believe and announce that you are fully competent to select the screen entertainment for more than half a million

people, of all ages, conditions of intelligence, religious belief and material surrounding. You represent not only one class, but one circle in that class, whose diversions, tastes and beliefs are very much alike. I mention just one play and behold—you cannot agree among yourselves! You have demonstrated what I think of censorship."

2

Introducing the Great 'I Am.' A few years ago editor Robert H. Davis, the beloved friend and patron of the whole school of present-day American letters, wrote an advertisement for R. Hoe & Sons, called "I am the Printing Press." The modest brochure was



W. S. M. Z.

an instant, gigantic, international success. It was reprinted in English the world around, and was translated into many foreign languages. It was a literary tour-de-force. It was squaring the circle, circumnavigating the globe via the poles, lifting one's-self by one's boot-straps. It was the supreme stunt in words, for it was eulogy in the first person, for the first time.

Immediately thereafter and ever since every writer with a ware to cry or a cause to shout has helped himself to the Davis idea. Generally without thought of credit, and at length Mr. Davis, gifted with a sense of humor that has probably saved him from rat poison or gun-in-the-drawer, bought the largest scrap-book ever made, and hired a pasting secretary. So far, the "I Ams" total more than eight-hundred. Some are the stentorian declarations of noble causes—democracy, brotherhood, learning, the motion picture. There are also, in the big book, "I am Peanut-Brittle," "I am the Union Suit," and "I am a Cracker."

The "I Ams" will doubtless expand to infinity, but we wanted you to know who started them all.

2

In Japan. The ever-advancing picture show is doing more than making mere entertainment. It is advancing most of the other arts in the sheer impetuosity of its own rush.

Listen to this testimony of the screen's great service to music, in far-away Japan. The quotation is from a letter by Shoji M. Iwamoto, Tokio correspondent of *The Musical Courier*:

"Even at villages or small country towns we see one or two movies with an orchestra annexed to them, and American notes (i. e., compositions) are played. Within the last five years the music for these country movies was in so poor a condition that one or two men used to beat drums and blow bugles for the show—and the people thought it a band! But at present spectators are not contented with mere drums and bugles, and movies men, too, acknowledge the value of real music for their performances—hence the number of musicians as well as the kind of musical instruments used are multiplied and variegated to meet the taste of the patrons. In Tokio, Osaka and other large cities there are orchestras of ten or twenty men, but I am sorry to state that the wage is very poor indeed, as the musicians do not form a union for their common interest."

2

Liberty and The Screen. Everett Dean Martin is director of the Cooper Union forums of the People's Institute, in New York City, and he is now chairman of The National Board of Review of Motion Pictures. In taking his place as chairman of this enduring committee, Mr. Martin said, speaking of its work:

"The National Board has had an incalculable influence in raising the general standard of motion picture art, and its success has been largely due to the fact it is a purely advisory and not a coercive censorship. My sole reason

for accepting this responsibility is the fact that this issue between the advisory and coercive methods of human improvement involves the whole question of whether freedom is possible in American democracy.

"Something of the spirit of the forum is essential, I think, to the successful democratic solution of this as of every other public problem. People respond best to ideals when they are permitted to feel they can contribute something on their own account. An extended and very close association with popular assemblies has convinced me that the coercive method is worse than a failure. People's opinions, their likes and dislikes, are in no way changed by having standards forced on them from without.

"It has been said that a legal censorship would be a blow at civil liberty quite as serious and of the same nature as a permanent censorship of the press. To my mind this is true. If the American people surrender the free theatre they might as well give up free press, free speech, freedom of assemblage. They will encourage a species of legislation which in the end will destroy the last vestige of personal responsibility."

2

Croy's Enthusiasms. Homer Croy has just published the most interesting, and in some ways the most prophetic volume on motion pictures since the writings of the late Hugo Munsterberg. Mr. Croy's work bears the perfectly uninspired main title, "How Motion Pictures are Made," but going behind this purely tentative caption one enters a veritable garden of investigation, summary and opinion.

Mr. Croy is an overwhelming enthusiast in his belief in the screen's complete ultimate artistic supremacy and vast utility. In fact he goes farther than many of the rest of us are yet ready to go in such avowals.

For instance, he says that he is convinced that the general monthly magazine has lost its grip on popular favor, that the weeklies are beginning to slip, and that many functions of the daily newspaper will eventually be superseded by the universal faculties of the super-film of tomorrow—at once an illustrator, a superior fictionist and a newsgatherer.

Most film men tell you that the screen story in general will continue to be sun-painted in black and white; but Mr. Croy thinks that color photography, in an ultimate practical process, will have general adoption for all film purposes.

He also says that the subtitle is extraneous, and will eventually be sloughed off as we come nearer to perfect story-telling by pictures only.

Of more serious and scientific interest is his essay upon the return of the barbaric "pictograph" to civilization—the use of "picture writing" as a genuine language. The cave men and the savage tribes invented it, the Greeks with their statues and the Egyptians with their hieroglyphs perfected it—after which it was forgotten, save in the illuminated manuscripts of the monks, for more than twenty centuries.

Where Is Mae Marsh?

A hope that a dimmed little star will shine forth brightly next autumn.

MAE MARSH, the first star engaged by Goldwyn, has ended her contract, and has retired temporarily from the screen. Miss Marsh has been for many months Mrs. Lee Arms, and it is said that something very interesting is expected to happen in the home of that former New York newspaper man, about the middle of summer.

But as a matter of fact, hasn't Mae Marsh—the real Mae Marsh, the wide-eyed little mistress of pathos that we used to know—been gone from the screen a long time?

As a figure of forlornness, a symbol of that small tragedy and futility which is an ever so much greater part of the world's woe than big tragedies, it took only two years to make her world-famous.

She first came to general attention—although she had several years of program success behind her even then—in Mr. Griffith's production of "The Escape." Remember her as the haunting little mother who fought so pathetically to protect her baby? As a bit of intense drama she gave, in those moments, something the screen had never before reflected.

After that, as
"Little



Miss Marsh in the courtroom scene of "Intolerance." Hers was a great stellar depiction, the like of which has seldom been seen.



Mae Marsh of the Goldwyn period gained in weight, attained nice contours, took alluring photographs and played dressed-up parts—a study of her role in "Money Mad."

Sister," in "The Birth of a Nation." This was one of her two fullest and finest performances, for here her sprite-like humor was just as much in evidence as the grim terror of her finish.

People who waited in breathless expectation for "Intolerance" were certainly not disappointed in Miss Marsh. Hers was surely the great stellar depiction of that bewildering procession, the like of which for simplicity, directness and humanity has seldom been seen in the whole range of high endeavor on the dramatic stage.

Up to this time Miss Marsh had never received the impressive pay-checks which one unconsciously associates with real screen fame, but she had been receiving impressive opportunities, and she had been given impressive performances.

Now the situation reversed itself. Samuel Goldwyn hired her, at a glittering figure, and it is very evident that he and his associates made every effort to surround her with fitting material, competent casts, able directors, sumptuous productions and awe-inspiring publicity.

Yet in her many, many months of Goldwyn endeavor

"The Cinderella Man" alone showed the whimsical, elfin-sweet personality of other days.

Mae Marsh major had been a thin, unpretty, unsophisticated little girl in distant California. She seldom saw the press-agent and performed before the camera exactly as her director told her.

Mae Marsh Minor gained weight, attained nice contours, lived in New York City, was beautifully gowned, took alluring photographs, was much in print on many subjects, became

a center of metropolitan attention, and played dressed up parts. But the fire was out.

Let us hope, rather, that the fire was not out; only all banked over with the ashes of celebrity and prosperity.

It is rumored that Mr. Griffith plans to have her in a picture or two of his own next autumn. Whether this is only rumor, or more than rumor, it is a good hope, for Mae Marsh is in the very flower of her youth, and is too distinct and individual an artist for the screen to lose.

The whole scrap made Miss Storey so mad that she left the screen flat on its back and donned a uniform to drive an ambulance. Metro Pictures was the loser when Edith abandoned her film engagement to enlist in the N. L. W. S. Motor Corps. She says, now, "Really I haven't the slightest idea when I'll come back to the screen. I suppose I will stick at this work as long as there's work to be done." The insert below shows

Edith and her ambulance.

Edith Storey Is Still At War

Even though the soldiers and sailors are coming back to their old jobs—occasionally—she refuses to forsake her ambulance.



Conrad in Quest of Age

By
DOROTHY
ALLISON

"I'm not really as young as the parts I play," says Nagel—he's twenty-two.



Mattene



The ages of a young man. Directly above—young Nagel in his first camera study, taken May 10, 1897, with his mother,—he was 2 months old. At top—Nagel—"the Man Who Came Back" on the stage, now leading man for Alice Brady and sharing honors with the star in her father's production of "Forever After."

wild, wealthy young man in 'Red Head,' our first film together for Paramount. Miss Brady has to reform me and it's a tough job," said the wild, wealthy young man proudly.

"At the beginning I was nearly side-tracked into musical comedy. But then I had my first big stage role and that decided me. What was the role? It was *Youth* in 'Experience.'"

So ever since he has gone on playing "Youth" in one form or another, and will undoubtedly continue to play it for some time to come. For he has the quality that is quite independent of time—the half-wistful, half-assured quality that belongs to youth alone and is difficult to define and impossible to simulate. It will probably be years and years before he has another chance to play *Scrooge*.

And then it may happen that he won't care to play *Scrooge*—or he won't play him with half as much enthusiasm as he did when he was fourteen. But who cares to go into the psychology of it? An actor who is a Broadway success at twenty-two doesn't waste much time on that sort of thing—especially when he is in demand for his screen services as well, and has to get up at six in the morning to catch the first car out to Flatbush, when he is working for Vitagraph; or across town to the studio where he is working now opposite Alice Brady; work before the camera until six o'clock—that is, when he hasn't a matinee; then he justifies his title of Manhattan's most promising young actor-commuter. Home—an apartment on Riverside Drive, where he lives with his parents and a younger brother, for whom, by the way, he predicts a career as a comedian a little later on—for a hasty dinner,

then a dash to the theatre and into his make-up as the young chap of "Forever After"—it's a great life! Nagel isn't happy unless he is filling two or three engagements at one time. By the time this is read, we could not truthfully say that Nagel isn't married. For some time in June he is to wed Miss Ruth Helms, of Chicago. She was "Evanston's prettiest co-ed" when he met her during the Chicago run of "The Man Who Came Back." Before Nagel's company left, they were engaged—and they will do another "Forever After."

"Of course," said Conrad Nagel, "I'm not really as young as most of the parts I play."

Now when a very young person begins to tell you how very old he really is, your cue is to say "Indeed!" in a solemn and respectful manner. Unfortunately, I giggled. Whereupon, Mr. Nagel looked pained and grew more emphatic.

"No, but really I'm not," he protested. "I am twenty-two years old, and I've been cast for parts younger than I am ever since I've been on the stage. There was the boy in 'The Man Who Came Back' and Laurie in 'Little Women' and now this young 'Ted' in 'Forever After.' He does grow up later on, of course, but most of the time he is high-school and freshman age. Now really, off the stage you'd say I looked older than a freshman."

I'll say he did. In his running trunks (for the stage boat race) and big white sweater he looked every day a sophomore—a rather young sophomore it is true, with an ingratiating grin and super-naturally solemn blue eyes, the sort of solemn eyes that make you suspect mischief behind them. When he was five, he probably was caught in the jam closet with strawberry preserves all over that angelic expression and the clock and the hammer and the cat lying in wrecks around him.

"The odd thing about it," he went on, "is that the first role I ever played was an old, old man. It was *Scrooge* in Dickens' 'Christmas Carol.' I was fourteen years old and I didn't know much about playing an old man. I couldn't get it at all at first until I began to think of a terribly old fellow that lived near our school—old Nmas we called him—and I twisted my mouth and tried to walk like him—like this—" and Mr. Nagel illustrated in a most venerable manner. "You must have been very convincing," said I politely.

"Oh, it wasn't bad and the family liked it," he admitted modestly. "But that was my one and only old man. All through college and when I first went in stock with the Princess company in Iowa I played young roles. And it's the same thing in the films. Just now I'm playing two roles with Alice Brady—this *Ted* on the stage here in 'Forever After' and a very

"IS it a wedding, Mister?"

The two childish faces of the ragged little waifs were upturned to the tall gentleman ascending the church steps. He seemed a very grand and beautiful gentleman to the two gutter babies and they could not understand how anyone in such a gorgeous fur coat and shiny hat could wear such a look of dull misery. Even as he answered them, his lips twisted in an ironic smile which even the children's eyes recognized as one of suffering.

"Yes, it's a wedding," he told them. "Here's a dollar to celebrate with. Run along now or a fat guest will step on you."

As they scampered off, their benefactor opened the church door and stood for a moment on the threshold, with the ironic smile still on his lips. Sylvia's wedding. For years the words had carried a magic meaning for himself alone; a very different meaning from the situation that now faced him. He was here as "best man"—there was really subtle irony in that phrase—and he was to watch his closest friend, Dick Burton, stand as bridegroom to Sylvia Norcross. Above the moaning of the organ and the chatter of the bridesmaids and mingled with the scent of smilax and lilies, came memories of that last scene which had changed the world for both Sylvia and himself.

Only two weeks ago he had gone to her with the greatest problem that had ever faced him, sure of her instant sympathy and comprehension. He had been proud of the position that he had built up as acting physician of St. Luke's Hospital and humbly grateful for the fact that the name of Dr. Edward Meade stood as an authority on children's surgery. But when the war broke out he applied at once for his commission in the army and went immediately after he had obtained it to the director of the hospital with his resignation. It was the result of this interview that he had laid before Sylvia in the stately living room of her Fifth Avenue home.

"They can't let me go, dear," he had told her. "It's not because of myself as an individual—it's only that I happen to have that form of operation well in hand and the other men, the doctors that the war has not taken, have not. The director has relied on me to take charge of the new Children's Hospital and he gave me his orders as a general would. I haven't any choice, if it's a case of life and death for the children here at home. But you know what it means to me to stay at home while the others are going. You do know, don't you, Sylvia?"

Sylvia's limpid blue eyes and quick responsive smile seemed to have frozen into an expression of inscrutability.

"I don't know what it means to you, either way, Edward," she had told him icily. "Your logic seems to be quite perfect and I can't argue against that. But somehow I hardly thought of you as the sort of man who considered logic at a time like this. I thought you would simply reach for your gun and go."

It was hopeless for Dr. Meade to struggle against this attitude. With one bitter sentence she had killed their love as ruthlessly as if it had been a living thing. They stood facing each other helplessly when suddenly into this atmosphere of strife and disillusionment the figure of Richard Burton in soldier's uniform appeared like a symbol of their contention.

"Couldn't wait to be announced," he told them with a vigorous handshake. "What do you think of my khaki? It will look better with a few stripes and medals and things but those come later. Just now I'm no treat to the souvenir hunter."

Dr. Meade had left them together and gone back to the hospital. From the expression in Dick's eyes as he looked to Sylvia for approval of his khaki, he knew at once what his renunciation meant. As for Sylvia's eyes as she watched him leave—but he had pledged himself to forget Sylvia's eyes and if they had seemed to carry a message of unutterable regret, he had tried to shut out the parting vision with hard work.

So it was no surprise when Dick had burst into his study a few days later, breathlessly announced that Sylvia had made him the happiest man in the world and insisted that the doctor should be best man at the wedding, which was to take place just before he sailed with his regiment for France.

Here he was, then, the "best man" at the wedding which he and Sylvia had so often planned as their own. "And almost the only man out of uniform," he told himself bitterly as the

For Better,

A story of two war heroes,
one of whom didn't do
his fighting in France



There was a week of suspense in which Tony's future

guests began to group themselves expectantly for the ceremony. The triumphant notes of "Lohengrin" shattered his cynical reverie and he advanced to meet his party—Sylvia or her father's arm, a white vision of satin and tulle. Dick, very straight and tall in his new uniform and over them the benign face of the old clergyman who had christened and confirmed Sylvia.

The droning voice of the clergyman seemed to go on for hours as Dr. Meade stood with his eyes fixed on the soft curve of Sylvia's cheek under her wedding veil. Suddenly, however it was over and Sylvia and her husband were buried under an avalanche of congratulations, flowers and first kisses for the

For Worse

By

DOROTHY ALLISON



usefulness as a citizen hung in the balance.

ride. The hilarity was soon checked, however, for most of the guests knew that Dick was leaving his wife at the church door to join his regiment on the transport which sailed that night for overseas.

There was a hurried farewell in the vestry room, a chorus of good wishes for the trip and Sylvia was left, too bewildered for tears, to go back to her father's home while her soldier bridegroom sailed on his voyage over treacherous seas.

Both Dr. Meade and Sylvia brought from the church a memory of Dick's farewell that was destined to play an important part in both their lives. As he leaned out of the taxi for one last look, Dick's hand impulsively caught that of the doctor

and joined it with Sylvia's. "I'm leaving her with you, old chap," he said in a voice which choked a little. "Whatever happens, I'll know you are here to protect her."

In the weary days that followed his departure, Sylvia's life dragged on through the hollow existence of the war-bride whose marriage has been a mockery. The one thing that saved her from utter despondency was her relief work among the children whose fathers were fighting in France. The frightful scourge of infantile paralysis which had swept New York like a visitation from Herod, had annihilated many little families left with only the mother to protect them. Working with these people opened a new world of service and self-sacrifice to the young society girl and Sylvia was soon so absorbed in it that she had no time to brood over her chaotic private life.

She loved all the children, but one little Italian lad of eight soon wound his wistful personality about her heart-strings in a way that she would never have believed possible. And the tragedy of his distorted little body as a result of the dread disease became to her a very real sorrow.

"But there must be something we can do," she told a nurse when this was made known to her "Surely an operation, if performed in time, would straighten his poor little legs."

"Who's left to perform it?" asked the nurse crisply. "What doctors there are left on this side of the water have all they can do to save lives, not beauty. There is only one man who could fix Tony up and that's Dr. Edward Meade, head of the Children's Hospital. And he'll soon be dead himself because he's watching over the children twenty-four hours a day with no stops for meals, they tell me."

Back across Sylvia's bewildered mind flashed sentences from that fatal interview with Dr. Meade. "Someone must stay at home"—"It's not as if I had any choice" and finally, "It's life and death for the children."

"I'll see Dr. Meade myself and beg him to do something," she said, hardly realizing that she was speaking aloud.

"It isn't probable that you can direct his services," said the nurse primly. She was a tight-faced, stiffly starched executive who bitterly resented the intrusion of "these society dames" into her own province.

"Just the same," said Sylvia to herself as the nurse left the room, "I'll try it."

But when she found herself in the bare, sun-flooded office of the doctor, she felt her resolution ebbing. Her last word with Edward Meade had been in the church vestibule just after Dick had left her in his care. "Please go," she had stammered as he took her hand to help her toward the line of waiting automobiles. "I never want to see you again in all my life."

So that now it was a half-frightened, half-defiant Sylvia that held out her tiny, gloved hand to the tall, kindly man who entered. He was grayer, she saw at once, and the lines about his mouth had deepened, but otherwise it was the same earnest, distinguished face that had been the center of all her girlhood dreams.

Half-falteringly she told him of her new work and her hopes for Tony. He set her at her ease at once by adopting a matter-of-fact, professional manner which seemed to indicate that his only interest in the world was in Tony's recovery. In a few minutes they were talking and laughing as naturally as in the old days and before she had left he had arranged to see Tony and to perform the operation which might save him.

There was a week of suspense in which Tony's future usefulness as a little citizen hung in the balance. Sylvia had almost given up hope and was waiting disconsolately one day in the doctor's office for news when he entered quietly with Tony in his arms.

"We have a surprise for the *bella donna*, haven't we Tony?" he said to the boy as he tenderly placed him on the feeble little legs that had been so twisted only a week before.

Tony's little brown face wore a brave grin but he clung for a moment to the doctor's strong, encircling arm. Then, with an Italian shrug of resolution, he gathered himself together and half-walked, half-tottered, into Sylvia's outstretched arms.

"Not bad for the first time, monkey," the doctor's voice assured him. "But just wait. You'll be shinning up telegraph poles and breaking your neck before the summer is over."

For Better, For Worse

NARRATED, by permission, from the Paramount photoplay of the same name, by Edgar Selwyn, produced by Cecil deMille, with the following cast:

<i>Dr. Edward Meade</i>	Elliott Dexter
<i>Richard Burton</i>	Tom Forman
<i>Sylvia Norcross</i>	Gloria Swanson
<i>Sylvia's Aunt</i>	Sylvia Ashton
<i>Bud</i>	Raymond Hatton
<i>Hospital Head</i>	Theodore Roberts
<i>Betty Hoyt</i>	Wanda Hawley

The shock of the child's recovery and his pathetic pluck were too much for Sylvia's self-control. As the nurse took Tony from the room she sank sobbing on the window seat, and Dr. Meade, with no thought but for her suffering, strode across the room and gathered her up in his arms as he had done in the old days when she came to him for comfort.

Sylvia relaxed for a moment in his embrace and then, with a sudden impulsive movement raised her face to his. But, before their lips met, a voice from the past rang in Edward's ears as if the words had been spoken then and in that room. "I'll know you are here to protect her, old chap." Dick had said, "whatever happens."

He was here to protect her, even from him, even from herself. And with a desperate effort of resolution he let her slip from his arms and brought her coat and furs in silence.

Over in an improvised hospital hut in Flanders, an eager French officer was bending over a cot on which lay all that was left of Dick Burton after the terrific barrage into which he had led his men. The Frenchman was trying to catch the words that came painfully from Dick's twisted mouth, for almost half his face had been blown away by an exploding shell and it was only by a superhuman effort that he held to consciousness long enough to deliver his message.

"You are to go to her," he whispered, "and tell her that you saw me killed—that you saw it, mind, and that I died instantly."

"But monsieur, you may live—eet is not over—"

"I may live, but it is over for us," came the answer. "Do you think that I could let a woman I love see me like this? Do you think I could go back and face her pity, tied to a thing like me for life? Could you, with the woman you love?"

With the true Latin ability to put himself in the other's place, the Frenchman saw the inevitability of the situation.

"Monsieur le Capitaine, I will go. I will play the scene as you ask it," he said gravely. "And now I shake the hand of one whose greatest bravery was not on the battlefield."

And this was why, a few weeks later, Sylvia stood in her drawing room at home facing the tall, compassionate French officer who had just brought her the news of her husband's death. But above the whirling of her shocked brain and her sense of agonized pity and pride for Dick was a still, small voice of hope which she could not silence.

She sent for Edward a few days later but he could not leave his work until late in the evening and he met her with his face drawn and white from the day's harassing duties. Sylvia, in her widow's dress, was as pale and worn as he, and they stood gazing at each other like two ghosts from the dim past. And yet, beneath all their careful restrained words was the wild note of hope that Sylvia had felt before.

She was the more frank of the two and the first to speak of what was in their hearts.

"Dick loved us both," she whispered as the doctor bent over her at parting. "He never knew of this between us but, if he knew now, if he were here at this moment, he is too big, too noble to have it otherwise."

And so, bit by bit, the rumor spread that Dr. Edward Meade and Sylvia Norcross Burton would be married when her period of mourning was over for the soldier who was her husband only in name. As time went on, the rumor grew to certainty and society was not surprised when invitations were issued for a dance given Sylvia by her parents at which it was understood the engagement would be announced.

At the very moment when these joyous preparations were going on there was a joyous scene of another nature in the reception room of the biggest hospital in Paris. Dick Burton, erect and sound, with his face smoothed of all disfigurement was shaking the hand of the great surgeon whose skill had brought him back to life and hope again.

"I haven't words to thank you," he was saying. "It's not only for myself that you have done this—it's for someone else at home."

The weary face



the old surgeon relaxed in a beatific smile. "It is I who am grateful to you, mon fils," he said quietly. "Very humbly grateful, for your recovery has been one of the few notes of comfort in the horror of this holocaust."

Two weeks later, Dick Burton landed at the New York harbor, unheralded and unwelcomed. He had kept his recovery and his arrival a secret through some ill-defined reluctance to tell the story to Sylvia until she could hear it from his own lips. But now, with the meeting actually before him, he began to wonder if that course were altogether wise. What would be the result of the shock of his arrival if he suddenly appeared before his wife as risen from the dead? Had anything happened that might make his homecoming less welcome?

In his perplexity, he suddenly resolved to call upon Betty Hoyt and ask her advice.

Betty was the dearest girl in the world next to Sylvia; they had been childhood sweethearts once and he had always gone to her for advice. On a sudden impulse, he called a taxi and called up Fifth Avenue to Betty's sunny little apartment on Central Park West. If he had been disturbed at the effect of his arrival on Sylvia, the shock that he gave Betty almost put this out of his mind. She had opened the door herself in answer to his ring and stood staring at him, her face quivering with emotion, then she threw herself, sobbing, into his arms. He had soothed her as if they were again children, but when he presented his problem her usually ready counsel was not forthcoming. She seemed to be struggling against some impulse which Dick could not define, but she finally gained control of herself and spoke with her old poise and resolution.

"Go back to Sylvia, my dear," she told him. "She is your wife, and she will be waiting for you. And remember that either of you ever need me, I will be waiting for you too."

With his decision made, Dick hardly stopped to bid Betty good-by; he hurled himself into the waiting taxi and drove to the Norcross home. So engrossed was he with the thoughts of his welcome that he hardly noticed the festive air of the house or that all its windows were ablaze with lights. The maid who admitted him sprang back from the door with a startled scream which brought Sylvia out from the drawing-room. She did not scream when she saw him, but her whole body seemed to relax for a moment against the wall and then brighten with the determination of an actress in the final test of her art.

Dick approached her almost timidly but she went to him at once and raised her face for his kiss. And Dick, in the first moment of explanations and endearments did not notice that her answering kiss was that of a child.

"But you're giving a party," Dick exclaimed a moment soon as he drew collected enough to notice the musicians who were taking their places in the flower-hung hall. "It's a dance, isn't it? Are you celebrating anything?"

"We are now," she told him, smiling bravely back over her shoulder. "It will be your party now to celebrate your return from the dead."

The rest of the evening seemed to Dick a dream of bright lights and music and hilarious congratulations. It was not until long after midnight that he followed Sylvia to the suite of rooms, hurriedly made ready for their belated honeymoon.

Betty was waiting for him with tear-stained, joyous face, and outstretched, quivering hands.



Sylvia, suddenly bereft of the stimulus which the crowds and noise had given her, was at last utterly unable to play the role that she had resolved upon. She had collapsed on the chaise-longue—a pitiful heap of mauve tulle and orchids. She knew that Dick was bending over her but his low, tender voice seemed very far away. Suddenly, though, he caught her to him, in an embrace which she felt would never let her go, and as if in a delirium she wrenched herself from him and called sobbingly for "Edward."

She could hardly believe that she had uttered the name aloud, but Dick had heard. He stood before her as if the sound of it struck him to the heart.

"So it was Edward," he said calmly. "He's taken you from me. My best friend."

Sylvia, with her self control now utterly gone, could only sob out the truth. "It was always Edward ever since the first," she moaned. "We quarreled and then you came. And then later we knew. And now it's all over."

At the sight of her misery, Dick's eyes softened into an expression of solicitude in which there was no trace of bitterness. "It's not over for you two," he said gently. "Only for me. Don't cry, Sylvia. I'm going now."

And he closed the door softly on the rose and silver glory that was their bridal suite.

But the tragedy which threatened to shadow the life of the three friends forever passed away. Dick had sought out Edward and Sylvia together and had given his bride her freedom. "We won't talk much about that," he had said. "Those things simply happen, that's all."

And he left them together.

A new note had broken the drear monotony of Dick's past suffering. It was Betty's voice saying, "Remember, if you ever need me, I shall be waiting." He drove again to the little apartment high above the street and found her there, waiting as she had promised, with tear-stained, joyous face and outstretched, quivering hands. The law of compensation which he and Edward had always preached had not deserted them.

After the Whistle Blows

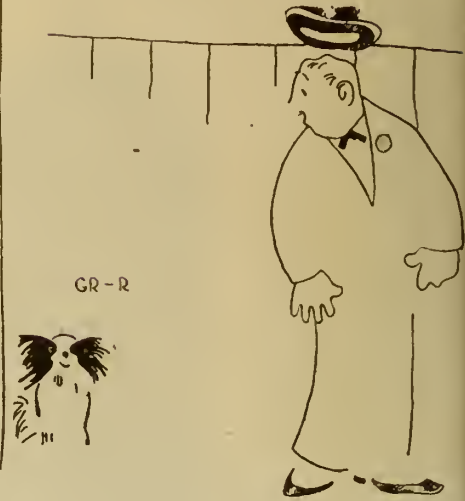
Sketches by
IRVINE METZL

Proving that they must be real actors.

Scenario by
LEIGH METCALFE



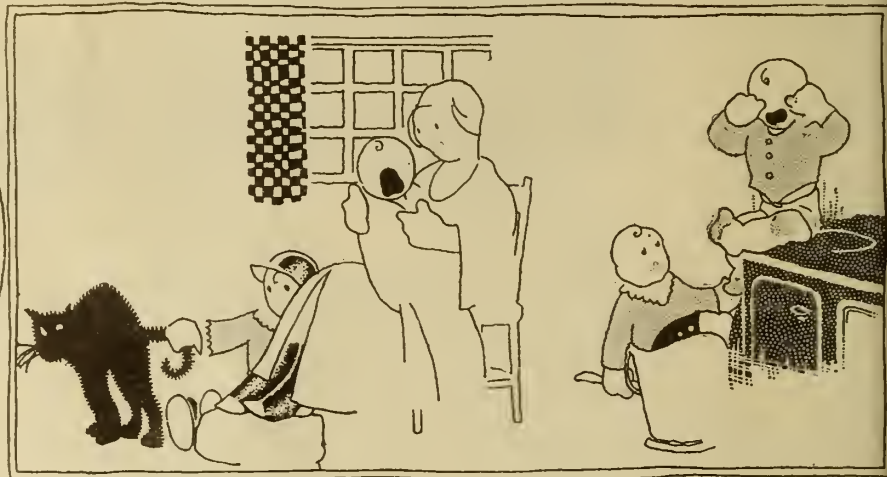
Cecil Bravo, popular romantic hero, bows over a dozen thugs with the bat of an eyelash.



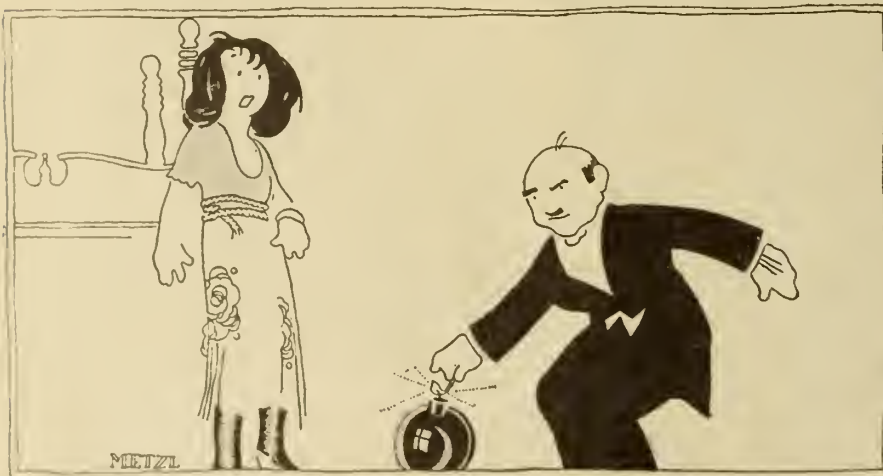
But, on the way home from the studio, suffers severe shock when beleaguered by a poodle.



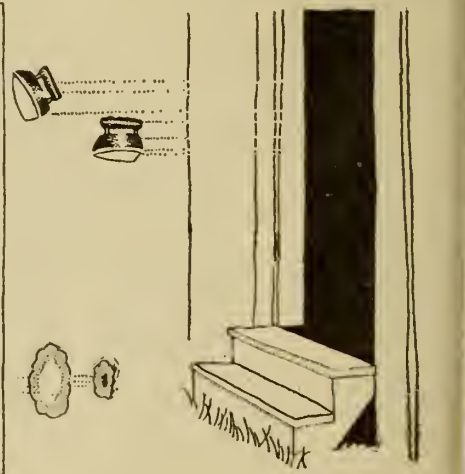
The naive innocence of Eloise Prettypretty, screen hoyden, melts up the ice-jam in the heart of the old millionaire



And after working hours, Eloise hurries home to see what new sort of mischief her children have gotten into during the day.



As the camera turns, Jake Fiendish, screen villain, straps his beautiful, persecuted, young wife to the bedpost and blows her into the Big Dipper.



But at home, Jake can't call his trousers his own. The wifely flatirons above designate the route of Jake, who has refused to argue



An Invincible Violet

Burton Holmes knows he is a bum actor, but he keeps right on — for business reasons.

By DELIGHT EVANS

SELF-CONFIDENCE is a wonderful thing. You'd think that Burton Holmes, discouraged by his wife and by his friends, would give up. Admitting he isn't much of an actor, he sticks to his art. And we are bound to overlook his shortcomings because—although he has made several dozen world tours—in fact, he is our most widely traveled actor—he has not yet announced that he is "about to embark upon his farewell tour."

You have probably thought that Burton Holmes, a veritable violet if you know him—edges his pointed profile into scenes of out-of-the-way places for his travelogues, merely for the glory he can garner. This isn't so. It is just because he wants you to know he has been there. He acknowledges that the majority of motion picture patrons are like the mythical Misericordians in that they, too, have to be shown. The Burton Holmes profile in a travel picture is the globe-trotter's personal guarantee that what he is showing you is real; he has been there himself, and he knows.

It isn't often that one can interview a movie actor in his dressing room after the performance, but I did it. At Orchestra Hall in Chicago, after one of Holmes' motion picture lectures. "I remember," he said—he was in the khaki uniform in which he visited the war zone and took authentic pictures of the big scrap—"the first multiple-reel picture I ever saw, 'The Prisoner of Zenda.' The next day a paper came out with a most entertaining interview ob-

Mr. Holmes, a modern Ulysses with a motion picture camera, is to go abroad again soon for pictures of Europe in the reconstruction era.

© Underwood & Underwood





tained after the performance with James K. Hackett, the star of the piece, in his dressing room. They got away with it then."

Holmes beat Hackett and the rest of the old-timers to it by several years in getting himself photographed for the screen. Did you know there were movies, twenty-two years ago? Holmes made pictures then, on wide strips of film, before he found that they could be joined together and run in sequence. The little scraps were exhibited in nickelodeons—"a penny a peek." Since then Holmes has kept up with the movies and to-day he shows his stuff in two-dollar houses and on the Paramount pictures program.

"Oh, I had the camera craze and I always wanted to see the world," he says.

He has had the wanderlust ever since he can remember. As a small boy he made up his mind to travel about. Most small boys have big dreams; Holmes achieved his: a dream of far countries and strange seas; man-eating savages and smouldering volcanoes; white-capped mountains and the Lares and Penates on quaint Japanese hearths. So that you may sit in your picture-show in any town from Indiana to Idaho, and go where you have always wanted to go. You are persuaded that the Australian is your kin; that the welfare of some ragged kid in an Italian seaport town is a personal matter; that if the Hawaiian belles are not worth a trip to the South Seas to see, the other natural beauties are. He saw it all and he is passing it on—a sort of Baedeker of illuminated information.

In his travels Holmes has caught, perhaps, more real celebrities off duty and after office hours than anyone you may mention. He is on the best of terms with kings and governors, statesmen and fighters, colonial governors and small boys from Alaska to Zululand. The King of Siam, making a journey into the interior of his kingdom, invited Burton to come along and bring his camera. He did, and obtained valuable pictures of native life; and the King sent him back out of the wilderness in a Ford. The Jack Londonesque daughter of a proud and grizzled old South Seas chieftain took a tremendous fancy to Burton's beard and the tribe was loth to let him leave before he was initiated into the tribal marriage ceremony, his protestations that he had a wife in the States notwithstanding—but that's another story—Holmes looked sheepish and changed the subject.

There are just two places on the globe he hasn't seen: Persia and South Africa. He wants to go to Persia; South Africa doesn't appeal to him so much. But the people who have read Cynthia Stockley and know all about the lure of the blue aloes will undoubtedly enjoy his camera impressions of the lower half of the Dark Continent—if he doesn't kid them about the aloes, in his sub-titles. He writes all his captions: just another

personal touch that induces us to sit through two reels of Alaskan river-journey and Australian bush-league stuff. The only difference between Mr. Holmes' sense of humor and that of other travelers is that Mr. Holmes occasionally employs his to advantage.

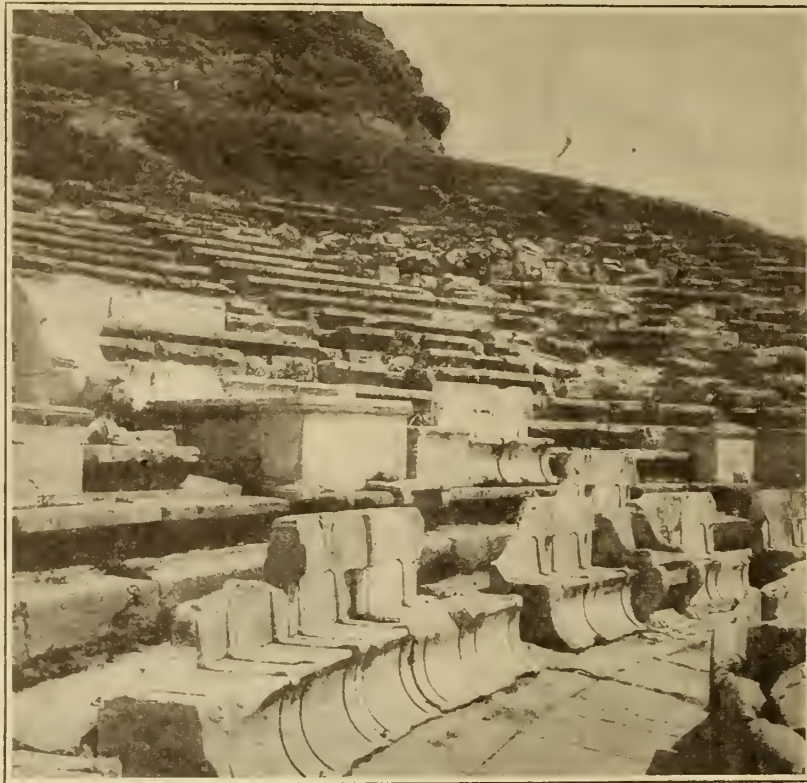
He is one of the few men who if he lost his eyesight would have an excuse for giving utterance to that historic cynicism, "Oh well—I've seen everything." The only time his rather bored blue eyes light up at all is when he speaks—not of the beauties of the tropic night—but about the obvious difficulties he encounters, developing film on tour! The company carries its own developing outfit right along. In Java, or Ceylon—the hot countries—they work at night after it has cooled off, leaving, said Mr. Holmes, a trail of ruined bath-tubs in their wake—for they used them as laboratories.

After he conducted the stay-at-homes to and through the Yellowstone National Park, North Cape and Cairo, London, the South Seas, and Siam—somebody started a war, and Burton Holmes, the pictorial reporter of human events, had to

cover that too. And as his epitome of the struggle he showed the close-up of one hungry hun-hunter at a stove somewhere near the fighting front, where a Salvation Army lassie handed out fresh doughnuts to help win the late war. Long after the war pictures which describe in minute photographic detail the hero's progress across No-Man's-Land upon his stomach, or the blood-red glory of the trenches at the zero hour, have been shelved—the Holmes close-up will "live." The mother and father of Jim —, of Baltimore, who almost jumped out of their seats when they first saw their boy on the screen, found that the memory of that grinning close-up helped a little when they received word that Jim was killed in action.

Holmes, born in Chicago in 1870, began to travel thirteen years later. He saw America first. In 1886 he went abroad for the first time; four years later he returned for material for his first lecture—"Through Europe with a Camera"—which he presented, as an amateur, before the Chicago Camera Club. He was then persuaded to give it for money. It didn't take much persuasion—there had been a slump in the family fortunes and if he wanted to travel he had to earn enough money to do it. It soon became a business. At first he used colored slides; as soon as pictures became a certainty he began to use them and has been ever since.

When Holmes is at home he lives in New York. He does not wear that pith helmet on the streets. All the four corners of the earth, particularly Japan, which was little-boy-Burton's land of dreams—and he is still as enthusiastic over the Nipponese as any ingenue over her Pekingese—unite without clashing in the decorations of the sunny Holmes drawing-room overlooking Manhattan's Central Park.



The orchestra stalls of a theatre in ancient Athens—included in one of Mr. Holmes' travelogues. Perhaps if the Grecians had shown a little more enterprise and conceived the motion picture, their theatres would not have fallen into decay.

The Shadow Stage

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By
JULIAN JOHNSON



"Blackie's Redemption," with Bert Lytell, is a well-told, tense, human narrative with a lot of real sympathy, and almost no unnatural "acting."

THE motion picture story, that utterly necessary and wholly exasperating quantity, is beset by perils on every hand. There are not enough good stories, the men who can write good stories won't, the good stories that do come in are maltreated by the directors, the scenario writers make hack work of inspiration, production is made too fast to insure intelligent results, the flighty public demands too frequent changes of bill, real drama is incompatible with the star system.

These are a few of the commonest wrongs on the debit side of the authorial ledger. But there is another fault, less a wrong than a habit—and a bad one—whose demerits are steadily increasing.

It is the national tendency toward the *formula picture*

In other words, as a general thing we have no new stories at all. We have the old synopsis, the ancient table-of-contents, with a new set of names.

The formula habit has two forms: the formula story, for anybody and everybody, and the formula star part, for a celebrity who has done one thing well, and must, therefore, keep on doing the same thing for the rest of his life.

The most apparent error, possibly, is the latter. We might consider a few examples.

Notably and lamentably, Pearl White comes into my mind. Here is a woman to whom the camera is extraordinarily kind, a woman possessed of great personality and rare dramatic intelligence. Pearl White has a stage quality rare enough in men, and almost non-existent among theatrical women: repose, the only garment of true art. Only a few in the female throng that glides across our walls can be truly called actresses. Pearl White is such—yet her repose, her black-and-white beauty, all the sheathed power of her, go into these catastrophic serials. She never does anything worth while, merely because it is enormously profitable to her and her managers to do hokum mystery and knock-down absurdities.

Douglas Fairbanks plays to a recipe of jump, grin and punch. I am not saying that Mr. Fairbanks is innately an actor, as Miss White is innately an actress, but at any rate he was the pleasantest, because the most wholesome and vigorous, of our light comedians. Charles Ray has gone as far as he can in rube stuff without committing himself to formula as completely as Fairbanks; his name has come to mean bovine eyes and a hickory shirt—or bovine eyes and pedagogy. Dorothy Gish is a pep specialist—and if Dorothy Dalton does one more "Extravagance," I dare say they will pin a label on her which will read "the society wife." Elliott Dexter is the very passionate husband who is too busy to think about love or too Spartanesque to talk about it. Priscilla Dean gets into trouble

just as naturally as Houdini gets out of it. The arch-tormulist is that mechanical sinner, Miss Bara, who, if she played Eve, would probably vamp the snake until he ate the apple himself.

There are specialists to whom the formula accusation does not apply—Mr. Chaplin, whose single great assumption is not a character but a sort of dialectic expression; Mr. Arbuckle, world-ambassador for the equatorial; and until he deliberately jumped from under his Stetson in "The Poppy Girl's Husband," Mr. Hart, the visible voice of an inaudible West.

The formula story is much less conspicuous and much more insidious.

When I say "less conspicuous," I mean less noticeable to the average theater-goer, who is at no pains at all to synopsise a Pearl White thriller in advance, or tell you just what Doug will do before anybody sees him do it.

What the average theatergoer does not realize, to any great extent, is that he is not seeing artistic transcriptions of life on the screen, but an endless series of artificially arranged happenings—cause, progress, side events and final effects, play after play put together like Ford car after Ford car.

The thing that makes life so eternally interesting is that you simply can't dope out what's going to happen. The thing that makes the typical picture-plot so eternally uninteresting is that everything is doped, and happens according to the dope, without fail.

You behold the young woman principal; you know that whatever her vagaries or misplacements of trust, it is simply impossible for her to be other than basically right on all subjects,



"Mary Regan" shows Anita Stewart as the well-raised daughter of a crook, determined, however, to go straight.



May Allison in "The Island of Intrigue" affords another mixture of romance, island and stranded girl.



"One Week of Life" is the story of a woman who takes a "vacation" from the fireside of an earnest drinker.

and triumphant in the end. The leading gent, likewise, whatever his novel surroundings, is a young man of the most inherent honor; he may get drunk, but never, never did he take a whiffletree to his little brother. The heavy person—how often have I sneveled over the tragedy of this poor dog's absolutely pre-destined damnation!—was just born wrong, and nothing will ever make him right.

In other words, we are transcribing life, not as it is, but as we think it ought to be. The thing that makes life the colossal tapestry of the ages, to him who can both think and feel, is that there is so much bad in the best of us, and so much good in the worst of us that not even the gods can tell, until the curtain has gone up on the last act, who is going to be the finest of us.

Motion pictures *are not* in their infancy any more, and we ought to quit being infants on the one hand, and copy-cats on the other, in our consideration of them.

The biggest drama in the world, the one God-like thrill in narrative, is the story of the genuinely bad man who redeems himself; the greatest of tragedies, the good man who falls. According to the producers, audiences are not interested in the first; according to the censors, it is improper to show the second. Thus Art leads a dog's life.

FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE—Arctcraft

This play might be denominated the apotheosis of Edgar Selwyn. A year or two ago Mr. Selwyn became the last half of Goldwyn, but fate permitted him to wyn in name only. The ambitious Goldwyn pantomimes of that period added something to the gayety, but little to the art of nations. So Mr. Selwyn did a gradual fadeout, while Mr. Goldfish folded the combination name to his family bosom. "For Better, for Worse," of which Miss MacPherson made a very masterful scenario, is thoughtfully, eminently timely, not a little daring, and worked out with the craft and skill of a master of the theater. Mr. Selwyn here disproves George Cohan's assertion that screen and stage have little to give each other, for he adapts stage form and situation to screen opportunity and demand in a way that has seldom been approached. I refer to the intimate complications of the soldier's return; barring the single clumsy coincidence of his arrival on the night of the engagement party, there is nothing strained or artificially opportune, but the playwright piles situation upon situation in a way that shows he understands one of the secrets of motion picture writing as against stage writing: no single climax can possibly carry a photoplay, as single climaxes have supported the pieces of the theater. The drama of the picture is best maintained by a whole series of situations, perhaps no single one of which is as great as the traditional "end of the third act" in the playhouse, but all of which, taken together, produce a much greater effect. According to Mr. Selwyn's story Sylvia Norcross, a patriotic and prominent bud, is all but engaged to Dr. Edward Meade, the best surgeon in a children's hospital. Mr. Meade receives a captain's commission for service overseas—and refuses to go; after a great mental struggle, however, in which he is convinced that the little children have no other friend to save them. Promptly the patriotic Sylvia disavows the gentleman whose ring she has at that moment accepted, and, in her flag-waving huff, marries Dick Burton, long a hopeless admirer, now glorified by a private's uniform. Burton runs from the altar to a transport, not to transports, and an accident to a little girl, run down by her car, convinces Sylvia of the real heroism of Dr. Meade. Burton, horribly disfigured in France, makes his buddy go home telling them that he is dead—but a facial reconstructionist patches him fairly, and he resolves to surprise his "widow" by a real resurrection. He does—as she and Meade are announcing their coming marriage. It is in this crisis that Selwyn, and Miss MacPherson too, show a craftsmanship which is real and individual and new. Mr. DeMille's production is as good as his direction—which is to say that it is in perfect taste and perfectly human. The finest single performance is, it seems to me, Tom Forman's, as young Burton. He plays a soldier with restraint and reality, and without heroics, and his conduct of the difficult scenes of the return could not be bettered. But then, Mr. Dexter is characteristically fine, too, as the misunderstood Dr. Meade, while Miss Swanson is the delectable orchid in this garden of men. If only she'd get a less crazy "do" on her hair and use less paint on her lips! Wanda Hawley plays a shy white breath o' love just waiting around for Tom

Forman to speak kindly to her, and the rest of the cast—such big birds as Theodore Roberts and Raymond Hatton in filler parts—is as perfect as the little out-of-the-way bolts in a Rolls-Royce. Every title-writer in America should read these inserts and leaders: one is tempted to say that they are the best titles since the sonorous legends of "The Birth of a Nation." We are waving a flag instead of making apologies when they produce photoplays like this.

THE RED LANTERN—Metro

A year of Chinese plays reaches its climax in this huge cacophonous symphony of colorless lacquers and soundless gongs and gray shadows of yellow men. The material upon which Nazimova of all races builds her saffron tragedy is a novel by Edith Wherry, descriptive of life in the Pekin foreign legation about the time of the Boxer horror, nearly twenty years ago. Mme. Nazimova plays two parts: Mahlee, an Eurasian, and Blanche Sackville, in reality the unsuspecting half-sister of Mahlee. Notwithstanding an intensely dramatic role by the star, it is as a spectacle more than as a play that this story concerns us. The Eurasian is a solitary; he is distant kin to two races and is not admitted to close relationship by either. So with Mahlee, raised in a mission, and not realizing until she aspires to the hand of the household's son that she is as much a thing apart from fair-skinned folk as a mulatto in Alabama. It is then that she turns to her Eurasian pursuer, the villainous Sam Wang, who has studied medicine in America and has returned to be an insidious force for both good and evil among the people to whom he, too, is just a cousin. The drama of destiny works as swiftly after her surrender to Sam Wang—spiritually, at least—as it did slowly before. Wang, the inside agent of the Boxers in Pekin, needs a personality about whom he can weave false magic; a superwoman to sway the credulous yellow rabble in an incense of fakery. Mahlee, grasping her one hour of infernal glory, becomes that woman. The end, of course, is defeat and death, but by the hokuspokus invented long ago to appease the populace when they clamored against the death of a heroine, the star survives pleasantly and innocuously in her other personality, Blanche Sackville. I doubt if any such gorgeous Celestial pageant as this Feast of Lanterns has ever been seen outside China itself. And I have seen some Mongolian spectacles—believe me!—in California. It is this barbaric splendor of both interior and exterior, this atmosphere of little lilies and heavy incense, this silent din of bronze gongs and falsetto voices, which most engages the beholder; after, possibly, the performance of Nazimova herself. I feel sure that the star's bizarre costumes will enchant every woman in the land. They may or may not be Chinese—for all I know—but they are wonderful; so wonderful that they might in themselves influence the fashions as occasionally the toggerly of great stage plays has done. Nazimova's performance is on a high level of excellence without any startling distinctions, unless her sharp and remarkable differentiation between Mahlee and Blanche Sackville is such a distinction. That shrewd actor, Edward J. Connelly, plays perfectly the very small part of General Jung-Lu, and Noah Beery is a wicked Sam Wang who suggests only the European part of his Eurasian ancestry. The book is a flexible, workable one, rather than an essay which rises at any place to great power or suspense. The same may be said of Mr. Capellani's direction. The only actual detriment the piece has is a set of commonplace, utterly undramatic subtitles. How Maxwell Karger permitted such a dull set of words to go out with his veritable optic music is hard to understand, for these sayings are formula stuff to the last degree, no more reminiscent of Celestial surrounding than a tea-cup made in Dresden.

UPSTAIRS AND DOWN—Selznick

Do you remember the Hattons' play of scandalous Long Island society? Here it is in the movies—smart, snappy, suave, and lighted by a sun which shines just about as well on Long Island as in California. Olive Thomas plays the baby vampire, it seems to us even more effectively than Juliette Day did at the Cort theatre, in New York, but perhaps it is because she is starred, while Miss Day performed without benefit of close-up. At any rate, not even Miss Thomas' first essays with Triangle found her more piquant and beautiful. Robert Ellis plays Capt. Terence O'Keefe, and though he



Douglas Fairbanks in "Knickerbocker Buckaroo," his latest and incidentally his last Arteraft.



This Scandinavian photoplay, "The Girl from the Marsh Croft," visualizes Selma Lagerlof's novel.



Charles Ray, in "Greased Lightning," is an automobilious young blacksmith who tinkers Fords and the chariot of love.



Pinna Nesbit, in "Bolshevism on Trial," a powerful, well-knit, biting satire, containing both argument and drama.



Harry Morey in his latest Vitagraph offering, "Fighting Destiny."



"As a Man Thinks," the picturization of Augustus Thomas' play, features Leah Baird.

gives a very good performance he does not fill the part in appearance, for Capt. O'Keefe was an adroit soldier of fortune as mature in years as in experience; and Robert Ellis is patently a very young man. Rosemary Theby is a very handsome Betty, and director Giblyn has surpassed even his former record for beautiful "shots," and fine grouping. I recall especially a vision of a cliff's edge framed in the dark branches of a gnarled tree, which would delight any painter as a matter of composition.

MARY REGAN—First National

This photoplay is a combination of a popular story, director Marshall Neilan, and a most surprisingly new lot of California locations, thus proving that an expert can always work some novelty in an old field. Those Alpine Tavern visions, entrancing as they are, have been there all the time, just waiting for somebody to grab them and put them in the black box. Miss Anita Stewart plays the well-raised daughter of a crook: a daughter who has determined to go straight, notwithstanding the damning inheritance that hangs over her. George Hernandez, as a master-blackmailer, is perhaps best of all in her support. The picture is an adventure, indeed, but it is an adventure amid the elegancies of life—rosewood rather than benches, Limoge rather than granite-ware, curtains of rose-silk rather than cracked shades, pleasant music rather than the sounds of the street. It is as brilliant in photography as it is in setting. The suspense is very well maintained, and in fact not until the very last scene when there is a confusing and over-done fight, is there an inkling of any solution to Mary Regan's problem.

THE STRONGER VOW—Goldwyn

Just a flash of Spain, but it's Spain all through, in this modern story of Machiavellian plot and counter villainy, and it is magnificently acted by Geraldine Farrar, Milton Sills, Tom Santschi and Hassard Short. Reginald Barker's direction is on a par with the performances of the principals, and is no doubt largely responsible for their zest and finely concerted work. Miss Farrar plays the daughter of a grandee loved by the heir of a house with whom her house is at war—a sort of Capulet and Montague feud, as it were. Comes a third party—played by the towering bad man Mr. Santschi—who murders the prima-donna's brother and contrives to pile the crime up on the door-step of the real lover, enacted by Mr. Sills. The author very deftly contrives a departure for the hero on the night of this assassination. He is sent to Paris, and the denouement is laid far from the first fete of oranges and blood. The second fine contrivance in the play, the really human probability of the villain's circumventing himself, comes when the wicked Santschi wrongs the sister of his Apache assistant, played by Hassard Short. Apache Short therefore turns what was intended as the hero's murder into a carnival of personal vengeance and all is well except with the wicked. It is only melodrama, but on the part of the star and most of her support it is put across with a fiery exaltation that makes it worth-while entertainment.

THE GIRL FROM THE MARSH CROFT— Swedish Biograph

I approached this exhibition knowing nothing about it except what I read on the billboards. These featured two names: the name of the play, and the name of Selma Lagerlöf. Imagine my astonishment, as the narrative began to unravel, to discover that Selma Lagerlöf was not the leading woman, but the author! (I suppose I should have remembered that she is the only woman ever awarded the Nobel prize in literature, but I didn't.) In Sweden, at least, the long-buffed author seems to be getting a few just deserts. This dramatization of Mme. Lagerlöf's novel of the same name is the story of Helga, a wronged country girl. Do not, however, imagine that the producers built a regulation movie upon this base. Their story is one of psychology rather than of unusual circumstances—it is just the sort of story one would expect to come from Scandinavia, and deals with a revolution of thought processes rather than a lot of cheap justifications and gold-plated redemptions.

(Continued on page 102)



Photograph by J. C. Milligan

Blame the League of Nations

WHEN you stick a game rooster under the nose of a canine battling nelson you naturally expect to phone for the veterinary. But when Bebe Daniels, speaking for her fighting cock "Doc," challenged Harold Lloyd's pugilistic dog "Mike" to a go, on the Rolin Studio lot, the two fighters merely rubbed noses, winked knowingly and agreed to vote for Wilson next election. You can't tell us the League of Nations didn't have a hand in this.

Matrimony and Meringue

Constance Talmadge found it rather hard to philosophize on love and marriage and eat lemon pie at the same time.

By
ADELA ROGERS
ST. JOHN

*Photography
by Stagg*



One may imagine her discoursing on love; it's another thing to visualize this Miss Talmadge enjoying a lemon meringue pie. "Connie" is her nickname, though this burne-jones garden goddess might not answer that all. Snapped in her own Hollywood backyard.

I FOUND Constance Talmadge in close combination with a large lemon meringue pie. She had taken off her make-up and was resting between the morning grind and the afternoon's labors in her dressing room at the Los Angeles studio where her present Selznick pictures are being produced. The lemon pie was her lunch.

"I have been married nine times," said Constance, with an expression of deep delight, "once to a man I've never seen, twice to gentlemen who already have the allowable number of female appendages, and several times to passing acquaintances. Therefore, since I admit I've never been starred in a divorce drama, nor played the leading role in Chief Mourner, or the Insurance Collector, I must be sort of a lady Bluebeard or a feminine Henry VIII.

"The newspapers and the dear public seem to have a per-

fect mania for marrying me off. Every time there's a little space in the paper that they can't think what to do with, they say, 'Well, let's marry off somebody.' Then they pick on me.

"Or if there's a lull in the conversation at dinner—you know the blank kind that nobody can think of anything to say that isn't about somebody's first husband's second wife—why they say, 'Oh, by the way, Constance Talmadge is married.' People who dine out frequently probably have the impression that I have a harem."

The lemon pie absolutely prohibiting conversation for a moment, she shrugged a pair of pretty shoulders. She says she's a bit thin, only weighs 110 pounds, but believe me, it's 110 well distributed. It gives her a sort of willowy slinness, deliciously youthful and patrician. She has the most impossibly, absurdly long eyelashes, that make soft shadows on her cheeks, and her eyes, though they are saucy and full of mischief, are shaped like those of a Renaissance Madonna, so that they are a bit wistful and appealing and altogether alluring.

"It's funny," she said at last, the pie half gone, "why everyone always thinks about my getting married. Even in my pictures lately, I always start out with a husband, and though I lose him half way through the picture, I generally get him back before it's over. The whole world seems bent on forcing marriage into my cranium, and just to

be stubborn, I don't expect I'll ever get married—at least not for a long, long time.

"Really 'ducky' marriages are nice. I should be afraid mine wouldn't be. Unless love is absolute—and I think it comes about once in a thousand times—at the end of a year there's nothing left but monotony.

"As for love—that's different. Love is the sunshine of life—marriage is the gaslight. Love, like all flowers of nature, must have seasons of renewal, the returning spring. A rose-bush is none the less lovely because it renews its blooms each year. To produce an American beauty rose, one must clip all other buds from the stalk. To produce a happy marriage, all other loves must be pruned away. Some people like the single, stately rose. Some like a mass of wild roses. It's merely a matter of choice.

"You see, a really happy marriage would be heaven wouldn't it? To really love someone all the time and be with them and share with them every thought of sorrow or joy, would be much more my idea of heaven than sitting on a cloud with a pair of wings I shouldn't know how to use, singing hymns.

"When you've a bit of a preference for one man, you think there isn't anyone else so nice. It may be only because he's got an adorable way of lifting his eyebrows, or a voice that makes you have thrills up and down your back. Or maybe he can make you laugh, or has nice shoulders. Anyway, noth-



Says Constance: "I think I'll frame the clipping that called Norma 'Constance Taluadge's lovely sister.' I was 'the kid' for so long." Norma Schenck is looking out of her frame on the dressing table.

ing in life matters quite so much. But when it's over, all you can say is, 'Gee, I'm glad I'm not tied to that hateful, ugly, disagreeable thing.' Nothing is quite so stale as a dead flirtation.

"A woman is more inclined to be fickle than a man, because her mind is more facile, more impressionable. A woman can skip over half a dozen love affairs while a man is making up his mind to one. Men are more unfaithful than women, but not nearly so capricious. A woman loves the light affairs, the first exchange of glances, the fencing, the first kiss. Then she is ready to quit. It is the man who drags her on. And nothing is so entirely inconsistent as a young girl's feelings. She can have quite a desperate love affair with a man that doesn't know anything about it.

"Of course there are women as steadfast as the pyramids. But who the deuce wants to be a pyramid?"

There was a knock at the door and a really nice English voice said devotedly, "Oh, I say Artie, are you there?"

Constance uneasily wrapped a sable cape about her shoulders. Through the tiny square window I could see the head and shoulders of a handsome young English aviator.

"Go away," called Constance. "I'm not dressed and I'm dreadfully busy."

"Why in the world did he call you Artie?" I asked.

"Oh, he took me to dinner when we first met and I—I—ate seven artichokes. So he thinks it's smart to call me Artie."

She fished in the basket on her dressing table and produced a clipping. "Here's a good one," she said. "You know for years and years, after I went into pictures, I was Norma Talmadge's little sister. I started at the old Vitagraph, where Norma was, doing one reel comedies



Above, Walter Edwards, whose direction of Constance Talmadge has set a standard in delicious comedies of girlhood. Constance calls him "Daddy." Below—a garden path, orange-blossoms, (inapropos,) Natalie, the youngest Talmadge at the left, Constance, the middle-sized Talmadge, and Mrs. Talmadge, their mother—and Norma's. Natalie is soon to appear as Constance's film sister in the screen version of Jane Cowl's comedy "Information, Please!"



and on the payroll even, I was Norma's sister Connie. Then I went to Griffith's and hung around and was pointed out to everybody as Norma Talmadge's kid sister. I just adore Norma myself, but believe me you don't want to be somebody's little sister all your life. After I did the mountain girl in 'Intolerance,' I got a name of my own. I began to be Constance Talmadge at last. When my name first went up as a star, after I signed with Selznick, people still explained me, as though Constance Talmadge really hadn't any right to be.

"Now," she waved the clipping triumphantly, "this paper says 'Constance Talmadge's lovely sister, Norma.' Think I'll have it framed to send to her."

But this very young girl—she is only twenty—has apparently not the slightest sense of importance—rather the serious, almost bashful anxiety of a child. And she bears that most acid test—the opinion of the people about the studio—better than anyone I have yet seen. They adore her, electricians, cameramen, grips, scene shifters, carpenters, stenographers—and a star who is popular with the hands about a lot is rather like an officer who is loved by his men.

The pie tin was empty. Constance sat up suddenly. "But look here," she said. "there's one thing I do want to register a protest about. I don't mind about being married offhand like that. Mother says it isn't worth denying, because anyone who wants to can easily find out that I live quietly at home with her and my sister, Natalie. And when I do get married, I shall have the biggest wedding in town, with fifty bridesmaids and the whistles blowing, so everyone will know it. But I do think it's a bit hard for everyone to think movie actress and adventuress are synonymous!"

Better Films Through Co-operation

Milwaukee has a practical working plan—The Better Photoplay League gives aid to civic workers
—Nation's producers insure clean pictures.

By JANET PRIEST

MILWAUKEE is one city which has the supreme felicity of being satisfied with its motion picture situation. Exhibitors are satisfied, and the general public is satisfied. Occasionally there is a dissenting voice, but the great mass of citizens, churchgoers, school-teachers—the regular "movie" public of men, women and children, is satisfied, which is more than can be said of a great many other places.

This excellent working system would have been sacrificed if state censorship had been "put over" in Wisconsin. Fortunately, the attempt failed, as it has in so many other states the past year. It is well that the Milwaukee plan should be known to other localities not under the autocratic domination of boards of three or five who meet together for the purpose of deciding what everyone else shall or shall not see. The American people ought to realize that a certain faction is trying to foist motion picture censorship upon the nation. The resulting control of the screen is fraught with the very greatest danger to the nation's freedom and welfare, and should be vigilantly combated. That some well-meaning persons have sanctioned the scheme who do not realize that they are simply being used as tools makes it all the more pitiful. If the censorship scheme had succeeded in Wisconsin, the Milwaukee plan, a really efficient system would have been automatically destroyed.

When PHOTOPLAY has obtained the pledge of the last producer to make nothing but clean films, and branches of The Better Photoplay League of America are operative everywhere, such a system as this will not be necessary. But in the meantime the Milwaukee plan is a pretty good substitute.

Milwaukee handles its motion picture problem in a democratic way, by means of a committee of the citizens themselves, people from all walks of life. The Citizens' Commission on Motion Pictures is appointed by the mayor. It is voluntary and unpaid. There is no opportunity for graft—that charge, which, deserved or undeserved, is made against the censorship system now existing in some other states. These citizens represent the ordinary viewpoint. One of them is a lawyer, one a well-known merchant, one a salesman, and another represents organized labor. There is a real estate man on the board, and the motion picture industry is represented. Six of the ten aides, who report to the commissioners, and have equal voting power with them, are women.

Under the plan now in operation, aides and members are assigned two theatres a week each, attending the first showing of films. In case there is anything objectionable the exhibitor is interviewed, and asked to eliminate it. Generally, he does so without further parley. If he feels that the criticism is unjust, he asks for a general review by the whole commission, which is given. He then abides by the judgment of the board, which votes by secret ballot.

Most of the exhibitors meet the commission more than half way. The more prominent ones, notably George Fischer of

the Alhambra Theatre and Frank Cook of the Princess, edit their own pictures as soon as these are received from the exchanges. They even cut out many things the commission would possibly pass, to maintain the high standards they have built up for their houses. Says Mr. Cook, "My theatre's slogan is 'any mother can bring her daughter here.'" Both these houses are owned by Thomas Saxe of the Saxe Amusement Enterprises.

Exhibitors send the commission a list of their advance bookings. In case the commission has any doubt concerning a film, a review is held before the picture is publicly shown. Formerly a charge of fifty cents a reel was made for this service, but it has been discontinued, and now no charge is made.

Usually, however, the exhibitors make no attempt to show objectionable films or scenes, taking pride in the general feeling of co-operation and good will that exists in regard to the whole motion picture situation in Milwaukee. As a well-known clergyman says, "We have confidence in our motion picture theatres," and for the most part there is every reason for such confidence.

The eliminations recommended by the National Board of Review are noted, and generally followed. Sometimes Mr. Radley and his associates make further eliminations of their own. But more often than not the exhibitors have already, on their own initiative, taken steps to make the film in question "fit for the family." George Fischer of the Alhambra goes so far as to send a copy of his elimi-

nations to the exchanges, for their future guidance in other localities and in the out-lying theatres of Milwaukee, and it must be said that the established, reputable exchanges have done all in their power to co-operate. Occasionally a "wild-cat" producer will attempt to fight the matter out on his own account, but he does not get very far with it. Public opinion is against him.

Pictures in Milwaukee are judged by this standard: are they fit for all members of the family to see together? There is no segregation of audiences in Milwaukee, no performances "For Men Only," or "For Women Only," and no such signs as "Children under Sixteen Not Admitted." The citizens' commission does not encourage the maintenance of a theatre specializing in the salacious.

However, not all performances are held down to the level of the undeveloped mind. As G. R. Radley, the president of the commission, says, "Some scenes and titles are intelligible to those with a mature knowledge of life, but not to the child mind. We try to have only those scenes shown which will leave children none the wiser about things not already understood."

The big stick held by the citizens' commission is the possible revoking of the license of a motion picture house which insists on showing objectionable films. The mayor puts responsibility on this point squarely up to the commission. However, a thorough understanding as the result of an admonition generally has the desired effect.

Be a Better Film Scout!

IF a picture is unclean and unwholesome, complain' to the manager. If he receives many such complaints, he will obtain better films. If a picture is clean and worth-while, tell the manager and everyone you know.

Be a Better Film Scout. Report to The Better Photoplay League of America, 350 N. Clark St., Chicago.

The commission also supervises the advertising of films. "Advertising of all forms," reads one of the bulletins, "must be free from deception, must not be misleading, and must not be based on a sensuous appeal." One of the side-street theatres some time ago came out with an advertisement "For Women Only," although the film had been approved by the commission for general audiences. The manager was asked to discontinue this form of advertising. He refused, saying his attorney had assured him that his license could not be revoked for any such reason.

A meeting of commission and exhibitors was called in the mayor's office. The mayor explained that he had appointed this commission to be his advisor in all matters concerned with motion pictures, and that he would turn the meeting over to them. Mr. Radley then told all the stages by which the commission had arrived at the decision to make *all* films so free from harmful elements that it would not be necessary to exclude any age, sex, race, or class. As long as *all* theatres lived up to this standard he said, no one theatre would have any advantage in making special profit out of sensational films, and by keeping the "family" standard *the ultimate yearly profit to all theatres in the city* would be greater than if the plan of making occasional unhealthy appeals to curiosity were followed. The result of this explanation was that *the exhibitor on whose account the meeting had been called was the one who arose to make a motion that the exhibitors' association go on record as being opposed to misleading advertising.* The citizens' commission believes it is a poor business principle, and not to be tolerated, for a man to advertise goods he does not possess and cannot sell.

Six years ago, Milwaukee people were dissatisfied with the sort of pictures being shown in their theatres, but did not know exactly what to do about it. One of the aldermen introduced into the city council a tentative ordinance for the censorship of motion pictures. This was Alderman Braman, now Deputy Commissioner of Public Works.

While the matter was under consideration, the City Club of Milwaukee began an investigation on its own account. It resented the idea that censorship should be necessary, and it believed that the citizens were fully able to cope with the situation themselves.

G. R. Radley, head of the present commission, was made chairman of the investigating committee. A meeting was arranged with some of the aldermen, the municipal reference librarian, a representative of the National Board of Review, and the motion picture exhibitors, to talk matters over.

As a result, it was decided not to urge a censorship ordinance. The mayor was to create a sort of "jury," a board of seven men from various walks of life, to hear complaints made by any citizens regarding any motion picture shown. However, under this plan the complaints did not reach the "jury" soon enough to obtain the desired effect. Ten aides, most of them women, were added to the board, whose duty it was to visit the theatres and report on performances. Gradually, the present co-operative plan, which has proved eminently satisfactory, was evolved.

When the present mayor, Daniel W. Hoan, came into office, he retained all but two of the commission inherited from his predecessor. Politics has played no part in the workings of the committee. Mr. Radley, who has retained his position at the head of the commission despite changes in administration, is given credit by his own board, as well as by the general public, for his sincerity and efficiency in the execution of this labor of love. The fact that the commission has been entirely *unpaid*, is considered of the utmost importance.

Business is excellent in Milwaukee, and the exhibitors are satisfied. Ralph A. Wettstein of the Toy Theatre says he expects business in the screen industry to be phenomenal for

the next five years at least. His theatre, although it is only a tiny one, as the name implies, is making money. The Alhambra, with an immense auditorium and an absolutely clean bill of health, "turns 'em away." So does the Merrill, where E. C. Bostick is the manager, and so does the Butterfly, presided over by Leo Landau. The Strand is two blocks out of the beaten path, and Mr. Bostick, who manages that as well as the Merrill, occasionally has to do some unusual advertising in order to get people there, but he has always co-operated with the commission in the past, and there seems no reason why he should not continue to do so.

"We have no desire to run objectionable pictures," say these men. "We are in the business to stay, and we enjoy the feeling of confidence that has been built up as a result of co-operation and friendly feeling. It is a genuine pleasure to know that the whole family attends our theatres."

Such is this feeling of confidence between patrons and exhibitors that the former have no hesitancy in asking for special films when they happen to want them. M. Price, of the outlying State Street Theatre, frequently puts on pictures asked for by the church members of his neighborhood. They carry out informally the plan utilized in many towns by branches of The Better Photoplay League of America.

"In fact," says Mr. Radley, "in some respects The Better

Photoplay League goes a step farther than our commission can go, because it is constructive. THE PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is making a laudable stand in its plea for better pictures, and its dissemination of knowledge concerning what others are doing. But I feel that we have built up two very precious things, the confidence of the public in regard to what is shown at our motion picture theatres, and the co-operation of all persons concerned. Our plan is not absolutely perfect. There are occasional loop-holes in it. For instance, eliminations made by managers of first-run houses are sometimes placed back in the films when these go to other cities, and thus reach our exhibitors in the outlying portions of town at a later date without the proper changes. This is not always called to our attention immediately. But I do not doubt that we shall soon find a way to handle that difficulty. This plan of ours is fluid, it is human, which is the reason so many people are satisfied with it. It seems to me

the American way to handle the problem.

"I do not believe," says Mr. Radley, "in state censorship. Ironclad rules in this respect do more harm than good, for people are held to the letter of the law, and lose the spirit of it. Under our plan, the exhibitors rarely attempt to put on pictures that do not come up to the requirements. When there are definite legal rules to be observed, the attempt is to get just 'within the law,' and constructive ideas for the community are lost sight of. Then, too, localities within the state differ. One committee cannot judge for all these."

Mr. Radley believes it is the business of the citizens themselves to see that the community views wholesome, cheerful, stimulating stories on the screen, since these add to the welfare and happiness of all. The other citizens of Milwaukee agree with him. They have demonstrated the value of co-operation.

"Instead of turning your picture troubles over to a censor board that doesn't care a whoop about them," they say "handle them yourselves by means of a citizens' commission."

THE best minds in America are concerning themselves with motion pictures and their effect on the nation's welfare. Editors, writers, school superintendents, clergymen, librarians, all recognize the screen's power, and are anxious that it should be used for the benefit of mankind. More and more these individual thinkers are learning to appreciate the value of or-

(Continued on page 107)



MRS. Minnie Moore-Willson, "guardian angel" of the Seminole Indians, and better film enthusiast. After a twenty-years' struggle she succeeded in putting through legislation giving the Seminole Indians a legal home.



Photograph by Campbell

Henry Minor Still Lives

SIDNEY DREW and Nat Goodwin are dead. Both did much to beguile the hours and lighten the hearts of the American people. Mr. Goodwin's art—for it was art, of a kind too rare nowadays—is only a gracious memory. Mr. Drew's physical being has been resolved by consuming fire into its elements, but the finest achievement of his maturity, the generally humorous, sometimes pathetic and always human *Henry Minor*, is, and will continue to be, a living and potent force. Mr. Goodwin made the speaking stage his vehicle, and suffered the last great tragedy of the actor, the extinction of his life work with his own passing. The best of Sidney Drew is immortalized on the screen. When the history of motion picture comedy is written, years from now, Mr. Drew will occupy a great fundamental place in it, for his celluloid jests were veritable transcripts from the life of the American People. He will endure as the first genuine exemplifier of the comedy of situation and character in pictures. He was born in 1864, and was the son of a famous comedienne, Mrs. John Drew. He was a notable member of the great related families of the Drews, the Barrymores and the Rankins. His screen debut, after many years of prominence upon the stage, was made in 1913, with Vitagraph. His son, S. Rankin Drew, a director and actor of great promise, was an American aviator, killed by the Germans in combat above the fields of France just a year ago.

WANTED—

GIRL TO DOUBLE FOR
DOROTHY PHILLIPS IN
BIG NEW PICTURE.

No dangerous stunts—no previous ex-
perience necessary. Apply Monday, 10
a. m., to Casting Director, Universal
City.



In the upper left-hand corner—the want ad that Universal published in the Los Angeles papers. Directly above—a partial panorama of the people who responded. Lillian Greenberger, who hires the players at U City, is the blonde in the center minus a hat.

Not a Single Double!

Dorothy Phillips declares that advertising doesn't always pay—at least when you're trying to buy a resemblance.

THERE is an old saying to the effect that everyone has a double somewhere in this wide world.

The wiseacre who got the original copyright on that somewhat dubious statement didn't foresee the cinematic age with its so-called Mary Pickford doubles in every city and hamlet—in fact every cinema star of any luminosity whatever has her or his doubles scattered broadcast throughout the world.

One would expect that in Los Angeles where movie star timber arrives daily in huge shipments there would be doubles for anyone from the adorable Mary down to Mack Sennett's "Teddy" dog.

But Universal City's employment department no longer has any faith in the double myth. This is the why:

Dorothy Phillips has been engaged in the production of a new picture play "The Right to Happiness" in which she plays the part of two sisters—one good and one bad, of course—and it was necessary to get some one to pose for her in the "long shots" in which both sisters appear; in the "close ups," double exposure placed Miss Phillips on the screen in the dual role.

A want ad was inserted in the Los Angeles papers and over a hundred girls who considered themselves adequate doubles for Miss Phillips appeared. But after giving them all the scrutinizing once over and making tests of a few likely candidates, Casting Director Lillian Greenberger gave up the task.

The script had to be altered so that Miss Phillips could play the dual role throughout the photoplay.

The Bruised Reed

THE room was thick with smoke and stale beer.

The negro orchestra was jazzing its jazziest; the dancing mob slumped around the small floor, doing the shimmy.

She was a pretty little thing. Her face was like a wood-flower. In spite of the make-up, one could see she was out of place in this notorious road-house. She swayed in the arms of a burly fellow, close in his embrace. She was young. . . .

Her companion circled her out of the crowd, to a quieter corner. His arm slid about her; he pushed his great face close to hers. Her little fist smashed out and beat against his mouth. It was a little reed beating against a wild wind. . . . Her breath came in short gasps; she fought, now, like a little hell-cat; clawed his face. . . . My God—couldn't they save her? Wouldn't somebody. . . .

Then somewhere a voice, rising out of the din:

"Good—keep that up, kid, and you'll land a contract." It was her director.

Metro's First Violin

By
CAMERON
PIKE

Maxwell Karger, a genial studio Nero, who would doubtless do some lively fiddling if he were directing the film burning of Rome.

Maxwell Karger, director general of production for Metro pictures, used to be first violin in the orchestra at the Metropolitan Opera House. All that remains, however, of this stage in his career, is his long hair. He wears it that way still so as to look like a lion as well as sound like one when he roars at directors. But between the period when Max fiddled and the period when he became boss of the Metro studios, there were several transitions, for he has been a man of many parts.

Max Karger was born in Cincinnati about forty years ago, and took to the violin as most boys take to baseball and stealing watermelons. Just after he went into long trousers he got a job with the Lillian Russell Opera Company, and toured with it for three years.

He went to Chicago, landed a seat in Theodore Thomas' orchestra, and went on studying. Nobody was giving Max a leg up. He had to work his own way. He won a diamond medal scholarship in the Chicago Musical College that enabled him to study in Paris under Joachim. Returning to America he captured the coveted position of first violin at the Metropolitan, and remained for six years. Suddenly he became disgusted with the violin, with opera, with the theatre, with New York, with everything he had been doing and everybody he had been meeting. It was one of those curious internal revolutions that come occasionally to men and women of temperament and are so difficult for hard-headed business folk to understand. Then he did a curious thing.

He bought a ticket almost at random, for a city in Ohio, landed there practically broke, and went to work as floorwalker in a department store. It was his transition from art to business. After saving his money and learning of business opportunities in



All that remains of Karger's career as first violin of the Metropolitan Opera House is his long hair. Above, Metro's director-general, on the sidelines, kidding Alla, better known as Nazimova—all made up in her character for her Chinese film affair, "The Red Lantern."

Ateda

IF I were a business man, and had large interests calling for administration by a substantial and dependable executive, about the last person I would think of engaging would be a first violinist. This is one of the differences between me and R. A. Rowland, president of Metro. There are other differences. Among them is the fact that he is a business man and has large interests calling for administration by a substantial and dependable executive.

Cuba, he went to Havana, promoted a manufacturing enterprise successfully, went on to Porto Rico and repeated his success, and then, with a fair-sized fortune in cash, returned to New York and dropped every dollar of it in Wall Street.

About this time B. A. Rolfe was looking for someone to help him organize a picture company to produce for Alco.

"Will you organize this thing for me?" Rolfe asked Karger.

"Not for you—with you," Karger replied, and he did.

Alco went kafluey. R. A. Rowland, Joseph W. Engel and James B. Clarke conceived the ground plan of Metro, on the ruins of Alco. They called in Karger because he had proved his ability as an organizer. They wanted fifty-two pictures a year. Nobody wanted to accept the responsibility of guaranteeing any fixed number. The picture business was rather chaotic in those days, and the idea of guaranteeing production made them nervous. Finally Karger said:

"Oh shucks!" or words to that effect. "I'll give bond to turn out the whole fifty-two myself, if the rest of these guys fall down."

And they went to it. Metro has had its 52 pictures and more.

You can take it from President Rowland, from that moment Maxwell Karger has been the mainstay of Metro productions. He has come as near to standardizing the moving picture as possible with such an elusive product. Perhaps Metro has not made a great many sensationally successful pictures, though "Revelation," frequently regarded as the finest artistic creation ever given to the screen, and "Draft 258," a triumph in

timeliness, are very near the high water marks of the business. But there is in Metro a certain dependableness—a distinct approximation of fixed policy—that has spelled success through all the various bi-weekly crises which the industry has been weathering for ten years. Perhaps this is because Karger went at the job of organizing Metro production activity, not as an artist, but as a business man, yet not quite able to forget he was an artist first.

And he swears by the scenario. Nothing is left to chance.

One day Karger handed a scenario to a director and asked him to look it over. It was a scenario complete in all details.

"I will make the picture," said the director, "but I won't be responsible for the results."

"Who the sun, moon, stars and milky way said anything about your responsibility?" Karger replied. "Suppose the violinist says to the orchestra conductor, 'I can play this the way it is written, but I won't be responsible for the way it sounds!' Follow the score, son, follow the score."

Tempo comes natural to Karger, from his musical education. And it is something that is not understood by five per cent of the picture makers. The gradations of speed from scene to scene can be worked out, to a certain extent, in the cutting room, but Karger goes farther than that. In the making of the picture the cooperation of the cameraman is employed and by varying the speed of the cranking of the scenes the acceleration or retarding of the tempo is obtained.



THE HOUSE THEY BUILT FOR BENNETT

AN eight-room house, practically, with a grand stairway and hallway—but minus a fourth wall. This pleased Enid Bennett, for whose new picture it was made. This is one of the largest sets ever built on the enclosed stage at the new Ince studios in Culver City. The new picture is a mystery story and it was necessary, to get the proper long shots, to construct three solid rooms at the head of the stairway on each side. The only reason the fourth wall was omitted was to permit free space for the camera to work on the longer "shots." The house cost \$1,250.00 and was two weeks in the building. Fred Niblo is directing this scene with Enid Bennett-Niblo and Lloyd Hughes. Up on the landing—out of camera-range—an electrician is directing one of the spotlights, turned on the scene below:

The Ages of Mary

The old family Bible gives one—but you'll have to see every one of Miss Alden's characterizations to make up your mind.

By

ADELA ROGERS

ST. JOHNS

MARY ALDEN is one of the few screen actresses who has made the mature woman, the woman tried in joy and love, life and sorrow, a real study; who has forgotten her own age and piled on the years with the grease paint as her parts called for it. That she is a success is perhaps due to the fact that the public knows her as a young woman, off the screen; knows that it is artistry and not maturity which has made her middle-aged characterizations convincing. So when Mary Alden says that the day of the physically equipped moving picture actress is about over, it's rather worth thinking about.

The distinction that can be made in all branches of art between mere physical capability and suitability, and that high sense of humanity which renders the work produced through this capability an actual and vital presentation of life, is not new, but it has not hitherto been applied to the art of cinema acting.

As a matter of fact, there are few people who have had the opportunity, inclination, and mental wherewith to make as keen and exhaustive a study of motion picture acting as Mary Alden. It is not strange that she should have some brilliantly developed theories on the subject. She was a member of the famous Biograph company under D. W. Griffith and since that time, in many parts, she has built for herself a place in the ranks of those who give worth while screen performances. No one who has followed pictures can remember her wife in "The Battle of the Sexes," Griffith's first five-reeler, her vicious octagon in "The Birth of a Nation" or her Lady MacDuff without admitting the force of her art.

Just at present it is a bit difficult to dissociate her in one's mind from that devastating, conscience-awakening, harrowingly simple portrayal of the mother in "The Unpardonable Sin." Therefore I was as surprised as most fans would have been to find a small, unusual-looking woman, with a humorous mouth, eyes of unfathomable depths, and an exquisitely proportioned figure, who, as she herself put it, came "within the first draft."



This is the real Mary Alden, with the Mary Alden off-screen smile, the Alden sprinkling-can about to refresh the floral trimmings of the Alden veranda, at home in Hollywood. And below is Miss Alden adding twenty years with make-up and real tears.



Her characterization of the vicious mulatto in "The Birth of a Nation" will always be remembered as one of the dramatic high spots of that Griffith masterpiece. In make-up Mary Alden has few equals. Give her half an hour and she'll add ten years—or twenty!

"The day of the physically equipped moving picture actress is about over," said Miss Alden, overlooking my stare with the easy indifference of one accustomed to such things. "It was the fig tree that put forth beautiful leaves but bore no fruit in spite of that promise that withered away, as you will discover if you study the original Greek of the New Testament. So with the physical gifted actress, who can present a charming design within narrow limits, but who offers no substance. She can by her loveliness, well devised and well dressed, heightened, of course, by sex attraction, satisfy in the romantic, the sensual, the shallow. But let this actress face a part where the understanding of humanity is the only keynote and she is childishly inadequate.

"During the years of its infancy, the moving picture industry has set the standard of acting too low. The key to success has been physical rather than artistic. This has necessarily limited plays and stars have been either sugary ingenues or sticky vamps.

"The mature woman, whose life makes great act-

ing parts, has been practically eliminated. Why has the screen almost without exception produced no heroines, no star parts, such as Mrs. Dane, Camille, Madame X, Mrs. Tanqueray, Mrs. Alving, Magda, The Girl of the Golden West, Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh, Mrs. Arbuthnot, Mrs. Ebbsmith and Becky Sharp? Because there have not been actresses possessing the terrific ability and understanding these roles demanded calling for them. The screen actresses who could fill any one of these roles can be counted on three fingers, and those recruited from the stage.

"Drama seldom happens to extreme youth. The period of young love is fleeting—and generally uninteresting. Its comedies and tragedies are callow. But the public has been treated to endless processions of youthful heroines because there are literally thousands of young and beautiful actresses ready to play them. An actress like Marguerite Clark, who to youth and beauty has systematically and at the expense of much time and labor added the art of acting is rare.

"It is true of course that in the silent drama the pictorial conception is a temptation, so that one is apt to give it too great attention. Beauty, the art of being beautiful, is a string any actress may gladly add to her bow. Miss Ellen Terry had both beauty and picturesqueness. But she did not offer them as a substitute for acting. There must of course be the beautiful school. But may we have nothing else? Must our diet consist of peach Melba, whipped cream and nut sundaes? After a while, even a plain ham sandwich looks good.

"The body must of course be well cared for, well conditioned. Exercise, regularity, normality, are essential, since the body is the channel through which you reach the audience. It becomes, under the stress of playing, a mere dramatic instrument. It must be in tune and nothing jars it so quickly as abuse or dissipation.

"But as anything but an instrument, a means to an end, it is beneath notice. The actress who desires to triumph must be as reckless of beauty as an author of paper. Could Dorothy Donnelly

(Continued on page 127)



A scene from "The Unpardonable Sin," in which Miss Alden as the youthful mother gives a human study unsurpassed in any production, silent or spoken. From left to right, here, are Bobby Connelly as the little Belgian, Wesley Barry as the kid from Kansas, Mary Alden as Mrs. Parcot, Blanche Sweet as Alice; and the two little refugees.

A Yankee Maciste

He kept his treasure in a chest and came to national renown as Tarzan.

PERHAPS you saw him in "Intolerance"—the Chaldean warrior who stood with two-edged sword and cut down his adversaries like Ty Cobb batting out base hits, only he had a better average even than the redoubtable Tyrus when he batted against the invincible Cyrus.

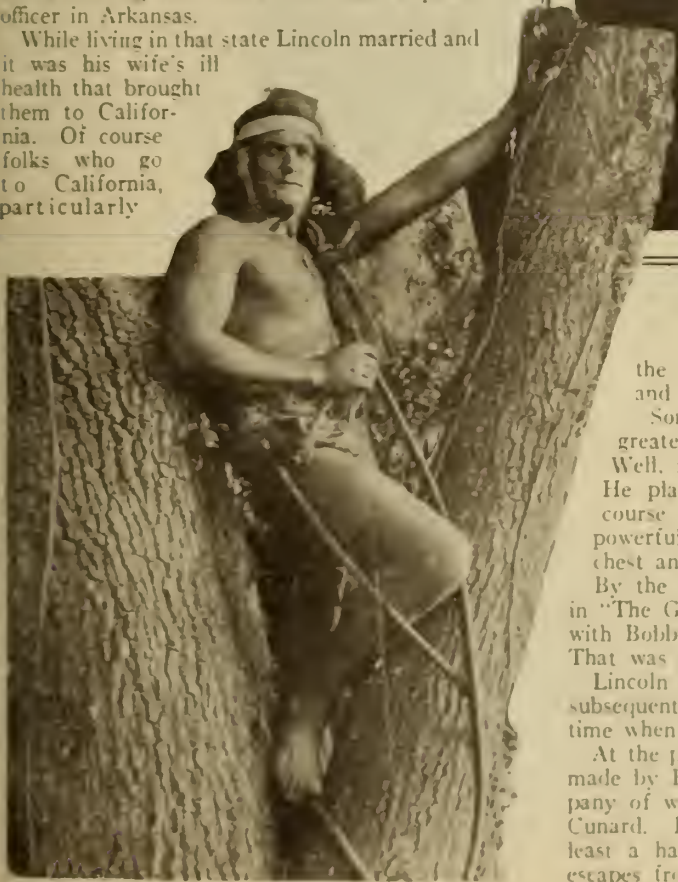
Or maybe you saw him as "Tarzan of the Apes," that novel picturization of Mr. Burroughs' fantastic novel of the same name. Here he swung from limb to limb in the monkey-infested jungles of Hollywood and Louisiana and did feats of strength that every kid who saw the film has been trying to ape—yes, that's the word—ever since.

He's the American Maciste, if any American screen player has the right to be called a rival to the famous Italian strong man of "Cabiria" fame.

It was the powerful, bulgy, hirsute chest of Elmo Lincoln that made him a film star.

Born in Rochester, Ind., Lincoln went to the Southwest with his parents at an early age and grew to manhood in Texas. There he worked at railroading and for a time was a peace officer in Arkansas.

While living in that state Lincoln married and it was his wife's ill health that brought them to California. Of course folks who go to California, particularly



Above—Mr. Lincoln in a walking suit. Below—in climbing garb, used in "Tarzan of the Apes."

the vicinity of Los Angeles, always get into the movies eventually, and Elmo was no exception.

Some of the old timers, as film history runs, will recall one of the greatest of the early Griffiths, "The Battle of Elderbush Gulch." Well, it was this picture that gave Lincoln his chance six years ago. He played the sergeant in that stirring photodrama and during the course of the fighting his shirt was torn partially off, displaying his powerful chest. The great Griffith spied the aforementioned treasure chest and Lincoln was destined for better things than the extra's lot.

By the way that same chest was prominently displayed more recently in "The Greatest Thing in Life." Do you recall the soldier in the trench with Bobby Harron who wanted to "trade two little ones for a big one"? That was Elmo again. D. W. never forgot that chest.

Lincoln also played in "The Birth of a Nation" and in many other subsequent dramas made on the Griffith lot. He left it for the first time when he was engaged to play the title role in "Tarzan."

At the present time Lincoln is one of the stars in a serial which is being made by Director Henry McRae for the Great Western Producing Company of which Julius Stern is the "big noise." The other star is Grace Cunard. In every episode of the thriller, Lincoln is made to perform at least a half dozen feats of strength, either in strenuous fight, making escapes from what seems to be certain death or lifting buildings or locomotives from the hapless heroine.



Above, Christie directing a scene for "When Ursus Threw the Bull," in 1912. It was one of the first pictures in which scenes were shot of a theatre interior and a real stage with actors on it.



This recent scene at the left shows Molly Malone, Fay Tincher, and a beauty chorus in "Sally's Blighted Career." You'll see this soon in Photoplay Magazine's Screen Supplement.

Who Started Hollywood Anyway?

An absorbing story, telling how the occupation of an old road-house out in California by a screen comedy promoter led to the establishment of the greatest filming center in the world.

By PAT DOWLING

AS The Oldest Inhabitant would say, "Well sir, believe me or not, when I came here in 1910 I could have bought real estate right on this very spot for forty dollars an acre, and now look at it. If I had I'd be a rich man to-day!"

Well, yes, look at it, all cluttered up with moving picture studios and crazy automobiles dashing around running over women and children, and actresses and almost actresses darting hither and yon chasing stardom and vanishing rainbows.

The Oldest Inhabitant was talking about Hollywood, that mushroom community of picture plants, where hothouse flowers of the variety which are paid from five hundred to a few

thousand dollars a week for looking pretty, thrive under the gee-loryus California sun.

But why should Hollywood be any more important on the real estate map of the world than any other safe and sane residential district such as the Bronx, or Winnetka, Illinois, or Kirkwood, Missouri? As a matter of fact it shouldn't be except for the fact that in Hollywood several billion dollars (press agent figures taken with a grain of salt) worth of moving pictures are made annually to be shown in such places as the Bronx, Winnetka, Kirkwood, Calcutta, Hong Kong and Yonkers.

Well, who started Hollywood, anyway? And why did he

pick on a nice, refined, law-abiding settlement of retired business men, who live in beautiful houses along well-shaded streets of pepper trees, for his real estate boom? I'm not much on California history, but it's my candid opinion that nobody in particular started Hollywood. It just became, and will no doubt go down in history in the movies long after the fellow who invented Raisin Day and Citrus Day in California have passed on to the last rest and after the Chamber of Commerce has sung all the swan songs.

It was about the medieval period of 1911 that Al E. Christie, then directing pictures on Long Island, in Bayonne, New Jersey, and other self-respecting communities, began to sigh for new worlds to conquer. Al was tired of making wild west pictures with a background of Hoboken terminals, et cetera. He passed the statue of Horace Greeley one day and it gave him an idea. He would go West and grow up with the country. He would make real moving pictures in the real rough and western West. He would forsake Hoboken, Jersey City and Long Island. No more worn-out hack horses for his painted Manhattan Indians. No more Sahara desert scenes in the salt marshes

The only trouble was that Al's partner thought the sunshine and the landscape were better in Florida. "I'll tell you what we'll do," said Al. "We'll flip this nickel, and if it falls heads we go to Florida, and if it falls tails we'll go to California. It's the last nickel I've got and it feels lucky."

They flipped and the nickel fell "tails."

Thereby hangs a tale, the tale which made out of Hollywood the motion picture capital of the world, the place toward which tourists, on arriving in Los Angeles, now gravitate as soon as they come to town. It is there that they expect to see Mary Pickford, her curls flying in the wind, dashing down Hollywood Boulevard in a pony cart; it is there they expect to see Douglas Fairbanks jumping from a church steeple to the back of a wild bronc; it is there they expect to see Charlie Chaplin, piloting one of the airplanes in his Catalina fleet, shuffling the gears with his funny feet. Such and kindred eccentricities are what the tourists expect to see, and as they ride out on the Hollywood trolley line, every pretty girl is a motion picture actress, every handsome man is a hero, and the other men are probably selling scenarios.

Anyway, before all this tourist crop became so numerous and long before Charlie ever thought of owning more than his shoes, Al arrived in Los Angeles with a carload of actors and moving picture props. With him were such people as the late Harold Lockwood—then a leading man at twenty-five dollars the week; Dorothy Davenport, now the wife of Wallace Reid, Russell Bassett, sterling character actor; Henry Otto, Donald MacDonald, Alice Davenport, Eugenie Forde, Victoria Forde and others, composing the Nestor company, intent upon revolutionizing Western drama and substituting Los Angeles for Flatbush.

But they hadn't come to Hollywood yet. In fact,

(Continued on page 134)



Automobile row at Christie's studio in Hollywood. That sawed-off peppercorn tree at the left used to shade the old road-house which made way for the first studio in Hollywood. At left—intent upon an awfully funny script—A. E. Christie.



A panorama of the old Nestor Company, taken in 1911, the first film company to make pictures in Hollywood. Observe, in this picturesque group of real pioneers, Al E. Christie, in the funny old derby, standing by the camera at its left. On the extreme right, also in a derby, is the late Harold Lockwood, who acted in Christie pictures for the munificent salary of \$25 a week. Dorothy Davenport, now Mrs. Wallace Reid, and her mother, are at Lockwood's left.

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.



The Fool Will Kill Himself Sure

IN "Vive la France," featuring Dorothy Dalton, a "close-up" of the airplane shows that it is flying level, but the "aileron" on the right wing is clear down—in fact it is down enough to put the plane on a left vertical bank. Yet the plane flies along with wings level. Where did that bird learn to fly?
C. W. BROWN, Akron, O.

Hey—Noah!

GET out your rubber boots! In one issue of "The Lure of the Circus," the old man is rescued from the cellar just as the four-inch pipe has filled it with water. They all go away, not turning off the water. I'm glad I don't live in California—with that water still running.
E. L. M., Chicago.

A Progressive Injury

WENT to see the "Belle of New York." In one part Jack Bronson, played by Raymond Bloomer, is attacked by two thugs and hit on the head. Later he is seen in his apartment with his arm bandaged, and his head seems to be uninjured. Solid ivory?
E. S. C., New York City.

Free Lunch

IN the foxyfilm, "Never Say Quit," featuring doug-fairbanks Walsh, some funny things happened. In the restaurant scene, "Mr. and Mrs. Badger"—clever names for two crooks, yes?—stage a quarrel, Mr. Badger leaves in a huff, and later Mrs. Badger, having thoroughly vamped our George, leaves, too. The waiter politely assists her with her wraps and she swings slowly out—and no one questioned either of them about their check.
J. O., Chicago.

Page Betsy Ross

IN the picture, "The Rainbow Trail," the double wives of the Mormons are taken to court to be tried. In the court, just behind the table at which the judge sits, is an American flag, containing forty-eight stars. Did the U. S. contain forty-eight states in 1845 or 50?
A. H. WINTERS, Pittsburgh.

Assorted Dates

IN "The Amazing Imposter" Forrest Allan goes to the hotel to send a telegram. The calender in the hotel registers "November 1st." Standish dates the telegram November 20th. The same day, in writing a check, Mary Miles Minter dates it November 24th.
ROBERT L. SHOOP, JR., Washington.

Maybe She Wore Two Pair

After seeing Ralph Ince's

"The Eleventh Commandment," I realized the days of ye olde tyme directing aren't over. The star pulls off both her gloves and lays them on a table—a close-up follows and she is shown still pulling off a glove!
MAURICE HAMLIN, Toledo.

Depending on Their Skull

IN comedies some actors when hit over the head with a club fall down unconscious, but others stand just where they are as if nothing but a feather had struck them.
J. CARROLL GUISE, Baltimore, Md.

Robbers?

IN "The Spender," the miserly old uncle falls asleep on his desk with his money all around him and the lamp burning and lo—when he awakes the lamp's been extinguished and the money has disappeared. It wasn't likely he put it away and put out the light in his sleep.
F. C. D., Minneapolis, Minn.

Some Queer Happenings Here, Sure!

IN the eighth episode of "The Lightening Raider," when Tom Norton comes back from Brazil, he picks up his suit case from the door step, and a minute later, after entering the house, he sets down not only the suit case but a traveling bag as well. Tom and the Minister are both bare-headed when they arrive at the Wasp's room, but when Tom leaves, after Wu Fang has interrupted the wedding, he picks up his hat from a table.
L. R. N., Minneapolis.

Dictated But Not Copied

IN the photoplay "On the Jump," starring George Walsh, George, not satisfied with the work of one of his help, who is typewriting, sits down and without looking to see what the other was writing about begins to show speed on the keys.
L. F. HALL, JR., Charlestown, Mass.

Mebbe the Operator Heard Him

RECENTLY I saw the play taken from the novelette, "Slow Burgess." In one scene the bold, bad boss of Paro City calls up one of his men on the telephone. The picture shows plainly a crank on the wall telephone, yet he takes the receiver off the hook and gets his party without having to ring up a-tall.
ANCEL P. SHIVELY.

A Trick Pencil

IN "Mickey," Mabel Normand's picture, the old miner scribbled off a note with a pencil, yet when the letter was shown on the screen it appeared in INK.
J. EMBRAE HORAN, Atlanta, Ga.



A Tip for Good Hosts

IN the late Mr. Lockwood's "Pals First" he returns to his home late at night with his pal, who weighed about 300 pounds. Mr. Lockwood goes to the wardrobe and finds suits both for his friend and himself that fit perfectly. Is it customary for our Southern Aristocrats to always have on hand, all sizes of clothing to fit different shapes of guests?
Private Hayman, Fort Ontario.

Movies as Salvation Army Pulpit?

LIBRARY
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Colonel Edward J. Parker points out the possibilities of impressing, by film, the historic spirit of General William Booth.

By

J. RAY

JOHNSON

A LIEUTENANT of the United States Signal Corps, having set up his motion picture camera during a particularly spectacular bit of action near Nouville, started to grind away with as much nonchalance as the whizzing shells, booming guns and generally unsettled conditions about him permitted him to assume. Lieutenants of the Signal Corps, accustomed to going into action with no more deadly weapon than a camera, don't get scared—ever. But this lieutenant became, let us say, a little apprehensively excited.

The crank of his camera began to revolve faster. His mind was on his job all right enough, only it had ceased to function properly. Just as the excitement of battle was causing the American doughboys he was photographing to forget many of the principles of musketry their instructors had drilled them in, leaving them only with the idea of "getting the Germans," and getting them in the easiest, quickest way that suggested itself, so the camera man's only idea was to get pictures.

From behind the lieutenant suddenly sounded a ringing voice.

"Careful there, son!" came the words. "You're grinding too fast!"

Still turning his crank, the lieutenant turned to regard a tallish, spectacled man of middle age, who wore the overseas uniform of the Salvation Army. The camera man grinned a little ruefully, nodded his thanks and slackened the speed he was applying to his camera handle. For a few minutes he continued to make pictures; then the fighting stopped, and he took down his camera and walked back to greet the Salvation Army man, who was watching him from the shelter of a shell hole.

"Say!" exclaimed the lieutenant. "You sure saved me from spoiling some mighty fine stuff! I was making the old mill spin—but how did you know it?"

"Oh," said the Salvation Army man easily. "I've monkeyed around a little with moving pictures."

The Salvation Army man was Colonel Edward J. Parker, secretary of the Naval and Military Affairs Department of the Salvation Army, who, if he hadn't been a Salvation Army man, certainly would have been a pioneer in American motion picture production.

Colonel Parker, who was overseas in charge of Salvation Army activities with the American Expeditionary Force, was the owner of one of the first motion picture cameras in America. It was a good camera, for he made it himself. For



Colonel Edward J. Parker, secretary of the Naval and Military Affairs Dept. of the Salvation Army. Colonel Parker was the owner of one of the first motion picture cameras in America.

years he had been a "bug" the word is his own—on photography, and, using only such knowledge of the principles of motography as he was able to glean from books, constructed for himself a motion picture camera, rude, of course, but one that made excellent pictures—still makes them, in fact.

Moreover, he made a developing machine, a printing machine and a projecting machine to fit his camera, and some of the choicest pieces of negative he has in a "library" which has grown for a score of years are products of this home-made outfit.

Since those early days Colonel Parker's activities in the field of motion pictures have expanded greatly. Out of 2,000 feet of negative which he took with him on a tramp through Yellowstone Park some ten years ago, the Kalem Company was able to release more than 1,800 feet in a series of scenics, which were shown in this country and abroad and which are among the best views of the National Park which have been made by a motion picture camera.

More recently he made a series of war pictures—"just for fun,"

he says himself—but they are good enough to be the pictures which Burton Holmes, who is a close friend of Colonel Parker, uses to illustrate his lecture on the part the United States played in the war.

Colonel Parker has definite ideas on the subject of motion pictures, one of which is that the screen is going to be a favorite pulpit for the Salvation Army in the future.

"We have neglected to use motion pictures in the past," he said at his office in Salvation Army National Headquarters in New York recently, "but that was only because we were too busy doing other things. We have thousands of feet of excellent film, but most of it has never been assembled and titled and scarcely any of it has been shown to the public. I imagine all that will be changed, however. We intend doing a lot of things we never did before—including bringing our film out of our vaults."

"I don't want you to get the impression that the making of motion pictures is any novelty to the Salvation Army. Far from it! In Australia a few years ago the Salvation Army was one of the most extensive manufacturers of motion pictures in the land. The Army had a staff of camera men and

operated an immense laboratory. Thousands of feet of film were made there for the government.

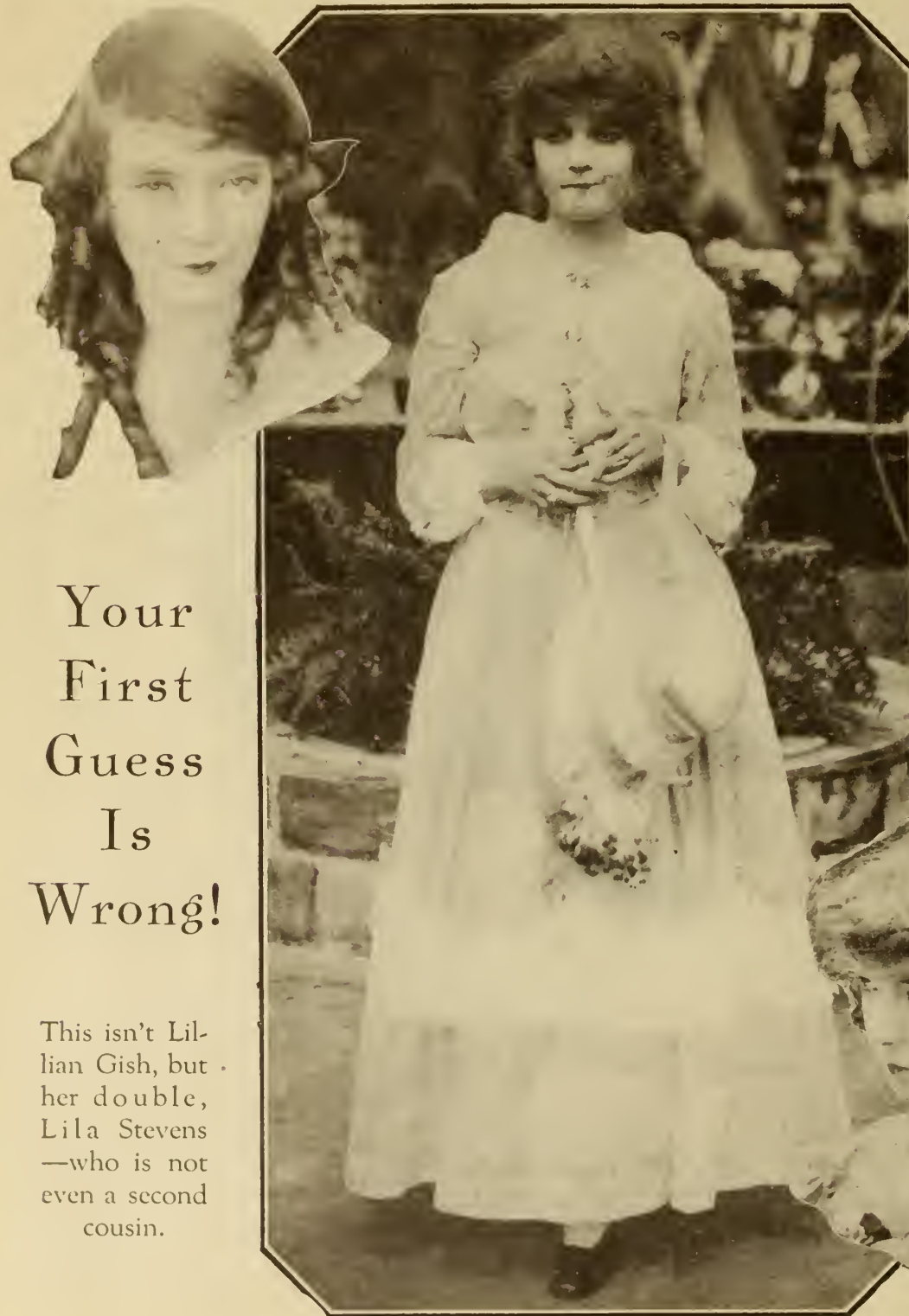
"In France, too, we showed motion pictures to the soldiers. We had projection machines in our recreation halls, and reports from France show that our exhibitions there are now attracting larger crowds of fighting men than they ever did during the war.

"The point I wish to make is that the Salvation Army never made proper use of pictures for its own purposes. It never preached by means of the screen. The policy of the organization was against it. You know how little publicity the Salvation Army always had—until its war work brought it into world-wide prominence? That was because the Army never sought to bask in the light of public recognition. The people of the organization were always so busy making history that they

had no time to write it. To exhibit the excellent motion pictures it has illustrative of its activities all over the world, the Salvation Army always believed, smacked of seeking the notoriety that has always been distasteful to it.

"We learned a thing or two in France, though! The way the soldiers took to the films we showed them was a lesson that can not be disregarded. The time is not far off when the motion picture screen will be one of our pulpits. Its possibilities are unlimited."

Colonel Parker is well-known as a lecturer. The walls of his office are lined with artistic bits of camera work which he has done. Among the most striking of these are some portrait studies of General William Booth, founder of the Salvation Army, which compare favorably with the best work of the most renowned photographers.



Your First Guess Is Wrong!

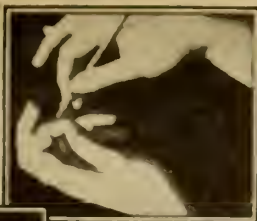
This isn't Lillian Gish, but her double, Lila Stevens—who is not even a second cousin.

WHO is she? Look carefully at this panel before you conjecture. "Lillian Gish, the Griffith star?" Wrong the first time. Don't blush—for rest assured you are not the only one to make the same mistake.

It is Lila Stevens who, someone said, looks more like Lillian than Miss Gish does herself. Certainly Miss Stevens resembles Lila Gish more closely than does Lillian's own sister Dorothy. The panel shows her in the costume she wears in "Secret Service," the Arcraft picturization of William Gillette's stage play. The small head at the left upper corner is also Miss Stevens. Below is Lillian Gish.

Little Miss Lila has been in pictures only a few months and is even now doing "atmosphere"; but if her resemblance to Miss Gish does not cease at the physical aspect it is predicted that she'll have a career and shoot right to the top. In public she spends a great deal of time honestly assuring folks she isn't Lillian.

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YOUR nails look unbelievably lovely after their Cutex manicure!

They are so shapely, so exquisitely groomed; the cuticle edge at their base is as smooth, firm and even as if they had just had a professional manicure. You are delighted with their appearance.

Keep them looking lovely, always!

Spasmodic attention won't do it—having your nails manicured *occasionally* may only make the cuticle look worse, in the long run. But, with a bottle of Cutex at hand, it is so easy to keep your cuticle *always* smooth and firm.

So little trouble, too

Once or twice a week, according to

the rapidity with which your cuticle grows, dip the end of an orange stick, wrapped with absorbent cotton, into your bottle of Cutex and work it around the base of each nail, gently pressing back the cuticle. Carefully rinse the fingers in clear water, pressing back the cuticle as you dry your hands.

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Get a bottle today at any drug or department store.

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"Author! Author!"

Third of a series of articles dealing with a dramatist's diagnosis of the motion picture—in which he seeks to reveal an alleged injustice of the screen to literary art.

By CHANNING POLLOCK

NOW for "construction!"

We've cleared the lot: let's start to build!

A good deal of the job hasn't been particularly agreeable; a good many things have been said that a good many people would rather have had left un-said. Servants aren't the only folk addicted to sweeping dirt under the bed. I've a strangely unruddling consciousness of having created enemies. After all, enemies aren't nearly so dangerous as friends. The movie men are growing wiser, as pictures are slowly getting better—"these two facts *might* have something to do with each other"—and one day, in retrospect, these men may be more horrified at conditions that were than at our having mentioned them, and thank us for having accelerated the improvement.

Certainly, our method proves its own vindication. "The removal of a thing" leaves so clear a space for "the substitution of something better." When we see what is wrong we see how to right it. "Your stories are bad. Your authors can't give you anything better. The authors who could, won't!" We've discovered *why* they won't, and now the problem of overcoming their unwillingness has been so simplified that it may be reduced to a table.

THE CAUSE

Don't pay enough.
Income uncertain.
More credit elsewhere.
Standards low.
Mutilate stories.
No confidence.
Poor men in charge.
Discouraging and disparaging attitude.

THE CURE

Pay more.
Assure it.
Give credit.
Raise 'em.
Stop it.
Inspire it.
Improve them.
Encourage, and wake up!

All this you may think more easily said than done. Like the simple method of cultivating a lawn to equal that of the English country gentleman, who remarked that you had only to roll and water it every day for two hundred years! For example: "Pay more." Ouch! And yet we were especially warned against observing, "Poor movies! They can't afford the best!" In the order named, the two indispensable in any form of dramatic representation are plays and players. Plays make players; the reverse is true much less frequently. Therefore, an economical way of killing two birds with one stone is to pay for plays. Practically every actor of any standing in this country has acted for the screen. Practically no writer of any standing has written for it. If you were shown that one profession is very much better paid than the other—a great deal more than in its accustomed occupation, rather than a great deal less—would this disclosure suggest a reason—and a remedy?

We'll begin with Charlie Chaplin. In the movies, everything begins with Charlie Chaplin. But we won't tell you how much Charlie Chaplin gets, because you've been told so often, and we've been told, just as often, and have forgotten, and because, if we hadn't, we shouldn't want to wear out the cipher on our new typewriter. Anyway, as there are notes too high for hearing, there are sums too high for believing. And Charlie Chaplin has such funny feet. His salary really doesn't seem too big when you reflect that Wilson receives \$75,000 a year for just running our end of the war. Mary Pickford struggles along on \$10,000 a week, with the addition of a percentage that brings her annual income close to a million, and Douglas Fairbanks, altruistically foregoing a stipulated wage, is guaranteed returns that place his pickings with those of Miss Pickford. Mary Garden and Maxine Elliott got \$10,000 a week from Goldwyn—the same firm that dangled \$1,000 before the popping eyes of "our best writers" for "brilliant comedies" or "good love stories with drama"—William S. Hart's yellow envelope contains seven or eight thousand dollars every Saturday; Theda Bara vamps for about the same pittance, and Marguerite Clark, being little and easily intimidated, contents herself with a beggarly \$6,000. Madame Petrova does a bit better, and Pauline Frederick a bit worse, while minor celebrities, like Frank Keenan,

run down the scale as far as \$3,000. The first of the month must be a terrible time to Frank!

Elsie Ferguson's three-years' contract comes to a few pennies over or under a million. Billie Burke gets \$5,000 a week, and Taylor Holmes, having no golden hair to deceive you, makes shift with something in the neighborhood of \$2,000. Anita Stewart is guaranteed \$127,000 a year, Earle Williams \$50,000, and John Barrymore gets only \$10,000 for a picture, unless taking it consumes more than three weeks. Madame Nazimova is a day-laborer, at \$1,000 a day. Her earnings from "Revelation," her first photoplay with Metro, were about \$36,000. In addition to this, of course, she received an allowance covering hotel and traveling expenses for herself and her maid. No self-respecting motion picture actress could be expected to pay her maid's board and room out of a stingy little \$36,000!

The Goldwyn proposal for "brilliant comedies" and "good love stories with drama" prompted me to admit, in my second article, "that a thousand dollars is a considerable hunk of money." I'm not arguing now whether authors aren't generally overpaid, whatever my opinion on the subject, or that the sum in question isn't a good wage for a month's work, no matter how many years, and how much talent, went into preparation for that month. I'm merely repeating that these things are comparative, and that it is absurd to offer an author one-thirty-sixth the amount for writing a play that you pay an actress for appearing in it. Especially since, as Shakespeare and Willard Mack remark, "the play's the thing," and this established law has come to be recognized, not only in the theater, where the star system is on the decline, and where an actor, *without* a play, is known to have about as much drawing power as an automobile without an engine, but, in relation to literary material, everything else. Anyway, as has been said, the question is one of supply and demand, and, if you need authors, or actors, you can't ask what they *ought* to get, or even offer what they *do* get; you must raise the ante, and play the benevolent uncle. None of the stars mentioned above received more than five hundred dollars a week, few more than two hundred, until the advent of the cinema. And, without fear of successful contradiction, I venture to say that if authors were paid, and had been paid a tenth the sums paid actors, motion pictures would be on quite another level today!

The author's income, of course, like the actor's, must be made fairly certain. No writer of reputation will put his time and energy into work that may not bring him a penny. You know now that an established *dramatist* with an idea, "outlined," not "in 2,000 words," but in 200, in a letter or a conversation, receives an advance of \$1,000, "which is not to be returned to the Manager under any circumstances whatever, but is to be credited as the payment of first royalties." This is standard—as standard as the clause that "alterations shall be made only by or with the written consent of the Author!" The producer who has a play or a motion picture scenario fashioned for him acquires an option on that play, or motion picture scenario, and should pay for it, as one pays for an option on real estate, or anything else! R. L. Giffen, the most enterprising and successful of brokers in this field, says: "The movie men also will be obliged to take part of the gamble, instead of leaving it all to the authors. By this I mean that they will be obliged to sign a contract and pay an advance just the same as a manager does for a play for the stage."

The present practice in filmland is as far removed from that as possible. I have seen twenty agreements—signed one, when I was too young to know any better—in which, while seeming to bargain for five or six stories, the party of the first part actually bargains for five or six hundred, or five or six thousand, and agrees to pay for five or six. The party of the second part gives an indefinite amount of time and labor; binds himself to the party of the first part until that master of destiny shall choose to release him. The producer risks nothing, guarantees nothing, except to settle for such scenarios as he likes, which he would do anyway,

(Continued on page 100)



Perspiration hurts fabrics

Launder your blouse the moment it gets soiled

YOU had a very precious little blouse, and you laid it away so carefully—and yet it wore out almost before you knew it!

Your soft taupe crêpe de Chine, your dull yellow chiffon, your latest lilac voile—how promptly the threads grow weak and break when you lay them away without washing them.

If you only knew how to make them last longer!

When you put away a blouse that is even slightly soiled, have you ever stopped to think what happens to it? Perspiration contains acids—acids that attack the fabric and make it "tender." Leaving your blouse even a day like this will damage it.

The moment your blouse gets soiled, dip it into pure Lux suds!

Lux comes in dainty white flakes—pure and transparent. They melt instantly in hot water. You whisk them up into the richest foamiest suds, the most wonderful suds there are for dainty things!

You add cold water till lukewarm, and dip the fabric through the delicate suds again and again. Then rinse in clear water once, twice,

three times—and the blouse is as fresh and fair as the day you bought it! Not a color dimmed, not a fibre torn or weakened in any way!

Use Lux the moment a thing becomes soiled. The gentle Lux way of washing saves it from the damage even a trace of perspiration does to delicate things.

Lux won't hurt anything pure water alone won't injure.

Your grocer, druggist or department store has Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Use Lux for all these things

- | | |
|------------------|------------------------|
| Lace Collars | Silk Stockings |
| Lace Jabots | Washable Gloves |
| Washable Satin | Babies' Flannels |
| Washable Taffeta | Georgette Blouses |
| Voiles | Organdie Blouses |
| Chiffons | Crêpe de Chine Blouses |
| Sweaters | Corsets |
| Blankets | Spats |
| Silk Underwear | Damasks |

If you are not sure a color is fast

First wash a sample and dry it. If the color runs, try to set it before washing, by soaking in half a cupful of vinegar to a gallon of cold water, first testing a sample. Then rinse before washing. Lux won't cause any colors to run which pure water alone will not cause to run.

THERE IS NOTHING LIKE LUX FOR FINE LAUNDERING

LUX



Copyrighted, 1919
by Lever Bros. Co.

“Author! Author!”

(Continued from page 98)

and, under the circumstances, it is a safe bet that he will like only the sure pick of an indeterminate lot. When you come to think of the matter, it isn't altogether reckless to gamble \$1,000 on the story-telling skill of Earl Derr Biggers or John Luther Long. Much safer than gambling on the whims, caprices, and literary judgment of the movie men. . . . One of my early experiences was with a producer who had a city on his hands. He'd built the city for "Romeo and Juliet," and his utilitarian spirit told him he might get another picture out of its necessary destruction. Would I provide the excuse? I worked a month devising a tale of cataclysmic trend, only to find that, during this time, a subway contractor had torn down the town, and our near-Nero had forgotten to mention it. After all, why should he have remembered? It was only *my* time that he'd lost!

* * *

Motion picture scrutiny and treatment of material submitted is not so careful, or skillful, or systematic as to inspire confidence in the author. At the risk of digressing, let me give two personal examples from a list that would complete this article. The Metro rejected a scenario, written by me in collaboration with Rennold Wolf, and called "\$500." Subsequently, The Famous Players released this photoplay, with considerable success, under the title of "The Evil Thereof." Within two months, happening upon the manuscript, the Metro returned it to us, commenting that "we find the enclosed totally unsuited to pictures, and so cannot produce it." To which we replied that we were very glad the story *had* been found "unsuited to pictures," since, "as it has been produced by the Famous Players, and proved one of the biggest features of their program, any other conclusion on your part would have been awkward for everyone concerned." An equally important firm screened one of my plays, omitting a third-act climax that was its only real picture material. I grouped a few new, and minor incidents around this climax, and, seven months later, sold it to the same firm! . . . It is upon close and expert attention of this sort that the author is asked to hazard his time and labor!

If you read the quotations in my first article you gathered that absence of credit is a factor in the author's disinclination to write for the movies. Augustus Thomas thought his energies could be "more profitably and *creditably* employed elsewhere," and Julian Street felt he could "make more money, besides certainly getting much more satisfaction and *reputation*, by sticking to magazines and books." In point of truth, aside from results achieved on the screen and the question of its recognized artistic importance, an author's standing is affected by a year spent writing for the movies precisely as by a year spent idling in the Orient. That is, he drops out of sight. And this is a thing no author can afford to do. The type in which his name is printed on the ordinary theater program is small enough, heaven knows!—usually the exact size of that accorded the man who made the shoes or furnished the wigs. In the average motion picture house there *are* no programs; if you wink you lose the "By John Jones" on the sheet, and these words would appear to have been sketched for the billing by that talented engraver who decorated a dime with the Lord's Prayer. The same

partiality for histrionic art shown in salaries is shown in advertising, and the motion picture author is almost as nearly anonymous as, after witnessing his picture, he might wish to be.

The folly of this practice, of course, principally reacts upon the producer. Movie men confess that they buy names. That is their chief excuse for the purchase of second-hand novels and plays. And why should anyone buy anything he doesn't use? The advertising that has been lavished on dozens of photostars would have created as wide an interest in an author—or an anticater! Nor is the average unadvertised author altogether lacking in the peculiar attraction artificially created for players and pickles! Magazine editors long ago discovered what the film magnates have yet to learn—that certain writers, like Rupert Hughes and Robert W. Chambers, lost to the screen, have a great following; potentially as great, perhaps, as that of Theda Bara or Francis X. Bushman. It is not only to satisfy the vanity of their owners that the names of Mr. Hughes, and James Oliver Curwood, and Meredith Nicholson are printed large on the cover of *The Red Book!* Or those of Mr. Hughes, and Mr. Tarkington, and Jesse Lynch Williams, and Leroy Scott over the portal of the Metropolitan! George Ade has the substantial nucleus of as enthusiastic a clientele as Mary Pickford, and Joseph Conrad, though the movie men may never have heard of him, is known to unsuspected thousands who never heard of the movie men. "Rex Beach Pictures," with no name displayed except that of their author, have pleased almost as many people as Pearl White and "Fatty" Arbuckle. "Manuscripts create stars!" says Thomas Dixon. "What's in a name is the amount of 'satisfaction guaranteed' it stands for. That which makes good makes money—author, actor, or title. Whoever heard of any of the players in 'The Birth of a Nation'?"

* * *

The questions of low standards and mutilation of manuscripts have been fairly well covered in the preceding articles. Movie men who read those articles with an open mind, and an honest desire to acquire what was worth while in an outside viewpoint, instead of with a pretty woman's petty resentment of a reflection upon her nose, know now that the best writers won't do their best to have it done over by non-entities. That Tiffany experts will not give their skill to setting a stone, and attach the Tiffany trademark to a ring, that is to be re-set by the Installment Jewelry Company of Jersey City. This in spite of what Willard Mack declares to be "a bromidic phrase taken down from the shelf, dusted off, and handed to each individual author: 'What do you care? You got paid for it, didn't you?' It's a soothing philosophy until you remember that 'Lefty Louis' and 'Gyp, the Blood' got paid for what *they* did—but that was not the end of it!" Even authors not yet recognized among the best are not inspired to their utmost by the reminder that they "got paid." A clever young woman scenarioist in Fresno, California, wrote me, several months ago, "I hasten to add my cry of 'Me too!' to the chorus already rending the air, and to enroll myself with the 'Never again's.' In one film I have seen, with agony, my quaint mother-character of the fisher-folk transported to an Artists' Ball in Paris, where she is made to look with perfect equanimity on her daughter turned Bohemian, and doing ultra Bohemian things! In another I have seen, with equal agony, a sweet little stenographer, whose only dark spot was that she lived alone and had no happiness

in her life, made into a burglar, and performing her burglarious acts in boys' clothes!" The better to see you with, my dear!

I have quoted from this letter merely to show that all the complainants aren't cock-sure, self-satisfied celebrities. Not because of a dearth of horrible examples. If we were going in for these—Oh, Lady! Lady!! Should curiosity, skepticism or a morbid taste lead you to long for horrible examples, inquire of Roy McCardell, who isn't a self-satisfied celebrity, nor yet altogether a novice at the technique of the photoplay. Meanwhile, as briefly as possible, we will make our point, and remind you of the general protest, by extracting from only two of the twenty-five outcries upon our desk. "My whole objection to them," says Harvey J. O'Higgins, "lies in the fact that whatever the writer writes for the movies the director and his staff rewrite as absurdly as they please." Under present conditions, Julian Street cannot regard work "for the movies as literary work. I should regard it more in the line of carpentry. I like to *write*—not merely patch together plots. I have sold one or two stories . . . and received . . . not more than a tenth or a twentieth of the price paid by the magazines in which they originally appeared. It was just a little extra dribble—velvet. I did not go to see the pictures. I didn't want to see them. *I know what the movie people do to stories!*"

I leave it to you if this is the spirit in which good work is done; the way to overcome a lack of "real interest," and to secure that whole-heartedness my friend of the sixty letters so ardently desires, and without which Willard Mack, and every other author who tells the truth, admits he cannot write *anything!* *The first essential to good work is that the workman shall have a chance to be proud of his work!* Giving him that chance is the quickest and most effective way of improving the morale and raising the standards in any art or industry! If you doubt that assertion, or think it only part of art-quackery, ask its inventor and manufacturer how much departmental pride he tries to assemble with the Ford Motor Car!

* * *

To avoid indifference you must inspire enthusiasm and confidence—not rest content with the chaos represented when the Authors' League, introducing me as the speaker at its Annual Meeting, said, "He knows as much about motion pictures as anyone—which isn't much!" Stop mutilating! Stop pirating! Stop stealing! Stop paying your actors an hundred times what you pay your authors! An hundred times as much to sit in the car as you pay for the car! Could you feel confidence in an architect who paid his office boys more than he paid his draughtsmen? "Plots Foremost, Says Laemmle! Universal Official Congratulates Brady on Stand Regarding High Salaried Stars! . . . Our organization was the laughing-stock of the trade when, two years ago, Bluebird came out with its policy, 'The play's the thing.' Soothing as the balm of Gilead to me today is the manner in which many film magnates are now chiming in with their, 'You bet it is!' The majority of them have learned that if you've got a story in your picture it's going to make money for you even though it costs less than \$10,000 to produce!" All right, Mr. Laemmle! And, if you're going to save money on what you say doesn't count—the production—why not spend some of it on what you say *does*?

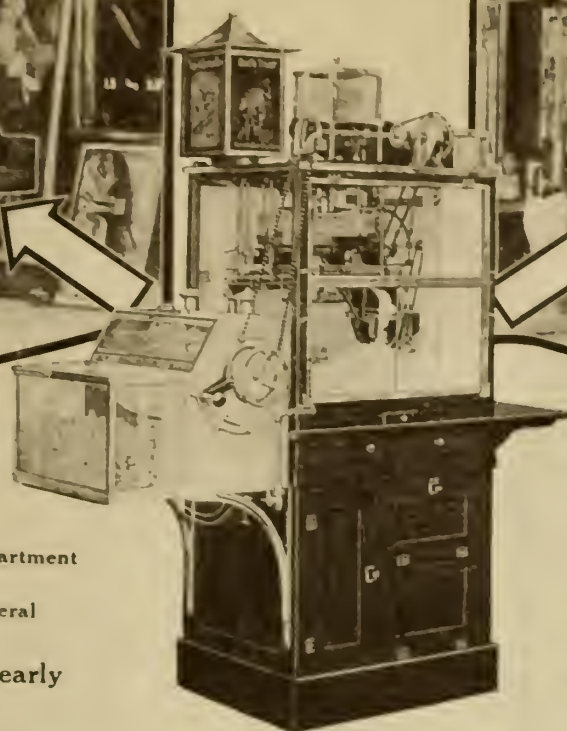
(Mr. Pollock's article will be concluded in the August issue.)



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Make \$600 to \$3,120 Yearly

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- Restaurants Florists Bakeries
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Make \$600 to \$3,120 Yearly

Pays Four Ways

In Stores, Theatres — Large and Small Towns

We don't charge you a 5-cent piece to estimate the money you can make in your location—no matter where—from a Butter-Kist Pop Corn and Peanut machine. Conditions ripe for enormous peace-time trade. Mail the coupon printed below and get our figures.

Motion Makes People Stop and Look

We purposely make our estimates low so every buyer will praise this machine as thousands do who are making \$600 to \$3,120 yearly from a little waste space 26 by 32 inches. Human-like motion of this little wizard makes people stop at any store. Read this —

Coaxing Fragrance Makes People Buy

People who come into your store today and every day—would eagerly buy a bag or carton of this savory, fluffy, hot pop corn. Why miss those extra nickels, dimes and quarters when an average of only 90 nickel bags a day means about \$1,000 a year profit?

BUTTER-KIST Pop Corn and Peanut Machine

Increases Sales of Everything You Sell

"Not only made 49,015 sales of Butter-Kist Pop Corn the first year," writes W. O. Hopkins, a storekeeper in Evansville, Ind., "but my magazine sales increased 97 per cent through additional patrons brought in."

Small merchant in Electra, Tex., population 640, writes—"Profits derived from Butter-Kist machine paid for machine in first 12 months and bought me a \$1,200 automobile besides."

See scores of similarly wonderful statements, proof of profits, photos, terms, and full details in our valuable Butter-Kist book. Sent free to business men only. Mail the coupon today. Learn of the big profits that men in your line—in towns like yours—even on side streets—are making with the Butter-Kist machine. Let us estimate the money you can get.

Toasty Flavor Brings Trade for Blocks

People can't get this toasty flavored pop corn from any other machine—the process is patented. Once tasted, no other satisfies. Makes the Butter-Kist store the talk of the town. Widely advertised in national magazines.

Butter-Kist has a country-wide reputation for its delicious flavor. People come from blocks around to get the real Butter-Kist.

Send This for Terms, Photos, Proof of Profits

HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. CO., 200 Van Buren Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

Without obligation, send me your Butter-Kist book. Also a New York Times, and a copy of your magazine. I will send you a 5-cent stamp.

Name _____

Business _____

Address _____

Holcomb & Hoke Mfg. Co.
200 Van Buren Street, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

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Photoplay Magazine

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 78)

in court, is pitied and taken to the home of young Gudmund Erlandson, who meets her in the road. Gudmund is betrothed to Hildur, the daughter of the leading man of the town. When, at a tea, Helga is discovered in the Erlandson household as a serving-maid, the self-righteous visitors drive her out. Later, Gudmund, in a drunken party, believes he has slain a companion found dead from a stab wound, and the slow-moving, intense study of remorse put over is really reminiscent of an Ibsen theme. Likewise the handling of the real cause of Gudmund's broken knife-blade is so adroitly masterful that though the thing is plainly planted earlier in the play—and you remember that it has been so planted—it comes at the finish as a crash of surprise and relief. There is no attempt at glorifying or beautifying the pathetic little peasant heroine, a role perfectly played by Greta Almroth, whom we might class as a Swedish Mae Marsh. Lars Hansson, as Gudmund, is a genuine duplicate of Henry Walthall, in looks and method. The photography of this piece is below par, considered by the American standard, but its settings are refreshing novelties, its story, while not speedy, has a steady and unrelieved drive that accumulates real power, and the acting is all good. Some of it is much more than good.

THE CAMBRIC MASK—Vitaograph

Mr. Griffith may or may not have set the fashion for stories about masked riders; but whether or no, there have been a lot of them since, and this is one of the best of them. In it the delectable Alice Joyce plays a stirring part; that of a woman who rescues her lover and husband-to-be by riding in with the mob of white-caps who are taking him to his death, and releasing his bonds at the final moment. Maurice Costello, who is coming back from yesterday more or less rapidly, plays opposite Miss Joyce. The story, a narrative by Robert W. Chambers, again proves the value of occasionally having an author when you are in the dramatic business.

AS A MAN THINKS—Hodkinson

Some producers that we know would have seen in this splendidly human play of Augustus Thomas only an opportunity to be smutty. Produced as it is by George Irving, it is worthy of the fine original, whose essence was spiritual rather than sexual, for Thomas' theme was the Scriptural truism, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." When Frank Clayton, publisher, goes to Paris, he takes along his wife, Elinor (we presume the ribald will remark that for taking his wife to Paris he deserved what he got) and there encounters Benjamin de Lota, an unscrupulous artist. De Lota is a two-edged sword in the Clayton family, for while he is endeavoring to re-interest his former acquaintance, Mrs. Clayton, he is engineering a flirtation between her husband and an artist's model. The upshot of this unhappy melange is that the recriminations which take place when he gets back to the States, Clayton, with the traditional back-acting conscience of one not altogether spotless himself, begins to doubt the paternity of his own son. Into this grave and delicate situation Augustus Thomas weaves the threads of his fine and saving philosophy of life, and the photoplay has preserved much of this simple reality and sincere idealism. Leah Baird, as Elinor Clayton, is the most conspicuous member of a cast which

enlists the stalwart services of Henry Clive, Warburton Gamble, Betty Howe and Baby Ivy Ward. It is a worthwhile photoplay.

CAPTAIN KIDD, JR.—Arcraft

This, the last of Mary Pickford's present Zukor enterprises, is a rollicking Frances Marion dramatization of Rida Johnson Young's play. One of the first essentials of successful comedy is that it be taken seriously by everyone concerned. If you



Mind Your Glass Eye!

IT might blow up!
Become convinced
of other curious and
funny things by read-
ing "The Squirrel
Cage" on page 49.

don't think the Sennetters take their absurdities seriously you're very much mistaken. I get the impression, on viewing these reels, that le grand Mary was just as serious as ever, and just as much a good actress, but that the play suffers because its director, William D. Taylor, considered it an inconsequential trifle. While, as I have said, Miss Marion rollicks ad lib, the script is not Miss Marion at her best. If you will hark back to Micky Neilan's "Miss" you may recall a substance even more inconsequential than this, in which we got the very ecstasy of laughter because of the utter gravity of the performers—and the super-gravity of the director himself! The fine cast of "Captain Kidd, Jr." includes Douglas McLean, Spottiswoode Aitken, Marcia Manon, and that too-frequently-seen young man, Robert Gordon.

GREASED LIGHTNING—Ince

About all I have to say concerning this rural adventure is "See it!" You can't afford to miss Charles Ray as the ambitious young blacksmith who tinkers Fords and the chariot of love by the same methods; nor his thrifty father-in-law, performed by Willis Marks; nor his cute calico sweetheart, demonstrated by a Wanda Hawley who is as perfectly darling in a kitchen apron as in sables. This entertainment makes no special demands for criticism, but it just shrieks for audiences.

BLACKIE'S REDEMPTION—Metro

I haven't seen all the Boston Blackie stories, but this is by far the best of those that I have seen; it is a well-told, tense, human narrative, with a lot of real sympathy, almost no unnatural "acting," and a believable finish to a crook story—which is, you'll admit, more than most crook stories ever achieve. It is, in brief, the tale of Blackie's redemption through his love for

Mary Dawson, and his almost immediate betrayal by "The Count," a thief who is without honor among his own. How Blackie escapes, is tracked, outwits the Warden and then doesn't know what to do with himself forms the rest and best of the account. Bert Lytell is at his very best, but he is no whit behind that pretty little comedienne Alice Lake, who has the stuff of a real actress in her ingenue head and soubrette body, and demonstrates it with vivid reality by her portrait of Mary Dawson. Henry Kolker limns "the Count" in admirable iniquity, and Joseph Kilgour, as the warden shows that in making a transfer from stage to screen he lost none of his mastery of convincing character. Also, this is the best piece of John Ince direction I have ever seen.

THREE GREEN EYES—World

Director Dell Henderson, in this play, puts forth one of the best World films in a long time, notwithstanding a somewhat banal main title. It is the account of a lost letter—a love-letter, of course—and finding it is a five-reel chase. It is particularly notable for its collection of practically all the World stars under a single tent of title. Here are Carlyle Blackwell, Evelyn Greeley, Montagu Love, June Elvidge, and Johnny Hines.

EYES OF THE SOUL—Arcraft

The simplicity of this story will commend it to all who have followed the gifted Elsie Ferguson through various complicated and amazing scenarios, but at the same time I think that the simplicity is carried a little too far; the story takes too much for granted. It is very beautiful and idyllic—Gloria Swann, a cabaret girl, is just about to marry Judge Malvin, when, in the Judge's automobile, she very nearly crushes the remnant of life out of Larry Gibson, a soldier, helpless as well as blind. She devotes herself to Larry, and, when he recovers the use of his legs, though never his eyes, she nurses him and woos him, until, in spite of himself, he marries her, and in his newfound vocation of song-writer and librettist presumably begins a successful career. Miss Ferguson manifests here acting so perfect that it does not seem acting. She seems to be doing nothing but playing herself—which may or may not be the case—in her sweet tender, sometimes breath-catching performance of the singer. Wyndham Standing is very fine and manly as Larry. In fact, it is hard to conceive any improvement in his rendition. But I do wish a little more time had been spent on the titles and inserts. The titles let down the suspense; the poetic evidences of Larry's wartime skill are sheer doggerel. The same thoughts could have been so much more beautifully expressed in language not a whit less simple and sincere if someone had only taken the time to change Larry's song as it appeared in the first form of the scenario—under the title of "Salt of the Earth," in, as usual, the Saturday Evening Post. This is also true of the scenario, in a way. Here is another case wherein an appealing and satisfying fiction story became, upon conversion into a scenario, more a sweet little fairy tale than a story of real life. However, this is beside the main issue, for "Eyes of the Soul" is kind and gentle, and will please many people more than the most artful drama ever penned.

ONE WEEK OF LIFE—Goldwyn

A rather astonishing story, this—of a woman who "takes a vacation" from the
(Continued on page 104)



NORMA TALMADGE
 "You may use my testimonial to the value of WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL."



ALICE BRADY
 "I consider WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL an ideal shampoo and can be used with such little effort and keeps my hair in a wonderful condition."



BLANCHE SWEET
 "I am pleased to endorse WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL for shampooing."

How Famous Movie Stars Keep their Hair Beautiful

PROPER Shampooing is what makes beautiful hair. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant. Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and runs it. This is why leading motion picture stars, theatrical people and discriminating women use

WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL FOR SHAMPOOING

This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product, cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it. Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage. You can get MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL at any drug store. A bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children

THE R. L. WATKINS CO., Cleveland, Ohio



MAY ALLISON
 "Of all the shampoos I have ever used WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL is by far the superior."

Photoplay Magazine

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 102)

fireside and sideboard of an earnest drinker, and substitutes, during her "one week of life," another woman who is her physical double. The piece is very well played, and is well directed. Miss Frederick enacts the unfortunate lady whose husband is really married to the institution condemned to die July first next—Mrs. Sherwood, and also plays with equal nicety the party different from her only by the lack of a mole on her arm—Marion Roche. Thomas Holding, as the bibulous Mr. Sherwood, is an alcoholic bear, and also, a bear of an actor.

BOLSHEVISM ON TRIAL—Selznick

It may be expected that the political topsy-turvy all over the world will find its reflex in the arts. Realizing this, I was not surprised at the title of Thomas Dixon's story, "Bolshevism on Trial," but I was surprised by the picture. Instead of a hastily thrown-together argument against red lawlessness, or a timid bolstering up of some of its gentlest tenets, I found a powerful, well-knit, indubitably true and biting satire. True, it is from Mr. Dixon's carefully written novel, "Comrades," but as a rule when people put propaganda on the screen they make large argument and small drama. Here, Dixon got a lot of argument and a lot of drama. I think that his finale is hasty, movieish and inconclusive, but the excellence of the body of his story, his exhibition of the stream of human nature running one way and the vain current of impractical idealism struggling in the other direction—this is so simply, logically and even humorously set forth that until it comes to his last reel I do not hesitate in calling the contrivance an absolutely masterful photoplay, one which may be seen with profit, not by the non-comprehending juvenile, perhaps, but certainly by adult audiences everywhere. Dixon presents with almost judicial impartiality all sides of his case. His brief for socialism in the first episodes, the exalted dreams of Barbara Bozenta, the altruistic championship of the young soldier Worth, are superb exhibitions in the very element of the socialist, wrought according to his thought-processes, couched in his familiar conclusions. The establishment of the red island, the parcelling out of necessary labor among 132 persons who wanted to be assistant managers, while not one volunteered to cook or plough, and the oligarchy of Herman Wolff, who gained undisputed absolutism by granting utter license to his "herd of fools," is absorbingly interesting because it is unerringly according to selfish human nature. I differ with the author as to Wolff's finish. I doubt if he would have sacrificed his dream of world-revolution to a nightmare of momentary

lust, but I presume Dixon chose to picture the terror to women as the best means of driving home the idiocy of the new lunatic anarchy which calls itself freedom. The body of this picture will make you laugh and it will make you reflect; it is a great cartoon of impracticality. Leslie Stowe, as the demagogue Worth, is little less than remarkable; in appearance he is an exact

but with novel settings—a lot of them real Chicago.

"The Unknown Quantity" (Vitagraph) Formula picture, somewhat redeemed by O. Henry characterizations, and Corinne Griffith's appealing beauty.

"The Delicious Little Devil" (Universal) You said it, when you spoke the title. A play which will ignite no arroyos but which, nevertheless, has Mae Murray in its title part.

"Virtuous Men" (S-L Pictures) A sissy title, indeed, but behind the title lies a rugged melodrama for which Ralph Ince, the director, may be chiefly thanked. E. K. Lincoln does well as the star.

"Forbidden Fire" (Reid Special) The butterfly life on that desert known as Sahara, with Louise Glau as the reborn moth. A large, well-made picture, of no special originality.

"The Tiger's Trail" (Astro-Pathe) That new serial, with Ruth Roland and George Larkin. If we started telling the plot, we'd be at it all night, so we won't begin.

"The Rescuing Angel" (Paramount) Shirley Mason, in a light comedy of Hawaiian beginnings adroitly handled by Walter Edwards.

"Pettigrew's Girl" (Paramount) A chorus girl and a soldier boy. Quite a story. Ethel Clayton and Monte Blue.

"An Amateur Liar" (Paramount) One of the latest comedies of that pair which, as a pair, will make no more: Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, enjoyable as usual.

"False Evidence" (Metro) Viola Dana, in a film version of Mary Wilkins Freeman's novel, "Madelon." A rather slight, transparent thing, well done.

"The Island of Intrigue" (Metro) Islands are always mixed up with romance, and stranded girls—somehow. This one is, too. May Allison is the girl and Jack Mower the

fellow who gets her.

"The Usurper" (Vitagraph) A somewhat old-fashioned comedy romance, adapted from a stage success of the late Nat Goodwin, and now featuring Earle Williams.

"Marie, Ltd." (Select) This is poor stuff. Considering some of the things Alice Brady has done lately—such as "The World to Live In"—this piece is trash.

"The Blinding Trail" (Universal) A North Woods romance woven for Monroe Salisbury in the deft hands of Paul Powell. The sketch contains also the unusual acting talents of Helen Eddy and the blonde beauty of Claire Anderson.

"Are You Legally Married?" (Thornby Productions) A freak title to draw in the nuts and the maudlin. Lew Cody and Rosemary Theby cavort through this satire on interstate divorce laws.

(Concluded on page 130)

Light and Shadow

By CLARENCE E. FLYNN

A BIT of sunshine and a bit of shadow,
And each succeeds the other on the screen.

They chase each other over hill and meadow,
Alternate triumph through each act and scene.

The smile and tear has each in turn its season,
The right and wrong their coronation day,

And foolishness contends for place with reason
—such is a play.

A bit of gladness and a bit of sighing,
A warm sun's beaming and the cloud-land's chill -

Each comes and goes the while the day is dying

From western hill to farther western hill.

So runs the tale as passing years grow hoary;

So will it be forever and for aye.

A bit of sorrow and a touch of glory
—such is a day.

duplicate of a socialist well known in all the forums of America—yet, I must say, a very able man and one who I believe is no Bolshevist. Robert Frazer, as Norman Worth, is admirably sincere, and Pinna Nesbit, as the exalted Barbara, has moments of the genuine fire. "Bolshevism on Trial," an extra still wet from the flying presses of our rushing time, is an effort worth while. Harry Chandee's subtitles and scenario are highly unusual, as is Harley Knoles' direction. I must condemn, unreservedly, the cheap, nasty billboard advertising which only misrepresents the play.

IN BRIEF:

"The Money Corral" (Ince-Paramount) William S. Hart, in a Western character,

ADAMS

The Quality Firm



MISS MABEL NORMAND — the famous Goldwyn comedienne, says — “I consider Adams California Fruit Chewing Gum the most delightful flavor and prefer it to all others.”

Mabel Normand

Miss Normand is only one of the many famous stars of the screen and the drama who find delight in the fine fruity flavor of Adams California Fruit Chewing Gum.



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THIS Cream, with its soothing, healing effect upon windburn and sunburn, is a necessity in midsummer to every woman. The easiest cream in the world to use,—no massage nor prolonged process—simply moisten the skin gently, morning and night, or at any time.

‘Twill cool and soften and freshen most delightfully,—keeping the complexion always attractive. Its economy is due to the small amount required,—only enough to moisten the skin.

The other Hinds requisites, daintily pink-packaged, may be had in sample form, or the trial sizes in a box, as described below. There’s summer comfort and charm for you who begin now to use these surpassing necessities.

SAMPLES: Be sure to enclose stamps with your request. Hinds Honey and Almond Cream 2c. Both Cold and Disappearing Cream 4c. Talcum 2c. Trial Cake Soap 8c. Sample Face Powder 2c., Trial Size 15c.

Attractive Week-end Box 50c

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Hinds Cream Toilet Necessities are selling everywhere or will be mailed, postpaid in U. S. A., from Laboratory.



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A. S. Hinds

Better Films Through Co-operation

(Concluded from page 84)

organization to obtain the results they want. These are asking The Better Photoplay League for definite aid in their screen problems.

The secretary of a city's chamber of commerce writes for particulars as to how to start a League. The history professor of a Texas high school also asks for information.

The editor and publisher of a daily newspaper which has been vigilant in its fight for better films writes, "I have been interested in your Better Photoplay League and I wish you would send me further details about it. I believe you will agree with me that better photoplays should always be available to patrons without their ever being subjected to embarrassment of indecency and offense."

A Southern preacher writes: "I shall be glad to have particulars relative to the formation of a branch of the league in this city. Anything that will expand the operation of the activities of the League in this part of Arkansas will have my loyal support."

The superintendent of public schools of a West Coast city writes: "Our schools have recently purchased a motion picture machine, and we are naturally interested in getting the best films available. We do not want too dry a program, but are willing to take the responsibility of educating the pupils and people to a higher class of picture than we have been accustomed to get in this community. Will you not give us a list of the unobjectionable films available in this Western country? Any suggestions you have to offer will be gladly received."

One of the appeals for aid follows: "I am chairman of the Civics committee of the local Federation of Women's Clubs, and we would like to know what we can do toward securing better films. I would like to know how we can be informed of the good things long enough in advance, so that we can help advertise a good picture." Here is an opportunity for the exhibitors, who, when they have a feature that appeals to the higher grade audience, should send announcements to the civic organizations, women's clubs, etc.

The librarian of a great city writes: "Will you kindly send us a copy of your publication entitled 'What is The Better Photoplay League of America?' and any other publications which you may have issued?"

A prospective exhibitor who wants to start on the "better film" plan writes as follows: "I am thinking of opening a motion picture show in a town of 1,500 with good country territory—one picture show here. I want to show good pictures, not the trashy love-sick line that is generally shown. Can you give me any pointers? Any information you can give will be thankfully received. It has been my idea that pictures should be educational as well as amusing."

The chairman of a parent-teachers' association on the east coast writes, tersely, "My Problem Town of 2,500. New 'movie' man opening up. I have gathered a committee from the clubs, Board of Education, etc., to consult him, asking him to have a series of cultural pictures for children, not strictly educational in the narrow sense; comics, etc., good child plays and such as rural children do not see, as city children can so easily. We want to be in a way to suggest pictures—plays—child plays—or a good year's program. Can you help?"

The head of the Visual Instruction Service of a middle western college appeals to the League: "A ladies' club in the city is interested in putting on a motion picture benefit, the proceeds of which are to be used in financing a woman's club convention in this city. We are anxious to get in touch

with some of the best photoplays and we will appreciate your assistance. We thank you for any service you can render us."

While "boosting" the wares of no particular company, to each of these The Better Photoplay League of America has given its best judgment and information, as it is prepared to do in the case of all who, banding together for the purpose of obtaining better pictures, decide to form Branch Leagues in order to work more efficiently.

PERSONS engaged in organizing Branch Leagues will receive the booklet, "Hints and Helps in Obtaining Better Films," on sending 3 cents in postage to The Better Photoplay League of America, 350 North Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

THE BETTER PHOTOPLAY LEAGUE is both proud and happy to co-operate with the Girls' Work committees of the Young Women's Christian Association. At the recent conference in New York City, a message was read from the League. Miss Gertrude Gogin, National Girls' Work Secretary, wrote in answer, "We were very much interested in all the material you sent and very appreciative of the greetings which came from you. We felt as a group that we wanted to keep in close touch with what The Better Photoplay League is standing for and is trying to do."

Miss Gogin and her assistant, Miss Etha Louise Buchanan, edit the Girls' Work Book Shelf, in which there recently appeared the article, "The Girl, the Movie and You."

"We must, as up-to-date, live workers with girls," says the writer, "understand the moving picture and learn how to make use of it. Do we know the names of the good moving picture magazines and the kind of articles they run? Do we know what The Better Photoplay League is and what it is trying to do?" **PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE** is especially mentioned as authority on motion picture subjects, and Julian Johnson's editorial, "To a Young Girl Going to a Photoplay," is quoted entire.

"Understand the purpose and work of The Better Photoplay League," the article continues, "and write James R. Quirk, President of the League, 350 North Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois, for further information." Study of the screen art is encouraged. "If we can cultivate a real appreciation of what is real art in a picture in the minds of the young girls of today, we shall do a good deal toward eventually bringing about better pictures."

"Some of you," the article concludes, "after reading this number of the Book Shelf may feel that we want to encourage the 'movie craze' among girls. **NOT AT ALL.** We simply recognize the fact that girls are thinking in terms of the things brought to them by the motion picture and that if we are to make results for them *constructive* and not *destructive* we must understand. To borrow the words of the **PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE**, it is time for us workers with girls to stop complaining and **ACT**."

A BRANCH of The Better Photoplay League is being formed in Kissimmee, Fla., by Mrs. Minnie Moore-Willson, the

foremost living authority on the Seminole Indians. Mrs. Willson has devoted twenty years of her life to obtaining a home for this remnant of a once stately race. With the passing of the Seminole Land Bill, 100,000 acres of their beloved Everglades was given the Seminoles in 1917, this much having been saved from "land grabbers" and private speculators.

Mrs. Willson is the author of "The Seminoles of Florida," "Snap Shots from the Everglades of Florida" (sold for the benefit of war relief) and "When the Boys Come Home from France" (sold for the benefit of the Red Cross). She is a devotee of the screen art, and it is a part of her plan to teach the Indians by means of films.

GEORGE BEBAN will make a nationwide tour the coming season in behalf of clean pictures, giving addresses at all the principal cities. Mr. Beban made a preliminary trip this spring, speaking at Oakland, Cal., Chicago, Ill., and Detroit, Mich., on his way to New York from the West Coast.

This is the first time in the history of the screen that a motion picture star has "taken the stump" in behalf of clean and worthwhile films. Mr. Beban believes heart and soul in the principles for which The Better Photoplay League stands, and he has proved this conclusively by becoming his own manager, in order to make only the sort of pictures in which he believes.

"Pictures lose nothing by being clean," says Mr. Beban; "rather, they gain by it. By clean pictures I do not mean necessarily the milk and water kind. Red blood, action, suspense,—it is of these that drama is made, and all these elements rightly belong in a good motion picture. The screen deserves the biggest, finest stories that can be written, and the finest things in this world are constructive."

Triumph for Better Films

A VERITABLE triumph for better films is the decision of the National Association of the Motion Picture Industry that henceforth all pictures produced by that body, which makes ninety-five per cent of the country's entire output, shall be critically viewed, and all objectionable features eliminated, before any picture is sent out for distribution; moreover that exhibitors who persist in showing films which have not been so approved will have their service discontinued, receiving no more pictures from the National Association. The greatest and most representative producers in the country were present at the recent meeting in New York City, at which these resolutions were drawn up, and condemned the exhibition of "all pictures which are obscene, immoral, salacious, or tend to corrupt or debase morals."

It would seem that the motion picture millennium were in sight.

It was furthermore resolved that the National Association urge the passage of a law by the next Congress amending a section of the Penal Law of the United States, in such a manner as to prohibit the sending through the mails of indecent motion pictures. The Association is unalterably opposed to legalized censorship, by states or otherwise, and hopes to have the Constitution of the United States so amended that motion pictures will be added to the recognized modes of free speech, which, according to the Constitution, cannot be abridged.

Yes!-hair can be removed without injury to the skin or complexion

*Explaining a New Method That
Makes the "Unavoidable" Growth
of Hair Unpardonable!*



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 many old methods, against which there has always been so strong a prejudice, definitely without place.

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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 hesitation, 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.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
HOLLYWOOD AND CALIFORNIA



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.

HOU DINI FAN, WASHINGTON, D. C.—Houdini would have a hard time getting himself out of the movies. He is with Famous Players-Lasky, working at the Hollywood studios, where you may address him. I am sure he will be pleased to get a letter from a thirteen-year-old whose humdrum daily existence he has transformed into a thrilling serial of escape from straitjackets, burning buildings, etc. I wonder if he can extricate himself from embarrassing situations? I sometimes wish I were an escape artist. Do I think there is one chance in a thousand of you getting into the movies? Just that, kid.

TEDDY SPANGENBORG, JAVA EAST INDIES.—The worst never happens—except in problem plays. The leading vision usually places one hand in the region of her heart and gasps, "How can I stand it; how can I!" but she always does. I should love to see just one drama in which the boudoir scene does not end to the satisfaction of the matinee girls. I may be very Russian but I do like an occasional infelicity in my entertainment. I'm no infernal optimist. We do not publish poems of praise of the players. I suggest therefore that you send yours to Miss Mary Smiles Minter, who will undoubtedly appreciate it. Thank you much for your good wishes, my dear.

TRESSA, CARIBOU, MAINE.—How are the dears up there. Tressa? Do they run from one or are they. On the contrary, tame? Which reminds me that a contributor sent me in a song which said that you couldn't quiet wild deer. I do not know. We don't publish fiction, except our fictionalized versions of screen stories; besides, no magazine would accept a contribution before examining it. Yours is entitled, "For Him Only," a story of the war. I suggest an armistice.

RUTH, MEMPHIS.—I often ask myself what some of our actresses would do in a suitable play, if they can sell the public in some such absolutely unsympathetic vehicles. Some of them, though, walk through their parts in a lackadaisical manner which convinces me that they are thinking only of that dinner engagement they may have to break. Bill Hart has written a book, "Pinto Ben and Other Stories"—have you seen it? He isn't married, he's in his forties, not fifties, and you may write him care his own studios, in Hollywood, Cal. Ruth Roland

was recently divorced. Write to me any time you feel so disposed. In pure cli, any-oldtime.

A GRATEFUL READER, LACENTER, WASHINGTON.—Not half so grateful as I am, Marie; I feel positively red and ashamed to take my salary after reading your letter. Take that either way. This is a Query Department and not a correspondence club. I'm awfully sorry; but you may write to me whenever you feel a wave of gratitude coming on.

M. N. B., RELIEF ALLIANCE, SCRANTON.—How helpful that sounds. What or whom are you relieving? I wish I could start an Answer Man Relief Fund. Aren't those relief things wonderful? How does it feel to belong to one? I haven't got a thing after my name but "A. M." I am a bachelor but not of arts. However—PHOTOPLAY greatly appreciates all that you say; our various departments are always open to readers. Frances Starr has never appeared on the screen and it is not likely that she ever will. Neither has Fay Bainter, so far.

BLUE JAY, N. Y. C.—Singleness of purpose? Yes, but it depends upon the purpose. That's W. E. Lawrence you're thinking of. He was with Fine Arts Triangle, too. Married? Herbert Rawlinson's wife is Roberta Arnold of the stage.

BILLIE, HOOPER, NEBRASKA.—I agree that figures speak for themselves—especially in the Sennett comedies. I usually sit through them three times—the first time to see it myself; the second time to read the cast and assimilate it, and the third time to laugh at the audience. Have you ever noticed how awfully funny people are when they are laughing? Mirth is one of the ugliest of all expressions. To be beautiful is generally to be immobile. Jack Holt is married but not to Gail Kane, who hasn't a husband. Sylvia Breamer is not married; she was granted a divorce some time ago from her husband, a theatrical manager in Australia. Robert Gordon was married in April to Alma Francis, an actress in musical comedy; she played in one of Mr. Eltinge's pictures that I believe was never released. I am not sure that straight features are necessary for success in pictures; I know that looking at some features I can't keep a straight face. Enough.

G. W. FOX, LANSING, MICH.—I am pursuing active inquiries on that question. It sounds well and takes up remarkably little of my time. If you come to Chicago twice a year to see such things as "The Follies," I'm sure you won't come to see me; so I am relieved that all your brickbats will be epistolary. There's no place like home—thank the Lord!

FRANCEZKA C., VIROGNA, WIS.—So you play the piano. I know a young lady who is supposed to be a very accomplished pianist but the other evening she played for fifteen minutes and never once crossed her hands; so I'm not so sure. I don't see why you are afraid to write to me. I am no cave-man; at least all my clubs are verbal. And I admit I sometimes sling a malicious metaphor. I used to see little Mary MacAlister every once in a while; she's a cunning kid. She hasn't been in pictures for some time now, since Essanay quit; but we hope she'll be back soon. I think she is still living in Chicago, with her mother and father. Wallie Reid is with Lasky; married. Hazel Dawn is playing now in "Up in Mabel's Room," in New York, a "legit." production.

L. D. D., AUGUSTA.—You say I must be young and patient to answer all those questions. Youth is never patient. I am not patient. You should see me when I get, in succession, one pink letter asking me if my good friend Wallie is married; one yellow epistle containing the query, "Why doesn't his wife play with him?" and a third, of a violent purple hue, wondering, "Why does he raise his left eyebrow like that?" Even my stenog fears me at such times. I have been known to take huge bites out of the dictionary—trying, of course, to find sufficiently scathing replies to such. I never succeed because I am so hard-hearted I kill all my ferocious answers. Pearl White is a blonde; I believe her hair is slightly auburn. Dorothy Gish is twenty; Norma Talmadge, twenty-two. Thanks for the "Happy Easter" I hope you had a perfectly ripping Fourth of July. When you get this the frost will probably be on the pumpkin.

DAVID S. H., TORONTO.—I do not mind being corrected; rather, I like it. It shows that I am being read. You are quite right; and you would, I've no doubt, rather be right than be Answer Man. Now that we are all *esprit de corps*—

NINE-YEAR-OLD, PITTSBURGH.—Of course I'll be nice to you. I am very fond of nine-year olds and never bark at them. My bark has always been worse than my bite, anyhow. However, please do not call me grandpere. You may write to your favorite girl, Alice Brady, at the Playhouse, New York; and it will be forwarded to her. I'm sure she'll send you her picture. Glad you like the movy-dols; they are lots of fun on a rainy afternoon, aren't they? No, Charlotte, I have no little girls of my own to instruct as to wearing their rubbers in bad weather nor to cut out movy-dols for. Some day I may adopt one. Write to me again.

JESSIE, NOKOMIS, ILL.—Nokomis is nearer. If you read these columns faithfully you'd know George Walsh was married to Seena Owen, who has been leading lady lately for Bill Hart and Tom Moore. They have a small daughter. Write to him care Fox, L. A. When you're a little older, Jessie, you'll learn that certainty is the least commendable of all the so-called virtues. Improbability is the most delightful thing on earth. Come again.

RUTH, NAPA, CAL.—Margaret Edwards? Ah! I have not heard of her in pictures since she played *Truth*—and nothing but the *Truth*—in Lois Weber's sensational—then "Hypocrites." She's a dancer, and I think she is in vaudeville now. Casson Ferguson with Little Mary in "How Could You, Jean?"

MARGARET D., NORFOLK.—Your comment has been noted by the editor, who is always glad to have suggestions. I'm not sure just what you mean by high-brow. Always, to me, it has meant someone with no sense of humor. There are, though, divisions of the genus high-brow; there are low high-brows, high low-brows, etc. I am a low-brow; I admit it. I like spaghetti a la Tetrizzini (Luisa, not Ella); lemon-cream pie; Ring Lardner, and I have never read a Russian novel all the way through. I like to read aloud and I simply cannot pronounce Stephen Vlas-toyregovitch. What of you?

CORPORAL GEORGE DONNELLY, TROOP B. 16TH CAVALRY, MERCEDES, TEXAS.—Dorothy Donnelly, of "Madame X" fame, has done other things since then, including the writing of several plays. I don't know her present address but you might try to reach her in care of the Actors' Equity Association, 1472 Broadway, New York. No trouble at all. You've written before?

KATHLEEN C., UNION HILL.—Not for anything would I be Wallace Reid. Having several thousand girls like you hanging breathlessly upon my uplifted eyebrow? Better, far better, my permanent situation. I know I'd never wear the same size hat and I couldn't afford to buy a new one with each expansion of my head size. Wallie, however, has borne up rather splendidly under the strain. Just because you're only sixteen or thereabouts and really curious to know I shall repeat all the Reid info I have: he is twenty-seven; born in St. Louis; married to Dorothy Davenport; has one son, Bill; and a good disposition—he always sends out his autographed pictures. And what more could a fanette ask? Bobby Connelly is just ten. Remember him in those Sonny Jim pictures for Vitagraph? He's corking in "The Unpardonable Sin" as the little Belgian boy scout.

L. G., BRONX, NEW YORK.—You ask me if Tom Meighan hasn't a regular military carriage. No; it's a Stutz, I believe. Mrs. Tom or Frances Ring is not appearing on the stage now, that I know about. Last but not least I'll asserverate that Tom deserves to be starred and doubtless he will be in time. Not *intime*; sometime.

HILL'S MILL, NEW JERSEY.—All right, Henrietta. If we had any photographs of Anita, Mary and Mrs. Castle around here you may rest assured the Answer Man wouldn't send them away. We have a good many in our Morgue, of course; but we do not send them out, as they are for Magazine purposes. If you can point out an issue of the Magazine when we haven't used a picture of Our Mary—Sure, I've got one from her but it's all signed to me and

Johnny Doughboy never answered my letter. And then, I haven't a chronic case of screenic Billhartitis. I should not say that your upper extremity was teeming with vacuity because you wish to know the color of Bill's hair. It's a shining burnished-brown. And for this I get a reward thus: "May your foot never slip, and your step never falter, till Bill Hart and I are neath the same halter." You are wishing me lots of good luck. Though at first glance it might not seem so. I am still wearing my sparse crown straight back; the last brand did not live up to the flowery label on the bottle. A rivederci.

H. R. T., PHILADELPHIA.—Some women think that every month has an "r" in it; they expect, also, to find a pearl necklace with a diamond clasp in every other oyster.

Women are so inconsistent, aren't they? But pardon me; you are a woman. Olive Thomas' new picture is "Upstairs and Down," the fiction version of which appears in this issue of **PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE**. Husband Jack Pickford's, "In Wrong." Wallie Reid, "The Valley of the Giants," from the the story by Peter B. Kync. Reid, Lasky's; Olive, care Brunton studios, L. A.

JEAN, MOOSEJAW.—At last! I shall vacation in Moosejaw. Friends and contributors—I ask you, have you ever heard so delightful a name as Moosejaw? But you spoil it all; you have first-runs up there in your james-overkyne country. Ralph Graves? He's very young; "Sporting Life" was his histrionic magnum opus, for Tourneur. He was, I believe, discovered in Chicago at a movie convention, by Universal and Violet Mersereau. He played with I Mary MacLane for Es-sanay in "Men Who Have," etc. Write to me whenever you like and I'll answer you. Something about myself? I do not wear spats.

F. L. M., LOS ANGELES.—Your letter was one of Life's Great Moments, for me. It is one of those things that I will remember; say, some time when I am feeling rather down, then a thought will strike me: "Ah—that letter!" and I will pick up my corona and go onward and upward, feeling that maybe, after all, life does hold something for me. Not a rave over Reid nor a eulogy for Eugene; but a beautiful paean of praise for the Answer Man, who you call a humorist. Glad you like what I have said about pictures and players; I haven't so much to say. "Stella Maris" was indeed Mary's star photoplay; and I liked, too, her "Dawn of a Tomorrow." Marie Doro is making pictures for Herbert Brenon, in England now. Please write again.

SYLVIA, LOS ANGELES.—Oh, I like the good old stuff. It's so pleasant to know just what you're going to see. Particularly am I attached to the wife-and-death dramas; I am likewise partial to the littlelordfaunterly who toddles in in the first, third, and sixth reel, finally to lisp via the sub-title: "I love my mamma and I love my papa and I want them to love each other." You know? And then the drummer broke up my rest with his contortions in accompaniment to "How Ya Goin' to Keep 'em Down on the Farm?" Isn't ragtime a revelation? That picture you speak of is, I think, "Betty of Graystone," an old Fine Arts Triangle with Dorothy Gish and Owen Moore. Yellow paper is all right—I use it to write on.

(Continued on page 136)

The Round

By STRICKLAND GILLILAN

SOMEBODY writes a tale that is not true; Somebody films it, as the filmsters do. Wise people read the book or see the play, Enjoy it, but with lofty smile say: "Nay! A clever bit, but it could never be."

Yet others, less in years and wisdom, see And thrill and never ask if it be truth, Then straight do greater wonders—such is youth.

Some writer reads the thing that youth achieves, Exclaims: "The nucleus for a plot!" and weaves A web of fiction with this truth for base. 'Tis published, pictured, sent to every place For folks to see. New youth observes the act And more than turns that fiction into fact. Thus round and round from life to film again And film to life proceed the ways of men.

all, and wouldn't do you any good. Write to her, care Brunton studios, L. A.; Anita, Lois Weber studios, Hollywood; Mrs. Castle, Famous Players-Lasky, N. Y.

WIT FROM WINDOM, MINN.—So you felt in a questionable mood and thought you would write? I hate to tell you that I question your veracity. You write such a sensible, respective letter, too. Write to Metro and enclose a quarter for a photo of the late Harold Lockwood. Write Norma and Constance Talmadge care Select, New York, enclose customary fee, and you'll get their pictures, I think.

THE ANSWER MAN'S FRIEND, CHESTER, PA.—Why don't I live in Philadelphia? I never thought about it; however, why should I live in Philadelphia? Sylvia Breamer, the dusk jewel of J. Stuart Blackton's productions, appeared in the war play, "Missing," with Robert Gordon. Blackton filmed this when he was in California. Gordon is again acting opposite Sylvia, now that he is back from war. Are film stars a whole lot like other people, except that they are stuck-up? No—made-up. Your other question is answered elsewhere in these pages.

ALMA PEARL, FRISCO.—I like you because you are one of the few human beings who dares to talk back to me, excepting my parrot. If you take an almost unholy pleasure in penning your epistolary effusions to me, why, I get out of it all the pleasure you put into it. I never thought I'd care to be called Donald, either; but I find it most pleasant. Your white-white paper is sweetly mailable, my child; I love pure-white paper. I have, indeed, picked at the coverlet oftentimes in the stilly night, but not because

Pompeian

BEAUTY POWDER



An Instant's Beauty May Mean Lasting Happiness

It may take but an instant to capture love—an instant of flashing beauty, of healthful, glowing color—such as the "Complete Pompeian Beauty Toilette" gives. The woman who knows this secret looks confidently into the future and sees only happiness.

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."

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.

Guarantee—The Name Pompeian on a package guarantees that the contents are pure and beneficial. The Pompeian Company at Cleveland, Ohio, will cheerfully refund the full purchase price if you are not completely satisfied.

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 Art Panel (28 inches long and in beautiful colors), and samples of DAY Cream and BLOOM for only two dimes. Many interesting beauty experiments can be made with the samples.

THE POMPEIAN CO., 2131 Superior Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio



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2131 Superior Ave., Cleveland, O.

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

Teal shade sent unless white or brunette requested.



Plays and Players

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

By CAL YORK

ADOLPH ZUKOR and Jesse Lasky are answering a question that has been asked many times during the last few years. They are filming the Oliver Morosco-Laurette Taylor stage success "Peg o' My Heart." Ever since Morosco first produced the Hartley Manners play in Los Angeles more than half a decade ago, film producers have cast longing eyes that way. Interest was added by the statement of Mr. Manners, while he had the rights, that he held the value of the story for picture purposes at a cool million shekels and would insist that his wife, Miss Taylor, play the title part. There has been much speculation as to

whom the title role would be entrusted ever since Mr. Zukor announced early this year that he had acquired the rights to "Peg," and no little surprise was occasioned by the announcement that the beautiful Wanda Hawley had been chosen. Tom Meighan is playing the opposite part. Miss Hawley has never been starred but she has played big parts in some of the best of the deMille productions, her most pronounced hit having been made in "You Can't Have Everything." Lately she scored in deMille's "For Better, for Worse." "Peg" will be directed by William C. deMille, who has refrained from any directorial work during the past year.

A NEW dramatic star is promised by George Loane Tucker when his independent production "The Miracle Man" is released. She is Betty Compson, long an ornament to Christie Comedies.

THE early-summer crop of weddings has kept Cupid busy. The latest romance is Robert Gordon's—yes, girls, he of "Missing," who married Alma Francis, a musical comedienne, at the home of the bride's parents, in Hollywood. They met when the bride came west, about a year ago, to play the feminine lead in a Julian Eltinge photoplay. The Gordons
(Continued on page 114)



You'll see a scene like this in the fourth edition of the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE SCREEN SUPPLEMENT. Little Ben Alexander is camera man; with the aid of his own imagination and Bessie Barriscale's good nature he is "shooting" a close-up of her for his own movies. Howard Hickman in the background is directing a scene for a real Barriscale picture and his camera-man is really turning the crank that means business.

A woman whose business it is to help other women in their search for true expression of their individual selves; whose joy it is in the use of line and color and fabric to show the world their best, whose knowledge makes me feel the more keenly the injustice that many of them are doing to themselves. I've known wonderful women, of lovely figure, of rare personal attraction, whose gowns I made in such a way that they only emphasized this charm, who yet, I knew, would fail miserably to make others feel that they were wholly lovely. They didn't seem to know that the odor of perspiration was destroying the effect of all my efforts, all the force of their own confident pose.

Blair A. Cincinnati, Ohio



False modesty has caused this subject to be ignored

Now a Fifth Ave. modiste permits us to make public her experience

"Being in a position to come in close personal contact, professionally and socially, with women of wealth and distinction," writes a well known modiste. "I have come to very definite conclusions about this subject.

"Until now I have had no intention of making these conclusions public. But recently I have come to feel that it is a thing to be remedied only by open discussion. If you feel this letter will help, you are at liberty to publish it.

"A woman whose business it is to help other women in their search for true expression of their individual selves; whose joy it is by the use of line and color and fabric to help them show the world their best, this woman comes to know other women. She knows their possibilities and their limitations, their ideals and the weaknesses that make them fall short of their ideals.

How many women are doing themselves grave injustice!

"And this very knowledge makes me feel the more keenly the injustice that so many of them are doing to themselves.

"I've known wonderful women, of lovely figure, of rare personal attraction, whose gowns I made in such a way that they only emphasized this charm, who yet, I knew, would fail miserably to make others feel that they were wholly lovely. They didn't seem to know that the odor of perspiration was destroying the effect of all my efforts, all the force of their own confident pose.

"They know that it has a real power to stand in the way of a woman's progress and charm. They notice the defect in others, but do not realize that others may notice it in them!

"I'm glad of the present crusade to make women know. When they do know, they'll act—just as they've done in every other great movement for the betterment of themselves and their world."

It is a physiological fact that the odor which is caused by the chemicals of the body is practically always present whether we ourselves notice it or not. Too often we do not notice it. No amount of soap and water, or powder, can correct this. And the underarm perspiration glands are under such sensitive nervous control that sudden excitement or emotion or embarrassment is sufficient to make them more active, and therefore to cause this odor to become more apparent.

This subtle nature of the thing we must face if we would be always at our best.

How fastidious women are meeting the situation

Fastidious women everywhere know that this 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. They use Odorono, a toilet water especially prepared to correct both perspiration moisture and odor.

Odorono is antiseptic, perfectly harmless. Its regular use gives what women are demanding—absolute assurance of perfect daintiness. It restores the skin glands to a normal condition, correcting the cause of both the moisture and odor of perspiration.

So absolutely sure when made a regular habit

Use Odorono regularly, just two or three times a week. At night before retiring, put it on the underarms. Don't rub it in. Allow it to dry, then dust on a little talcum. The underarms will stay sweet and dry in any circumstances!

Women who find that their gowns are spoiled by perspiration stain and an odor which dry cleaning will not remove, can keep their underarms normally dry and sweet by the regular use of Odorono.

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., 513 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

At all toilet counters in the United States 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 Author Sales Co., 61 Adelaide St. East, Toronto, Ont.—For France to The Agence Americaine, 38 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris—For Switzerland to The Agence Americaine, 6 Rue Du Rhone, Geneva—For England to The American Drug Supply Co., 6 Northumberland Ave., London, W. C. 2—For U. S. A. to The Odorono Co., 513 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

(Continued from page 112)



We refuse to be hampered by the conventions of the society journals who read from left to right at Piping Rock. Everybody knows that the small pajamaed and becurled figure in the center is Mary Pickford; so—skipping her, and reading from right to left: Charles F. Horner, Oscar Price. Price, former assistant director general of railroads, is now president of the United Artists Association of which Mary is a charter member. Horner is the head of the Liberty Loan speaking bureau for the U. S.

left immediately for the east, where their services are in demand—Mrs. Gordon's for a new musical production, Robert's as a J. Stuart Blackton leading man. Blackton signed a contract with Gordon some time ago; the actor's appearances for Uncle Sam delayed its fulfillment.

MABEL TALIAFERRO has been awarded an absolute decree of divorce from Thomas Carrigan. Miss Taliaferro's last appearances were on the stage, while Carrigan has finished a film version of "Checkers" for Fox. They met when Carrigan played *Prince Charming* to Miss Taliaferro's *Cinderella* for Selig.

FIRST NATIONAL has secured Charles Ray's signature to a contract which calls for Ray's services in six pictures a year beginning in 1920, when his present agreement with Thomas H. Ince expires. Since Ray joined Ince at the old Santa Monica studios at Inceville he has never acted for any other company. Under Ince's tutelage he became known as "the Wonder Boy," his performance in "The Coward" earning that appellation. Under First National Ray will have most of the say-so as to his stories and direction.

IT'S "Major Warwick" now. Right after Jesse Lasky handed him a long-term picture contract to sign, he received a notice from Uncle Sam of his promotion from captain to major in the U. S.

Reserves. Warwick's work on the General Staff of the A. E. F., over there, earned him his promotion to major; and it was his work in "Secret Service," the Hollywood picturization of the old William Gillette melodrama, that brought him his stellar contract.

IT was inevitable that it should happen so there won't be any surprise over the news that Lew Cody is to be starred. Louis Gasnier, who has been operating a studio in California in the interests of the Pathes, has undertaken to give Lew to the world as a star in the sort of plays which have made him famous during the last year. It is emphatically stated, however, that Lew isn't to be featured as a "male vamp" but rather as a man of the world—"well known clubman and man about town" as the papers used to speak of the chap who ran away with the other man's wife or stenographer. There ought to be a big demand for the Cody pictures.

MARSHALL NEILAN has been chosen by the First National Exhibitors to make big productions for them and he will have a studio of his own in Hollywood in which to make them. Neilan will start for the First National as soon as he completes his second Anita Stewart production "In Old Kentucky." It is said that the First National engaged Neilan after seeing his "Daddy Long Legs" with Mary Pickford as the star.

A NUMBER of the big film producers entered into spirited competition during the last month for the services of Mary Miles Minter, who retired from the American Film Company at Santa Barbara after a dispute over money matters. The company undertook to "dock" the little blonde when she wasn't on deck with the blowing of the whistle and she brought suit against that concern for \$4,125, the amount she was deprived of. Then she quit. The filing of the papers revealed the fact that Mary's legal name is Juliet Reilly.

"WILL someone kindly tell me"—as Richard Carle used to sing—why they have cast Rodney LaRoque as a villain? He was a favorite leading man for Mabel Normand and Mae Marsh, for Goldwyn; before that he was a juvenile for Essanay. It remained for Screencraft to discover dark talents in this hitherto irreproachable young actor; and he will be *Doc Sloan* in "The Trap," from Richard Harding Davis' story.

THE Griffith repertory season has started, in the George M. Cohan Theatre on Broadway and Forty-third street, which has been leased for the purpose of presenting the maestro's screen successes. In this theatre, one of the most desirable in Manhattan, Griffith opened early in May with the first of his attractions, "Broken Blossoms," the Chinese story with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess, which appears in fiction form in this issue of PHOTOPLAY. "The Fall of Babylon" and "The Mother and the Law," amputations respectively of the Babylonian and modern episodes of "Intolerance," are scheduled for early showings. In conjunction with his photoplays Mr. Griffith will show special pantomimes, dances, and epilogues to add color to the screen program. It was in the east that "D. W." won his earlier successes, with Biograph; and he has chosen Long Island as the scene of his present film activities. He is planning, too, another cinema invasion of Europe.

LIEUTENANT HECTOR TURNBULL, author of "The Cheat" and other Lasky successes, was married to Blanche Lasky, sister of Jesse, the producer, in New York on March 18, just five days after Turnbull's return from France. He enlisted in 1917.

THAT diminutive diva, Amelita Galli-Curci, perhaps the most modern of all the foreign personages in our opera houses, has decided to debut in the films in the tenth of the Stage Women's War Relief pictures, entitled, "The Littlest Reason."

CONSTANCE TALMADGE has signed a contract with Joseph M. Schenck, whereby he becomes her producer for the next two years. First National will distribute six Talmadge pictures a year. John Emerson and Anita Loos will write all the stories, continuity and titles and will have the general supervision of each picture. Emerson has given up directing entirely to devote all his energies to writing, in collaboration with Miss Loos.

(Continued on page 116)



Mabel Normand

In "Sis Hopkins"

In this funny film, Hiram, with hat in hand but in apparently no hurry, is being evicted. Evidently Mabel has not lost any of her early artful adroitness.

Goldwyn Picture

New York City, N. Y. Oct. 31, 1917
 F. F. INGRAM CO.,
 Detroit, Mich.

I do not hesitate to recommend Ingram's Milkweed Cream and Velveola Souveraine to all my friends. They should have a permanent place on every woman's dressing table.

Mabel Normand



**Ingram's
 Milkweed
 Cream**

It may be your problem to preserve the color and softness of your complexion. Or, perhaps you wish to improve your appearance. In either case you ought to use Ingram's Milkweed Cream daily, in the morning and just before retiring.

It clears clogged pores, banishes slight imperfections, soothes away redness and roughness, and keeps the delicate texture of the skin soft and smooth. And, best of all, its exclusive therapeutic property keeps the complexion toned-up and healthy all the time. Get a jar at your druggist's today.

Buy it in either 50c or \$1.00 Size

There is Beauty in Every Jar



**Ingram's
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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.

**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.

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"The Care and Feeding of Infants"

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Freckles

are "as a cloud before the sun" hiding your brightness, your beauty. Why not remove them? Don't delay. Use

STILLMAN'S Freckle Cream

Made especially to remove freckles. Leaves the skin clear, smooth and without a blemish. Prepared by specialists with years of experience. Money refunded if not satisfactory. 50c per jar. Write today for particulars and free booklet.

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Contains many beauty hints, and describes a number of elegant preparations indispensable to the toilet. Sold by all druggists.

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Plays and Players

(Continued from page 114)

FAIR-HAIRED Francelia Billington has been optically silent ever since her American appearances with Bill Russell; but we are to see her again as the feminine lead in "The Pinnacle," a new production now under way at Universal City under Eric von Stroheim's direction. The same von Stroheim who portrayed with such amazing fidelity the super-huns of "Hearts of the World" and "The Heart of Humanity." Wearying of his villainies, he has decided to be a director—and a good one.

HERE'S one that amused me. They are reissuing the Constance Talmadge picture, "Who Cares?" right now; and at a theatre where it was showing, a patron came up to the box-office. After buying her ticket the woman asked: "What picture are you showing this week?" The cashier, counting the change, replied: "Who Cares?" That's how the misunderstanding started.

BOB VIGNOLA gave a dinner party at the Athletic Club not long ago. The guest list was something like this: Mr. and Mrs. Charles Eytton (Kathlyn Williams) Blanche Sweet and Micky Neilan, Clara Kimball Young and Harry Garson, Pauline Frederick and Bob Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Louis and May Allison. You've no idea what fun the stately and gorgeous Clara is at such a party. Bob is a charming host, but I did hear he got a bit balled up seating his guests and almost got the husbands and wives together. Not socially correct, but shows he has a nice mind, don't you think?

THE entire estate of Sidney Drew is bequeathed to his wife, Lucille McVey Drew. The will, written upon an ordinary sheet of notepaper, was in the late comedian's own handwriting. The value of the estate is not given. It is said Mrs. Drew will continue to make comedies for Paramount, as soon as her affairs are adjusted and she is fully recovered from the shock of her husband's death. A comedian will be engaged to play opposite her in the new series, if the present plans are carried out.

MMARGARITA FISCHER is suing Harry Pollard for divorce. Margarita has been Mrs. Pollard for some years; he used to direct her for "American Beauty." He is directing Bill Parsons, now. Margarita doesn't want him to direct her any more.

WE wonder if Bill Hart is considering, at all, Walter Hast's inducements to return to the stage for a big melodramatic production, this fall. The producer has a play by Lincoln J. Carter, "The Stampede," in which he hopes to present the screen's western star.

MMARY had a birthday. All she got was a mink coat with a sable collar, a diamond pendant, a few emeralds, a canary or two, a saddle horse, and another year added to her twenty-four. Mrs. Pickford gave a party for her—a birthday dinner.

ERNEST TRUOX, the juvenile who is facetious without being fresh, will make some two-reel comedies for the V. B. K. company, which also produced the Sidney Drew pictures. Truox's latest for the films was "Oh You Women!" an Emerson-Loss Paramount production.



Since Robert Anderson played "M'sieu Cuckoo" in "Hearts of the World" he hasn't had time for a vacation. After he finished "Ambition," with Dorothy Phillips, he started work on the first of a series of two-reel comedies for Universal. So he bought a yacht instead of a motor, and now sails to the studio.

plans, in Chicago in the early fall. Several producers have been angling for Bushman's legitimate services, and a late report seemed to be that the varieties had won and F. X. B. would act in the two-a-day for \$2,500 a week. In this event his wife, Beverly Bayne Bushman, would not have appeared with him, as a most interesting event, we are told, is imminent in the Bushman household.

WEDDING bells were ringing recently for Roxanna McGowan, a former member of the Mack Sennett beauty squad,

MMOLLIE KING, the brief little blonde, has signed a contract to lend her presence to six King specials per annum, for the American Cinema Corporation. I think it is her intention to keep right on with her singing, dancing, and impersonating in "Good Morning Judge!" and perhaps also her appearances atop the Century Roof, in the Coconut Grove entertainment.

EDWIN AUGUST and Lottie Briscoe, in a vaudeville sketch, "Movie Mad." We can remember when movie fans were mad about these two, who never, to our recollection, acted together on the screen. This reappearance in the varieties may be the beginning of a come-back.

OLIVER MOSCOW has signed Francis X. Bushman to appear in a play especially composed for the screen star, to have its premiere, according to present plans, in Chicago in the early fall. Several producers have been angling for Bushman's legitimate services, and a late report seemed to be that the varieties had won and F. X. B. would act in the two-a-day for \$2,500 a week. In this event his wife, Beverly Bayne Bushman, would not have appeared with him, as a most interesting event, we are told, is imminent in the Bushman household.

Plays and Players

(Continued)

and young Al—or Albert Ray, cousin of Charlie. It was like this: Roxanna and Al were competitors for a dancing prize at a beach resort about a year ago. Al won. He presented his prize to Miss McCowan, won her heart, and, not long after, her hand. They were wed on a Sunday morning at Riverside's Mission Inn. Al is starring for Fox in a series of light comedies.



Truman Van Dyke is the only red-haired leading man in captivity. His hair is a nice soft brown on the screen. He played with Bessie Love in "The Wishing Ring Man;" now he is chief support of Marie Walcamp in "The Red Glove."

N. L. A., too, another divorce suit has been filed. Marshall Stedman wants a divorce from Myrtle of the films, alleging difference of opinion as to locale. Myrtle would rather live in New York, and Marshall in Los Angeles. They disagreed on this question two years ago, since living apart.

JUDGE FOOTE'S palatial home in Beverly Hills, the home of Los Angeles' ultra elite, which is now occupied by Pauline Frederick, was the scene of an elaborate and charming dinner party a few nights ago in honor of Miss Frederick's mother and aunt, who arrived from New York for a visit. Polly managed to get just the right people of course, and everybody was so congenial. The Tom Holdings were there (she's delightfully English), Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Ballin, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Louis (they say Bill had an unusually nice time), Bob Ellis and May Wilson, director Bob Vignola, who acted as major domo, Lew Cody, Jack Jevne and Judge and Mrs. Foote.

After dinner more guests dropped in to dance and Polly's mother quite outshone even her famous daughter in the execution of the latest steps.

Oh, by the way, did you ever try sticking a pin in one edge of a chair, then reaching your hand around from the front to pull it out with your teeth, without upsetting? It's a bit difficult, sometimes you do fall on your head, but it helps keep the party going when dancing palls. Nobody succeeded in getting the pin, I think, except Tom Holdings, and he's so tall and skinny he could wrap himself around like a snake.

As my friend the society editor would say, "A good time was had by all."



CORINNE GRIFFITH says:

"The Bonnie-B is the daintiest hair net I have ever worn. Its delicate invisible mesh keeps my hair beautifully smooth all day long. And it matches my hair perfectly."

Corinne Griffith

Get one of these dainty Human Hair Nets today. See for yourself how delicate it is—and yet how strong. The Bonnie-B is guaranteed to wear three times longer than any other hair net.

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With your Bonnie-B you will get a booklet "Artistic French Coiffures" by Cluzelle. New York's most exclusive hairdresser. It tells how to arrange your hair in new, most becoming styles.

Do not confuse Bonnie-B Veils with Bonnie-B Imported Human Hair Nets. Accept only in the Bonnie-B envelope money back if not satisfactory 15c each—two for 25c—white or gray, 25c each.

The Bonnie-B Co., Inc.

219 Fourth Avenue

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Bonnie-B VEIL



Look for the
Triangular Envelope

Plays and Players

(Continued)

"THE Red Serpent" will serve to reintroduce Cleo Madison to film followers. It was several years ago that Cleo was one of Universal's star serial performers. She now heads her own company.

MILDRED LEE, petite winner in PHOTOPLAY'S Beauty-and-Brains contest of three years ago, changed her name to Mildred Moore when she got a permanent situation as a lovely foil to Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran in their Universal comedies. Lucille Zintheo, another beautiful one and a winner in the same contest, is now Lucille Carlisle—it sounds better. And she is busy at the Vitagraph studios as leading woman for Larry Semon, who is Vitagraph's funny fellow.

AT last the prayers and petitions of several hundred thousand girls in our United States have been answered. Eugene O'Brien is to be starred alone. By Myron Selznick, producer of Olive Thomas' pictures, who releases through Select. O'Brien will make eight productions a year, with a leading person of his own; and according to report he is receiving as remuneration one of the handsomest sums ever paid a handsome actor.

ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN is the third star in the Selznick screen sky. Miss Hammerstein has twinkled all too rarely; "Wanted for Murder" was her last.

EDNA PURVIANCE appeared on Easter Sunday wearing a new flame colored hat, as a setting for her blonde hair and sapphire eyes, producing one of those effects that make plainer females insist that nothing so beautiful could possibly be good. Edna is entirely recovered from her attempt to park her big roadster on top of a telegraph pole.

MISS JOAN WARNER, the most important member of the H. B. Warner family, is getting to be quite a person, though somewhat handicapped by extreme youth. If you steal a peep into her perambulator as she promenades Hollywood boulevard on sunny afternoons, you will discover that fortunately she looks like her extremely pretty mamma (she was Rita Stanwood, you remember, in musical comedies) though there's just a suggestion that her hair is going to be red, like papa's.

IT is said that Henry W. Savage has definitely decided to put his best-known productions into pictures. The report goes that he has already handed over to a scenarist the scripts of "Pom Pom," "Have a Heart," "Little Boy Blue," and other stage successes for celluloid translation.

THE United Artists Association is angling for several more artists to join the Griffith-Pickford-Chaplin-Fairbanks combination. They are frankly out after Madam Nazimova and they would also like to have Norma Talmadge. Also they are still hoping to persuade Bill Hart to sign up with them. But Norma is to go with First National after finishing with Select, which is in November and Nazimova has more than a year to go with Metro. Hart remains on the fence though his contract is up in July. President Oscar Price announces that the "Big Four" will not have a picture ready until September 1, then there will be several of them—perhaps a Pickford and a Fairbanks—but surely one or more of Doug.

THE great tragedy of the Sunshine comedy will perhaps never be solved. It was the case of the missing negative of a comedy which disappeared from the Fox studio in Los Angeles and which resulted in the indictment of Henry "Pathe" Lehrmann. The indictment was dismissed before the case was called for trial and Lehrmann has started making comedies for First National.

MITCHELL LEWIS, the "Poleon" of "The Barrier" and Kathlyn Williams are to co-star in a series of feature productions. These two

ought to be a very popular team.

MONTE BLUE has recovered from a severe attack of pneumonia which nearly wrecked Lila Lee's latest. He became ill while at Truckee doing "snow stuff" and a hurry call was sent in for Elliott Dexter to take his place.

ALPHARETTE B. HOFFMAN, the Lasky designer and wardrobe mistress, made all of Gloria Swanson's costumes for Cecil DeMille's productions, not Peggy Hamilton as was stated in the clothes story in the May issue of PHOTOPLAY, "From the Skin Out." Miss Hamilton is not an employee of the Lasky studios.



© Underwood & Underwood

Mr. and Mrs. James Evans, Jr. Mrs. Evans was the former wife of Douglas Fairbanks, from whom she obtained her divorce in March. This photograph shows the newly married couple after the ceremony in the Church of the Ascension on Fifth Avenue, New York. Evans is a broker of Pittsburgh; Mrs. Evans is the daughter of Daniel Sully, New York cotton broker.



Personal Daintiness
is woman's greatest charm



Oh, the Relief!
of Knowing that
**Your Underarms are Normally
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Plays and Players

(Continued)

THE war-time romance of Ruth Roland and her Lieutenant husband Lionel Kent, terminated abruptly in a Los Angeles court. Ruth was granted a divorce from Lionel, who she alleged had "an unromantic habit of nagging." A specific charge of "mental cruelty" won Ruth's suit. They were married after Kent returned from service with the Canadian forces. Meanwhile Ruth has pursued her blithesome way in the serials, working now in "The Tiger's Trail," where romance is to be had, and plenty of it.

THOMAS H. INCE has decided to give the cinema world a new stellar combination in Douglas MacLean and Doris Lee. Both are very well known to film fans, Douglas as leading man for Mary Pickford and other celebrities and Doris as leading lady for Charles Ray. Their first effort will be a film version of the stage success, "Mary's Ankle." Other well known plays have been obtained by Mr. Ince for his new stars.

IRVING CUMMINGS has deserted the pictures for a while to "act out" on the so-called legitimate stage. He accepted an eleven weeks' engagement at the Liberty Theater, Oakland, Cal., to star in the "talkies" before settling down to a solid year's work at the Lasky studio.

GEORGE SEIGMAN, after a year's service with Pershing in France, has doffed the shoulder straps for the megaphone. He is directing Priscilla Dean. Seigman was a lieutenant in the signal corps. James O'Shea, who saw much active service in Flanders and France, is also back at Universal playing in comedies under Al Santell, another ex-soldier.

THE flu epidemic was followed by a matrimonial epidemic among the photoplay directors in California. Bertram Bracken, who has been director for Henry Walthall was married to Miss Margaret Landis at about the same time. Miss Landis has played on the screen for several years, her most noteworthy work having been done with Mary Pickford in "Amarilly." T. Hayes Hunter, pioneer stage and film director, now engaged in making Zane Grey productions was the third of the directors to marry. His bride was Miss Millicent Evans of the stage.

RAOUL WALSH and wife, *nee* Miriam Cooper, have a young son. He was recently adopted by the Walshes, having been orphaned by the Halifax disaster.

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG is the trout champion of the California picture colony. Catching the elusive trout is the beautiful star's favorite outdoor sport and she has caught the limit every time out. Miss Young is also an expert shot and is planning a big game trip for late fall. The PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE SCREEN SUPPLEMENT cameraman went along on her last fishing trip and you will see the result soon in your theatre.

IT is quite the thing that California should be the first state to enact legislation aimed at the business vagaries of the picture star. The Lyons bill which recently became a law in that state gives producers the right to invoke the injunction when a picture player decides to terminate a contract before its expiration, especially when the star's current production is unfinished. There have been several instances of stars quitting in a huff or a sudden determina-



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Plays and Players

(Concluded)



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Ask your exhibitor when he is going to show the Photoplay Magazine Screen Supplement—glimpses of the players in real life.

tion that they are being inadequately compensated, leaving in the middle of a production. The law does not apply to players receiving less than \$6,000 a year.

FLORENCE VIDOR, long a Lasky favorite, is coming back under the direction of her husband, King Vidor, the talented young producer of "The Turn in the Road." Miss Vidor retired from the screen late last year to devote her time to the family heiress, a Christmas arrival. Mr. Vidor recently completely a comedy drama "Better Times" in which Zasu Pitts and Dave Butler are to be featured.

THE "farthest north" record for a motion picture company engaged in the filming of a production is held by Nell Shipman's company of which Dave Hartford is director. In search of an unbroken vista of snow, the company went by train and sled 500 miles north of Alberta, Calgary, where they found all the snow they needed and a temperature of 54 degrees below zero. The cold was so severe that the negative in the two cameras of which Dal Clawson was pilot froze several times and two members of the company sustained frozen feet, one of them having to remain in the north and suffer an amputation of

several toes. The story is one of James Oliver Curwood's outdoor affairs.

LOUISE GLAUM has recovered over \$1,100 from Paralta on an action of alleged breach of contract. Miss Glaum's services were secured by Paralta on a contract calling for \$500 weekly. It was a case, according to the plaintiff, of not being permitted to earn her salary.

A PEARL WHITE SERIAL has always meant just that to the public, regardless of releasing arrangements. So the fact that Pearl White is now going to make her Pearl White serials for the Pearl White Pictures Corporation will make little difference to the devotees who have been following her hairbreadth film escapes for years.

ON May 3, at the Little Church Around the Corner, in New York, Mrs. Vernon Castle became the bride of Captain Robert E. Treman of Ithaca, N. Y. The widow of Vernon Castle, dancer and aviator, who died a hero's death at Benbrook Field, Fort Worth, Texas, in February of last year, recently returned from England where she had entertained wounded soldiers. It is believed she will resume her picture work for Famous Players-Lasky, under the name of Irene Castle.



The lady who is smiling at some particularly elusive orange which she seems wishful to add to her basketful, is Mrs. Sid Chaplin, wife of the comedian who sometimes appears in his brother's pictures, and who is Charlie's manager all the time. Mrs. Sid was snapped in the grounds of the Chaplin home in Hollywood.

Your Pictures!

(Continued from page 40)

film reports on the war, through its established systems of service.

But somewhere in the vicinity of the Committee on Public Information, as it is so widely called, a bright idea loomed up on the picture horizon like the Aurora Borealis dancing in the northern sky. That idea had already had an unprofitable tilt with the newspapers. It made something of a dent there, but it had bounced off, caromed about Park Row and Dearborn Street, back down Pennsylvania Avenue and back into its pocket in Jackson Place. The bright idea spied the motion picture, then a virgin field. It is no longer.

A vigorous young machine was put in motion. It began swiftly, taking whole floors in big office buildings in New York and Chicago, taking on armies of employes. The Division of Films, C. P. I., was born, a war child of the unwilling motion picture.

Not only did this ambitious concern of yours, the Division of Films, take into its own eager hands the American war films that the Red Cross had been distributing, but it also entered into arrangements to control the distribution of official British and official French and official Italian pictures of the war, which had variously been reaching the public. The monopoly was made as complete as possible, which was found to be exceedingly complete.

The film-news enterprises of the country were nonplussed, but the war was on and film must be had at any terms. The terms were laid down at a conference in the office of the Division of Films. The government had stepped into the film business. The motion picture news reels, or weeklies as they are known, were to get such war pictures as the Division of Films in its official beneficence chose to dole out. The dole was to be five hundred feet a week of film, duplicated negatives, to each of the news reel concerns. The price per dole was \$150.00. Meanwhile the Division of Films would assemble and put out a news reel of its own and war "feature" pictures of greater length from time to time. So it was.

On the quality of the film doled out no comment need be made, except to say that it was largely the left over material which the Division of Films did not find a place for in its own productions. As a matter of fact, however, the whole output of war film reaching the Division of Films was of such an average of sub-mediocre quality that one five hundred feet was as near a masterpiece of photography as another. Many films experts are tempted to hold that the few good war scenes made resulted from some annoying accident. Absolutely no precautions would have been necessary to prevent anyone from getting good pictures in competition with the government's film business. The Signal Corps must be awfully good at signals.

Whatever it was, the film news concerns got five hundred feet of it. Now five hundred feet is half a reel, or about six or seven minutes of your time when you are looking at pictures in the theatre under normal conditions.

In other words so far as you were concerned, if you wanted to know about the war from the regular sources of screen news, just like your regular newspapers, you were permitted to spend a maximum of six minutes a week peering at it through a knothole in the fence.

Otherwise, if you had time and luck, you hunted up the theatre which happened to be affluent enough to make a deal for the showing of the Division of Films pictures, including the Allied War Review, a part of the partnership arrangement mentioned a long way back, and the occasional official



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(Concluded)

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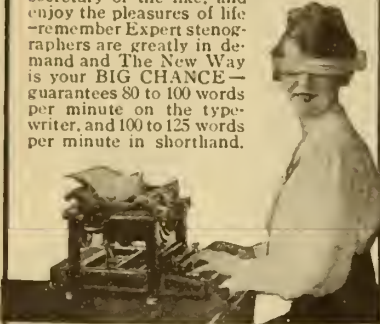
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war features like "Pershings Crusaders," "America's Answer" and "Under Four Flags." The distributing agents for the Division of Films pictures were in the deal on a commission basis and they were after the commissions. They went out for prices and got them. They had a monopoly report on the biggest story in the world and it commanded a price—which same price was passed on to you at the box office.

Forgetting for a moment the monopoly side of the thing, let us consider the element of service. Was it service characteristic of monopoly service? It was. Perhaps it was more the fault of the photographers, their commanders, and the leisurely censors of the films in the War Department, than of the Division of Films, but when the official war pictures got on the screen they could certainly be classed as old if not old masters of history. The War Department was safe. There was not the remotest possibility that any of the pictures shown could give "aid and comfort to the enemy," or to anyone else. In the observation of the writer the record for speed in official pictures was established on the films of the battle of Cantigny, which were released to the news reels within something like six weeks of the battle. Of course those pictures were not permitted to be identified as of the battle of Cantigny for the benefit of the public. Some friend of the enemy's might have seen them and wired him what battle he had been fighting.

Mostly the war pictures were of a vintage flavor and the screen offerings of this film concern of yours had the same zest, pep and general news and artistic merit as that other great government publication the Congressional Record. If the Congressional Record was the only thing you could get to read it probably would enjoy a working circulation of larger scope. However, the Congressional Record has no news monopoly.

The Allied War Review had the merit of excellent laboratory work and some charming Alpine scenery. It was compiled rather impartially from British, Italian, French and also American war negative.

Remarkably, perhaps, at the exact moment when the armistice came and it appeared that the profits on war pictures would not be so alluring the Division of Films began to wane in activity. It seems that it had no especial obligation of serv-

ice to its public, none to those whom it had deprived of the usual and previously established screen news service. Business is business, of course.

The greatest diplomatic event in history, the Peace Conference at the Quai d'Orsay, has been utterly unchronicled as far as any adequate motion picture representation is concerned. Here was a scene for the masters, if ever there was one. The government might have commanded a Griffith, a Blackton, a DeMille, to take this in charge, and the men named would have been glad to go. But there was no such order issued—no permissions, even!

Most all activities were suspended by this film concern of yours and the news reel concerns were left to go hang as far as sources of official film news of the Peace Conference and the armistice areas were concerned. Ignoring any possible obligation to the interests of the news reels, what about the grand old American public?

As a result of all this, no armistice pictures were released to the public, from November to the middle of April, and then only in connection with the Victory Loan Drive. It chanced that the men engaged in promoting the loan hit on the notion that the recent pictures from the war zone in peace making times would be of sufficient interest to help sell the government's notes.

Meanwhile some thousands, probably hundreds of thousands of feet of film reports on the war that the American public is thoroughly entitled to see have been growing stale with time in the vaults of the army in France and in Washington.

A certain stir in political activity, aimed in support of the policies of the administration, promising to set some of this dormant film into circulation, come into evidence as this article is written. Meanwhile there come rumbling up from Washington, just barely audible to an ear trained to the whispers of the grass roots, the awakening of an opposition which presently will cry that war film shall not be made political propaganda.

The great battle for the control of the screen in the political wars of the coming campaign impends, also now it is that proverbial cloud no bigger than a man's hand. Anyway Mr. John R. Public, your Division of Films was not preserved as a weapon in that battle. Business is business.

Chaplin in the Kentucky Hills

CHARLIE—to say nothing of Doug, Mary, Bill, Norma, and the rest of the bunch—has done lots of people lots of good, but it is only recently that he has been putting sunshine into the lives of the Kentucky backwoods people. Well, anyway—in the fastnesses of those very hills where they used to moonshine and feud and everything, the mountaineers are going to the movies for their recreation, deciding, after one glimpse of Mary that it beat shooting things up all hollow. At the Recreation Building at Jenkins, Ky., a town which was built in the mountains by the Consolidation Coal Company, there is a screen where the films that arrive after a week on the road by mule-back post, are unreeled before the wondering gaze of the natives.



Shrinking the World

(Continued from page 48)

appeared more striking in proportion to the appreciation of the living and working conditions of theatre audiences abroad.

In your imagination you are now taking a tour and have absorbed successfully the social atmosphere of the people who seek their amusement in the motion picture, in London, Lyons, Marseilles, Venice, Naples, Athens, Bombay, Allahabad, Singapore, Canton or Tokyo. The middle class people going into the theatre are dressed differently from Americans. They have come from different kinds of homes; they have worked all day in different shops. Even the tilling of their fields has been different and they have been surrounded by age-old limitations which have become fixed and inexorable. You must translate yourself into their habits of mind to understand the influence of the American film on the screen before you. Otherwise, the effects are lost. Remember that this American drama, comedy, educational or news pictures making up the programme will be succeeded week after week by others.

Now listen to the comments:

It is a western frontier story featuring William S. Hart or William Farnum: "That great valley runs out into the distance, and is evidently for nothing but grazing."

"See those herds and masses of horses!" "What a vast disorderly forest. They do not gather the wood and twigs. It certainly was not planted by hand."

"That village appears to be scores of miles from anywhere. How much land they have!"

It is a home picture, with Marguerite Clark. The setting is middle class. "See the home she lives in. Do her family have it all?" "What are those comfortable projections over the front door? The sub-title calls them porches." "Is it possible a working family has all that furniture? There is a piano!" "They have a separate room to eat in with white table cloth, plenty of crockery and silver." "How comfortable the kitchen is!" "Why, they go upstairs to bed!" "How much money they must have for clothes!" "Did you see the house behind for the automobile?" "Did you see all the pictures, books and magazines around the room? Surely this cannot be a working family!" "Did you notice all the children going to school? Everybody must be educated." "The school isn't part of the church!" "That boy is going to college! There seem to be chances for everyone!"

The picture is taken on a farm with Mary Pickford or Charles Ray. "They do not plow the edges of the field!" "Evidently they own the whole valley instead of our little leased field!" "They use machinery for sowing and cultivating, and now they are reaping and threshing with one man to direct the machinery!" "Even the cattle and the horses have a separate home of their own!" "Those workmen at the table evidently regard themselves as equal to the master!" "Farmers have automobiles!" "Where are the castles or the country homes? He must own this farm instead of leasing it from the lord!" "They turn their cattle to graze on great fields instead of driving them daily to the rocky hills and mountain tops!" "See that great field full of fruit trees! Why do they not grow them on the walls and not waste good farm lands?"

The last picture is a drama of the city, and is full of different kinds of people. "The people are just the same as we are and yet how different!" "Perhaps my cousin is in that street scene!" "They are all law-abiding and yet there is little evidence of offi-

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Shrinking the World

(Concluded)

cers of the law!" "Everyone looks into the eyes of the others and regards himself as an equal!" "They are not afraid!" "Their faces show they are from all races, and yet they make a new race! How surprising!" "The women move around freely by night as well as by day and seem to suffer no indignities from men!" "Everyone appears to receive an education!" "There are all kinds of people, high and low, and they seem to think that work is an honor!" "The officials of the government are not surrounded with pomp, out-riders and protectors!" "There is their president walking down the street at the head of the Red Cross carrying a flag and dressed like the people on the edge of the street! He has no guards, yet he is not afraid!"

If you have caught the spirit of these people and their eager comments you are convinced, without argument, that there is developed a discontent with things as they are. These people want something similar to the freedom and independence of American democracy. The American film is like a breeze from off the mountains, full of the spirit of freedom, redolent with independence, picturing the shifting of people from grade to grade on the basis of their own efforts and telling of sturdy self-reliance!

* * * *

Inevitably there have been some ideas about American customs presented which were false or highly colored. The European has had many naive opinions about the United States which are not easily changed. He does not always recognize that the Indians have ceased to attack the border settlements and scalp the whites; that cowboys do not ride with a belt full of revolvers and shoot up towns; nor that the trapper has ceased to gather his pelts and furs along the Ohio and Mississippi. Some of the pictures have confirmed these notions but they are neutralized and transformed by other films until something that approximates the truth is gained. In Great Britain, at least, the people patronize the motion picture sufficiently to obtain a number of ideas in the course of a year. In that country during twelve months, in 1916 and 1917, there were no less than 1,075,875,000 in attendance at motion picture shows. This was in a country with a population of 50,000,000, so that, during the one year, every person could have attended on an average of 21 times.

While it is unquestionably true that European films had a wide circulation before the war, the findings of the Cinema Commission of Great Britain in 1917 would indicate that production of motion pictures stopped almost immediately after August, 1914. Upon questioning by one of the members of this commission, a witness, Mr. Hepworth, replied as follows to the question: "What is the proportion, roughly, of films made in this country, compared with films made in America?" "I should say 5 per cent would be very optimistic. Eighty-five per cent American, 5 per cent English and 10 per cent various." Mr. Lambert, one of the committee, then said, "I doubt if there is 10 per cent outside of America!" The Rev. Carey Bonner said, "I take it that the Cinematograph theatres in Great Britain are really running 00 per cent of American film?" "Quite 00 per cent."

* * * *

The exhibition of American dramatic films abroad was accelerated by the war, when European production diminished almost to the vanishing point. But for some years before August, 1914, the exportation of films from America was large. The figures at hand are 80,000,000 feet in 1912; 185,000,000

feet in 1914; 199,000,000 in 1915. During the months from January to July in 1916, 114,500,000 feet were sent to the nations of the world: for the year, a total of 224,518,880 feet or 42,000 miles: for the six months, 71,500,000 to Great Britain or 121,538,000 for the year: 14,000,000 for six months to France, or 16,286,000 for the year. For six months, 7,000,000 to Italy, and 3,500,000 to Australia. In 1918 for the first six months there were exported 50,000,000 feet even under the war embargo; these included 2,700,000 to Argentina, and 1,600,000 to Brazil. These American pictures constituted nearly the total new dramatic subjects which were used in these countries during war times. Wrapped up in these stories there were a series of impressions regarding American life which were slowly moulding the minds of the people in the war-stricken, allied and neutral countries.

* * * *

Early in the war, the Committee on Public Information recognized the importance of the use of the motion picture in spreading ideas of democracy to the allied and neutral countries. They called up on the manufacturers and exporters of motion pictures to select those subjects which would present clear-cut ideas of American institutions. This was publicity consciously directed by government officials who understood something of social psychology. The plan was undertaken too late to introduce many American subjects with American ideas into Russia. Had the plan of the committee been inaugurated before the war, and during the period of Russian successes, there is little doubt but that the story of political Russia would have been vastly different. Unable to read, suspicious of foreign speakers and ignorant of the orderly processes of democracy, the Russian became an easy prey to demagogues.

Since the signing of the armistice on November 11, 1918, the diplomats and statesmen of the Allies have discovered that the rank and file of the people of their countries understand American folk-ways. They show a surprising respect for the institutions which have been worked out by democratic experience, and reveal an admiration for the details which solidified into powerful assistance against Germany. The motion picture has assisted in making clear the habits and customs of America; so ignorance, mystery and suspicion, which lead to fear, have given way to tolerance, sympathy and trust, as a result of knowledge.

The situation has now come to a dramatic climax in the peace conference at Versailles. The representatives of the world are to decide, not only about the future of Germany, but the formation and territorial limitations of new European nations. President Wilson has undertaken to make an appeal to the common people of Europe. His reception has clearly demonstrated that the popular sentiment is in favor of the democratic position of America.

For years our motion pictures have spoken to them of conditions in the United States which have been the dream and the far-off ideal of the common people of Europe. They have gone past the capitols, the parliaments, the statesmen, the intellectuals and the aristocrats, straight to the people themselves. In these years of the beginnings of the rule of the people in Europe there is no better way of giving information than through the picture. It can easily inform them of our failures and successes, and of the principles we have fought by bitter experience and constant vigilance. America has a message for the world! It may still save the world, and the sword may well give way, not only to the pen, but to the picture!

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IN "THE JEWEL"

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 FIGURE
 A

USE
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FOLD

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USE
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Photo by courtesy Milford Theatre, Chicago

AT LAST!

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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

The Ages of Mary

(Concluded from page 90)

have carried her audience before her with the racking power of her interpretation in "Madam X" if she had tried to keep the pretty, well groomed charm of the first act all through?

"No one can be a great actress without study. Does any sensible person believe that the mere reading of a script a couple of times, a few directions and rehearsals, are sufficient preparation for good—to say nothing of great—acting? My work on a part begins the minute the script is handed to me, and goes on until the first picture is shot. In that time I live every hour with the part. I study her from every angle. I try to get at the very heart of her. I think as she would think about everything in the world. I try to understand and acquire her moral fibre, her attitude toward death, sorrow, joy, love, birth, ambition. Then the actual taking of the picture is the smallest part. Whatever is to be done in the incidents of the story is easy, because I am simply that woman, moving through certain phases of life.

"But the appreciation accorded these flashes should prove an object lesson. Blanche Sweet in 'The Unpardonable Sin' is responsible for one of the finest bits of work the pictures have ever produced. Did it occur to you in watching it that you never confused the two sisters, both of whom Miss Sweet played? And this was achieved without any difference in physical make-up, such as Mary Pickford used in 'Stella Maris.' Mae Marsh has shown super-human touches of realism, as in the courtroom scene from 'Intolerance.' Miss Pickford has given the most thoroughly artistic, finished performances of any actress. Theodore Roberts, without question the greatest actor on the screen, and next to John Barrymore, on the stage likewise, has shown us what can be done with picture acting.

* * *

"People have been very kind in saying nice things about my work, and particularly just now in 'The Unpardonable Sin.' Yet I have fought against seemingly unconquerable odds because I did not answer the screen standard of beauty. The only parts for me, because I am not an ingenue and can act, have seemed to be mothers. Yet I came inside the first draft. I have played mothers to men old enough to be my father. Even then, many producers are afraid to try me because I am young and small. They think I am too small to dominate scenes, but that is purely a matter of mental force. I love the eternal mother quality, but I should like to play something a bit younger.

"Directors are beginning to realize that the public is tired of dolls in doll parts and doll plays. The real comedian, like Constance Talmadge, is different of course. But people are demanding something they can set their teeth in. And as the theory that all an actress has to do in pictures is look, is exploding, the director is coming into his own. Naturally a director can work better with actors and actresses. But he has been afraid before to let an actress develop a scene for herself. He has actually told her when to raise her eyelids.

"I have worked under many famous directors and of them all I consider Maurice Tourneur the greatest—the most capable of producing great acting. He is a man of great culture, widely read, of deep understanding and enormous intellect. He is perhaps not so easy to get in touch with, because he is extremely quiet and reserved, but once the point of sympathetic contact is established, he is an inspiration as well as a commander. He knows what acting is

and he is a craftsman able to attain any end. His grasp of scenes, his comprehension of character, his dramatic instinct, are such that his work cannot fail to approach perfection.

"Marshall Neilan, who directed 'The Unpardonable Sin' is the genius type. He actually has the divine spark—the Irish warmth and emotion. But Richelieu are not developed in ten years and as yet Mr. Neilan has not the stability necessary to consistent greatness. I don't doubt that this will come, for I have seen him direct single scenes with more beauty and force than any other director.

"Of Mr. Griffith as a director it is difficult for me to speak, as I believe it is for all who worked under him in the old days. He had such a beautiful personality; he was so kindly, so charming, so magnificent in his humanity, that we all loved him devotedly. He never forgot about you and your trouble and joys. It was through this love that he inspired supreme effort from every person in his organization.

"But, to be analytical, I should say that Mr. Griffith possessed the same genius that has enabled Rockefeller to dominate the financial world—the genius of selection. He could unerringly select the persons best fitted to do a thing and then make them do it better than they knew they could, by his appeal to their affection and respect. Look at the organization he gathered around him in the old Biograph company—an organization that has never been equalled in pictures, unless it be in deMille's company at present. Look at the material he had—the Barrymores; Claire McDowell, a splendid actress; Daddy Miller, internationally famous as *King Lear*; Henry Walthall—already a success. He molded them as a sculptor molds clay, it is true—but he had good clay.

"John Emerson possessed an inexhaustible fund of tact. This made him delightful to work with. Never shall I forget the making of 'Macbeth' with the late Beerbohm Tree. Dear old Sir Herbert never got the picture angle and insisted on speaking his lines. He would get half way through a scene before the camera, forget his words, clap his hand to his forehead, call for the book—and the scene was ruined. I really believe no one but Mr. Emerson, with his patience and wisdom could ever had got through that picture.

"Allan Dwan was a joy. He knew exactly what he wanted and when he wanted it. He knew just what could be done, when to do it and how long it would take. He had every scene mapped out the day before and there was no delay when he was in charge. He was capable, practical, vigilant and self-contained in the extreme.

"The most temperamental of them all was Jack O'Brien. He got some fine results, but it's a wonder we didn't all land in Matteawan.

"I adored the late Joe Kauffman. He played all the parts and did more work than the whole company put together. He would play three parts at once to illustrate a scene and I can see him now, jumping back and forth, waving his arms, tearing his hair, crying or laughing as the case might be."

"She paused to smile, reminiscently. 'I have never worked under deMille. I hope I shall some day.

"I left pictures for a year. I found I was losing my sense of humor. Now that I'm back I have a new perspective. The pictures are taking off their swaddling clothes. The experimental stage is over. The transition period through which we are going now is a difficult one of course, but it actually means only that we have learned our lessons and are seeking and establishing our remedies."



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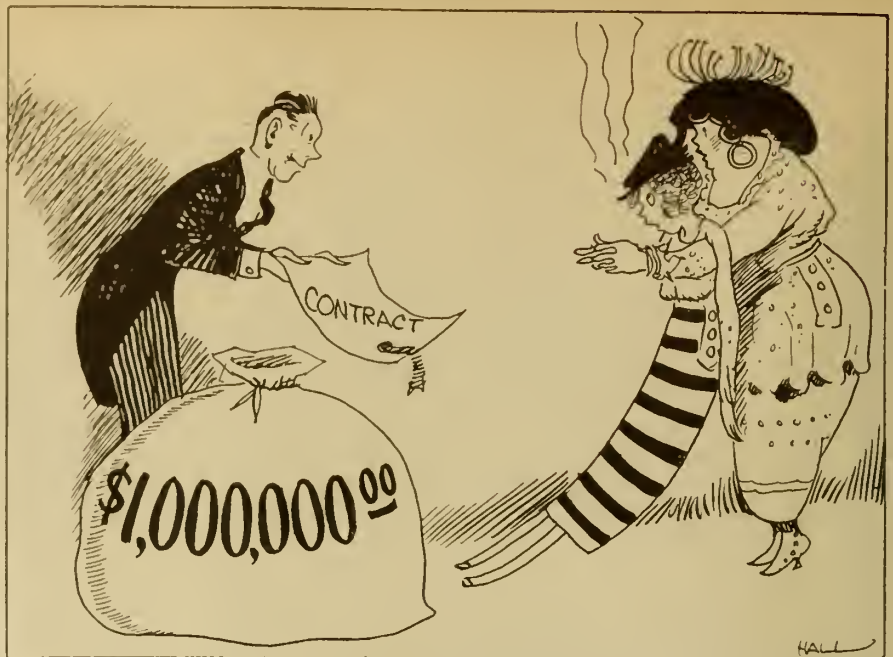
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"How would you like to be a movie actress?" he asked. I fainted

Glorious Gossamar

or, the thick tale of a thin life

Made grammatical by DELIGHT EVANS

ASKED to tell the Story of My Life for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, I must confess a reluctance, natural, I suppose, in one of my temperament, to open to the Public the chapters of my Life which seem to me to be almost sacred. Besides I do not like to talk about Myself. My mother, whose loving care and hawk-like vigilance have brought me to the position I occupy today—that of the Foremost Emotional Actress on the Screen, with a palace in Hollywood and half a dozen cars and my Own Company and still that shy frightened look in my clear eyes—Mama, I say, tells me almost every day, "Gossamar," she says, "Gossamar, it is wonderful that, with all this adulation, you are still your sweet, unspoiled Self." "Mama," I invariably reply, "I know it." So you see, my friends out there in the audience, that I am making a sacrifice for you. All the sacrifices I have

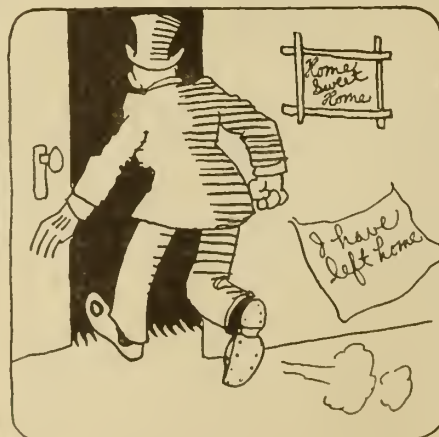
made for my Public before are as nothing to the sacrifices I am making for you now.

First, to explain quite clearly the unique circumstances which led to my pursuing an artistic Career, we must go back several generations. My mother's mother was in the Perfumes at Black and Black's in Brooklyn and she fell in love with and married young Harold Butts, of the Silks. One of the first things they bought for their New Home was The Complete Works of F. Marion Crawford. I have never read these great books but I am sure that their influence had a great deal to do with everything. In some way or another—I don't quite know how—they must have helped to create the Urge. By the time my own mother was six years old the family had acquired a player-piano, a vacuum cleaner, and an encyclopedia—in sixteen volumes, with illustrations in three colors. In this atmosphere my mother grew to womanhood. Hers was a romantic nature and although she had many suitors she couldn't "see" one of them and it was only when she was twenty-six that she met and married the man who was to be my father. He was a handsome man. His hair was faintly gray at the temples. He played the cornet in the DeLuxe Dreamland—high-class vaudeville. You see, now, from whence comes my instinctive leaning towards the theatre.

When I was but a tiny tot, I displayed the first faint flickerings of that—may I say talent?—which made me what I am today—the Foremost Emotional Actress on the Screen, with a, etc. At an early age I wrote a poem—we have it yet—and danced. My, how I loved to dance!

I never finished school. My teachers did not understand me.

When I was thirteen my father left home rather hurriedly. It seems that he had borrowed some money and forgotten to return it. Father had the artistic tempera-



When I was thirteen father left home hurriedly.



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Glorious Gossamar

(Concluded)

ment. After that mother put me on the stage I went on as Baby Gossamar and sang and danced and did imitations and things.

I was so very very popular. The only people who didn't like me were stage-managers, stage-hands, the orchestra leader, and the audience. I made some of the most awful hits ever made by a child actress. When I played my old home town there was a demonstration in which several people were injured: I escaped. I may truthfully say there was never anything quite like it in my home town before. I hope there will never be anything like it again.

I had always loved the movies and always wanted to play in them but never thought I ever would. However, two years ago we were playing in California and Mama and I visited a movie studio. I was just sitting there watching when a director passed by. He looked at me, then he turned, passed, and looked again. Finally he came up to us and said, still looking at me intently, "How would you like to be a movie actress?"



I went on the stage as Baby Gossamar.

I almost fainted it was all so sudden but Mama answered for me and right away they gave me a test and it was found that I screened like a million dollars—the man said—and so they literally shoved a contract at me and I—or rather Mama signed it as I was only seventeen then and am only sixteen now—and so I became a star. It was a long hard road and it is only by perseverance and the hardest of hard work that you can climb it.

But, as I say, Mama was ever with me to help me and to smooth over the rough places and to see that I wasn't imposed upon.

I am not married. I do not think I ever will marry.

In closing, let me say just a word to my fans. God bless you all; good-bye
GOSSAMAR MCGUIRE.

An afterthought by Gossamar's mother: If Gossamar has never married it isn't because she hasn't had plenty of chances. I could mention—but I think there should be some things in a player's life which are sacred, and that the public needn't know about. They know enough already.

Gossamar has never caused her mother a minute's worry. Now that she has reached the topmost pinnacle of fame she is the same sweet unspoiled Gossamar that she always was. I don't see how she ever does it.

She loves her Public very much. Her one regret is that she cannot send one of her eyelashes to every admirer that asks for it.
HER MOTHER.



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All Sweet and Pretty

(Concluded from page 59)

everybody to keep their seats. He followed with a flow of anecdotes and laughable comments and the people actually forgot their panic. Next morning Rogers was an object of public attention.

Soon after he went with Ziegfeld, appearing as a rope thrower and monologist atop the New Amsterdam Roof where he played for fifty-five consecutive weeks. Follies audiences knew him for four seasons before the movies lured him away.

Mrs. Rex Beach was responsible for his appearance in "Laughing Bill Hyde." When Beach was looking about for a suitable star for his story Mrs. Beach, a friend of the Rogers, suggested Will.

Rogers has four children—the youngest of which, eight months old, was named Fred, after Fred Stone, the comedian, also a close friend of the Rogers. Ring Lardner, the humorist, once said that Fred must be deformed, as he was six months old and

couldn't ride horseback yet. They all ride—Bill, seven years old, Mary, five, and Jim, three. The children spent last winter in Forest Hills, Long Island at the Fred Stone estate. Now they are in California with their parents.

"I supply a cowpuncher as a nursemaid for my kids," said Rogers. "He's a big husky and they shore need him. When I'm away he teaches them horsemanship and rope-twirling.

"I hate to leave the Follies, but the best reason for doing so is so I can be with my kids. Working for Goldwyn, I can save on palace car bills. The kids travel a lot with us each year and it sure eats up the pennies renting horse pullmans."

Mr. Rogers does not know how many pictures he will make for Goldwyn. He intends helping in the subtitling of them, using the style of humor that has made his monologue such a hit on the stage.

The Shadow Stage

(Concluded from page 104)

"Calibre 38" (Lewis) A Montana story by a couple of Lewises—Edgar, the director, and Mitchell, the actor.

"Thunderbolts of Fate" (Hodkinson) An average melodrama. Boy, drag out another formula card and nail it on. House Peters is the principal.

"Fighting For Gold" (Fox) Tom Mix, in a mining-Western, with rather more acting than usual.

"Pitfalls of a Big City" (Fox) Back to the old days of that thirty-cent melodramatic stock company. See this, and you'll listen for the peanuts cracking in the gallery. Gladys Brockwell, in an innocuous five reels.

"The Siren's Song" (Fox) Mv gosh, what an ideal title for a Theda Bara writhe! And that's what it is.

"Married In Haste" (Fox) Not a bad comedy this, with Al Ray and Elinor Fair.

"The Pest" (Goldwyn) Mabel Normand, in her new-formula diversion, the rural mischief-maker. However, the surprising thing is not Mabel's humor, but Mabel's acting, which is abundant, intelligent and successful.

"Speedy Meade" (Goldwyn) Of the making of Western heroes there seems to be no end. Open the corral gate, boys; here comes another. This time it is Louis Bannison, enacting a Federal officer who assumes several interesting disguises on the track of a band of cattle thieves. The decorative Katharine McDonald also works here.

"The Cry of the Weak" (Pathe) An ordinary story of crime and the police, remark-

ably well told. Fannie Ward is the big name; George Fitzmaurice, the director.

"The Unknown Love" (Pathe) A romantic conception centering on the war. Nothing much, but passes a pleasant hour. E. K. Lincoln and Dolores Cassinelli.

"Something to Do" (Paramount) Bryant Washburn, posing as an amateur detective and adjuster of other people's wrongs, through a breezy comedy drama.

"Let's Elope" (Paramount) Marguerite Clark and Frank Mills, in a diverting comedy of business and society.

"Partners Three" (Ince-Paramount) A lot more to do, for Enid Bennett, than she used to be capable of. She's growing, this one. A rambling story, never hitting any high spots, but generally pleasing.

"The Sheriff's Son" (Ince-Paramount) A study in cowardice and the conquering of it. Charles Ray and Sena Owen in a plains yarn that is, somehow, different. It grips and holds. It contains real characterizations and real acting. And how delectable is Sena. Oh, boy.

"Getting Mary Married" (Select) A better picture than Marion Davies has had, so far. Written by John Emerson and Anita Loos, and directed by Allan Dwan, it has the virtue of logic and plausibility.

"A Romany Lass" (Harma) An English production, principally interesting because it is the first of a flock to come over. This one, while no unusual feature, is nevertheless interesting and is novel in several ways. Its story, a gypsyish sort of romance, is well told, well acted, and well filmed.

Verdict for the Plaintiff

LITTLE Clarine Seymour, the "Cutie Beautiful" of the screen, was suing a comedy film company for damages because of a shattered contract in a Los Angeles court.

An official of the defendant company was called to the stand to tell his side of the case.

"Would you say" asked his attorney, "that the plaintiff was an actress?"

"Well, I suppose that's what she would be called," was the rather contemptuous

reply, "though she was discharged for incompetency; she couldn't make good."

Then Miss Seymour was called to the stand.

"Miss Seymour" asked her lawyer, "will you tell the court if you are employed at present, how and by whom?"

"Yes, I am working now. Mr. D. W. Griffith is starring me in one of his productions."

"Judgment for the plaintiff," said the court.

Broken Blossoms

(Concluded from page 57)

her face, noting the tranquillity of her expression.

"Li'l Lucy," he murmured. Then, remembering that the English name conjured associations with the frightful Battler, he said, even more softly: "White Blossom!"

Again after a few moments, he repeated it. "White Blossom!" The name sounded more beautiful than before, he decided. And worthier of the child. She was whiter than ever. And just blossoming.

He turned his head and absently noted the hulk of the Battler lying grotesquely on the floor. In death the evil one's face seemed twisted into a sardonic grin. As though smirking at the Chinaman—chuckling over having taken away his beloved inspiration. Cheng Huan arose.

Tenderly in his arms he lifted the weight of beautiful death and slunk through Limehouse to his shop upstairs—into the disorder. In a brief while he had straightened things about, had banished the rags and wound the child's fair form in the folds of scented silks.

That morning when the Battler's friends called, they found his dead body on the floor, his frozen face grinning toward the cot in the corner, where further blood stains but added to the mystery of the tableaux. The police were called and hurried to the shop of Cheng Huan.

But the Yellow Man, who had left the temples of the East to convert the Anglo-Saxons, had balked them. For several hours before, his eyes on the face of White Blossom, he had plunged a knife into his heart.

Thus the officers did not find Cheng Huan. The still chaos of the upper room offered to the police merely two stiffening bodies—while somewhere else perhaps, flew the white soul of the Yellow Man, seeking the definite spirit of White Blossom, hoping for eventual reunion, happiness.

Washed Into Drama

(Concluded from page 38)

I was doing a certain line of work and the prospects were excellent for me to continue the same line of parts for ever and ever—and I didn't care for the kind of work.

"Therefore I gave up a sure thing and will take a chance in drama. Comedy was hard work, very hard, but I had practically passed most of the stages where competition was to be feared.

"In drama, I am standing on the threshold. Presently I shall step through the door of the unknown future. Whether it takes me into the sunny garden of success or into the blind alley failure is yet to be determined.

"At any rate I am glad that once and for all I shall settle in my own mind the question as to whether or not I can make good in the serious part of screen work.

"Thus far I have appeared in two pictures. The second one is to be released shortly. It is a Mae Marsh picture called 'Spotlight Sadie.' I expect to be able to tell whether I will be a success in film drama when I see this picture.

"I hope to play parts like those played by Norma Talmadge. I would like to play a lead of the sort in 'Innocent.' I don't want to be a vampire, nor a little country girl and it is my hope that they will let me play parts where I don't have to appear grotesque.

"However, the road is so long and rough that it will take a long time for me to find myself. But it's going to be a great experience and I don't intend to ever regret taking the step."

At this point the Thurman cat again committed a violent attack upon the Thurman dog and we called it a day.



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Nancy Lee

(Continued from page 42)

with your own eyes," said Nancy. She showed him her check-book, and proceeded to write a check for the amount. Molly, more astonished than she had ever been before in her life, crept to the door and peered cautiously through the portieres.

"But I can't take these," protested Weir. And his eyes narrowed as he looked at her. "Tell me one thing," he said, "Do you love Douglas?"

She shook her head. "No, Mr. Weir. He has been a real friend—the only one who came forward with help at a time when I needed it—but I do not love him. I have tried to discourage him, but without success." She leaned toward him. "I want you to believe me, Mr. Weir."

"I do believe you, Mrs. Trevor."
"Thank you." Suddenly she put her head down on the table, and sobbed bitterly. Weir slowly tore in pieces the check she had given him.

In a moment she had regained her composure. "What about the accusation against Douglas?"

"I will attend to that," he answered. She followed him to the door. "Some day I shall be able to repay you."

He bowed in answer. "I am truly sorry I misunderstood you, Mrs. Trevor."

"Gee! you're immense!" said Molly as soon as the visitor had gone. "Not a word too much,—not a word too little. Bernhard couldn't do it better."

"I meant every word of it, Molly."
"Go on! Are you trying to put that over on me too?"

"I'm not trying to put anything over on anybody. I really intend to repay him for everything."

Molly was incredulous. "Give him back money?"

"Yes," said Nancy. "Give him back money."

Molly shook her head. "Keep it up, kid, you've got a swell act." She left with what she considered proper dignity.

Douglas Wreford, certain that he should never in all his life trust another woman, or even look at one, had left for the West when unexpected news from her lawyer, accompanied by a substantial check, brought balm to Nancy's heart. Something had been saved from the wreck. She immediately sent for Weir, and turned the check over to him.

He looked at the narrow slip of paper between his fingers. "Mrs. Trevor, can you ever forgive me for the way I have misjudged you?"

"We judge only by what we see, I suppose."

When he had gone Nancy wondered why the thought of him should haunt her—strange—

At that very moment, Molly and Johnny were discussing her in a Broadway cafe.

"Johnny, what in the deuce do you suppose is the matter with Nancy?" asked the light of his life.

"Oh, what do you care?" asked the imperturbable Johnny. "Forget it!"

Molly fingered her glass thoughtfully. "Well, I think she's trying to marry that man Weir. He has scads of more money than that Wreford kid."

"Oh, Molly, cut it out! You make me sick!"

The temperamental Miss Wise snatched up her glass to throw it at him, but he caught her by the wrist. "Don't waste it, old girl," he said.

That summer, Nancy Trevor was the happiest woman in the world. She had found an adorable little house in the suburbs, had furnished it in exquisite taste, and had cultivated the glorious old garden on the place.

Word had come that Douglas Wreford had married "the dearest girl in the world," so she no longer had his misplaced devotion on her conscience. She had never supposed she could be contented in a secluded spot, away from the "bright lights," but her little home seemed a Paradise. No one had called except Anthony Weir. Together they discussed books, plays, life, but it mattered little what they discussed so long as they could be together. That had become evident to both, though not a word of love had been spoken.

Into this blessed peace, one fine day of sunshine, came Molly Wise and Johnny Finch, the two people of all the world that Nancy was most anxious not to see. Molly was fanning herself with her swaggar stick as they came up the walk.

"How in the world did you find me?" was Nancy's first question.

"Oh, we're the finest little pair of detectives you ever saw," answered Johnny. "We don't forget old friends. Say, you don't act so darned glad to see us."

Nancy was at a loss to know what to say. "I—I've been a little bit worried lately."

"Go right ahead. Get it off your chest,—you're among friends," he said. "By the way, haven't you got something in the house to drink?"

"Not a thing, Johnny, except the ingredients for a lemonade."

"All right,—trot out your lemonade."

Nancy went to her kitchen cabinet. Meanwhile Molly prowled about, suddenly stopping before a photograph of Anthony Weir on the writing-table. She saw another on the piano. "Well, what the—" Just then Nancy entered with a bowl of lemons, the maid following with glasses and mint on a tray. Anthony Weir, coming by way of the arbor, could see Nancy as she peeled the lemons, but not her visitors. Hearing his step she turned quickly to greet him. Then taking a flower from the bunch she had just gathered, she pinned it in his button-hole.

She had hoped her former friends might leave unnoticed before Weir entered the little parlor, but Johnny, always restless, had begun to play the piano.

Tony began pacing the room. "I must insist, Nancy, that you never see these people again."

She looked at him in surprise. "You forget yourself—you have not the right to ask such a thing of me."

He took her hands and gazed searchingly into her eyes. The words he spoke were old,—but their meaning was as new to Nancy as the dew on the roses she had just picked.

"Dear—I want you to give me the right." He read his answer in her face, and strode into the next room. "Oh, Tony," she called, "be kind to them."

Molly was singing while Johnny played a popular "jazz," moving her shoulders to the rhythm of the music.

"Why, Mr. Weir," she exclaimed, "we didn't know you were here. Lovely place you've got," she added meaningly.

"You are mistaken. This place belongs to Mrs. Trevor, not to me."

"Platonic friendship, hey? Aren't you the sly devil?"

"That speech was fully worthy of you, Miss Wise"

Johnny, at last galvanized into action by this slur on his sweetheart, jumped forward. Tony took him by the shoulder, marched the surprised young man out of the room and closed the door. "The glass of fashion and mould of form" did not return. But Molly was not going until she "got good and ready."

Nancy Lee

(Concluded)

"This is all very funny, Mr. Weir," she said. "You with your superior airs and Nancy with her newly developed purity."

"What do you mean?"
 "I'm just as good as she is. That's what I mean," said the infuriated girl. "Why, that day she threw the clothes at you she had me hidden in the next room, so I could hear the way she put it over on you. And you were going to marry her!" she sneered. "My affairs concern no one but myself, Miss Wise."

Johnny suddenly ventured to poke his head in at the door, grab his unruly fiancée and yank her outside. They left immediately in the roadster.

Weir turned to Nancy. "Was that true? Was that woman in the next room the day I called?"

"Yes, but—"
 He made a gesture of despair. "So it's been a lie from the very beginning?"

It was now her turn to be scornful. "I have been mistaken in you," she said. "I thought you were a big-hearted man. I find you are a narrow-minded hypocrite. Good day, Mr. Weir."

He turned and strode down the garden path. Nancy threw herself on the couch and wept as though her heart would break. She did not know how long she lay there,—she had heard no one come in,—but suddenly a loved voice said softly:

"There, there!" said Mrs. Lee, who had not even stopped to remove her bonnet, "it will all come right. No one could think badly of my Nancy for very long."

"Mother, I want to go home with you."
 "So you shall. I knew my little girl needed her mother. Now run along and wash your face and fix your hair, and you'll feel better."

Mrs. Lee took her hat off and brought out some sewing. Seating herself in a big rocker, she was the picture of contentment and sweet motherliness. So Anthony Weir thought as he glanced in at the open window, and the impression was strengthened a moment later, when he stood before her, like a bashful boy, with his cap in his hand.

Anthony Weir, clubman and globe-trotter, owner of a city home, a country villa, a yacht, was visibly ill at ease. "I know you must think very poorly of me, Mrs. Lee—but—the truth is, I've been a cad. I've misjudged your daughter—"

Mother Lee looked at him with a steady gaze.

"You're both just a couple of children—grown-up youngsters. Now you must make it up!"

Nancy, wholly recovered from a "good cry," was playing softly on the piano. The emotions of her surcharged heart found expression through her fingers, and Anthony, bearing the sweet mournfulness, interpreted it aright.

Mrs. Lee led him gently to the library door, and smiling contentedly, went to her sewing, confident that her big children would "make it up." Nancy ceased playing, and bowed her head on the keys.

Anthony, stepping behind her, placed his hands on her shoulders and turned her about, forcing her to face him.

"Dear," he pleaded, "won't you forgive me?"

Instantly they were in each other's arms Nancy Lee was crying, but a woman may cry, and still be happy.

CAN shell-shock be cured by kissing? An English medical journal reports such a phenomena. Turn to page 49 for further curious facts.



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Who Started Hollywood Anyway?

(Concluded from page 93)



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DEALS SQUARE

when the real estate agent helped Al Christie into the car, he sort of kept Hollywood dark until he had shown off Glendale, Edendale, Santa Monica and other places. Hollywood was only a sparsely settled suburb anyway and about as exciting as Burbank, Ohio.

The Christie Brothers are Scotch, which accounts for the manner in which the enterprising vendor of Hollywood real estate lost a sale. Al was very enthusiastic about a certain piece of property which the agent finally showed him on Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood, but he was a bit canny. While the agent talked in glowing terms about the land, Al spied a decrepit looking old roadhouse on the corner of Gower street. Al winked at his partner, made an excuse to walk around the block, and disappeared in the gate of the roadhouse.

While the partner discussed front feet at so much per, Al made the acquaintance of Mrs. Blondeau who owned the old house on the corner. When Al came out of the house, he again looked at the front footage at so much per, rode back to Los Angeles in the real estate agent's car, and as he went, whispered to his partner that he had leased the old roadhouse for three months at forty dollars a month.

The next day the Nestor company began making moving pictures around the old place and therein began the moving picture history of Hollywood. Later the Nestor became the nucleus for the amalgamation of companies christened Universal and Christie was with that company for several years.

Of course Al and the Nestor company might have hired a flying squadron of carpenters and immediately begun construction of a handsome studio, with beautiful dressing rooms and mauve curtains for the stars' quarters and everything, but they were in a hurry to make their first picture. Besides, after they paid the freight bill for the car-load of stuff, there wasn't any more of the bankroll left than you carry in silver in your vest pocket.

The actors and the actresses had to dress wherever they could find room, and the first picture was made with all outdoor "sets" so nothing would have to be built. Russell Bassett was a rather dignified actor and gentleman. He approached Al one day and declared, "Mr. Christie, I have been all over the world and in many queer places. I have slept in the woods with a blanket over me, and have lived in many poor hotels during my career, but this is the first time I was ever under the necessity of dressing in the stable with the horses."

Even these experiences weren't as bad as some of those which Al Christie had already gone through in the East. They used to make pictures in which a band of Indians chased the Sheriff and cowboys or vice versa. Horses were scarce because money was scarce and at that time (1909) they hadn't yet discovered that scenes could be taken any other way than in consecutive order. So the Sheriff and cowboys galloped across in front of the camera, then the Indians leaped on the identical horses and galloped around, with the camera going all the while. Sometimes the cameraman wasn't careful and the final picture showed—off on the edge of the picture somewhere—the Indians changing horses with the cowboys.

One of the difficulties of making pictures led to a laughable incongruity which escaped much notice in that early day. Using the head of a projecting machine for a camera, the operator had to go back to the studio every time he wanted to re-load the film. As a consequence they couldn't

take a chance of going very far away to make the scenes. While making a picture of a man being hanged, the film ran out and the cameraman dashed over to the studio to re-load. While he was gone the gentleman with the rope around his neck sat down by the tree of his execution to take a nap. The flies were annoying and he put on his hat, neglecting to take it off again. Consequently when the picture was run off, at a thrilling moment of the hanging, a hat suddenly appeared on the hanged man's head.

The lack of horses, mentioned above, led to one of Al Christie's Scotch expedients. He used to carry around a can of white paint when making scenes calling for two different horses. After the old black mare had done her bit with the Sheriff, one of Al's helpers dexterously painted her forehead and legs and made a different horse of her for the outlaw to ride.

Some time before Christie brought the Nestor company West to put Hollywood on the moving picture map of the universe, he was making pictures at Bayonne, with Dave Horsley. They used to film a great many scenes on the roof of their building, and the shadows from the washing of the barber's wife next door flapped over their scenes at certain times of the day and spoiled them. Al approached the barber's wife and asked her politely if she would mind doing her washing some other time. She agreed, for two dollars. The next day another washing appeared. Two dollars more was paid over to induce the barber's wife to hang her clothes out at night. Every day, another washing appeared and the two-dollar bills were getting so numerous that Al determined to put a stop to it. Of course it was the barber's wife's own roof and she had a perfect right to hang out washing every day in the week if she felt like it—and she did while there was a prospect of making two dollars.

Al hit upon the idea of hanging up canvas between the barber's roof and his own so that the shadows of the washing wouldn't interfere with photography. And then he made the marvelous discovery that the sunlight, diffused through strips of canvas, was better to photograph under than the direct glare of the sun. And there was discovered the diffusing system, which is now employed in every studio where interior scenes are made.

But that is departing from Hollywood, the subject of this yarn. The old Blondeau place soon took a new lease on life and more studios were built nearby, when other companies discovered the picture making possibilities in Hollywood.

"We soon discovered," said Al recently, "that we could turn out pictures because of the few delays due to this location and the wonderful weather. Other companies wondered how it could be done, came to look over the ground and moved to Hollywood bag and baggage, bringing big stock companies of players and many thousands of dollars worth of equipment.

"You would never know the old roadhouse now, and Mrs. Blondeau lives in another little place down the street. She used to make a few dollars a year from her garden. Now another company pays her \$240 a month rent for her property across the street.

"And you would never know the sleepy old road which used to be Sunset Boulevard. In 1911, the real estate agent's automobile was about the only one that got out this far. Now you can't stand in front of the studio five minutes and not see two or more well known people speeding down the smooth-paved boulevard."

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Says:

(accordin' to James Gabelle)

NONE of us ain't seen "The Enchanted Barn" yet, but we s'pose it's one where you kin always find your grain an' tater sacks when you want 'em.

HANK SLASHBANG refused to see Ethel Clayton in "Woman's Weapons." He says he's been hit often enough by rolling pins an' flat-irons.

ASA BUNKUS read where H. B. Warner started to play in the Streets of London, but he never found out whether he played a fiddle or a flute.

KATHLEEN KIRKMAN is to support Frank Keenan in the near future. Gosh, what ain't woman suffrage doin' to a woman.

"**THE Crucible Of Lies**" is comin' here next week. The sewin' circle is going to boycott it. They say the movies is getting entirely too pussional.

WE hear that Wanda Hawley is very fond of Omar Cayenne. Maw says a little on your vittles is a good thing but that too much is a plenty.

IN "Here Comes the Bride," Jack Barrymore gets married for a hundred thousand dollars. Old man Doodgeim says it is awful to think of what some men will do for money.

JOHN SPEARS refuses to go see "The Lion an' the Mouse." He says them zoo plays never appealed to him.

THE Oliver Films Co are using a brewery for a studio. Deacon Soggem says the times has come to beat our shrapnel into cameras an' our distilleries into studios.

WE don't know what "The Un-pardonable Sin" is, but we suppose the brute forgot to mail his wife's letter, as usual.

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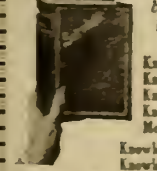


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IT ISN'T SAFE TO WAIT

MONDAY. Why the devil does she wear round necks? I can't stand her in them. If she only knew how she looked—and why does she always have her maid buff her nails before she goes on the set? Does she think they'll show?

Jam got down at one-thirty today and refused to work in a slum scene because her new gingham from Hendel's had not been delivered. And she doesn't like it because I insist that Milly, the poor factory-hand, would not wear silk stockings or carry a Pekinese. We talked it over awhile and she looked at her wrist-watch and screamed, "It's almost two and I've an appointment for lunch. What? Do you think—do you honestly THINK—the man thinks I'm going to break my date for a silly scene! No—I will NOT be back—not till later on any-way—and then I'm going over to Fish Films, Inc., for tea with Tessie True-love. Tomorrow at NINE? *Mon Dieu!*"

Tuesday. Miss Jam's maid phoned about eleven and said Miss Jam was ill and wouldn't be down today. Went to the club and played hand-ball.

Wednesday. I am discouraged. Miss Jam, in an argument over whether or not Milly should wear ear-rings, reminded me that I used to be a shoe-clerk. Good lord, can I never live it down?

Friday. A delegation from the Jenny Jam Correspondence Club visited the Studio today and presented Miss Jam with a silver loving-cup and a book containing the autographs of the six thousand members of the Club in this country, England, Australia, and New Zealand. Miss Jam was photographed shaking hands with the super-delegate, a stout lady from Beanville, Indiana.

And then she was photographed with the loving cup. That smile! Hundreds of fan-pomes have been written about that smile of hers; interviews have raved about it. If they had to work over her as I do, for close-ups—

I wish she'd get rid of that darned dog, *L'Amigue*. Just when we were all ready to shoot Jenny in her hall-bedroom about to turn on the gas, in struts that Pekinese—or is it a Brussels Griffon?—and spoils it all. Gosh—her make-up! She could take lessons from any extra.

She has some new sables; she's insufferable today.

Saturday. I feel sorry for Harold Heaveup, her leading man. Poor old Harold; he's an old-timer and he has to stand for everything she hands him. In the strangle scenes she digs her chin into his shoulder and pulls at his tie and all Harold can do is smile, smile, smile.

I hate her. I never thought I would ever hate anyone so much. She is forever complaining that she hasn't been well-lit when as a matter of fact it's the thick crust of calomine on her face that makes her look like that. She fired the best camera man I ever had, the other day.

She has her mother with her, now. Her mother used to be in burlesque and was playing characters in stock when Jenny went on the screen. She watches Jenny make every scene; stands behind me and gives me pointers. "Jenny," she'll say, "could be posed better than that. If she turned left profile now." Of course.

I am just about at the end of my string—

Sunday. Thank God! She has formed her own company!

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 110)

BUSYBODY, ROCHESTER.—A woman reforms a man and then she throws him over because he no longer interests her. Isn't it so? Tom Moore may be addressed Goldwyn studios, Culver City. You might write to Tallulah Bankhead care the same company, although I believe she is no longer with them. Ora Carew was Tom's leading woman in "Go West, Young Man." Willard Mack wrote it. Call again, anon.

J. FRASER, HALIFAX.—It would be easiest, I think, to write to the various stars, enclosing postage, and requesting their autographs; then to paste them in your sister's book. Do you really want my signature? It is just, "The Answer Man," you know. We really appreciate all the verbal bouquets.

JEAN E. W., FLINT.—Is Charlie Ray dead or alive? Yes. He didn't have the flu, at least not seriously. You say that after thinking about using the pale pink stationery which a Best Girl Friend gave you, or the delicate lavender that a doting aunt bestowed, or the deep blue which your sister thought matched your tastes—you decided to use the plain white that you bought yourself. Thanks. It seems that an Answer Man's layout of Christmas gifts has nothing on a girl's birthday remembrances. Niles Welch is still playing for Lasky. He's married, to Dell Boone. "And he looks so boyish, and young, and all." You really should subscribe. You are rather a Dear Young Thing, you know. Following is the

cast of "Blind Man's Eyes," Metro with Bert Lytell; *Hugh Overton*... Bert Lytell; *Basil Santoine*... Frank Currier; *Harriet Santoine*... Naomi Childers; *Matthew Latrone*... Joseph Kilgour; *Gabriel Warden*... Richard Morris; *Donald Avery*... Morris Foster; *Mrs. Overton*... Gertrude Claire; *Edith Overton*... Mignon Anderson. Whew!!

ROSE, DETROIT.—Dear Rose: I am well and hope you are the same. Your letter was a model of decorous tact and innate breeding. (I have never been sure what the latter really meant but all our best lady-novelists write about it.) Therefore I take great pleasure in answering your questions, viz. and to wit: One: that the address of Tony Moreno is Vitagraph studios, Hollywood, Cal.; that of Wallace Reid, Lasky, Hollywood. Two: that the name of the girl that Mr. Moreno is engaged to is Miss

_____ Mr. Moreno says he is not engaged to anybody. Three: that the players in "The Turn of the Road" (Brentwood), released through Exhibitors Mutual and written and directed by King W. Vidor, husband of Florence Vidor—are as follows and may you have the best of health and happiness and oblige yours truly, the Answer Man. *Hamilton Perry*... George Nichols; *Paul Perry*... Lloyd Hughes; *Reverend Matthew Barker*... Winter Hall; *June Barker*... Helen Jerome Eddy; *Evelyn Barker*... Pauline Curley; *Bob*... Ben Alexander.

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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

ANOTHER SWEET SIXTEEN, IRWELL, OHIO.—My hearing is still pretty fair, thanks. Nazimova is in her early thirties. Viola Dana is about twenty; Louise Huff is about twenty-two; Harrison Ford is pretty old—oh, thirty, anyway. You bet I bothered you? I bet you didn't. Come again, awfully soon

MRS. M. E., MINNEAPOLIS — Gerda Holmes, formerly of Essanay, isn't playing now. Grace Darmond has lately been seen in "What Every Woman Wants" for Exhibitors Mutual, before that Grace was Earle Williams' leading woman. Blanche Sweet has her own company for Harry Garson. Lillian Gish is with Griffith, her latest is "Broken Blossoms," from Thomas Burke's fearful and gorgeous tale of subterranean London, "The Chink and the Child"—"Limehouse Nights." Bert Lytell is married to Evelyn Vaughan. He's thirty or thereabouts, I guess.

FRANCES L. R., WINDOM, MINN.—You may obtain a photograph of the late Harold Lockwood from Metro Pictures Corporation, 1470 Broadway, New York City, upon receipt of a quarter. He died of the influenza. There's a stunning picture in this issue of the Talmadge sisters—Norma and Constance—together. I think you'll be recompensed for the long and weary waiting. Bill Desmond is married to Mary McIvor. You want a story about him. Write to him at the Hampton studios, L. S.

M. D. L. K., COLLINGSWOOD, N. J.—Alice Brady is in her middle twenties, I presume. (Perhaps I do.) Pauline Frederick is about thirty-three. You want a story of Alice's life in PHOTOPLAY by herself. Alice is so busy she wouldn't have time to write it. Mrs. Drew will continue to make comedies, engaging a comedian to play opposite her. Sidney Drew's death was sincerely lamented by everyone who knew him; his charitable works were many and un-press agented. The late comedian did much during the war although his acts were not always recorded. Madame Petrova is the wife of Dr. Stewart, an Indianapolis physician. So you liked Madame on the stage although you hadn't cared for her before. And you sat in the third row, too.

ALMA, SWEET ALMA—I have never been up in an airplane. They will take you up here if you buy \$25,000 worth of Victory Bonds; I should like to buy the bonds and I should like to go up; but I'm subsisting on nothing now in order to earn the right to wear my blue button. If some of you girls don't get busy and make me that fudge—By the way, I wonder where they'll park their planes? That picture was, indeed, of Bill Hart. Who would have thought it—Bill in doublet and hose and a Shakespearean pose? Don't get bored. Only people who are mentally lazy get bored; the world is so full of a number of things, you know—even after July first. Yes, I've heard that "if at first you don't succeed—dry, try again." Goodbye

SANDY, BAR HARBOR—What would I say if a Scotchman offered me a drink? I'd say, first, that it was uncanny; later on I might remark that the Scotch are fond of their bit of tea. Elsie Ferguson, who intrigues you peculiarly, has just uttered against the tight skirt. "How," she asks us, "how can an actress spurn the villain, and make a hasty exit, in a hobble skirt?" Inasmuch as Elsie is always a la mode as to dress I suppose our inland sisters and sweethearts will be letting out the seams in their summer suits. Her latest, "The Witness for the Defense"

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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

MRS. A. S., MINNEAPOLIS.—That's impossible. It reminds me, though, of the angry father who told the young man, "You can't walk in my house and hang up your hat." "I—I know I can't, sir," said the shy suitor—"you're sitting on it." Monroe Salisbury questions answered many times before. Bill Hart isn't married.

MAXIM SVAGROVSKY, CLEVELAND.—Your letter was turned over to us. If you will look at the Studio Directory, which is published every month in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, you will find the largest and best-known film concerns represented, together with addresses. We will always be glad to give you any information you want on pictures and players. Thank you.

HIGH BROW, MADISON, WIS.—So you are astounded that you, a university sophomore and a professor's daughter at that, should be writing to the Answer Man. Never mind, my dear; we are very broad-minded, if low-brow, and wouldn't hold it against you. I think history is the most important of all studies; we must know something about all previous ages to appreciate our own. Perhaps in a previous reincarnation you were concerned as to the age, height, weight, and matrimonial status of some young gladiator. Right now you're a movie fan between essays, and write to Me in class. Casson Ferguson should certainly send you a photograph to put between your bust of Socrates and your portrait of the Bard. For Casson, in his past, used to play Shakespeare. He, too, has lived it down. All about him: He made his world premier May 29th., 1891, in Alexandria, La. He is American; educated privately in Paris. Eight years on the stage in America and Europe; juvenile with Robert Mantell; musical stock for Morosco; musical comedy in London; grand opera in Paris (as you see, your highbrow hunch about him was okey). Fillums: Universal, Morosco, Triangle, Hampton, Lasky, and Ince. Lately in "Secret Service" (Lasky). Height: five feet and ten and one-half inches; weight, one hundred and fifty pounds; unmarried. He has four brothers and three sisters, all nonprofessional. And we defy you to parse this paragraph. Go back to Virgil; he needs you.

MURIEL, POPLAR BLUFF, Mo.—Sorry, Muriel, but we don't go in for that sort of thing. And I didn't say I'd have that information for you in a month; I merely advised you to write again in a month. Here's the cast of "Hands Up!": *Echo Delano*.... Ruth Roland; *Hands Up*.... George Chesbro; *Judith Strange*.... Easter Waters; *The Phantom Rider*....

STILL IN FRANCE—C. M. Yours was a good letter. Your story reminds me of the one about the weary Irishman who said, looking at the sign on a car in France, "'40 Hommes' but not a place to sleep!" The little girl who played the part of the Disturber, or the Mademoiselle who would not be Americanized, in "Hearts of the World" was Dorothy Gish. I'll tell Dorothy, the next time I see her, what you said about her. She will be tickled to death; and maybe you'll get a photograph. Lottie Pickford is married. She has a little daughter, Mary Pickford Rupp. Baby Marie Osborne is the kiddie who has always played in the "Mary Sunshine" pictures; she was not killed. Chaplin isn't going on the stage, reports to the contrary notwithstanding. "Fine Arts" is past; but the Griffith studios are now the Sunset, Hollywood. Griffith, however, is probably on his way abroad by this time, after some picture material in and around New York.

CHARLES W. S., SEATTLE.—I am still searching for my lost illusions. That's one thing you can never get back, no matter how many want-ads you insert. The only substitute is a sense of humor. Your suggestion has been noted by the editor but I hardly think it will be acted upon, for various editorial reasons. Thanks for your interest; and whenever you have anything to say—shoot! Our information and files are always at your service, suh.

PAUL E.—We don't publish serials. I have never thought that some leading men look like waiters; but I know some leading men who have waited, and waited, for a raise in salary and billing. Marie Walcamp acted in the Universal to-be-continued called "Liberty." I never go to see a serial; I know I should become interested and would have to give up too many Tuesday nights to it. Besides after seeing the heroine in the lion's jaws and worrying about how she's going to get out in the next chapter I shouldn't be able to sleep nights.

PAT, VANCOUVER.—"Princess Pat" or H. R. H. Patricia of Connaught is no more. She's Lady Patricia Ramsay now. She gave up her title when she married Commander Alexander Ramsay in February. It's a precedent indeed. The Dolly Sisters are still on tour in "Oh, Look!" Not doing any picture work at present. I'd suggest that you write to them care Elliott, Comstock and Gest, Century Theatre, N. Y. C. Dorothy Dalton, Ince, Culver City. William Desmond, Hampton, Hollywood.

GLADYS B., NEW YORK.—You're right in your sympathy; some of my letters are dry as July first. A definition for prohibition? Just the opposite of irrigation. Here's to the boozeless drama; no more western bars with a staggering cowboy drawing on our defenceless hero. Robert Leonard is not playing now; he hasn't acted for sometime. Directing for International now. Ella Hall? Answered elsewhere. Jack Kerrigan is with Hampton, L. A. Lois Wilson isn't playing opposite him just now. Don't know why. Charles Ray, Ince, Culver City, Cal.

R. S. A. DAYTONA.—I wouldn't disappoint you for the world. Some girls are like pretty little pale pink cocktails; a great many think they are all right after you have eaten a big dinner. Are you a crème de menthe? Elliott Dexter's latest to be released is "For Better, for Worse," under Cecil DeMille's direction. Gloria Swanson, Wanda Hawley, Tom Forman, Raymond Hatton, and Theodore Roberts—a real all-star cast. We're running the fiction version. Miss Wanda, by the way, that blonde bonbon, is to have the prize plum of the picture year; the part of "Peg" in "Peg o' My Heart," when Paramount produces it. Faire Binney is on the stage in a new production. Sister Constance is featured in "39 East." Mrs. Castle made some of the scenes for her new pictures in Florida, I believe. Have you read her book, "My Husband"?

JEANNE, CHICAGO.—Now that you ask me, I don't like your leading man. And in case your leading man is also the favorite of several thousand other girls of my correspondence, I want merely to mention that I like deep red roses best. Charles Chaplin makes so few productions because he prefers quality to quantity. The few he makes are winners sure fire. His latest is "Sunnyside." Douglas Fairbanks' new one, "The Knickerbocker Buckaroo"—a seven-part special; Artcraft bought it. You're dead right.



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Have you seen the Photoplay Magazine Screen Supplement? Ask your exhibitor when he is going to show it.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

F. B. G., SOMERVILLE. We will now sing, "Ev'ry Day'll be Sunday when the Town Goes Dry." Oh, it's not worrying me any. I do not depend on the spirituous stuff for my winnowing of wit. No, no, that's not Wally. Delight Evans doesn't write for any newspaper, anything. CALIFORNIA. You wish the Mag. came out twice as often? Gosh, I don't!

EDWARD W., CASPER, WYO.—So you're twenty-five miles from any town with only the jack rabbits and the coyotes to keep you company, and you want sympathy. You need it—even though you do tell me about "the dull monotony of it." Did you see "Out of the Fog?" June Mathis, who wrote the sub-titles, used "dull monotony" no less than three times. I don't blame her and I don't blame you; it's a nice smooth phrase. Victoria Forde is the girl who used to act in the Eddie Lyons-Lee Moran comedies for Universal. She's Mrs. Tom Mix, retired.

ISLA, DALLAS.—I remember you very well. Couldn't forget the name. You sound anyway like a heroine in a Robert W. Chambers spy-story. Charles Ray, Ince-Paramount; Gladys Brockwell, Fox, L. A. They will send you their pictures, I think. Write again.

PEGGY, ATLANTIC CITY.—I am rejoicing if it is true that you read my Answers over again and they seem new to you each time. Yes, yes, a man may marry a woman for her beauty; and divorce her because she can't make those light biscuits or lemon-cream pie. Inasmuch as you are traveling all the time I can quite understand you haven't had a chance to learn to cook. But you might take a week off this summer and learn how to use a rolling-pin and make the acquaintance of the various kinds of flour—not orchids. Irene Castle is working right now on a film version of the Robert Chambers novel, "The Firing Line." The first of her series of features for Paramount. Jack Mulhall? He was with Paramount. Mary Pickford in "Daddy Long-Legs." Mae Marsh may go on the stage. I didn't use your nom "Sucha Newsance" because it isn't new and besides, you aren't.

E. M. B. B., ST. JOHNS.—See here, old dear, I don't ask you for your family tree. Two names and a nickname are all that's necessary to gain admittance to the Query Club of which I am President, Vice-President, Secretary, etc.—all self-appointed. My boy, you can't get into the movies without starting from the bottom of the ladder unless you are a good jumper. Think of the endless variety and experience of an extra's career; if you started in to star you'd miss a lot and have to work hard right away. So by all means don't apply for a stellar position at the out-set—you'd find yourself on the other side of the door pronto—which is Spanish for pretty-darn-quick.

FLORIDA, II.—Herbert Heyes? He played with May Allison in "In for Thirty Days." He was quite heroic in "Heart of the Sunset"—in fact he was beachy. And he has his own company now, working some of the time in Portland, Oregon, as I understand it. B Washburn, late of Chicago, is working now on the screen version of "A Very Good Young Man," a play from the pen of an ex-dancer, Martin Brown, which enjoyed a brief—very brief run in Manhattan last season. With "Wash" in this are Helen Jerome Eddy, our pensive intellectual ingenue; Helene Chadwick, late of Pathe, and Anna Nilsson, the glorious lady-viking.



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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

Miss G. M. W., NORFOLK, VA.—The Goldwyn Film Corporation is located at Culver City, California. You did not tell me what department you wished to reach. The studios are in C. C., with such Goldwyn stars as Pauline Frederick, Madge Kennedy, Geraldine Farrar, Tom Moore, and Mabel Normand working there.

S. F., SUBSCRIBER, ALLENTOWN.—Herbert Rawlinson is in New York at present, playing leads in J. Stuart Blackton's productions. You may reach him at the Blackton studios in Brooklyn. His latest appearance is in "A House Divided," in which Sylvia Breamer has the opposite role. I wonder if Herb has discarded his cap since settling in Manhattan? Yes, he has a nice smile; and he's married to Roberta Arnold, an actress.

BARBARA B., SYDNEY.—I am thankful for that hot Australian day if it encouraged you to write to me. Do they call you "Bab"? If you write your stories in the same vein as your letters you'll be an Australian Mary Roberts Rinehart. I'm just as sorry as you are that Eugene O'Brien isn't playing with Norma Talmadge; but I can't do anything about it. O'Brien's work merited his being featured, however; and that is his present status with Famous Players-Lasky. It's the fate of good (looking) leading-men to be starred, I guess. Write Eugene again, at the Hotel Royalton, New York. Thanks for calling me a jolly good old soul; I think you're rather a topping person, myself. Good luck—and unburden your soul to me whenever you like.

Mrs. P. M. T., OMAHA, NEB.—I was amused at an ad. in the motion picture columns to this effect: "The Heart of Humanity" has the indorsement of Carl Laemmle, president of the Universal Film Mfg. Company." Anita Stewart doesn't wear any wig; her hair is brown. She has various coiffures or what-you-call-'ems in different pictures, if that's what you mean. Dot Gish wore a wig in "Hearts of the World" and D. W. Griffith has had her wear it in all her new pictures since then, with the exception of "The Hun Within." Nazimova played the violin before she went in for tragedy. You must be thinking of Anna Pavlova, the great dancer, who made one screen appearance, in Lois Weber's "The Dumb Girl of Portici." Some of the players, I am almost afraid to say, use glycerin instead of talent for their tear-scenes. There was a corking story about that in PHOTOPLAY once, called "What Makes 'Em Cry?" Look it up—issue of April, 1918.

EMMA, N. Y.—I don't know everything. I know that I don't, and that's all I need to know. Clara Kimball Young has her own company, under the management of Harry Garson; she is working now in "The Better Wife." She is in Los Angeles at this writing. She gets a good many letters, you know. How did you like that art section picture of her?

H. L., STAMFORD.—Nazimova is married to Charles Bryant, who usually plays with her, on the stage and on the screen. Her latest picture is "The Brat," following "The Red Lantern." She is very brunette; is famous for her portrayals on the speaking stage, notably in Ibsen, and in "War Brides," in which her success was sensational. She is Russian. You say you have that great desire to become an actress; but when you mention it to your friends they laugh. If they got three hundred letters, more or less, a week, as we do, from girls who want to get into the movies, they wouldn't think it was so darned funny. Sorry, but read the rules.

K. C., PORTLAND.—That's very, very nice of you. That may have been Wally Reid you saw in the Union Station in Chicago two years ago. Still, it may have been the Answer Man. Was it on a Saturday afternoon; did the man have a gray coat and a soft hat, with brown shoes? Ah; who could it have been? Mary Miles Minter will send you her picture. Marguerite Clark's latest is "Come Out of the Kitchen."

PENNSYLVANIA FAN, PHILADELPHIA.—Yes, times have changed. I was talking to an old theatrical man the other day; he was comparing the old show with the new. He used to take out a Shubert show with carloads of scenery and actors; now he's carrying a small satchel containing reels of the film that he's exploiting. You want pictures of Emmy Wehlen. Also more about Betty Compson and Olive Thomas. Don't you like the fictionizations?

V. F., DAYTON.—You'd like to know how Elmo Lincoln does all that acrobatic stuff. Perhaps he belongs to the Los Angeles Athletic Club. O'Brien address given above. You are not the only fan who wants to see the Talmadge-O'Brien combination back again. I liked it myself. Mary's curls are real; their color does not come out of a bottle either. Norma Talmadge did not play in Miss Pickford's "Poor Little Peppina."

MOLLY, HASTINGS, NEB.—Anita Stewart is married to Rudolph Cameron. He has been discharged from the service, in which he was an aviator, and has joined his wife on the coast. You may write Anita at the Lois Weber studios in Hollywood. Myrtle Stedman's latest appearance was with Alice Brady in "In the Hollow of Her Hand." She has her own company now, I think. Pauline Frederick, Goldwyn; Ethel Clayton, Lasky; Norma Talmadge, Select; Marian Sais, Haworth (Sessue Hayakawa company); Marguerite Clark, Famous Players-Lasky, Hollywood; Mary Pickford, Pickford studios, Hollywood.

L. L., MT. VERNON, N. Y.—Herbert Rawlinson is married to Roberta Arnold. Blanche Sweet's picture, "The Unpardonable Sin," directed by Marshall Neilan for Harry Garson, is now being released. Marie Doro, I understand, is coming back to the screen in a new series of photoplays by Herbert Brenon. They are producing in England. Bert Lytell, Metro. Elliott Delter, Lasky.

ALLA—NOT NAZIMOVA.—So you don't like the way I discourage aspirants to screen honors. If you are bent on becoming an actress I couldn't stop you, you know. It isn't that I don't wish you all success. I do. It is customary to enclose a quarter with a request for a photograph. Irene Castle has returned to the screen. Just one thing more: almost every girl who starts out to become an actress is sure she is going to prove a second Pickford. So far it hasn't happened. Do you wonder I am slightly skeptical? Please write again and ask more questions.

OLIVE D. AND RITA HEWER, ONTARIO.—It was reported that Irene Castle was to marry Tom Powers, an actor now appearing in musical comedy in London, who was once in Vitagraph pictures. The rumor, however, has been strenuously denied by Mrs. Foote, mother of Irene. Kitty Gordon's daughter, Vera, is just seventeen; she's playing in her mother's pictures whenever there's a good part for her. Brunton Studios, L. A. Johnny Hines, World. Mary Pickford had the flu but she is quite all right now. Thanks; I did buy something cool with the enclosed; but it wasn't a soda.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

FRANK 10, HALIFAX, N. S.—Glad you were pleased with your answers last month. A satisfied customer is our best guarantee. We are advertised by our loving subscribers. Frank, my boy: if you have written a scenario about Paris and its evils you'd better let me read and pass on it before you send it to any producer. You say the shero is a rag-picker's daughter who is as beautiful as a night in Dartmouth and as innocent as *Laura Murdock* in "The Easiest Way." That fillum of yours is never going to pass the National Bored Nonsensers. Claire Whitney was with Metro last; perhaps you will see her soon in "The Man Who Stayed at Home," with King Baggot. George McDaniel was *Webster Hilton*, *Marjorie's* brother, in "Shark Monroe." *Marjorie* was played by Katherine MacDonald, the latest lady-to-have-her-own-company. Everybody's incorporating now. Soon it's going to be, "The Answer Man. Ltd."

CECILIA, CHICAGO.—There is no one by the name of "Honor Hale" in the movies that we have heard of; but I'm sure there should be. Do not, however, accept this as assurance that the producers will feel the same way about it. I'd advise you to finish school before you even think of starting to climb the starry path. (I wonder just how many times I have given this advice? I'm running out of synonymous phrases to take the place of "breaking into the movies.")

DYNAMO, NEW YORK.—Dustin Farnum has been playing right along for United. His first was Zane Grey's "The Light of Western Stars"; his second, "A Man in the Open." He is working now on "The Harvest of Shame." Bill's still with Fox. The Farnum story is coming along pretty soon and it will be a corker. Look elsewhere for the answers to your other questions. A hitch in time has saved many from matrimony. I have not yet found the lady who can make lemon-cream pie to suit my taste.

LEWIS M., MARION, S. C.—Haven't had any news of Vivian Rich for some time. I used to see her in those American short-reelers. She has done other things since her "Flying A" days, however. Really, I don't think Eddie Polo believes that the figures on his weekly check should be confided to the world. At least he hasn't told us; and I am sure we would be the first to know. William S. Hart is as shy as an ingenue on most subjects appertainin' to William S. Hart, but we know he is along in his forties. Thanks for propoganding PHOTOPLAY in your neighborhood.

MICKEY, SEATTLE.—There's a song called "Mickey"; it has a hummable tune and some of the lyrics actually rhyme. You say they called you Mickey before Mabel Normand ever started work on her film production of the same name. My, you must have been a mere child. The Gish sisters both work at the Griffith studios in Hollywood. Constance Talmadge, Morosco studios, L. A. Eugene O'Brien, given elsewhere. Mary Thurman, Lasky studios, Hollywood.

G. V. K. K., VISALIA, CAL.—How sweet is summer. Old stuff, say you? There is no old stuff when one is young. I may not be blonde and wear a Pershing-cut coat but my heart is light. I am very Chesterfieldian—you know the ad? "Mild, and yet—" Yes, *Marjorie Rameau* is married, to Hugh Dillman McGaughy. Last month's Plays and Players told you about it. *Gloria Swanson* had the lead in DeMille's "Don't Change Your Husband." *Florence Vidor*, in "Old Wives for New." *Pauline Frederick* is the present Mrs. Willard Mack.



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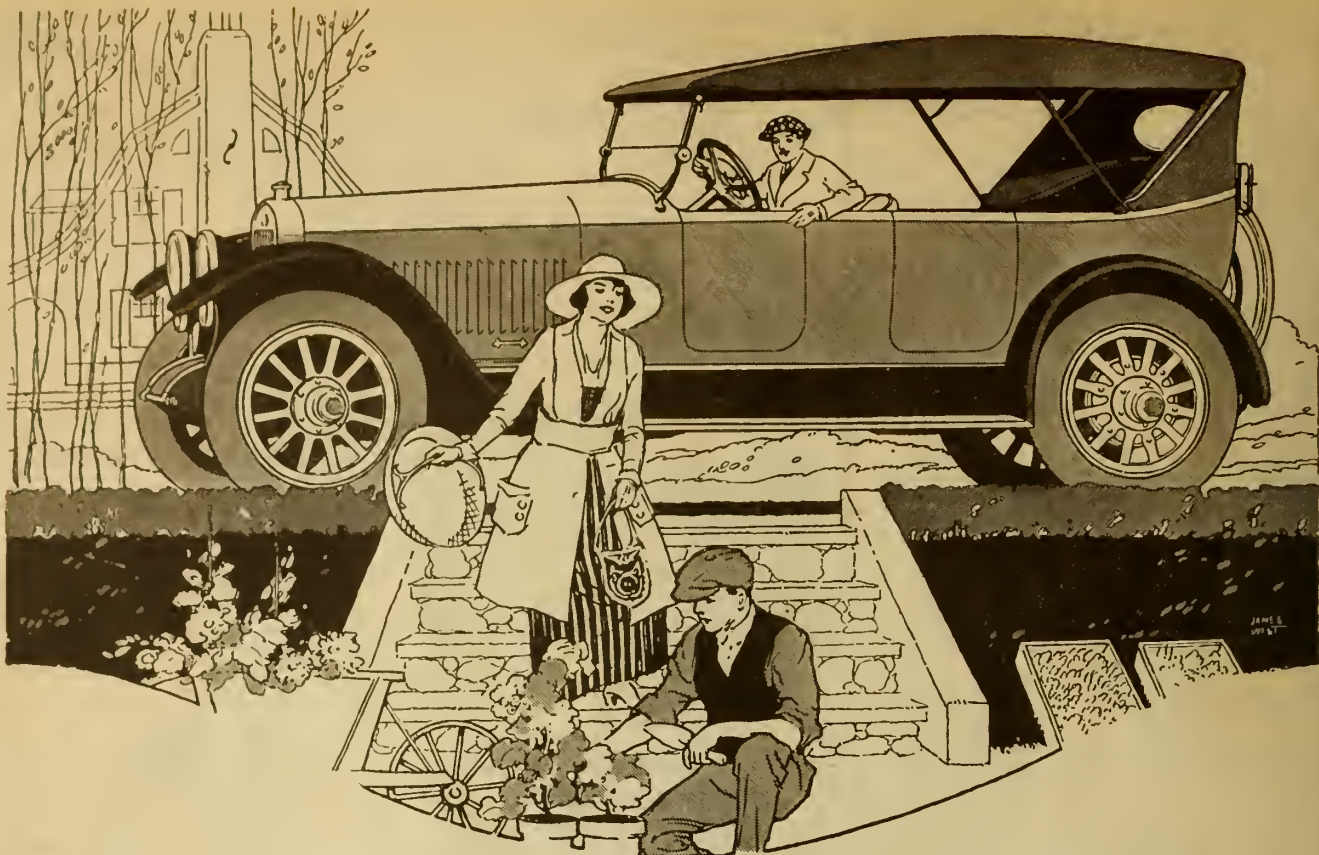
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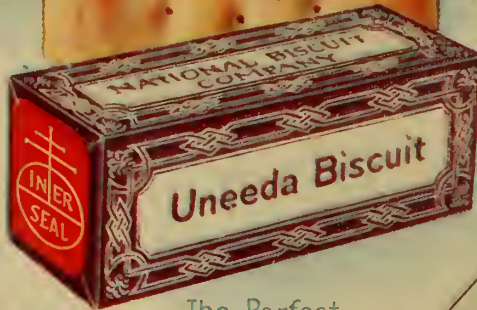
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Billie Burke in "GOOD GRACIOUS ANNABELLE"
Marguerite Clark in "GIRLS"
Ethel Clayton in "MEN, WOMEN AND MONEY"
Dorothy Dalton in "OTHER MEN'S WIVES"
Dorothy Gish in "I'LL GET HIM YET"
Lila Lee in "A DAUGHTER OF THE WOLF"
"Oh! You Women" A John Emerson-Anita Loos Production

Vivian Martin in "AN INNOCENT ADVENTURESS"
Shirley Mason in "THE FINAL CLOSE-UP"
Charles Ray in "HAY FOOT, STRAW FOOT"
Wallace Reid in "YOU'RE FIRED"
Bryant Washburn in "PUTTING IT OVER"

Paramount-Artcraft Specials

"Little Women" (from Louisa M. Alcott's famous book)
A William A. Brady Production
Maurice Tourneur's Production "SPORTING LIFE"
"The Silver King" starring William Faversham
"False Faces" A Thomas H. Ince Production
"The Woman Thou Gavest Me" Hugh Ford's Production of Hall Caine's Novel
Maurice Tourneur's Production "THE WHITE HEATHER" starring Robert Warwick
"Secret Service" starring Robert Warwick

Artcraft

Cecil B. de Mille's Production "FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE"
Douglas Fairbanks in "THE KNICKERBOCKER BUCKAROO"
Elsie Ferguson in "THE AVALANCHE"
D. W. Griffith's Production "TRUE HEART SUSIE"
Wm. S. Hart in "SQUARE DEALS ANDERSON"
Mary Pickford in "CAPTAIN KIDD, JR."
Fred Stone in "JOHNNY GET YOUR GUN"

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Arbuckle Comedy "A DESERT HERO"
Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies "HEARTS AND FLOWERS"
"NO MOTHER TO GUIDE HIM"
Paramount-Flagg Comedy "TRUE HEART SUSIE"
Paramount-Drew Comedy "SQUARED"
"Supervision of Thomas H. Ince
Paramount-Bray Pictograph—One each week
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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, *Publisher*—JULIAN JOHNSON, *Editor*

VOL. XVI

No. 3

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Photoplay for September

will have many pictorial features, many interesting personality studies, and much news of the newsiest and most fascinating art industry on earth.

And among other things, it will consider in close detail an impending union of church and screen which will be of profound significance to the world of religion and the world of art.

For a hundred years many well-meaning men and women have been urging church and stage to get together. And while without any doubt church and stage have really been drawing closer and closer it has been and must continue to be a broad and understanding friendship rather than any union of ways and means in the service of mankind.

The moment the motion picture became established, however, the student of art history must have recognized that conditions were once more approximating the great beginnings of all modern art, in that heritage which survived from antiquity in the monasteries of the middle ages.

Religion has always made vast use of pictorial as well as edificial art. Pictorial art has been one of the basic servants of religion. In the church the greatest masters of sculpture and painting that Europe ever knew found their inspirations, and their religious subjects are part of our grand inheritance from the ended centuries. Pictorial art has been so closely allied to religious propaganda, the work of the church, and the services of the church, that the natural, ultimate union of church and motion picture was a foregone conclusion. Time has wrought many changes in the church, even as the master-picture of today is drawn on a canvas by sunshine, instead of by a brush dipped in pigments and oils. Once upon a time the picture was needed to awe the ignorant into repentance and belief, the Deity must be visualized in His works. Nowadays there are the services of humanity, the depiction of the sacred

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places of the earth, and the showing of religion in its manifold practical workings, to take the place of these symbolic necessities of an earlier time; but religion is still religion, and the picture is still the picture, and the fundamental, natural relationship between them continues, no matter how great have been their changes in outward form.

Do not miss this account. It will be for every man and woman interested in the great forward movements of the most significant era in modern history.

Otherwise—

PHOTOPLAY will continue its policy of treating all the news of the movies while it is news, offering the most interesting fiction of the screen, and showing a number of very timely new features.

In the September issue will begin

A Four-Part Serial

"The Midnight Man," narrated from the graphic, dramatic serial motion picture of the same name, release of which begins this autumn, in which the Universal Film Manufacturing Company will star James J. Corbett.

Mr. Corbett brings a unique combination to serial acting. His physique and his athletic prowess make him, if need be, a pre-eminent "stunt man," but do not forget that his training for more than a decade has been as a legitimate actor; so that his new play is a romantic, not merely acrobatic serial, the like of which has never been seen.

Betty Shannon, one of the most accomplished of PHOTOPLAY's staff of writers, has had the big script of "The Midnight Man" in hand ever since it was begun in scenario form, and has, through many weeks past, been turning it into a high-class modern novel.

What Do You Know About Machinery?

That is to say, the highly interesting machinery of the movies, a subject which grows in complexity and fascination with every advance of the picture itself?

PHOTOPLAY finds that its readers have an ever-growing curiosity as to "what makes the wheels go round?"—why does a picture "move"?—what sort of mechanism is that marvel of ingenuity, the projection machine?—and so on through the unending list of really natural queries. It will answer, and carefully explain, many of these simple but baffling problems in its next issue.

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(Name and address of the writer on request)

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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.

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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.

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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., 469 Fifth Avenue, 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).

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SELECT PICTURES CORP., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City (s); Hollywood, Cal.

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UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. CO., 1600 Broadway, New York City; Universal City, Cal.; Coysterville, N. J. (s).

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, E. 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Hollywood, Cal. (s).

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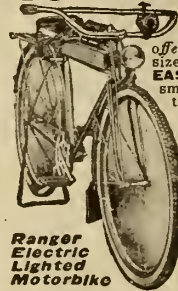


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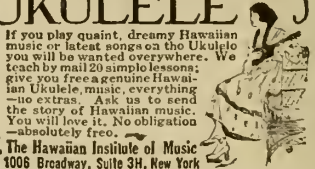
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We know this of nerve force: It is the dominant power of our existence. It governs our whole life. *It is life*; for, if we knew what nerve force were, we should know the secret of life.

Nerve force is the basic force of the body and mind. The power of every muscle, every organ; in fact, every cell is governed and receives its initial impulse through the nerves. Our vitality, strength and endurance are directly governed by the degree of our nerve force.

If an elephant had the same degree of nerve force as a flea, or an ant, he could jump over mountains and push down skyscrapers. If an ordinary man had the same degree of nerve force as a cat, he could break all athletic records without half trying. This is an example of Muscular Nerve Force.

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In our nerves, therefore, lies our greatest strength; and there, also, our greatest weakness—for when our nerve force becomes depleted, through worry, disease, overwork, abuse, every muscle loses its strength and endurance; every organ becomes partly paralyzed and the mind becomes befogged.

The noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, says: "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves should be in order."

Unfortunately, few people know that they waste their nerve force, or will admit that it has been more or less exhausted. So long as their hands and knees do not tremble, they cling to the belief that their nerves are strong and sound, which is a dangerous assumption.

How often do we hear of people running from doctor to doctor, seeking relief from a mysterious "something-the-matter" with them, though repeated examinations fail to indicate that any particular organ is weak or diseased.

It is "nerves" or "you are run down," the doctor tells the victim. Then a "tonic" is prescribed, which temporarily gives the nerves a swift kick, and speeds them up, just as a fagged-out horse may be made to speed up by towing him behind an automobile.

The symptoms of nerve exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows:

FIRST STAGE: Lack of energy and endurance; that "tired feeling" especially in the back and knees.

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ness; headache; backache; neuritis; rheumatism, and other pains.

THIRD STAGE: Serious mental disturbances; fear, undue worry; melancholia, dangerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies, and in extreme cases, insanity.

It is evident that nerve depletion leads to a long train of evils that torture the mind and body. It is no wonder neurasthenics (nerve bankrupts) become melancholy and do not care to live.

If only a few of the symptoms mentioned apply to you, especially those indicating mental instability, you may be sure your nerves are at fault—that you have exhausted your Nerve Force.

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"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."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming my 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."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

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The best way to use Whiting Cream

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To get an idea of how beautiful your skin can be with the right treatment, send fifteen cents for the Traveler's Trial Package. This includes miniature packages of the cream you select from the chart.

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Lettuce Cream



Astringent Cream



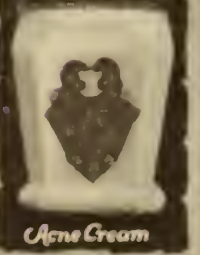
Motor Cream



Tissue Cream



Foundation Cream



Acne Cream

MARINELLO

"A Beauty Aid for Every Need"



Colorful loveliness — satiny smoothness!

You, too, can have a clear, soft skin

ASKIN fine, soft, beautiful! Do you know that the smoothness of your skin is dependent upon the oil that is constantly being produced by its glands?

If the glands produce too much oil, your skin becomes oily and shiny. It loses that soft, clear look. If you are bothered by this particular skin trouble, use the following treatment as frequently as is necessary.

To correct an oily skin and shiny nose

With warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply

it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

This treatment will make your skin firmer and drier the very first time you try it. Use it as often as your skin requires. Before long you will see a marked improvement.

Get a cake today and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. You will find Woodbury's on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. A 25 cent cake will last a month or six weeks.

Sample cake of soap, booklet of famous treatments, samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream sent to you for 15 cents

For 6c 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 15c 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., 508 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 508 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

See the booklet for the special treatment to keep your skin fine in texture

Around each cake, the booklet of famous skin treatments

In the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, you will find scientific advice on the skin and scalp, as well as complete treatments for the commoner skin troubles.

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Conspicuous	Tender Skin
Nose Pores	Sluggish Skin
Blackheads	Pale, Sallow
Skin Blemishes	Skin
Oily Skin and	Coarsened Skin,
Shiny Nose	etc.



Adred Christy Johnston

WOULD it be impertinent to say that Mollie King's exceptional support helped her to her present position in the great American Drama? After a successful season in "Good Morning, Judge!" she is returning to the screen.



RICHARD BARTHELMESS' success in celluloid may be partly attributed to that uplifted expression with which he seems to say: "Girls, you may write me fan letters, but remember, if you wish a reply, always to enclose stamps!"



THE quaint charm of curls and crinolines is Mary Pickford's. She might have stepped out of an old frame in a colonial drawing-room to grace these pages. We know her of late as the mischievous Judy in "Daddy Long Legs."



BACK in the Essanay days they called him "Wash," and he used to provoke all the girls because he was F. X. B.'s screen nemesis. Bryant Washburn reformed—and is now playing "A Very Good Young Man." (Lasky.)



Alfred Cheney Johnston

ALMA RUBENS, that dusk jewel who formerly shone for Triangle, and Exhibitors' Mutual, has gone to Pathé, where she will carry out her own dramatic ideas. A story by Daniel Carson Goodman is her first—"Hagar Revelly."



Alfred Cheney Johnston

THE favorite theatrical prediction right now is that Constance Binney will be the queen ingenue of the coming season. At present in "39 East," a prosperous comedy. Remember her, with sister Faire, in "Sporting Life"?



Alfred Cheney Johnston

***E**VELYN GOSNELL was the sun-topped sensation of last season, in "Up in Mabel's Room," the frisque farce which exploits Hazel Dawn and Enid Markey. We will see Miss Gosnell soon as a James Montgomery Flagg heroine.*



DOROTHY'S latest is "I'll Get Him Yet!" Gish the second, a juvenile evatanguay of the screen, has been disturbing things generally since "Hearts of the World"—including her mother's flower garden. NOT married.

PHOTOPLAY

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No. 3



The Lonely Girl

PERHAPS the war sent her to the city as a worker. Perhaps it was the Big Adventure, which makes geniuses and breaks the weak on the same wheel. Perhaps she has always been in but not of the city—and still is lonely.

At any rate, she doesn't mind it so much between breakfast and dinner, for she's striving with the rest of her kind for a living, or a little more than a living.

But after the day-ending meal—what? If she isn't a hibernating animal she doesn't wish to sleep the clock around every night. She can't always go to church. She can't always be reading. She hasn't the money for expensive drama. Neither can she pile a cargo of overstudy on a deep freighting of daily labor.

Of course, pleasant evenings she might go out in the streets, but—

Boys can find so many things to do outdoors, at night, that girls can't do. It is one of the vulgarities of our day—and many other days—that the evening girl who strolls alone is the legitimate subject for indignity that would not dare proffer itself in the fair light of the sun.

It may be idle to speculate on the number of girls that blessed refuge, the photoplay, has saved from actual harm. It is not speculation that it has saved hundreds of thousands from the mental weariness that breeds defeat. It has opened windows into fresher airs. It has rekindled the lamp of inspiration in the darkness of solitude. Through its window has flashed the rosy dawn of many a new inspiration.

Think of the lonely girl when next you hear that the "Sunday movie" is unrighteous and unlawful.

A New Master

The Motion Picture—which bids fair to become immediately the greatest political force, the greatest national and international Propagandist, the world has ever known.

EDITOR'S Note: The distant rumble of the great guns of 1920 is in the air. The most momentous public issues in America since the Civil War face us—and the most momentous public issues since the fall of the Caesars face the rest of the world. Destiny seems to have so ordered it that the screen, the most potent and all-impressive argument in history, should enter the universal arena just at this time. The motion picture could, if it would, elect a President of the United States. It may be left to the motion picture to make this troubled world a little more like heaven—or, wielded by the wrong hands, a little nearer hell! Here is a momentous and timely statement by a man who is himself a master of politics, a student of every party, and the screen's most far-seeing diplomat. We may call Mr. Brady, both for what he has done and for what he so clearly foresees, a statesman of film-dom. If you have any thought or regard for the great events of today and every day, read and ponder this remarkable summary. Mr. Brady, in addition to presenting an amazing array of facts, has put into crisp sentences what every man who believes in the motion picture thinks but has not dared to say.

ONE of our favorite sayings is that there is no new thing under the sun. The motion picture is not only one new thing under the sun, and of the sun, but it is a whole lot of new things.

Not many weeks ago I told you, in these pages, how the motion picture saved the world in the darkest hours of the war; now I am going to tell you, and prove to you, that the greatest political force the world has ever known is—the motion picture.

Julius Caesar was to politics what Napoleon was to war, and in our own day Tammany Hall has achieved some reputation as a college of public professional administration, but the motion picture is a greater, shrewder, more compelling, more far-reaching politician than any Caesar, any Tammany, any National Committee, any group or any individual that ever lived.

And now, away goes your old saying: the political power of the motion picture is a new thing, a stupendous international force just born, all the more potent because of its irresistible youth.

It is within the power of the screen to elect the next President of the United States.

But I make no prophecy. I do not know whether the screen, at the next election, will determine the status of one member of any state legislature. I am telling you of *potential possibilities*, only. That this great new political power has been recognized by observing men all over the country, and all over the world, is a fact. Whether organization of the vast forces in pictures will direct this vast influence in ordered and intelligent channels is quite another matter. Only time can tell that.

There is, in this new political energy, the force of the "canned speech," which bears the same relation to the rostrum address that spoken words or illuminated manuscripts once bore to the printing press. The canned speech is already in sight as principal ammunition in every coming campaign, for it will multiply the eminent orator John Albert Jones by a hundred, or a thousand, or infinity, and against one John Albert Jones of 1916, spouting his party precepts from perhaps fifty or sixty plat-

forms, there will be John Albert Jones in Boston and Seattle at the same time, and in a hundred little towns between. Wherever there is a water-tank or a general store will come the vision of John Albert Jones in argumentative action, his words, and his living illustrations.

It has often been asked, will the motion picture be forced into politics in its own behalf? This is a big question, and perhaps too vague to be wholly and conclusively answered at this time, but it may be affirmed that the motion picture is defending itself right now, and certainly will continue to defend itself.

In several recent campaigns this direct questionnaire has been sent to candidates: "Are you in favor of or against motion picture censorship? Do you believe in Sunday movies?" A yes or no answer, without qualifications, was requested. This has had a tremendous effect, and as far as the motion picture entering politics to defend itself from bigotry and persecution is concerned, that entry has been accomplished, and the blows have been winning ones.

It seems to me that there is no reason why the motion picture should not have adequate representation of appropriate sort from now on in the legislatures, and in Congress. Pictures are an



The 1920 candidates may sleep the sleep of babes, but—

enormous concern of the American people; they are a part of the rights and life of the American people, and they must be regarded in lawmaking as something essentially worth while. If there are sectional interests in Congress—if the Southern planter, and the Middle-West farmer, and the Western cattleman, if departments of finance and divisions of labor must have their protectors and endorsers—if these things are true, the motion picture, which is not a sectional interest, but the daily property of all the people in all sections, must have some attention in Washington from now on.

And it will get it.

Let me show you how the motion picture may be the most powerful force of the next national campaign.

Suppose there were a National Committee of Motion Pictures, of twelve men. This committee could subdivide the country into thirty-three zones, with, we will say, 150 subcommittees in each zone. Now it is the country at large, not the great cities, which decides our biggest issues. No one pretends, for example, that Chicago and New York wanted prohibition. The country at large means our mighty aggregate of small cities, towns and villages, with the rural population. If you want to imagine the force of the motion picture, centered on certain proper political ends, visualize a sample town—McKeesport, Pa. There are two average small-town newspapers there, and ten or fifteen picture theaters. Can anyone

Enters Politics

By
WILLIAM A. BRADY

compare the propaganda force of those continuous houses with the argumentative force of the two papers—granting that their beliefs were alike, which is unlikely? The women from now on are a dominant power in deciding any political question, in this country, and the women go to pictures, and believe in pictures—every one of them. Many of them, I suppose, believe what they read in the newspapers, but their adherence to the screen is unanimous.

Is this swift and impressive power a hot air theory?

Not on your life! It has been proven, and in a way that amazed all Washington.

A few months ago the wise gentlemen in the capital proposed to impose a twenty-per cent tax on amusements. This news struck the picture and theater men of New York like a thunderbolt late one Thursday afternoon. A meeting was called, and in a few hours \$2,000 worth of telegrams had gone North, South and West. Instantly, in response to those wires, protestants against that unjust bill appeared on the stage or the little rostrum of every motion picture house from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The political power of the movies, born full-armed, was working for the first time, and hitting on every cylinder. The next morning the first protests against the Kitchen programme—or pogrom, if you like—began to come into Washington. The air was filled with them Friday afternoon, Saturday it seemed like a snow storm, Sunday it was a blizzard, Monday the District of Columbia was snowed under. And Tuesday the cry went out from Washington, "Stop! Stop! You are clogging the wires and stopping the national mails!" Kitchen's crowd surrendered, for five million petitions against their work had arrived! In three working days the motion picture had absolutely stampeded and killed a piece of selfish proposed legislation, apparently aimed at managers and producers, but directly reactive on all the people, and especially on people of moderate means.

From now on, candidates must go on record to prevent persecution of the movies.

Here is a startling fact: no business in the United States will do as much building in the next two years as the motion picture industry!

At the end of that period no city of a hundred thousand inhabitants will be without at least one ornate, substantial picture theater seating 2,000 people, with finely presented programmes of varied nature, accompanied by an orchestra whose readings will raise the whole public taste in music; and every

city of half a million or over will have a great motion picture auditorium, seating from 3,000 to 5,000 persons, and taking its place as the focal center of community life, the natural home of great gatherings, an interior forum for expression, on occasion, of the city's embodied thought.

The 85,000 saloons which are about to disappear from the United States have often been described as community centers, and as "poor men's clubs," but how often have you thought of them as political clubs? That is exactly what they were, simply by virtue of being places where men gathered, and—naturally—talked things over.

The motion picture theater will take the place of the saloon as a center of politics simply because, in the small town, there is no other regular place to congregate. The church is not a continuous open house, as is the movie theater; besides, the motion picture is a part of every-day life, and men come to it in colloquial mood. Men go to the house of God for worship.

The first official recognition of the motion picture from a religious organization as a whole has come from the Methodist

Episcopal Church, which in its great conference projected for next July in Columbus, O., has asked for a picture representation in its pageant, and in its committees. Needless to say, the picture industry will send to Columbus a representation of its leaders and its most advanced thought.

It welcomes an opportunity to join forces with a potent religious body in its task of making the world a cleaner, happier, better place to live in. The motion picture is a direct co-operator with every decent force in the world. The bigots, the inquirers, the suppressors of public opinion, the censors—all these are lying to you, more or less deliberately, when they tell you otherwise.

Let me tell you something about Bolshevism, the menace of a broken-up world. Bolshevism isn't a lack of food. It's a lack of brains!

Give people knowledge of what is really going on, an idea of what the other fellow really thinks, and you have taken all the kick out of war. Give them a universal understanding, an acquaintance of nation with nation, a sympathy of class for class, and you have not only killed anarchy—you will have buried it too deep for resurrection.

There is no force which makes for international understanding to-day that is comparable in any way, for effectiveness, with the motion picture.

The motion picture has done more to advance the poor man, to give him a knowledge of the world, and a variety of cosmopolitanism, than any other agency of modern times. The man who has never moved from Tulsa, Okla., may have a very accurate knowledge of the geography, famous streets, noted buildings and active water front of New York. The rube who lives in New York, and is a rube because he has never seen anything else, travels on the screen and so becomes acquainted with Tulsa, just as Tulsa has shaken hands with him.

It is a simple truth that people everywhere, to-day, have incomparably more faith in what they see in a picture than in

(Continued on page 131)



Decoration by R. F. James

—his argument will go marching on.



Mary had lots of fun ragging a stunning screen juvenile. close-up, including the well-spice of all her coaching he dy Long Legs" as the late Jean when she wrote this college

A scene from one of Miss Pickford's Famous Players pictures, with actor Neilan as the recumbent hero.

“If You Want a Thing Well Done—”

Do it yourself. So Mickey Neilan laid aside the megaphone and reached for the grease-paint.

“WHAT is the word that expresses the idea of reverting back to the old stuff?” asked Director Marshall Neilan reflectively.

“Do you mean ‘atavism?’” was the reply.

“Nope,” declared the youthful wielder of the megaphone, “that isn’t it. Atavism is a reversion to type and my reversion isn’t to type but to a juvenile.”

It was just because he couldn’t get the right sort of a juvenile to play opposite Mary Pickford in “Daddy Long Legs,” which he was directing, that Neilan decided, upon the suggestion of Mary herself, to put on make-up once again after a number of years, and play the part himself.

“If you want a thing well done,” quoted Mary to her stern director, “do it yourself.”

And Mickey did.

“Daddy Long Legs” will recall to the early film enthusiasts the days when Neilan was one of the handsome young juveniles to whom the girls wrote lengthy epistles—when he played opposite most of the stars at some time or other. You may remember him, particularly, as the neglectful Pinkerton in “Madame Butterfly” to Mary’s plaintive Cho-Cho San. He played opposite Miss Pickford, too, in “Rags” and “Little Pal.” Then he took up directing and at less than thirty is one of the acknowledged leading producers in the business.



Mickey on his reappearance as Here she is posing him for a known delarte first position. In played the *Jimmy McBride* of “Dad-Webster must have intended kid into her popular story.

“Gosh!” he said, as he wielded the eye-pencil, “it’s been a long time since I made up. But the old grease paint smells good to me.” Mickey is always, however, an actor in the directing business.

The Cameraman—He Hasn't Smiled Yet

Sketches by
IRVINE METZL

Scenario by
LEIGH METCALFE



If I got paid by the turn of the crank I'd have joined the bolshevists long ago. I been on this set since eight bells and ain't ground a foot. That director must think a clock is something for the baby to tear apart. Ho—hum!



My Gawd—that dimpled hero is gonna get me mad yet. Posin' around like he's the heir to the Astorbilt millions and only obligin' us by actin' in pictures. Strut along, kiddo—you can't scare me. The only way you look pretty is through the projection machine window.

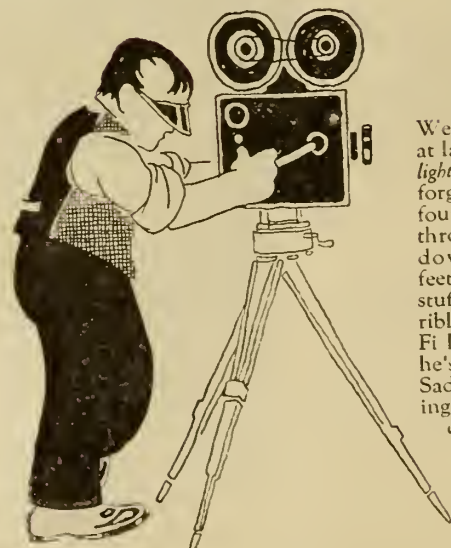
Suffering Sunsets! That casting director has raided another haberdashery shop. Three shirt salesmen and four floorwalkers. What gets me is how these stores keep going with all their help suping in pictures.



Here comes Sadie. 'Ullo, Sadie. How's the girl? How's the family? Gert an' me was coming over last night but I hadda set in the cutting room till twelve bells. Sadie's a great little ingenue. Don't spill it—but I coulda married her once.



Wonder why I took up photography, anyway? Nothin' but waiting and trying to keep peaceful while a lotta lens-fends make faces into a high-priced camera. Sometimes, I wish I'd taken my old father's advice and gone into the plumbing business.



Well—here we go at last. *Hey, Pete—lights.* And don't forget that number four arc downstage through the window. . . . Fifty feet of mush love stuff. This is terrible. Reginald Fi Fi looks more like he's strangling Sadie than embracing her. And they call that love!



Miss Nilsson, baby-viking—"the ideal American girl!"

Q for Querentia

IT'S out. The middle initial in Anna Nilsson's name is no longer a serial mystery to many fans but an open secret—just like a Chicago election, or the plot of a Fox film. You may have heard, in the box-office of your favorite theater, that Miss Nilsson didn't want that middle name made known to an eager world, just as Bill Hart vows he will never confide whether that "S" in his name stands for Silas or Samuel. But as a matter of fact Anna doesn't feel that way about it at all; she slips in the initial but she omits the rest because she's afraid the majority of people will think her name too long to articulate and so leave her out of the discussion altogether. We know we wouldn't. Having made these facts as unintelligible as possible, suppose we proceed:

She was born in Ystad. Nothing that we learned at school enables us to pronounce that Swedish village but your guess is as good as any—besides, we merely mention it to plant the fact that Anna, hailing from Sweden, is chiefly known by press agents and people as "the American beauty." She looks more

Anna Nilsson, the American beauty from Scandinavia, admits her middle initial.

from K. C. She is a vigorous Yankee or a languorous Louisianienne; she is a western girl, or the pride of Duluth, Minn.

And she was born in Sweden!

She was a veritable little snow-baby; wrapped in furs and strapped in a sled she sent scowling esquimaux dogs scooting over the frozen stretches near her native village. She went

to school there—the thing she learned at the seminary was that she was eminently fitted for a dramatic career. Her parents, being informed of their daughter's intentions to take up acting, said nothing; and Anna began her stage studies. Soon she was appearing in stock in her home town. After that she toured Europe with several companies.

In 1907 the thought came to her which was to mean so much to cover artists, illustrators, and the American (silent) drama. Anna decided either that Europe was too small for her or that she was too large for Europe; and that in either case she was going to America.

(Continued on page 131)



Anna Querentia actually knows very little about palmistry; but she was all made up in a black wig for "In Judgment Of" and thought she might as well tell Bert Lytell about that dark lady who is to cross his path.

Where

By

TRUMAN

B. HANDY



Judging by first impressions, we would write that Owen Moore has just finished giving a handout to a tramp. But we managed to recognize, under the screen whiskers, Owen's own brother, Tom. Behind Owen are Hedda Nova and Sidney Ainsworth—all lunching in the Goldwyn hunger cure.

WHERE do we eat,—and when?

The most momentous question to us all, but the two biggest problems of the motion picture folk. Unfortunately for them, the sun never ceases his journey across the heavens, clamoring home offices don't consider mere hunger sufficient excuse for delayed releases, and only too often "temperamental" stars can't stop to consider that someone may perish from starvation while they are waiting to get in the proper mood for the day's emotional scene.

A studio cafeteria, grabeteria, ptomaine parlor, or any other of the thousand-and-one names attributed to the place where nutriment is obtainable for so-much per, is totally different from anything else on earth. To the uninitiated visitor it is a madhouse and a fascination—actors and actorines sitting around tables wearing their make-up and costumes, stage-hands and carpenters in grimy attire dining with cameramen, extras, chauffeurs, and the young ladies who shoot plugs at the studio switchboard; the gentlemen of the movie jury chatting about last night's wild party, and the Imperial Ones at the Royal Table,—the coterie of studio officials including the president, vice-president, business manager, publicity director and the rest of the high mucky-mucks. To the cognoscenti, however, the sight means nothing.

This eating between camera "shots" is all in the day's work.

A huge room, lighted almost entirely from the back and sides, smokefilled, and reeking with the odor of frying onions and beefsteak, boiling coffee, and cigarette smoke, greeted my gaze as I was ushered into the hunger-cure at Universal City. A steam-table counter extended the length of the rear, with an aisle stretching before it. At the entrance to the aisle, a table piled high with japanned trays, paper napkins, triple-plated silver. In plain view, the sign, "We Allow No Credit." Also in plain view three perspiring servers behind the steam table.



As the single-file line of gastronomic aspirants walked up the aisle, each grabbed a tray and sufficient eating utensils, and sliding the tray along the wooden runway built along the edge of the steam table, signified to the girls behind his choice of viands. Which, when handed to him, he'd pile on his tray, and pass on to the next "course" of his meal. And so on, until he reached the end of the aisle, where he was confronted by someone sitting on a high stool behind a cash register.

Such is a cafeteria,—the famed institution of Los Angeles,—where each customer serves himself, and where food is supposed to be less expensive than in a cafe, where liveried waiters do their worst.

In the room proper of this cafeteria are tables, to which

Do We Eat?

An army traveling on its stomach is no more ingeniously fed than the picture-taking companies—whether lunch be tea in a dressing room or sandwiches on the sky-high edge of a “location” cliff.

Lunch is usually a chummy, merry affair on location. May Allison and her company, shown below, ate in the mountains recently when taking scenes for a new picture. At May's right is Lillian West, one of the story plotters and at her right sits Director Henry Otto. Recognize any of the others?



in the make-up of a society vixen—her wide, rounded shoulders peeping out of a jet evening gown embroidered in rhinestones, a plucked otter cape draped over the back of her chair, occupied one, together with Harry Carey, who wore the outfit of a bold, bad western bandit; Eddie Polo, just having emerged from a fight on-stage, with his shirt torn and his hair mussed, and Magda Lane, who, as a fluffy-ruffles chorus girl, was trying to hide her silk stocking under a series of folded paper napkins. At another of the sacred altars sat Jack Ford in characteristic horn-rimmed spectacles. (Ford's a director now, and all movie directors either wear the horn rims, puttee, or a broad-brimmed hat.) And with him were Holubar, Mr. and Mrs., the latter, who is known as Dorothy Phillips, attired as a Red Cross nurse. She wore make-up on her fingers, and I noticed that her shoes were muddy. Holubar was dressed like any ordinary human in a grey suit, and sat chewing on a long cheroot, not unlike our dear friend, Barney Oldfield. He was talking animatedly to Monroe Salisbury, in the make-up of a Canadian north-woodsman, and Ruth Clifford, who wore very modish street attire and oodles of make-up around her eyes. (I learned afterward that she was going to kill a man as per the requirements of the scenario.)

Dazzled by the sight, I started to sit me down to a near-by table, but the directors shooed me away.

Bryant Washburn and his director, Walter Edwards, grabbing a bite on the lasky lot. The bottles contain 100 percent milk.



each diner carries his own tray. Along the wall near the windows in the Universal eating house extends a line of marble-topped tables behind a rail. A sign overhead proclaims them for directors and leading players only, and an extra girl told me that her chum got “fired” only the day before for daring to intrude on the privacy of the higher-ups, for with such fitting ceremony is the tradition of caste observed cinematically.

I noticed in particular that seated at the directors-and-leads-only tables were numerous luminaries I'd heard of before. Universal's exquisite little thief-actress, Priscilla Dean,



Mary Pickford usually lunches in the studio. The oval at the right proves that Charles Chaplin is democratic about his meal-taking. Surrounding him are such studio celebrities as electricians, cameramen and a few extras.



But in my hurried exit I gleaned a bit of valuable information, to wit: Marie Walcamp doesn't do all these hair-raising stunts herself. Her double, a nice, husky young gentleman, sat at a table with a lot of cigarette-smoking cowboys. He wore a blonde wig, a divided skirt, and a lady's pink silk shirtwaist. In response to my shocked query, a cowboy exposed the secret. And now I haven't any more faith in these stunt actors.

When David Wark Griffith wants to eat his lunch, the lone hash-slinger at the White Kitchen—located across the street from the lot on which the Babylonian scenes of Intolerance were shot,—makes a series of sudden moves. Griffith is always in a hurry, and quite often takes his scenario to lunch with him, where he works out bits of intimate detail between swigs at a cup of coffee and bites on a ham sandwich.

They haven't a real lunchroom at the Sunset studio, and as a result it is not uncommon to see the Gishes, Bobby Harron and Clarine Seymour dining out of paper bags as they sit under the only tree on the lot. But this White Kitchen is a rendezvous for the aspiring extras and the other studio employees, and it is quite delightful to get a glimpse of the great Griffith, his legs crossed, seated atop a high stool at the counter in front of the smoky stove.

We eat, any motion-picture worker, will tell you, on location about half of the time. It happened that I was a guest at Mixville one noon. The cantankerous Tom and his photoplay assistants do a lot of thrilling stunts atop a horse, and it wasn't surprising to me that they should require large quantities of food. Louie, a Chinese cook, arrives on the scene in a chuck-wagon long before any of the company put

in an appearance. Louie is resourceful and commences to build a number of fires near the scene of eating activities, one each under a huge pot of beans,—friholees, the buckaroos call them,—beef stew,—“mulligan” in the language of the range,—coffee, potatoes, et cetera. At mealtime every diner, including Mix and the leading lady, lines up with a set of dishes (in reality a tin plate, tin cup, knife and fork), passing from one steaming pot to the next. When generously served, lunch is eaten almost anywhere on the scene. Mix, I noticed, straddled a soap box, while as it happened, officials of the company who journeyed to the happy hunting grounds with me, sat on the running board of a machine, and petite Teddy Sampson carried her “victuals” to the back seat, where she chatted and dined with Ed Rosenbaum, Mix's manager, late of the Ziegfeld Follies.

While at Mixville lunch on location is more or less of a permanent nature and the chuck wagon and Louie are evidences of its being a fixture, the same condition is not relative to companies in general. When a company is to go on location lunch is carefully packed and carried in the camera car. After several hours' shooting, it is unpacked, and a box containing cold dainties handed to each member. The star, principals, head cameraman and director have “spe-



This picture gets the most space because it made the layout editor foreground arc; Bud Jamison, Lige Cromley, assistant

cial"—generally comprising a piece of fried chicken, French pastry or other delicacy not conceded to mere extras and atmosphere, another evidence of the caste system in vogue,—which are usually eaten in the privacy of the star's car. This applies to cases where large numbers of extras are on the scene. When just the small company of players and the technical staff are on location, however, the repast is more collective—a more chummy affair.

Ethel Clayton invited Gloria Swanson and some others, including myself, to lunch one noon with her at her home in Hollywood. Another way of curing hunger. A number of the big stars, when released for lunch, step into their car and are whisked away either to their hotel or to their home where a repast awaits them. Nazimova never dines at the studio,

except on rare occasions, when she sips coffee and toast in the seclusion of her dressing room. The same is true of Mallamy Travers, Fox star Clara Kimball Young, Blanche Sweet, Gertrudine Farrar—when she is in pictures—Constance Talmadge, et alia. I've found that the habit is particularly in vogue with the emotional workers, whose nerves seem always to be more or less at a high pitch.

The Laskyites soporify at noon in a small grabateria that was once a California bungalow. It is just across the street from the studio, and kept by two motherly women, who take particular interest in their patron—particularly if they are stars. Another evidence of caste. In reporting this story I've learned more about cinematic society and the strange race of the cinemese than I ever could hope to as a casual interviewer of

Here is one of the "studio cafeterias," that sort of lunchstand which solves the problem of handling great crowds of "extras" at noon hour. This picture was taken on a Goldwyn location during the filming of a Rex Beach picture.



hungry. A typical daily studio lunchroom scene on the Rolin lot. In the director, Harold Lloyd, Bebe Daniels and Marie Mosquini.

celebrities, when one is always to see them at their best doing perhaps the best acting of their career.

This Lasky lunchroom is so small that none but the most energetic can hope to secure a table. The stars and directors, of course, are provided for, but minor thespians and members of the technical staff can be seen any noon squatting on the front lawn, on the porch steps, or perched on the porch railing, heavily engrossed in eating just as much as limited time will permit.

A little weazened Irishman, Pete, keeps a lunchwagon where hot dogs, sandwiches and a violent variety of pie are on continuous tap at the Lasky gate. Bryant Washburn and Wallace Reid, together with Elliott Dexter, Ernest Joy, James Neill and other male members of the company have a habit of patronizing the stand, and on rare occasions one can even find William De Mille and George Melford snatching a bite there. Bryant Washburn once asked for a glass of milk, something never heretofore kept in stock by Pete. The next day, however, Washburn was accorded a surprise when Pete handed him a beer bottle,—now almost a forgotten relic of an earlier civilization—filled with the lacteal refreshment. But now, with beer bottles out of date in dry Los Angeles, the debonair histrion perforce imbibes milk from a plain, ordinary shaving mug presented to Pete by a fond admirer.

"Lights on for lunch"

Personally, after having waited for three hours for a sip of tea with Charlie Chaplin, I was nearly famished. Chaplin had told me to come early. I did—and waited. With the mental picture of a luxurious lunchroom, I was downhearted at the word "lights," expecting soon the familiar "Camera!" To my surprise, however, the entire studio staff from Charlie down commenced to gather in boxes, chairs, anything on which they could sit, while a couple of waiters brought on loaded trays. These were set in the middle of the stage and just after someone had asked Syd Chaplin if he had an extra cigarette, I was informed by Charlie to "pitch in."

Eating on the stage is quite de rigueur in the busy moments of the studio, and Mary Pickford rarely dines at noon anywhere else. Miss Pickford's noon hour is "just rushed to death," she informed me and I have found the same true of all stars who own and personally conduct their own companies. Both little Mary and Bessie Barriscale alternately read correspondence, dictate to their secretaries, look over

(Continued on page 133)

Our Incan- descent Icicle

Meaning that Katherine MacDonald, the Snow-Queen, is thawing out in the warm sun of California.

FAIR and warmer. Katherine MacDonald has brightened into a studio mazda with a mind—and a company—of her own. She selects her own stories and casts and everything—this Katherine whose screen likeness Mr. Julian Johnson once compared to a glacier on an infinitely patient volcano. Katherine always played lovely passive parts in the affairs of (leading) men. But if you knew her, you knew that all the time she was smiling her slow sad smile that made audiences feel for their handkerchiefs, she was secretly thinking, "What an awful simp this woman is that I'm playing!" Katherine served her screen apprenticeship in support of Jack Pickford, Bill Hart, Charles Ray, Fairbanks, and Louis Bannison, in "The Squaw Man," and in the name part of Artcraft's "The Woman Thou Gavest Me;" and then she branched out and you'll see her soon in her first new picture, "The Thunderbolt."



Photography
by Stagg

Miss MacDonald requested that we publish this picture in our first dry issue. Here is Katherine, very orange-pckoe, drinking to us largely with her eyes. Have you laid in your stock of teacups?

Below: Reading from left to right: Miss MacDonald in "The Woman Thou Gavest Me", with Elliott Dexter in "The Squaw Man," and with Doug in "Headin' South." The last panel shows her dressing up for a new picture.





She once appeared in New York wintergarden productions but now seems to prefer a summer garden in California. Here—probably trying to find out if Burbank is right.

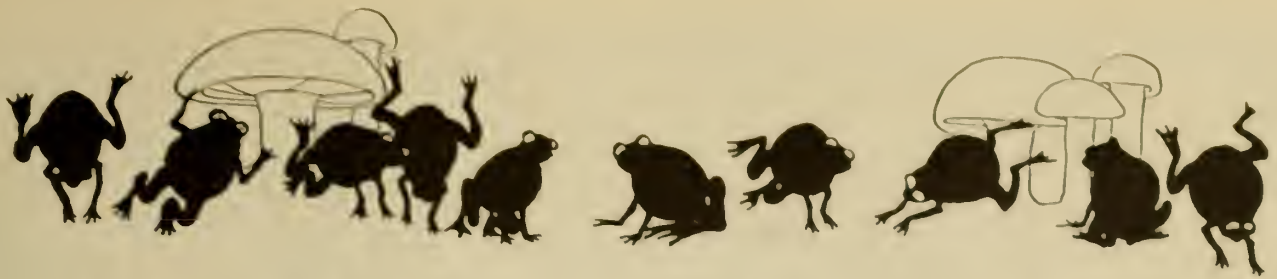
Doug—and Mr. McAdoo,
legal counsel for the Big
Four, comprising Mary
Pickford, Chaplin, Bill
Hart and Doug.



Solving a Problem of Transportation

W. G. McADOO, former Director-General of Railroads, had never read anything in the trainman's gazette that would help him solve the locomotion of a pinto. Thus, when he wanted to stage a motion picture record of his family, he called in Doug Fairbanks, who explained matters to the horse. The result was a motion picture, filmed around Santa Barbara, featuring the McAdoos and their baby, Ellen. Mrs. McAdoo, a daughter of President Wilson, is on the horse, being directed by Doug. The man with the cap is former Lieut. Victor Fleming, in charge of the photographers on board the George Washington on its first Presidential trip to Europe.





Wes Barry—American

Can you be a good kid actor without plenty of warts and freckles? You cannot, says Mr. Barry.

By ROBERT M. YOST, JR.

WE were speaking of warts.

"You've had a very good season in the wart line," I remarked as I gazed at the little boy's hands, speckled with freckles and dotted here and there with the above mentioned form of human mushroom.

"Yeh," replied Wesley Earl Barry, the famous motion picture star as he looked upon himself with paternal pride.

"Yeh," said the young man again as he cleared his throat to hide a becoming note of satisfaction. "I've got twenty-one of um."

"You have heard of course that toads are supposed to—" I began, but Wes Barry interrupted me with an indifferent nod of his head.

"Yeh! I've heard about that," he said, "but it ain't so."

"Why not?"

"Cause I've got a lot of warts on the back of my neck."

The subject was dropped. We grazed in new mental pastures and explored each other's companionable values from the corners of our eyes.

A warm California sun beat down upon the flaming head of the little fellow. The self same sun also beat where once a kindred colored hair had flamed above my brow—in pacem requiescat.

Wes blinked a couple of pale blue eyes from beneath pale pink eye-lashes. In fact this star is a symphony in the milder color tones. His nose is sharp and has an inquisitive skyward tendency. His face is dotted and speckled with neutral colored freckles, his upper lip protrudes just a trifle and a lean, little boy neck forms the connecting link between this interesting head and a most active young body.

I had forgotten the ears. We will return to them. They represent a great American institution. Ninety-nine and eight-tenths percent of all the dough boys who whipped the Germans had Wesley

Earl Barry ears in their early youth. These ears are large and conventional in number. Their most interesting feature lies in the fact that they lurch violently away from the head to which nature has attached them.

And so Wes Barry sat himself upon a bench in the warm sun and spoke slightly and evenly of theatrical successes that older men would have told of with gestures and marked emphasis.

"I'm eleven years old," remarked the subject of the interview, "and I've been trying for a long time to get people to spell my name right. It's spelt BARRY, not BERRY. A director onct asked me if my name was Wes Barry. I told him it was and then he wanted to know if I was any relation to Ras Berry. I've been a little anxious about my name ever since."

There are millions of Wesley Barrys in the United States today. He's the typical American Kid of the screen. That's the reason he's practically a star at eleven years. He's probably the only kid of the screen who rings true when it comes to real kid parts. Marshall Neilan discovered him; Mary Pickford has him in most of her big pictures. He is the support of stars too numerous to mention; he injects that note of humanness into his work and into a picture with a result that defies criticism.

He is the little boy, who as George Washington Sticker of Topeka, Kansas, put the "pardon" in "The Unpardonable Sin." He's the official ray of sunshine, making bright pictures brighter and weaving a thread of sunshine through the somber tapestry of tragedy.

The entry of Wes Barry into the realm of the screen was somewhat in the nature of an injection.

To describe this momentous event it is necessary to go back to the events leading up to it.

Wes was born in Los Angeles and to quote him, "when one year old" went to Inyo County, probably the most wonderful spot in the world.

Inyo County is the north



Wes is a symphony in the milder color tones of which the dominating shades are the pink of the lashes and the indescribable shade of the freckles, spread—as a curious tannish pattern—over an exceptional group of features.



If you think Wes isn't an actor—stare at the above. The jug contains only sweet cider though you'd have a hard time explaining that to the men who voted for the well known amendment. The scene is from Mary Pickford's "Daddy Long Legs."

end of the great Mojave desert on the East boundary of California. Its mountains are the highest, its Death Valley the lowest spots in the United States and its streams are the sweetest.

Los Angeles needed a great supply of water to insure its future and thousands of men were sent into the fastnesses of the mountains to harness the streams and carry it by concrete ditch and steel syphon through the three hundred miles of mountain and desert to Los Angeles.

And Wes Barry's father and mother went forth and pioneered in the great upheaval of nature while little Wes at the age of one went with them and began to learn that ease and naturalness that marks even the babies of the great desert and mountain country.

When Wes came back to Los Angeles, his father opened a confectionary store near the old Kalem studio in Los Angeles. Wes brought back with him a fine crop of freckles, a general pale, pink coloring and a very high opinion of himself in general.

The last asset brought in its train. There seemed to be an element of doubt on the part of sundry other young men of the neighborhood and on the day that Wesley was marked for stardom, he was in a most interesting and to him a highly dubious situation.

To be more explicit he formed the foundation of a pyramid of wriggling young bodies in the center of the street. There were fully five young men on top of him, each one having dedicated the moment to the purpose of getting at least one good punch at any exposed portion of the anatomy of the wild man of the desert.

At this moment fate intervened and according to Wes Barry, if fate hadn't intervened at that moment all would not have been well with him.

But Marshall Neilan the director happened along. He was returning from a hurried lunch. He noted the occurrence in the street and proceeded to un-

ravel the squirming gladiators. When he had reached the core he gazed upon the freckled face of Wesley Earl Barry—and lo a star was born.

For the past five years Wes Barry has played in the films, so you can see he is quite a pioneer. His first picture was with Ruth Roland. He recited the list of later successes. He played with Blanche Sweet. He worked at Seligs, at Lasky's. He played important roles with Mary Pickford in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "A Marmalade of Clothesline Alley," "How Could You Jean?" "Johanna Enlists," and "Daddy Long Legs." He is in De Mille's latest offering, "For Better, for Worse." He has one of the biggest roles in Harry Garson's wonderful production of Marshall Neilan's finely directed, "The Unpardonable Sin" and at the present time he is working with Anita Stewart in a new play, "Her Kingdom of Dreams."

He is probably more in demand than a very high percentage of many older and more famous stars.

"I like rough neck parts the best," remarked Wes. "They seem the easiest for me to do."

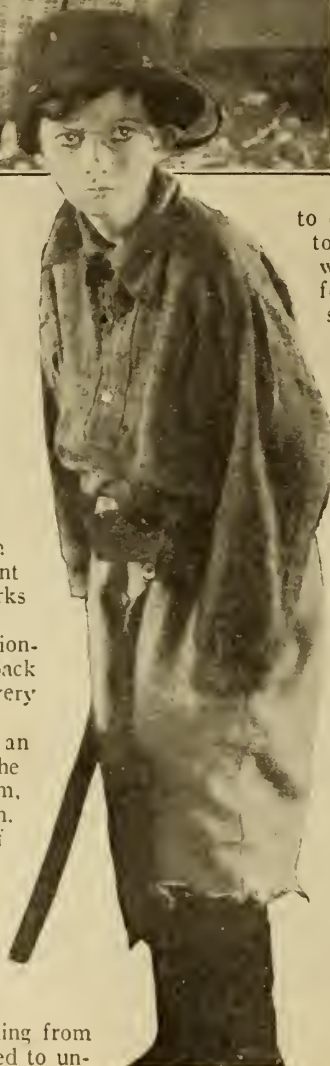
And I had some work to do and Wes had a long way to ride home on his bicycle so we decided that enough information had been secured to stifle momentarily the clamor of a great public.

"Oh," I remarked, just as a parting shot to close the story to date of the happenings to this young star, "what's your father doing now?"

He waited fully a minute to answer and slowly the light of courage unquenchable flamed high and clear in the pale, blue eyes and a small voice steadied itself to meet the carefree requirements of our conversation as with a note of surety of the present and a prayer for the future Wesley Earl Barry replied, gently:

"Oh, he's dead, just at present."

Here is the versatile young actor, Mr. Barry, in a scene from "The Unpardonable Sin"—whose acting, so Mr. Yost declares—put the "pardon" in that picture.





Scenes from Chaplin's latest picture, "Sunnyside," which includes, of course, Edna Purviance.

Chaplin's Century Plant Blooms Again

WAITING for the next Chaplin comedy is like waiting for a century plant to blossom, only more gratifying in the end. We can only estimate the long pent-up eagerness splitting open the million picture houses now that "Sunnyside" is released through the country. Chaplin once remarked that his decision to make his own productions grew out of a reluctance to operate on the schedule of a canning factory. He is indeed living up to this reluctance: the billygoat family would vanish from the earth were it dependent on foodware produced on Chaplin's schedule.



Lord and Lady Algy

Lord Algy was so occupied with straightening out another love affair that he entirely forgot to quarrel with his own wife.

By

BETTY SHANNON

GOSSIP found nothing to smack its lips over in the separation of Lord and Lady Algernon Chetland.

They were clean living young thoroughbreds, both of them. They had been in love with one another since pinafore days, and no one doubted that they loved each other still. If they couldn't "just hit it off," it was their own affair.

It was known, of course, that Crosby Jethro had hoped to marry Cecilia before she became Lady Algy. And knowing him as people did—for a "bit of a hounder," though of good family who made somewhat unscrupulous pickings off new-made millionaires with cravings for a place in society—they expected that he would resume his attentions. They were willing to let Cecilia settle that affair when it should arise.

Lord Algy's father, the Duke of Droneborough, made a fuss, naturally. He had never approved of Algy anyway, displaying great pain and loud chagrin at the young man's sporting proclivities, and turning all of his affection—and most of his means—over to the ineffectual and hypocritical elder son, the Marquis of Quarmby. This was probably because, though the old man did not recognize it, the Marquis more nearly resembled him than Lord Algernon. With all his cry about family honor, the Duke had his own little weaknesses which he kept to himself.

Lord and Lady Algy were both good sportsmen. Cecilia was as fond of the turf as her husband, and she really had better judgment than he. He unfailingly plunged on the wrong horse, always against her advice.

It was the subject of a deal of good natured raillery for a number of months. Lord and Lady Chetland took Algy's losses with casual indifference, and Chetland Manor was filled with merry crowds down from London for the hunting season and for week-ends of outdoor sports. Then finally their differences began to wear on them.

The crisis came over Dewdrop Second. Algy was staking everything on Dewdrop's chance of winning the Grand National Steeplechase in the spring. Cecilia had faith neither in the horse nor in Mawley Jemmett, Algy's veteran jockey, who had a failing for a drop too much on the eve of the race.

For the first time Cecilia found Algy's stupid judgment unbearable. There was no bitterness or harshness about their separation. They discovered that there was really nothing they could, or did, agree on. So they shook hands over it and Cecilia went back to live with her aunt, and Algy took up his residence in their London flat. And they remained the best of friends.

The hour of ten in the morning, two days before the Grand National Steeplechase, found the superbly proper Marquis of Quarmby giving himself a very uncomfortable moment in the living room of Lord Algy's apartment.

With awkwardness and beaded brow he was trying to cast aside the mask of the lofty Sir Galahad he had always worn



and confess to his brother that he—er—ah—had conceived a passion for a deucedly pretty woman whom he was having difficulty in meeting privately and—ah—yet correctly.

The "difficulty" was a husband who had been known to smash a whole set of Dresden in one jealous storm. Though the grand passion required great sacrifices sometimes, the Marquis was hardly ready yet to risk a broken head or a scandal in the papers. Looking about Algy's room he thought perhaps—perhaps—

"Right-o!" Algy came pleasantly to the fore, passing over an unparalleled opportunity which a less generous brother would have jumped at, to return a few of the lectures on family honor that Quarmby had handed him on far milder offenses.

"I'll lunch you both—then have a wire calling me away directly after the soup."

The Marquis palpitated with silly rapture, and rushed forth to telephone the dear lady to come at once. Since he felt delicate about revealing her name, he left with Algernon her photograph which would serve to identify her if she should come before his return.

seen to it, they were strangers.

"We have plunged into the very vortex of society," Tudway said with importance before he was seated. "I want you to be at our costume ball to-morrow night," adding in a dejected whisper before Algy could refuse, "I'm in trouble. I suspect my wife is unduly interested in some titled adventurer. I beg you to speak quietly to her—a few earnest words—as an old friend of mine."

At this point Lord Algy suddenly remembered that he had not ordered luncheon, and excused himself. Tudway stood looking after him, deep in thought. Absent-mindedly he picked his hat from the table. As he did so, he brushed a photograph to the floor. He stooped to pick it up—and gazed at the features of Gladys Tudway, his own wedded wife.

He was amazed, dumfounded! So Lord Algy was the "titled adventurer!" Tudway desired to do violence to everything about him. He wanted to tear up the picture, to stamp, to kick. But a clumsy shrewdness got the better of his temper.

"Never met my wife, I suppose?" he asked when Algy returned. "Fine woman. Sorry I can't be there to introduce you to-morrow night. Got to work at the factory," he ground out with a wry grin. "You'll like her—ha, ha!" Tudway whirled out of the door.

"A little liverish," thought Lord Algy, carelessly laying the morning paper on top of the incriminating picture.

The Duke of Droneborough, coming in half an hour later, found Lord Algy in conversation with Cecilia. She had run over to see if she couldn't stop Algy, before it was too late, from ruining himself on Dewdrop. She had decided to put

"So you're going to bolt with Quarm," said Algy. "I wouldn't if I were you. Brabazon's an extraordinarily nice chap. Devilishly fond of you, too. . . . Quarmby has a temper. The kind that smoulders."

everything she owned on Flickamaroo. Crosby Jethro, who was becoming a little annoying with attentions, but who nevertheless was "in the know," had tipped her off that Flickamaroo would win the race.

She had come in unannounced, and finding the room empty, had looked about rather hungrily. She had picked up the paper, and had found beneath it the picture of Gladys Tudway. The idea of the picture of a pretty woman in Algy's room amused her. He wasn't given to that sort of thing.

They were bantering cheerfully over the photograph, "Cis" pretending not to believe Algy's protestations that it was not his, when the Duke was announced.

"May I assume that your presence here means an end to all the scandal?" the old man asked heavily. Cecilia politely ignored the question, though Algernon remonstrated with his father, and made her adieu.

The baseness of the opinion of his younger son heretofore held by the Duke of Droneborough was nothing to what it was to be.

Cecilia had barely gone when the bell began a nervous ring-



The Brabazon Tudways were about to be launched on London society. Their campaign of social offensive was to begin with a costume ball the evening before the Grand National. Their general was the Honorable Crosby Jethro, who was confident of marshalling them to success. Tudway was a blustering, ill-mannered man who had made a fortune in soap. But the song of his shakels was golden and loud enough to drown the discordant janglings of his personality.

Mrs. Tudway it was who was the object of the Marquis of Quarmby's wayward adoration. She was a neurotic, excitable, vain little creature. Heaven alone knew how they had met. She was vastly impressed by the title of her admirer, and Quarmby was completely undone by her regard.

Algy was acquainted with Tudway. The young lord's good humored tolerance of him had engendered a feeling of gratitude in the commoner which was amusing. Cecilia had met Tudway, too. Though neither of them knew his wife.

At the moment that Quarmby was leaving Algy's apartment, Tudway was at the front door. The men touched shoulders as they passed, bowing, though, as Mrs. Tudway had carefully



Lord and Lady Algy

NARRATED, by permission, from the photoplay, which was adapted from the celebrated comedy of the same name. Directed by Harry Beaumont and released by Goldwyn with this cast:

Lord Algernon Chelland..Tom Moore
Lady Chelland.....Naomi Childers
The Marquis of Quarmby.Frank Leigh
The Duke of Droneborough.....
 Herbert Standing
Lieut. Standige.....Philo McCullough
The Hon. Crosby Jethro.Leslie Stuart, Jr.
Brabazon Tudway.....William Burrell
Mrs. Tudway.....Mabel Ballin

ing, and the portly Duke found himself being urged forcibly into the breakfast room.

"Another sheriff's officer with a writ, I suppose. You'll pardon my embarrassment," was Algernon's explanation, knowing the Duke's wish to avoid any contact with his son's bills.

No sooner was the door closed on the old man than an agitated lady swept in from the hall in a whirlwind of chatter.

"Oh, he isn't here yet! Is this the place? Are you his brother?"

In an agony Algernon tried to impart to the young woman the advisability of her crossing quietly to his bedroom and shutting the door behind her. But she was too filled with the deliciousness of her adventure with the peerage to try to understand him. She whipped from place to place in a froth of inconsequent burblings.

At length Algy heard sounds in the breakfast room that warned him of an approaching explosion. He grasped his brother's inamorata firmly by the shoulders, and had her almost sheltered behind his door when a snort across the room advised him that he had been caught.

Algy drew the door shut and faced his father.

"Where is your truth?" thundered the Duke. "Where is your decency? Where is my hat?"

Silence was broken by the bell. It was the Marquis of Quarmby radiant in anticipation of meeting his chosen one. He was radiant until he saw his father.

"Thank goodness, it's you," ejaculated Algy in relief. But if he expected Quarmby to take the responsibility for the mess that he had precipitated, he had not sounded the depths of the despicability of the Marquis' nature.

Quarmby assumed an air of scornful and offended virtue as the tale of his brother's immorality, embellished by frequent gestures towards the bedroom, rolled from the Duke's tongue.

When the old man was quite spent from the effects of his oratory the two of them "withdrew their countenances."

Mrs. Tudway was out of the bedroom like a shot.

"You bore the pain—the humiliation—for my sake," she murmured dramatically.

"It's all in my day's work," Algy answered prosaically, "but you might tell me your name."

"No," simpered the romantic creature, "let me only be a hazy dream." As the "hazy dream" looked limpidly into his eyes and clutched his arm, the door opened to admit Cecilia who had returned for her forgotten betting book. Mrs. Tudway shrieked, and hid her face, then fled.

"I can't tell you who—why—what she is, Cis," Algy plead with Cecilia to believe him.

But Cecilia mocked him with a laugh.

"Pickles!" she called after her.

The Tudway costume ball only complicated more the mess that Algy was in. He went, as he had promised Tudway, for the purpose of pleading with Tudway's wife the cause of her own worthy husband.

Unfortunately he had given a little supper before hand in celebration of the morrow's race. To keep the whisky decanter out of the reach of Mawley Jemmett, he had kept it too handy to himself. So he was not entirely himself when, clothed in a costume which was supposed to disguise him as the Duke of Marlborough, he arrived.

At some point in the laborious journey from refreshment to ballroom he came across "the hazy dream" of the afternoon before. He asked her if she knew their hostess. She confessed that she was Mrs. Tudway.

"Lemme plead the cause of my ol' frien' Brabazon," said Algy without ado. "His heart is breaking for you."

In his seriousness, which was now tinged with a sort of romantic sadness induced by his cups, he took the young woman's hand.

Of what happened then, Lord Algy had only misty remembrances afterward.



As Mrs. Tudway looked limpidly into his eyes and clutched his

There was some vague, yet horrible headsmen in mask with a papier mâché ax, who leaped at him suddenly from across the room calling him "villain," "scoundrel," and "debauché."

In a struggle which followed the headsmen's mask and wig had come off, revealing the features of his ol' frien' Brab, who was not, then, at the factory after all.

Brab, for some unaccountable reason, had ordered him out of the house. There had been a moment of bewilderment when all he could see was faces—the white, frightened face of Mrs. Tudway, the usual grieved face of his father, the self-righteous countenance of his older brother and the curious faces of other guests.

Then some one had stepped out to him. It was Cis. He hadn't known that she was there. She had said, "Come along, old fellow. I'll get you a cab." Good old Cis! He couldn't understand what the row was all about, but it was a shame she had to be brought in on it.

Every one turned out to watch the Grand National the following afternoon. Even those two vociferous adversaries



arm, the door opened to admit Cecilia. Mrs. Tudway shrieked.

of the race, the Duke of Droneborough and the Marquis of Quarmby, were there. They found themselves elbow to elbow, and lost the most exciting moment of the afternoon in explaining away their presences.

Mawley Jemmett made the best getaway, and Dewdrop kept easily in the lead. Then, when the race was theirs for the taking, Mawley misjudged the hedge and he and Dewdrop both went sprawling in the dust.

Flickamaroo came in first. Cecilia had been right again. Algy was cleaned—more than cleaned!

"It's smash, old chap!" Algy had confided to his best friend. "I'll try my luck in South Africa."

Algy was deep in contemplation of the many mistakes he had made—especially the mistake of letting Cis slip away from him—when Swepson ushered in Mrs. Tudway.

"I was afraid of being late," she said nervously.

"Were you?" asked Algy politely. Evidently she had expected him to expect her. "How's old Brab?"

"He behaved shamefully to you last night," indignantly.

"Don't remember quite precisely what happened," answered Algy. "My fault of course—a bit tight—you must put me right with old Brabazon."

Lord Algy said nothing about Quarmby. If he couldn't remember what had taken place the night before, thought Gladys, then he had probably forgotten that the Marquis and she were to meet there at 10 o'clock that night, and that they were then to elope to Scotland. Quarmby had told Algy of it at the ball.

"So you're going to bolt with Quarm?" Algy remarked seriously when she explained their plans. "I wouldn't if I were you. Brabazon's an extraordinarily nice chap—devilishly fond of you, too. Suppose he does break the china. Some men show their affection that way." And after a pause, "Quarmby has a temper, too, the kind that smoulders. You'd grow to hate him."

What Lord Algy said made a visible effect on Gladys Tudway. She grew white and thoughtful. The bell rang as he was begging her to think the matter over.

"I can get rid of Quarm in ten minutes," he said, leading her to his bedroom door. "Go in there and think about it."

But it was not Quarmby at the door just then. It was Brabazon Tudway, and he demanded in a loud voice to know where his wife was. Algy disclaimed any knowledge of her presence.

In a moment Quarmby came, followed by his father. Tudway insisted that his wife was behind the closed door—just where she was.

"There is a lady behind that door," Algy admitted, "but none of you shall see her. There are other women in the world but Mrs. Tudway."

The Duke lifted his pale eyes towards heaven, and the Marquis choked out "Algernon!" in a choked voice.

But Mr. Tudway was not satisfied. He took on one of his violent fits. He growled and stamped. Then he threw the Duke's high hat on the floor and trampled it in.

He was about to try to force his way into the bedroom, Algy resisting, and Quarmby and the Duke trying to pull them

(Continued on page 127)

Photography by Stagg
Decorations by
Irvine Metz



Down Sennett's

The Bathing Girl Revo-
lution at the old Keystone Camp
will presently endanger

This barrel has an absolutely July first
responsibility. Contents must not be
drawn from the wood in public. This
spirit is guaranteed to be eighteen years
of age, is a genuine intoxicant, and was
put up as the Dorothy Terry brand,
packed by Sunshine Comedies.

Before we had even read the indignation committee's letter we glimpsed the damozel above; and, somehow, we realized right away that we had been too partial to Miss Haver, Miss Prevost, and the other girls from old Keystone. This decorative young person is Jene Starr, who is seen in most Century L-KO comedies.





With Soviet!

lutionaries declare an autocracy which the use of water.



Josephine Hill, of Universal



Originally, this picture had a very elaborate and beautiful background. The Art Editor, who has an eye to utility, is going to use the background when we print portraits from the Convention of Old Maids. This Bachelor Girl is Mildred Hurd, of Century L-KO.

EVERY pretty thing that's wet, or about to get wet, isn't a Mack Sennett bather—even though the world has been deluding itself that there are no comedy beauties save the extensively-viewed Marie and Phyllis and Virginia and Harriett. The chairlady of the Indignation Committee, Unorganized Bathing Sisterhood of California, has just sent in a carload of photographs to be submitted as a direct evidence in their case against the ankle trust. Viewing these, we are forced to admit that they have a number of exceedingly good causes for action—but you aren't reading this, are you?



It's a stupid old tide that hasn't the intelligence to come up at such a propitious time. Peggy Davis, of Christy comedies, is taking her parasol out for an airing.

Here's Dorothy Terry again, who evidently traded in her barrel for a bathing suit. A splendid bargain, say we.





Below: Ruth Fuller Golden, of Vitagraph comedies, mentioned to the photographer how chilly the breeze was growing. That probably accounts for her bundling up about the ankles.

Why, Virginia Warwick, how dare you sneak into this crowd? What? You're with Sunshine now? Oh, very well — swim right in.





Evans Photograph

BEING the only son and heir of a screen star is no joke. You've got to be gosh-darned independent if you want to preserve your dignity at all. At an early age Wallace Reid, Junior, decided he wouldn't be burdened with a paternal appendage, so he called himself Bill—just Bill. Doc's the dog. And the fourth and perhaps most important member of the family, Dorothy Davenport Reid, is here, but on our side of the camera.



OFFICE OF THE MAYOR
CITY OF QUINCY
MASSACHUSETTS

Films—And Your City's Welfare



CITY OF ROCHESTER
OFFICE OF THE MAYOR

How city officials apply the ideals of The Better Photoplay League—the Columbus festival of church and screen

By

JANET PRIEST

ARE you interested in your city's welfare? The officials of the cities, several of whose seals appear on this page, are a few of those who are really concerned in the well-being of the commonwealths they represent. And their attitude represents much more than a momentary interest, more than an occasional complaint at an objectionable film—it represents a definite "platform" for pictures of the better type. Clean streets, clean yards, clean houses can avail people little if they have not also clean minds, and to a large extent the minds of Americans of to-day are guided by the motion pictures they see. Clean films are essential to the welfare of every community.

The city and town officials of the present appear to be "movie fans." They go to see the pictures, and they take the "fan" magazines. They appreciate the importance of pictures that are clean, progressive and artistic. From men and women engaged in administering the public affairs of American communities The Better Photoplay League of America has met with prompt response to inquiries in regard to motion picture conditions. All are willing to help. The accompanying letter shown on the next page, from Mayor Kelly of Ogdensburg, N. Y., is typical of the spirit of cheerful activity. "When you want something done, get a busy man to do it," is an old but true saying.

Denver, Boston and Atlanta are among the many cities which co-operate with the National Board of Review. A letter of genuine human value comes from Margaret D. Conway, Inspector of Public Amusements, Denver, Colo. She writes: "For over five years I have been Inspector of Public Amusements, and co-operated with the moving picture men in this way. It has also been a great satisfaction to help bring about a better feeling between citizens working for better films, and the moving picture men. This has been done through becoming acquainted, and understanding the others' problems. They are now seeing things more nearly eye to eye." Co-operation—team-work—appears to accomplish the best results in the maintaining of a good motion picture standard as elsewhere.

From Boston, John M. Casey, Chief of the Licensing Division, writes: "Upon proper complaint, the officials designated by an Act of Legislature, consisting of the mayor, police commissioner and chief justice of the Municipal Court, will review a film or other form of exhibition complained of and take action deemed necessary.

This procedure appears to give complete satisfaction." Mr. Casey keeps himself informed as to the character of coming screen productions by a perusal of the motion picture trade journals, showing a commendably up-to-date spirit. He has for years been a member of the Advisory Board of the National Board of Review.

Policewoman E. J. Tyler writes on behalf of the city of Superior, Wis., at the invitation of Mayor F. A. Baxter.

"Mayor Baxter takes the keenest interest in The Better Photoplay League," says the policewoman, "and believes in co-operation rather than censorship.

"The mayor is giving the motion picture situation his personal attention, and would be pleased to receive the benefit of any information you may see fit to send him. He is particularly interested in the serial plays, and feels that in them much crime and vice is taught to both young and old.

"At present we have no committee appointed to view the films previous to exhibiting," she writes, "but favor the citizens' commission as is done in Milwaukee."

A plan that seems to take care of the situation almost automatically is that described by Harry Bacharach, Mayor of Atlantic City, N. J. Says Mayor Bacharach:

"Replying to your letter, relative to moving picture conditions in this city, I would state that we have had no difficulty in seeing that the proper films are shown.

"The moving picture theaters have an organization and a committee and they know that if the proper pictures are not shown, we will close them up not only for that picture, but for any one in the future.

"The members of their organization have met with me occasionally and understand exactly the views of the city. If we are in doubt about any picture, we select a representative committee of citizens to give us their information on the same."

"We have the co-operation of exhibitors to a marked degree," says R. A. Hamilton, Commissioner of Public Safety at Rochester, N. Y. The administration receives the bulletins of the National Board of Review and subscribes to a trade journal. "As a result of this surveillance and co-operation on the part of exhibitors," continues Mr. Hamilton, "complaints in this city are almost negligible."

Harvey T. Neilson, Mayor of Santa Barbara, Cal., gives credit to his motion picture exhibitors. "There is no motion picture censorship or surveillance in this city," he



Miss Rose Tapley, lecturer in behalf of better films. Her slogan is, "support clean pictures."



CITY OF BOSTON
OFFICE OF THE MAYOR



Department of Public Affairs
CHARLES W. GILLEN
DIRECTOR
NEWARK, N. J.

Identify Yourself With This Movement

If You Want Better Pictures

OR if you want to make sure that good ones will continue to be shown in your community, organize a Branch of The Better Photoplay League of America.

The Better Photoplay League of America is the national clearing-house for the better film movement. James R. Quirk is the president.

Use the power of public opinion. The exhibitor gives the community what he thinks it wants—what it pays its money to see. So the community is really responsible for the class of pictures shown. Go to see good pictures—stay away from bad ones. If conditions are not right, you can change them. Join The Better Photoplay League of America, and use your influence in behalf of better films.

There are no dues. All that is asked of the better film workers is that they send monthly reports of their activities and results to the parent body, 350 North Clark St., Chicago, Ill. Enclose stamp for reply when writing for advice or information.

News of the branches will be printed monthly in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, the League's official organ. These reports will include items about the Branch Leagues, and comment on other work done throughout the country in behalf of better films.

Organize a Branch League

GET in touch with people you know to be interested in clean, worth-while pictures. These may include representatives of different clubs and civic organizations, regular patrons of the motion picture theatres, etc.

To start a branch, you will need as many as ten persons of standing in the community, and you can add to this number as the Branch progresses.

Call a meeting in a club room, a hotel parlor, your own home, or other convenient place. Have someone make a motion that you organize a Branch of The Better Photoplay League of America, for the purpose of furthering the cause of better films. After the motion is seconded and carried, elect your officers,—a chairman, two vice-chairmen, and a secretary. As there are no dues unless the Branch League unanimously votes to have them, you will not need a treasurer.

Send the names of your officers and ten or more original members to The Better Photoplay League of America, 350 North Clark St., Chicago, Ill., from which you can obtain Constitution and by-laws for the Branch Leagues, free of charge.

writes, "but experience has been that the local exhibitors have been very careful in booking clean pictures, and very few complaints have come to my notice."

George W. Cousins, Mayor of Eureka, Cal., states that the motion picture conditions in Eureka are handled entirely through the office of the Chief of Police.

"I thank you for calling my attention to this matter," says Mayor Cousins, "and assure you that I shall take the matter up along the lines suggested and organize a branch of your league, as soon as possible."

Kankakee, Illinois, seems to be a "better film" city. "I am pleased to say," writes Mayor Henry Reuter, "that the picture theatres of Kankakee show good clean pictures and are very desirable places for women and children to patronize." Another hopeful sign is the communication from W. T. Stodden, Mayor of Butte, Mont. After pointing out that Butte does not permit the motion picture exhibition of burglaries, train robberies, or other acts constituting felony, or portraying the life and experiences of criminals, Mayor Stodden says: "I may state that we have had but little difficulty in handling the movies in our city. The management has always aimed to place before the patrons only the better grade of shows. I may also state that Butte has no complaint at the present writing."

Two letters from widely separated communities tell practically the same story—that of one man in control of local picture theaters—a man of real civic responsibility.

S. A. Reynolds, Mayor of Chico, Cal., writes as follows: "All theaters in this city are operated by one concern. We are fortunate in having them owned by one who is using his best endeavors for clean films. In cases in which he entertains any doubt he has asked that the President of the Board of Trustees, City Marshal, a woman or two who are heads of some of the local civic clubs or organizations for public welfare, attend an afternoon session before the picture is shown for the public.

"Action by these parties has been considered final, and in my recollection there has been but one rejection, and then from a standpoint of non-

patriotic motives. By leaving the whole matter up to the honor of the manager and assuring him that he would not be molested as long as a high standard of films was shown we have secured good clean films for our city. This method would not, we know, work out as a rule. It does here, however.

"For your information, our population is 11,000. Motion picture houses, four. All known as Ye Libertie Theaters; manager, I. D. Standford."

Mayor John C. Calhoun of Owensboro, Ky., in a letter filled with the spirit of Southern courtesy, points out that in the theaters in his city the exhibitor (whom he does not happen to name) personally views his pictures, cutting out anything objectionable before showing them to his audiences. This procedure follows the manner indicated in the League's new booklet, "Hints and Helps in Obtaining Better Films."

"Occasionally," writes Mayor Calhoun, "the manager calls me to sit through the first performance, then if we decide that a part of a reel shall be eliminated, we do so. I feel that the city of Owensboro has as clean moving pictures as any other city in the United States."

According to local needs, local conditions must be met. But the important thing is to meet them—to take the matter-

under advisement, to have at heart the welfare of your city, of your community. If you are a city official, enforce its laws so that clean pictures and none other shall be shown. If you are not, join or organize a branch of The Better Photoplay League of America, and accomplish your ends by the use of public opinion and co-operation. If you have your community's welfare at heart, you will see to it that the motion picture stream that passes through its streets is a pure one.

ONE of the most significant events of this wonder-working age is the union of church and screen at the great Methodist Missionary Centenary at Columbus, O., June 20 to July 13—already convened as this number of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE reaches its subscribers. At this important congress of the disciples of
(Continued on page 129)

OFFICE OF
THE MAYOR
OGDENSBURG, N. Y.

May, 21, 1919

Miss Janet Priest,
Executive Secretary,
The Better Photoplay League of America,
350 North Clark Street,
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Miss Priest:

I have your favor of the 19th inst., and assure you we are interested in the question involved. I have placed the matter in the hands of Mrs. Julius Frank of this city who is the President of the Citizen's Club, with the request that the said Club initiate a movement along the lines you suggest and that the City Government will cooperate with her.

Wishing you success along the commendable lines indicated in your letter, I am,

Very respectfully yours,

James E. Steely
Mayor.

A Review
of the New Pictures

The Shadow Stage

REUNION

By
JULIAN JOHNSON

IF the celluloid prints of our day were destroyed by some strange lover of gelatine among the moths and larvae there would remain for the researchers of the next generation only the play-bills and the press-notices. And on viewing these I imagine they would say, "This man Griffith certainly had his world by the tail—year after year these laudations! How tiresome! Was there no one else deserving the top of the column?"

But at the risk of being called a mere D. Wark sycophant by those that follow me, I must continue praising David W. The immediate object of to-day's anthem is, as you probably surmise, "Broken Blossoms," a great photoplay of insignificant title.

Let me say that Mr. Griffith's distinction lies not in the fact that he writes fine narratives on the screen. Other men do that. The extraordinary part of Griffith is that he has never ceased to be a pioneer. He continues to advance. He dares to present novelties of form and novelties of material. He does not always get away with it, but he keeps right on pioneering. He is a long ways from dead, and already the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy has crawled out of its narrow cell and taken a new form in the hexagonal debate as to who invented the c'ose-up. People keep on appropriating his notions, and he keeps on putting forth new notions. He is like a doctor who seldom troubles to make his nostrums proprietary—a year or two after some Griffith knick-knack has been generally adopted almost anybody can tell you that Griffith didn't invent it at all!—Harold Mike Bings did it first, in "A Sight for the Gods."

To come to a more intimate consideration of "Broken Blossoms": it is the first genuine tragedy of the movies. An unhappy ending doesn't constitute tragedy; tragedy seems fore-ordained; the drums of doom are sounding from the first steps of the pageant. So they are for Lucy, the forlorn little thing without a last name, unwelcome child of a Limehouse bruiser, idol of a half-crazy Oriental idealist. Mr. Griffith's adaptation of Thomas Burke's grotesque red story, "The Chink and the Child," is extraordinarily clever. There the Celestial was little more than a coolie—an old beast of the East in whom, somehow, the forlorn little girl lit a queer late lambent spark of immortality. It would have been hard to make an Occidental audience accept Burke's slant on this dirty, dried old citron, sounds well enough in a book that you don't have to read aloud, maybe, but in a show it would almost certainly be disgusting. Especially to men, who sometimes reverence women more than women reverence themselves. So in making the Chinaman a splendid but embittered and fallen young Buddhist, D. W. rose authorially in that moment right alongside Mr. Burke.



H. B. Warner brings to the part of Rand the very air of romance needed by this rather conventional story, "The Man Who Turned White."

For the rest, the tale runs as written except for the very finish, with Lucy dragging out her cowering little life by the London waterside, beaten into semi-imbecility by her accidental father, picked up, revered, honored and enthroned by the lonely opium-eater, and at length slain in a monstrous moment of mock-virtue by the insensate chunk that caused her to come into the world. Then the beast dies before the Chinaman's gun, the Chinaman dies upon his own knife, and the cycle is finished. There is a satisfaction in the death of all three that is an unconscious verification of both its art and its truth. Burrows the battler should not survive the weak little thing he made and sew, and for the yellow man to go on living would have been a hideous hell.

The visualizing of this bitter-sweet story is, I have no hesitancy in saying, the very finest expression of the screen so far. There seems to be no setting or accessory which is not correct in its finest details. The composition is a painter's. The photography is not only perfect, but, with caution, is innovative and approximate, in its larger lights and softnesses of close view, the details of bright and dark upon the finest canvases in the Louvres of the world.

Not content with driving his lens to a record of unexampled recording, Mr. Griffith has added a revolutionary color touch by the use of a Chinese blue, thrown, not by the projector or out of the film, but independently, from the projection booth. This is not a tint and it does not give the impression of colored film. It has a dramatic value which can only be compared to the



Mr. Griffith's "Broken Blossoms" is the first genuine tragedy of the movies. Lillian Gish characterizes a little creature of infinite pathos.



"The Weaker Vessel" provides a likable photoplay with a character actor named John Cooke—who is a continual uproar.



"Oh, You Women!" is a real satire on women in men's—well, let us say shoes—during wartime.

vital, living blue of the incomparable scene-painter Urban.

Photographer Bitzer has done the best work of his career in this picture.

The fated trio is played by Lillian Gish, as Lucy; Donald Crisp, as Battling Burrows, and Richard Barthelmess, as the Yellow Man. The piece is high tide for all of them.

Miss Gish has been allied with the delicate flowers upon Griffith's tapestries for a long, long time, but here she is called upon to play more than a delicate flower. She must, and does, characterize a little creature of infinite pathos. She has to be both Lillian Gish and the Mae Marsh of old rolled into one sorrowful little being, and her success in this strange combination of motives and beings is absolute. Mr. Crisp as the ferocious Battler is more than physically violent; he has, by many little side touches given intriguing, even humorous little glimpses into the bovine mental processes, the vast self-satisfactions of an ox such as Burrows would be. Mr. Barthelmess as the Chinaman is lofty, exalted, immeasurably removed from a sordid world and its sordid passions, and a calm, implacable dispenser of fate in the last phase. Edward Piel, George Beranger and that delightful pugilistic thespian, Mr. Kid McCoy Selby, perform small parts with admirable finish.

Only one part of this splendid essay is open to real criticism. Mr. Griffith is not a title writer and his words most inadequately garb his visions. The spoken titles are not so bad, but the descriptive phrases lean lamely upon crutches of sentimentality.

DADDY LONG-LEGS—First National

There is no man working in the sunlight medium who has a greater mastery of human touches—whimsical, gay, tender or eye-filling—than that Marshall Neilan who is never Marshall, but always "Mickey." Those touches are the keynote, the big success, the whole value of "Daddy Long-Legs," a screening of the play made popular by Ruth Chatterton. As an architect of drama, Mickey has not yet arrived. Considering his plays as plays he rather flounders through, but an ability to reflect humanity is much nearer genius than the practiced, acquired craftsmanship of making four or five mechanically perfect acts. If Mickey could now build plays that satisfied us as to their technique, yet left us cold, I would say that he would never be able to rise above mediocrity. As it is, he makes us laugh, and sometimes cry, and always enjoy ourselves—and falls into some haphazard and usually hasty conclusion. So he is in the position of a young singer of glorious voice and no great skill in its use, rather than one who can execute a flawless cadenza—in a sound that is windy and cold. The gift of holding the mirror up to nature, which is Mickey's, is heaven-sent; I am confident that he will acquire the upper mathematics of his profession. "Daddy Long-Legs," is, indeed, a better thing constructively than his other efforts. It is deeper, too, in thought. When the forlorn little girl in the orphanage looked up at her foster-mother, Mary Pickford, and asked "What is a mamma?" . . . I don't know what to say about that moment. I can only tell you that tears came into my eyes; and it has been years since I wept at a picture or a play. On the other hand—Mary, Wes' Barry, the little dog, and the jug of hard cider—ten minutes of positive uproar. Pathos and laughter are near allies, but it takes genius to interweave them as deftly and inextricably as they are interwoven here. Miss Pickford plays the little girl of the orphanage with all the zest of a beginner—as if she were indeed an awkward little girl in a horrible union suit, and not the greatest lady in the book of screen peeresses. It is this ability to put the utmost of herself, the best of herself, so completely and wholly into everything she does, that keeps Mary Pickford at the top of the vast feminine heap. She has never done a thing more wholeheartedly in her life, and, as parts go, she has never done anything better in her life. That perfect combination of freckles and warts, Mr. Barry, is an admirable side-kick and Mahlon Hamilton plays Daddy Long-Legs with sincerity and repose. "Daddy Long-Legs" is universal entertainment. Take your grandma, your girl, your four-year-old, your mother, your minister or your (late) bar-tender; it is an hour and a half of perfect enjoyment for all.

PRETTY SMOOTH—Universal

To this piece which originally wore the much better name of "The Chatterbox," Bayard Veiller brought all the sure and intimate knowledge of the underworld which he displayed in

"Within the Law." We have had altogether too much amateur crookedness on stage and screen, too much alleged intimacy with dips and thieves and murderers, compounded by ladies and gentlemen so innocent that even in youth it is doubtful whether they ever threw paper-wads at the teacher. The similarity to "Within the Law" is indeed closer than that same mastery of odd characters and the *argot* of evil, for Gertie (Priscilla Dean) suggests that bad elf, Aggie Lynch, played in the speakies by a stage Priscilla, Florence Nash. "Pretty Smooth" is good, also, in presenting criminals with an air of fascination, and yet with no lure. Gertie's sister Nelie, down with "the con I caught in Auburn," and the aged cracksmen, once master of his profession, and now confessing that in his age he's just "a dirty sneak thief," are splendid examples of "romantic" criminality wrought out to its logical conclusion. Gertie, the chatterbox, so named because of her habit of talking to herself, is on the point of breaking into a safe in the house where she's employed as a maid when she discovers that all she has done is hopelessly scratch the strong-box. Knowing that she must alibi this, she cuts a pane of the window with a diamond, and calls the police—only to see a real crook come in and get the stuff just too late to take it away. She drops his swag into her breast—and marries him when, a year or so later, she helps him escape. Their relentless pursuit by a San Francisco copper, and the outwitting of said limb of the law are the concluding elements of interest. Mr. Veidler perfectly maintains his suspense, and though it must be confessed that at the last he strains plausibility a bit, he is to be congratulated upon jumping from the footlights to the shadows and lighting squarely on his feet: for this, his first genuine screen-work, is bona-fide and exciting entertainment all the way through. Francis McDonald is very fine as the young crook, and the highly individual Miss Dean is her customary brilliant, fascinating young self. Rollin Sturgeon's direction and Waldemar Young's scenario are highly creditable.

"I'LL GET HIM YET!"—Paramount

This Dorothy Gish is just naturally funny.

Unless you're naturally funny you can't be funny at all, which is the answer to a large proportion of our unfunny "comedies."

Dorothy gets funnier, because she is getting surer of herself.

Like the Barrymores, a family where tragedians, farceurs, grand actresses and light comedians grow like weeds in April rain, the Gishes, in a pair of sisters, offer striking diversity. There's Lillian, the paramount tragedienne—and Dorothy, who could make a horse laugh if a horse had a mule's sense of humor.

This particular instance is not especially notable as to story, however notable it may be for registered laughs. Susy Faraday Jones, a foxy young thing whose multi-everything father hands her a railroad to run, becomes enamored of Scoop McCreedy, a likely young reporter who has been summarily kicked out by her I-have-more-important-plans-for-you parent. Her winning of Scoop is not quite as hard as keeping him, while concealing her identity in the kitchen and holding directors' meetings that look to neighborly eyes like wholesale liaisons. Of course Scoop, I'll admit, is that delectable and desirable young man Dick Barthelmess, a general equinoctial disturbance to all females between seventeen and twenty-one—Susy Jones and Delight Evans included. So, what would be the possession of a mere railroad to the possession of Scoop? Nevertheless, Susy-Dorothy is comic in her love, and the rest of the performers—including George Fawcett—know their business. The result is an entertaining transcription of an awfully tame story.

THE KNICKERBOCKER BUCKAROO—Arcraft

Mr. Fairbanks herein emerges from the solitudes of Big Business and at least seven hundred special announcements. It is his first picture since the papers had a piece a day to print about the Big Four. It is characteristic, and though it seems, at first sight, to have been cut from forty or fifty thousand feet of sheer slow-cranked riles, it has the value throughout of swift movement making up for what it lacks in originality and plausibility. Teddy Drake, New York clubman suspended from his organization for continuous pranking, goes West to



One of the best comedies of the late Sidney Drew's screen career is "Harold, the Last of the Saxons." It embraces the household and village of Henry and Polly.



"The Crimson Gardenia" is a Rex Beach subject, whose improbable but lively story tells an adventure in New Orleans.



"The Knickerbocker Buckaroo" is a Fairbanks vehicle, whose swift movement makes up for a lack of dramatic technique.



Texas Guinan's two-reel Western pictures, just coming to release, embody the romance of the plains so long the exclusive province of Bill Hart, et. al.



Bayard Veiller's screen story "Pretty Smooth" suggests the technique of his stage melodrama, "Within the Law."



"Castles in the Air" proves that May Allison is coming up as an actress. The story is a trifle and yet May makes you believe it.

get rid of the selfishness and inconsideration for others which he discovers are his chief faults. In a bit of a town he finds Mercedes and her brother, about to be robbed by the sheriff and an organized band of the money they have saved from the sale of their home. This, you realize, is all the ever-ready Douglas needs as the prelude of at least four thousand feet of the merriest and rapidest adventure. Do the wicked Sheriff and his skulking *compadres* get theirs? They do. In many ways as the late Mr. Heinz had pickles. And does Douglas claim Mercedes—when he discovers that her supposed lover is only her brother? Ask the question again, and you receive an inquiry into your sanity. Quaint little, sweet little Marjorie Daw; Frank Campeau, Albert McQuarrie and William Wellman are first aids to the acrobatic star. You may think this story pretty thin, but you can't say it doesn't move.

OH, YOU WOMEN!—Paramount

Here is a real satire aptly conceived, cleverly wrought out, and played in a manner worthy the original authorial idea. Have you noticed how this war has given the masculine woman her chance to be a man? I don't mean to cast aspersion on the devoted women in uniform for noble, helpful *service*; neither did the authors. What they were aiming their rifle of ridicule at was the self-important, fussy, stridulous creature of third sex who endeavored to run everything, and boss everything, and extract the largest amount of real he-glory with the least amount of labor and self-sacrifice. Every community has had a number of these bewildering persons. Anita Loos and John Emerson conceived a village in which these boyish damsels completely overturned everything, won the council election, drove all the young men to war, and put the old men into aprons and sunbonnets to wash dishes and mind the children. To this monstrous burg returns a young soldier—admirably played by Ernest Truex. He finds just one young woman who is willing to be a woman—Louise Huff. And their romance, and the old veterans' rebellion against petticoat tyranny are the rest of the picture. This is an oddity with brains in the making and cleverness in the interpretation. It is gilt-edged farce comedy.

FIRES OF FAITH—Paramount

If you haven't seen "Fires of Faith," let me advise you to do so. Don't go, however, with the sole plan of seeing an extraordinary dramatic entertainment. If you do, you'll be disappointed. What you will see, and what you should expect to see, is a concise, ordinary narrative, glorified by an exposition of the splendid work of the greatest humanitarian organization in the world. To the acting of the clean, sweet and conventional little romance Paramount has loaned an unusual collection of splendid players, including Catherine Calvert, Eugene O'Brien, Ruby DeRemer, Helen Dunbar, Theodore Roberts, Charles Ogle, James Neill, Edythe Chapman, and Robert Anderson. The subject is, of course, the Salvation Army and its relief of a world beleaguered by poverty and selfishness and war. Commander Evangeline Booth, a woman of majestic calm and sweet, strikingly forceful countenance, appears many times. There is a well-told story of the Army's founding and its early struggles, and all these are woven into a modern story of a girl's reclamation and the service of herself and her comrades in France. Miss Calvert, Mr. O'Brien and Miss DeRemer have the principal parts.

COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN—Paramount

Claudia Dangerfield may belong to the Pollyanna class, but she is saved by a dogged little sense of humor that Pollyanna never had. When Claudia's father becomes ill—so ill that notwithstanding the proud, quaint old Virginia family's poverty he must be rushed to New York for treatment by a specialist—Claudia leases the old house and all that is therein to a rich New Yorker. "All that is therein" means something, for that all includes Claudia and her brothers and sisters—servants, they're to be, of the new regime, with the petite Claudia as the cook. Claudia is of course abetted and cooked for, and faked through, by a doting old mammy who hides at the proper moments. And then at last her card-house comes tumbling down about her ears, for the snobs get her servant brothers

(Continued on page 117)



Guinan of the Guns

She has flourished from Coast to Coast, but, having cut her teeth on a six-shooter, has quite naturally reverted to type.

By

ADELA ROGERS-ST. JOHN

"FOR east is east, and west is west, and never the twain shall meet," sang Mr. Kipling in one of his most inspirational moments.

But Mr. Kipling didn't know the movies, the Winter Garden—and Texas Guinan.

Exceptions prove the rule, the sage hath said. Then this story of the beautiful cactus flower who became a Broadway orchid and then, at the call of the camera, abandoned the upholstered chairs of New York's prize restaurants for the pommeled saddle, demonstrates that at times and under circumstances, east and west get along very nicely.

Like all good stories, ours begins with once upon a time there was a little girl—and her name was Texas, last half Guinan. (The i is just to make it more difficult. It's pronounced just exactly as it should be, with the i like y.)

She was born, as you may surmise from her name, down in the good old trouble state and she cut her teeth on a pearl-handled six-shooter, sat on a horse before she could sit in a chair, and bore a distinct resemblance to her beloved uncle, Senator Joe Bailey of Texas.

But the east claimed Texas. She took off her riding pants, donned a pair of white silk tights and went—to Broadway.

Everybody in Manhattan knew Texas. You'd have thought the states adjoined. She had a house on West Eighth Street full of marvelous antique furniture, an office at the Claridge and a place of business at some good theater.

When she made a trip out to California to do pictures for Triangle two years ago, they cast her for smart young Wall Street widows and bright light vamps and million dollar breach of promise suit heroines. But she happened in the shuffle to get cast for the star role in the "Gun Woman" and then people began to remember her first name.

I found her standing on top of a large California hill, with a gun in each hand and a hard look in her luminous pansy eyes. (I



Sometimes Miss Guinan throws her guns in the drawer and goes off for an afternoon at the links. She's just as handy with the golf-sticks as she is with a six-shooter, though, the caddies say, not so deadly.



William Sherrill, her manager, tried to do some of Texas' camera stunts—and look at his arm. Cliff Smith and the gun-lady are grinning because the script calls for an extra notch in Miss Guinan's gun and there is no room for any more.

have often scoffed loudly and hilariously at this pet expression of lady novelists. I apologize. In fact, I'll go them one better—orchid eyes.) Both guns and eyes—the latter far more deadly—were trained on her director, Cliff Smith, as able a western director as there is in the moving picture field.

"I *won't* let anybody double for me," said Miss Guinan of Texas in uncompromising tones.

"Then that horse is plumb apt to break your neck, ma'am," said Mr. Smith politely.

"If any horse that has only four legs can break my neck," remarked the lady, "it's time it was broke."

We sat down on the side of the hill, with vast stretches of California's rolling foothills and valleys undulating into a sheen of distant sea before us. About half a mile to the right, Mr. Smith, megaphone in hand, was now putting a bunch of cowboys through some hard riding stunts.

"That horse of mine," said Texas, indicating the lean, wise looking pinto that stood with his bridle over his head, "carried Bill Hart through his first pictures. Cliff has got an idea he's mean but I say old age has gentled him a bit by now. He's a peach of a stunt horse, though."

"Well, how do you like it?" I asked.

Texas grinned. "Well, outside of a couple of stitches in my right eye, a cracked nose, a game leg and a—a blister where I hit the saddle, I'm getting along nicely."

I looked at the newly sewed cut across her eyelid. "How in the world did you get that?"

"Fool horse bolted out of a door with me," she said. "The edge of the door tried to stop me, but it didn't have much luck."

"When I came out here the most daring thing I'd done in a couple of years was to order a meal without looking at the right hand side of the menu. Now they ask me to jump a 15-foot ditch as an appetizer before breakfast. I get up about in time to meet myself coming home from the theater.

"Why, I was so used to electricity that sunlight hurt my eyes. I didn't realize they used it for anything except poetry. I'd forgotten a horse was a modern animal and not some extinct antediluvian, though as a kid mama had to drag me down from on top of one to put me to bed.

"I didn't have any trouble putting on pants. After what I've worked in sometimes I felt sort of overdressed at first. But now, no more skirts for me. I have just bought ten suits with pants instead of skirts and from now on I'm going to be so western that Bill Hart will look like he came from Boston.

"They've got a horse, a dog, a cat and a whole family of very young cats out at the studio, all named Texas. Every time Cliff yells for me to do a scene, the menagerie walks out. Oh, we're pretty well represented.

"You see, riding and shooting and roping for

the camera is so different from doing it for fun or as a business. There is nothing so unostentatious as true westernism. Its secret is concealment, its essence is smoothness, ease. A real cowboy would as soon be caught stealing eggs as getting his gun into action. They hate display or any show off, worse than anything in the world. It is learning to do things without effort that marks the real westerner.

"And yet, to portray these things for the screen, you've got to combine that ease with sufficient action to get it over—to register it. It's about as delicate an operation as setting a bee's ankle.

"It's much more thrilling than riding on the range, because you have to go through with everything. All cowboys will tell you that the fact of the camera's all-seeing eye will make them nervous at first and will create a case of what is really camera-fright.

"I lost the first jap cook I got because he happened to come in when I was practicing drawing both guns at once. Guess he's running yet. Hold-ups in New York are mostly done without guns, but the next time I walk into a cafe and want real service, I'm going to take both mine along.

"I've got a great big house out in the Hollywood foothills. Why, we've got a whole yard full of chickens—don't get excited, Broadway friends. These have feathers—not in their hats, either. I'm in strict training again, and I've lost ten pounds. I started shooting at a beer bottle—what?—oh, I found it out in the alley. I put a cork in it and stuck a match in the cork. First I could miss the bottle. Now I can miss the match. Really, I got that match nine times out of ten the other day."

"If at first you don't succeed, come home," said John Bower's Dad; and

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He Hasn't Been Home Since



The above scene in itself would seem adequate reason for never going home. But though John seems pleased as punch with his part in "Sis Hopkins," stickcandy really gives him indigestion. Apparently it (or jealousy) is giving Mabel Normand a headache.

"ALL right," said Father Bowers, looking at his son John, who in his turn was looking rather sleepish as he twirled his cap in his hands—"all right—if you're set on this play-actin' stunt, go ahead. I don't think much of it, myself; you ought to stick to the store. But—if you make a go at it from the start, stick to it. If you don't, come back home."

"And now I'm afraid I won't get home this year, either," said John Bowers, when the PHOTOPLAY reporter saw him in his dressing-room in star's alley at Goldwyn's Culver City studios—Bowers was talking easily the while he smeared his smooth face with make-up—"you see I got a job right away; that led to others; I am busy all the time—until somehow I didn't get home at the end of the season and the end of many seasons thereafter. And I won't get home this season at all for I'm with Goldwyn on a year's contract, out here. And I'm homesick, gosh darn it, for—good old Long Island Sound, and the old yacht in dry-dock!"

Bowers is a Hoosier hero because he was born in Garrett, a small town in Indiana, and led a typical Hoosier kid's existence until he got the stage idea. He was the leading man in an amateur production of "A Royal Slave," which was coached by a professional. Later the coach fell in with a company which was rehearsing "A Royal Slave"—without a leading man. The coach thought of John—and sent for him. He made good at the start, giving his family the surprise of its life.

It may surprise you to learn that Bowers is one of the realest old-timers in pictures. "We grew up together," he grinned; "yessir—I played in one of those medieval Essanay's, 'Justification,' with a leading woman who was later to become a star and enlist my support—Ethel Clayton. The picture was one of the first two-reelers ever seen and Broncho Billy Anderson directed it, with J. H. Gilmour in the cast, and Marjorie Moreland, who later became a Mrs. Nat Goodwin, playing a maid.

"'Justification' was one of those things which would be a curiosity now. It had to do with a husband who learned that his wife was about to join her lover, and conceived the whimsical idea of murdering the object of her affections and placing his body in the wife's trunk (Continued on page 134)



THE VOLCANO

A thrilling after-the-war story, wherein the spirit that carried the Americans over the top wins a fight against Bolshevism, and, incidentally, completes two courtships.



"Are you an American citizen?" demanded Garland. The man flushed.

“AND we're going to clean 'em up—smoke the rats out of the sewers and put up a quarantine against further importations.”

Captain Hamilton Garland of the Fighting Sixty-Eighth, tall, bronzed, blue-eyed, distinguished—looking his athletic American best in the new khaki uniform with the Croix de Guerre and the D. S. C. decorating his tunic, slammed a muscular fist down on Virginia Van Leiden's daintily furnished breakfast table, rattling its eggshell china and shining silver en castanet.

“But, Milton dear,” smiled the pretty little bronze-haired, dark-eyed young woman, pouring coffee and signaling a gesture of dismissal to Jones, the butler, “who are they—these terribly dangerous persons supposed to be menacing Manhattan's hoy calm? Really I think the Government is tremendously overrating the importance of our New York Bolsheviks. Oh, down, Fifi!” as the pet pomeranian, in a chair beside her, placed both small paws on the table begging for tidbits.

“You see,” pursued this charming young hostess of the luxurious old Garland home in upper Fifth Avenue, “I've been in a position to analyze the real sentiment of this so-called dangerous element. Remember I've been driving a service car for more than a year—ever since you sailed for France. My belief is that the really dangerous ones among the crowd are few, and those few late importations.”

Captain Garland smiled a trifle satirically.

“I've discovered,” went on Mrs. Van Leiden, “that the speakers at most radical meetings—the Epsteins and Karavitches and Minskis—are all paid propagandists. With proper police work these spluttering firebrands would be under lock and key in a week. Don't take their movements or their influence on the poor folk of New York too seriously, my soldier brother.”

The effect of this little speech was to bring Captain Garland to his feet, holding a coffee cup in one hand and a napkin in the other. He stared astoundedly at the dainty, pale blue clad figure, his vis-a-vis.

“What were the names you mentioned just now, Sis?” demanded the captain. “Were they merely imaginary or—”

“Dear me,” laughed the hostess, “what an excitable man. Of course you wouldn't give me credit for knowing much about the lower ten thousand—wealthy Mrs. Van Leiden, social parasite, so to speak. Milton, my dear boy, there has been a vast change in the spirit of my dreams—of the dreams of all our class since you went away. Most of us who think at all have realized that while this war was launched by the wicked woodsawyer of Amerongen—whom may the gods destroy—its flames were fanned everywhere by seething human discontent. The rich were too rich and the poor too poor. Now, we, the wealthy, are trying to adjust matters ourselves instead of having them adjusted for us by an impatient proletariat headed by Lenin, Trotsky, Epstein, Minski, et al.”

“Minski,” repeated Garland, tossing his crumpled napkin on the table and pacing the floor impatiently. “What the devil do you know of Minski, Virginia?”

“Alexis Minski,” went on Mrs. Van Leiden, rising to take her brother's arm and steer him toward the rug-draped settee near the cheerfully blazing grate fire. “Why, Alexis is a firebrand—a Russian firebrand. He advocates anarchy. Some of my poor folk in the lower end regard him as inspired—a sort of prophet, Milt!” and Virginia Van Leiden suddenly became very serious. “Minski is dangerous. He ought to be arrested.”

“He is going to be,” interposed Captain Garland. “So are all of his gang.”

It was the woman's turn to be surprised.

By

ARTHUR

JAMES PEGLER

“But how can you know of him?” she asked. “You've only been ashore a week and were three days in Washington. It's most mysterious, I think.”

For answer the man in uniform took from his inner pocket an official-looking document. Scanning it, he read,

“Record of Bolshevik propagandists now active in the city of New York, section B, file

38, Division X. Let's see,” he went on, running his finger down the page. “Epstein, Barakovich, Cazanov, Minski—that's it—Minski, Alexis, born Saranakov near Moscow, 1871, educated Cadet College, St. Petersburg. Arrested five times Nihilistic plotting, exiled Siberia 1890; escaped Vladivostok 1908. Identified with Trotsky, Lenne and others in Swedish communist movement, 1910, accompanied Lenne to Russia under German protection 1918. Arrived New York Scandinavian Line, SS Nansen, same year.

“Oh, there's a lot more about our friend Minski,” grinned Garland, as he folded the paper and replaced it in his pocket. “My dear Virgie, this is the very gang we're after. Queer thing that you should know of them. By Jove—glancing at his wrist watch, “I've got to go and see Davy Carroll's folks. They live down in lower Second Avenue somewhere—right in the thick of things.”

“Carroll?” questioningly.

“Yes, Davy—top sergeant in my company. You see, he saved my life in the Argonne and he was badly wounded, too; may lose a leg, I'm afraid.”

“Poor fellow,” sighed Mrs. Van Leiden, sympathetically adding, “I'm awfully glad you didn't lose any legs, Milton, you've such nice straight legs. Come on, I'll drive you down.”

“The car waits,” announced a servant, as Virginia Van Leiden, placing two little white ringless hands on her brother's shoulders said happily. “We'll work together, dear, for the good old U. S. A.”



The Volcano

NARRATED, by permission, from the photoplay written by Augustus Thomas, produced by Harry Raver for the Four Star Pictures Corp., with the following cast:

Ruth Carroll	Leah Baird
Captain Garland	Edward Langford
"Davy"	W. H. Gibson
Alexis	Jacob Kingsbury
Grandpa Carroll	Harry Bartlett
Michael	William Fredericks
Olga	Elvira Amazar
Mr. Van Leiden	Becky Bruce

wagons, and be quick about it, too!”

The raid was brilliantly executed. In the middle of the hall a mass of excited men milled around like cattle in a storm. A long-haired, whiskered fellow on the platform was shrieking, in broken English, denunciations of the police. He, too, went down struggling as Sergeants Daniels and Krone jerked him off the perpendicular and pulled him through a door. Shots were fired but no one was hit.

The Government men watched the proceedings. It was a Government raid in more senses than one. Suspicious characters were to be deported and this was the first of a series of such raids that resulted in the segregation of some peculiarly choice specimens with little books in their pockets—copies of the Bolshevik constitution, bound in bright red.

One of the platform men at that meeting did not take his place with the rest of the gang in Captain Ryan's rubber-tired cars. He saw the shine of the first police star in the south entrance and in a flash had slid down the rope of a decrepit dumb-waiter elevator to the basement. Ten minutes after the raid he removed a strip of wire netting from a basement window and crawled carefully into a court full of boxes and scrap iron.

Alexis Minski grinned sardonically. He was used to escaping from raided meetings. He had scuttled many times from Russian police raids when to be captured meant short shrift. Pah! These New York police were easy. Alexis took a quick look over the fence, dropped quietly into the street and went on his way, hands in pockets, whistling. That raid was but an incidental setback.

Grandpa Carroll's little bookstore in lower Second Avenue attracted all sorts and conditions of folk. The old chap possessed a genius for picking up odd and rare volumes. He was shrewd enough to preserve the element of mystery with regard to these finds. They were never on display, but hidden away in the living-room behind the shop, where his pretty granddaughter, Ruth Carroll, known to the school board as one of the best junior grade teachers in New York, kept house for him.

It was an open question with Grandpa Carroll whether his many visitors really came to discover what he had picked up in the way of prehistoric vellum or to talk to Ruth. He was in no doubt, though, as to the exact center of interest for his latest and most honored visitor, and the old man smiled as he heard this dark-haired girl, his idol, chatting with Captain Garland of the United States Army, these two occupying the rickety settee in the little back parlor totally oblivious of a workaday world.

The aged bookseller had reason to be happy. Times had been hard for him and pretty Ruth since Davy, his grandson and the idolized brother of Ruth, had gone to France with his regiment. Now Captain Garland had come to tell them how Davy was coming—brave Davy who had fought like a hero in the fearful carnage of Argonne forest, had won the American and French crosses, and incidentally saved the life of his captain by killing the boche who had surprised him unarmed.

Davy, wounded in the fight, had since been in a French hospital. Captain Garland hoped the wound was not serious—so he told these good folk who loved the boy—but what Garland knew and feared to tell was that Davy would in all human probability lose a leg or a foot. He had promised Davy not to tell this. Now he regretted it. The boy had suffered in his defense. He felt a personal responsibility. Worst of all they must soon know the worst because Davy was now on the Atlantic aboard the transport "Finland," expected to dock at any hour.

For Ruth the captain's visit had lifted a cloud of black despair. In her girlish frank way she told him

what had happened. How little children of the lower grades in the schools had suffered for food during the worst of the war.

"The poor babies," sighed Ruth, with tears in her lovely dark eyes. "They came to school so hungry that they couldn't learn. It broke my heart to watch them. They came hungry and they left hungry. It was terrible."

"But the city—" interposed Garland, "was nothing done by the city to relieve this condition?"

"There was no fund," answered the little school-teacher. "There were funds for other things but no fund for that. And so I—" She paused.

"Yes?" prompted the captain, gently.

"Well, I went to the district superintendent and asked him if something could not be done. He said he would bring it to the attention of somebody, but—my goodness—the babies were starving. It made me angry—and Alexis—"

Garland started. That name again!

"Alexis?" he urged.

"Alexis writes for some of the foreign magazines printed here. He said it was a crime. He said the Government which would permit little children to suffer from hunger ought to be overthrown. He walked with me to see the superintendent and was terribly angry. He spoke violently to the superintendent. Next day they suspended me, saying I was keeping bad company. I don't think Alexis is bad—he's just excitable. We've not been able to give milk to the poor children who live about here. That makes it all the harder."

"Alexis?" mused Garland. "His other name is—?"

"Minski," replied Ruth, and then as Captain Garland had risen she rose also to bid him adieu and repeat her thanks for the good news he had brought. Just then

the tooting of a motor horn was followed by the entrance of Mrs. Van Leiden, who inquired from the outer shop, "Is Captain Garland here?"

It was thus that Garland's sister met Ruth. The society favorite and the little school-teacher measured each other appraisingly, as women do.

"I am very glad that your brother is to arrive safely," said the belle of Fifth Avenue.

"I'm so very happy. We—we all are," replied Ruth simply.

"I'm coming again," said Captain Garland, "soon, if I may."

"It will be a great honor," blushed the girl, and Grandpa Carroll, ruggedly hospitable, seconded the invitation with a great display of cordiality.

"Nice girl, that," remarked Garland, as the car sped away uptown under his sister's daring guidance.

"Milt," laughed Mrs. Van Leiden, her bright eyes flashing with the spirit of banter, "you're just like all men. The first pretty face."

"No," interposed the soldier seriously, "you're wrong for once, young woman. You should have said 'the last pretty face.'"

His sister smiled.

Ruth felt strongly about her children. They were hungry.



"Will you marry me—flat wheel and all?" asked Davy.



"He's a gentleman," blazed Ruth. "He's a damned spy!" howled Minski.

She wanted them fed. The injustice of her suspension from the Vesey Street school rankled in her soul. Her income was cut off. Little Tiny Mardsov had come in that morning for a jug of milk—milk was a side line with the Carrolls. But there was no milk. Ruth had been unable to buy any. So Tiny went away with an empty jug and Ruth was broken-hearted. She knew the conditions in the Marasov family. An invalid mother, a drunken father—old Michael—"Whiskers" the gamins called him. It was cruel.

No wonder that when Minski, the violent, spoke of a meeting at which the speakers would touch on the condition of the very poor and urged Ruth to speak, she consented? How was she to know that Secret Service men and plain clothes police were watching every move—noting every presence at this gathering of notorious anarchists?

Ruth spoke from her heart. What she said was true. The children were hungry. They should be fed. But this was not what made Ruth a marked woman among the peace officers. It was the company she kept.—the handshaking with Minski and Epstein and Kharkoff and Weinberg. But Ruth was too busy all of a sudden to pay much attention to Alexis and his friends.

The "Finland," with her human freight of soldiers, had docked at Hoboken. Mrs. Van Leiden volunteered to bring Davy home in her car, but this was not to be. The lad sent word that he must remain in the hospital for several weeks, but his sister and Grandad might go to see him.

Sitting by Davy's bed, her face wet with tears, Ruth learned from the brave young soldier's lips how he had lost his foot. He laughed. It was nothing.

"There's thousands of guys worse off than me," he grinned. "Lord, sis, I helped bury five hundred of 'em."

It was Garland who escorted Ruth back to her little parlor where the feast prepared for Davy's homecoming mocked her in its festive spread. It was Garland who tried to comfort her.

To some degree he succeeded. But the girl was still distraught and tear-stained when he withdrew.

Within three weeks Davy was almost himself again. They had fitted him with a mechanical foot and the way that foot fitted into Davy's cosmos was something to marvel at. The young soldier swore that he would soon be dancing as well as ever. Time and circumstance soften disaster. Ruth was happier now. She knew the worst.

Alexis Minski called daily. The Russian had so worked upon Olga that Davy's sweetheart talked violence with the worst of her associates. The girl seemed like one possessed. Old Michael—that battered bit of wreckage from the brick-yards of Kishinev—knew no middle way. All his early experience had had to do with destruction. His vision embraced no other route to what he called freedom. He wanted to slay. Nearly all the neighbors he knew in his young manhood had been slain by the Russian police.

Captain Garland had called also to talk with Ruth about Davy and Davy's future. Grandpa grinned knowingly. The Grand Army veteran was something of a psychologist in his way. He had come to the conclusion that Garland was interested in Ruth's future, too—vitaly interested. The signs were unmistakable. Grandpa knew those signs. He laughed in the face of "Our Teddy" on the parlor wall, and then turned to secure the approval of "Old Abe" on the opposite side of the room.

"Well," muttered the old man to himself, "they won't have to ask twice for my consent."

"Are you going to marry her?" inquired Mrs. Van Leiden of her brother, as Captain Garland smoked his sixth cigarette without once moving from the big Turkish hearth-rug. "Ruth loves you with all her heart and soul. If you haven't seen it in her eyes, you're as blind as most men are under similar

(Continued on page 135)

A Want-Ad Vampire

Miss DuBrey—a lovely
classified column



The scene above shows Miss DuBrey—
left—with William Stowell and Dorothy
Phillips in a Universal filmplay.

The girl with the smile
wins, as you see at the
left—but Claire's un-
smiling characterization
—as revealed in the center—
helped to put her
on the glory road.

"IT pays to advertise" runs the slogan. It also pays to read the ads. Many a little want ad acorn has grown into a giant oak business. Now we'll go on with the story.

About four years ago, in the days when Tom Ince's pictures were beginning to attract considerable attention and no little jealousy on the part of rivals, it was customary to advertise for women to play atmosphere in society "mobs"—women who had lots of good clothes. The ad usually said "society women." Ince was making picture dramas then at Inceville and a few miles away was Santa Monica, one of Los Angeles' prettiest beach suburbs. One day a young woman sat in her home in Santa Monica reading the want ads of a Los Angeles newspaper in the somewhat futile hope of acquiring a cook. An ad for "society women with good wardrobe" caught her eye and—(we'll conserve a little space here).

Well, our heroine liked it. Old Inceville was a wonderful place anyhow. But she didn't last long as atmosphere because she had that indefinable quality that we call, for lack of a better phrase, screen personality. Billie Burke came out about that time to make her film-land debut and she chose Claire DuBrey from among a considerable crowd of "atmospheres" to play her companion in "Peggy."

That was the beginning. It was only a bit but it was enough to indicate that although she had never had any stage training, Miss DuBrey was an actress.

But if she had any dreams of becoming another Mary Pickford, they were shattered by the dictum that she was just naturally cut out to be a vamp, so a vamp she was ordained. Except for a year and a half as leading woman in Harry Carey's "westerns" at Universal City, Miss DuBrey has been a consistent heavy, vamping here and vamping there, stealing susceptible hubbies from trusting wives and weakening sweethearts from sweet li'l ingenues.

Perhaps Miss DuBrey's best part in recent months was the vamp who vamped Dustin Farnum in "The Man in the Open." Then she went over and played one with Henry Walthall and now she's with Olive Thomas in "The Spite Bride."

When she's not working, she hurls her five feet seven inches of one hundred and twenty-five pounds into the surf near her bungalow home on the beach; or steers her swift little roadster up and down all the roads in California. She prefers philosophy and science to Robert W. McVance or Harold Bell Merwin.

Miss DuBrey's advice to movie-struck girls is "read the want ads—if you don't see any for vamps, there will be plenty for other more useful vocations."

How to Hold a Baby

Or, the Education of Joan
—according to her paternal
parent, H. B. Warner.

By
DELIGHT EVANS

H. B. WARNER, immaculate as to spats, hair, and accent, stood swaying rather awkwardly, rocking his arms in a sort of cradle, and uttering a peculiar chant that sounded something like this: "There there—hm-m-m; now now—hm-m-m!"

He was ministering to the temperamental exactions of one Joan Stanwood Warner, eight months old and heiress to the Warner heritage of dramatic talent and the Stanwood legacy of beauty and charm—lots of all three. She looks like her mother even at this early age and she surely has the artistic temper—I mean temperament—although her father says she never cries. I can't dispute that because I didn't hear her.

"Of course there are a good many things one has to learn," he observed to me seriously as he swayed, "for instance, this. Now, Joan isn't hungry and she isn't really sleepy. She's just—bored. I'm sure she's bored. I'm undertaking to make her forget it and go to sleep whether she wants to or not. It's the first baby I ever had around the house," he continued, carefully shifting the tiny weight of Joan from his left shoulder to his right, "although I have always been crazy for a kid—for twenty years I've wanted one of my own—and I don't know so awfully much about it. However, I give Mrs. Warner and the nurse pointers—dashed funny thing, though, they never pay any attention to me. I know enough, of course, to hold the child head up, or first. It's bally rot to make faces at her to amuse her—babies have a sense of humor and they like to be treated with respect. I'm learning!"

I should say he was. Warner was always a sort of Sir Galahad on the stage or on the screen. Can you imagine Sir Galahad married, with a brand new baby in the family?

"But the principal thing is, keep her happy," pursued this family man. "I've got some ideas about children and some of them aren't so bad, at that. For instance I feel that Rita and I owe Joan a lot. She made us happy by coming; we ought to make her happy. Babies are peculiar—they're a deal of trouble but they're worth it. Fatherhood is a great thing only



It is ever so much easier to hold an audience than to hold a baby. H. B. Warner, our fatherly forbear, does both. This is Joan Warner, musing at six months. Cameras are curious things, she is doubtless deciding—and why are photographers?

it makes a man feel so damned responsible. I never was so much concerned over the success of a play or a picture as I am over the upbringing of Joan.

"I suppose every man wants a son, I do, too. But I wouldn't think of finding fault with Joan because she isn't a boy. We moved the whole household from New York to California so she could spend her first year in the west. I interrupted an engagement on the stage to instill the transcontinental commuting habit in the youngest Warner. Joan is growing up here in the flowers and the sunshine and I'm making pictures for Robertson-Cole and we all three play in Coronado between pictures—You know I'm working harder now than I ever did in my life. 'Pon my word it's so. Babies have a way of looming up large and making a chap feel small—if you know what I mean."

Very gently he stroked the small face with one finger. "She's a great kid," he said a little huskily. Just then Mrs. Warner and the nurse came in. Mrs. Warner is very pretty and rather

what you hoped H. B.'s wife would be—you may know her as Rita Stanwood, and she played with him in the first thing he ever did for the screen, "The Lost Paradise." "Henry," she said rather anxiously after greeting me, "is Joan asleep?"

The very vigilant British nurse peered at Mr. Warner severely. "Let me take her, sir," she said in a disapproving tone, looking at him over her spectacles—she might have stepped from Jane Austen's pages—"I am quite sure she must be very dizzy"—and they trundled Joan off.

"I've already decided about her education," he began again as soon as they were out of hearing, in the warm way he uses to speak of things which interest him—and Joan does interest him—"she shall decide what she wishes to study, for herself. She shall be given control of her own preferences in the line of work she likes. Develop her own individuality, in other words. I have thought it all over." I didn't tell him that Mrs. Montessori had thought it all over, too, sometime ago. "And if she should want to go on the stage or screen, neither Rita nor I shall stop her. It's reasonable to suppose she will have dramatic tendencies. She is, you understand," he pointed out gravely "going to be the happiest child in the world—but she is NOT to be spoiled!"

He's very firm about it. I could imagine as he stood there



Photograph by Selby

The only published photograph of the growth of a grin, by a baby. Miss Warner feels that she is imposed upon by the maternal tickle which made her smile just as the camera clicked. Dad holds her in the respect due a baby.

to play as many different parts as he can find stories for, so that the public will never have a chance to accuse him of being a one-part actor.

Warner has been on the stage for a good many years, since
(Continued on page 133)

that he was a professor who was very much concerned with botany or Boeotia—anything but babies. He might have set the seniors' hearts to fluttering and then flunked them. That's the way he looks. Really he isn't professorial at all, but cherishes nice old-fashioned ideas about acting and infants and everything.

The main idea of the Warner pictures, you'll find out if you can coax him away from the subject of the new Warner to the new drama—is to be heart interest. "A picture with human interest will always take," he says. A bromide, but a good one. His first release, "The Man Who Turned White," is a lot like "The Beggar of Cawnpore," that he did for Ince. "Tom, when he read that story, assured me it would never do to have my hero a down-and-outer who eventually reforms but not before he has startled the fans with a several weeks' growth of beard. I said they would appreciate the idea of a man's growth of soul and not mind the beard. I like to do the down-and-outer who comes up smiling." He intends

Grand Crossing Impressions

By
DELIGHT EVANS

DO you Remember
James Kirkwood?
James
Of Biograph;
Of "Behind the Scenes"
And "The Eagle's Mate",
And the Strong Jaw, and
Beetling Brows?
He's Coming Back.
Kirkwood Came In to See Us, and
Smoked Some Good Cigarettes,
And Talked Between Puffs.
Between You and Me,
I Think that's the Real Reason
He's Going Back to Acting—
He's Just been Aching
To Smoke a Cigarette—
After all those Long Hard Years
Of Puttees and
Strong Cigars, and
Swearing at the Other Players:
"There's Nothing
To Tell," he Said,
"I Just Got Tired, and
Made a Private Vow:
I'm Going to Go Back
To Work."
And I Suppose
When he Sets that Jaw
It Doesn't Take Long
For Things to Happen.

You Recollect
That Pleasant Pastel
Of Mary Pickford,
"Behind the Scenes,"
With Jim Specializing
In the Heavy Hero Stuff,
And Doing the Directing
In his Spare Time?
And do you Remember
That Pretty Little Bit
At the Very End, When
They're in the Park, and
They Look Over and See
A Kid Playing, and
Jim Whispers
In Mary's Ear?
"I Got a Letter
About it," he Grinned,
"From a Nine-year-Old
In Massachusetts.
'What
Did you Whisper
In Mary's Ear?' The Little Girl
Wanted to Know.
'I Asked my Aunts,
And they Said
I Must Write
And Ask you.'
That's the Only Fan Letter
I Ever Answered.
I Told her I was Glad she Liked

The Picture, but after All,
She'd Better Ask her Aunts Again.
"When I Was Acting," Drawled Kirkwood,
"Any Man Over Five Feet Six
And Weighing More than One Hundred
And Fifty Pounds, Was a Heavy.
I was Too Rough—
I Didn't Act the Mountaineer
In 'The Eagle's Mate'
As if he were the Younger Son
Of a Prominent Eastern Family.
But the Movies Moved, and
I'll be Back,
When I Get that Good Story,
And a Director,—
Yes, I'll Let someone Else Direct—
I'm Such a Good Director,
I Might Quarrel with myself."
I Thought with Pride
How forbesrobertson our Photoplay
Was Getting to Be—with him
In the Movies for Years and Years,
Starting with Griffith and All—
And then he Said,
"I Don't Like Chicago, much—
Still, the Middle West
Always Looks Good to Me—
I'm from Grand Rapids!"
I Hope he Caught his Train—
When I Came to
He'd Gone.

The Film and the Child



A defense, a retrospect and a comparison, by Rupert Hughes—of the horrible fairy tales and murderous legends of yesterday, and the bloodthirsty picture-drama of today.

(EDITOR'S NOTE:—The persistent human trip-hammers who love to attack the film-drama for its own sake have one refuge in which they deem themselves fairly secure: a consideration of the morbid influence of motion pictures in general upon the mind of the child. The whole phase of legendry, lore—and the modern movie—have never received a fairer analysis than they do upon the scintillating type-writer of Major Hughes. This is not, primarily, an article of glorification for those who dote upon the cinema; it makes better reading and furnishes more food for thought to fathers and mothers and mentors of the young.)

thus generally being tormented; and parents should pause and consider what the future may hold for their children."

But in the May number of the same publication there dashes to the championship of the cowering, skulking movie that plumed knight of narrative and master of the revels of romance, Major Rupert Hughes—who, of all men, should be the attorney of the written word in its case against the picture, for the written word is his comrade, his ally, his glorious servant. It has brought him fame the world around, even as he, upon his part, has burnished it to new splendor with the luster of his own imagination.

But Major Hughes, in addition to being a writer of ability, is a fair-minded man, and a far-seeing man—not at all of the breed who inveighed against the steam-cars because they were prosperous owners of stage coaches.

And so he responds in part:

"Now I, on the contrary (i. e., his opinion against Mr. Towne's) should tremble, even shudder for any child that didn't prefer living moving pictures to the labored shadowgraphs of mere authors. Such a child would prefer a spinning-wheel to a bicycle, a Sunday School lesson to a game of squat-tag, and church to a picnic; and such a child would be destined either to an early death or to a life of prolonged offensiveness to all normal people.

"Charles is discouraged about the future of a world in which children prefer Mary Pickford to Miss Alcott's Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy, and he says 'Let us beware.' He adds the frightful warning, 'The child of to-day knows more than is good for it. Murder and arson are its daily food.' This statement, whether true or not, is as venerable as the world. The child of to-day has always known too much and has always been a horrible and doomed creature, since the To-day when Cain and Abel began the murder and arson business.

"But I am amazed to see Mr. Towne speaking of 'Tom Sawyer' and 'Huckleberry Finn' with reverence. Or rather, I am not at all amazed, for it was inevitable that these woeful books should be spoken of with reverence, since they were spoken of with horror on their first appearance. Even Charles is old enough to remember that really nice people were properly revolted by the atrocious bad manners, dishonesty and vulgarity of 'Tom Sawyer.' It was rutilation to the carefully brought-up child. As for horror, I shall remember to my dying day the frightful tale of that man in the cave. I would give my left arm to write something as spine-freezing as that, and any movie-man who could equal the haunting effectiveness of it would be proud of his gift for what Huncker translated as

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MR. CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, one of our foremost editors, poets and literary critics, is not ordinarily apprehensive. On the contrary, Mr. Towne is usually a shaft of spring sunshine wherever the glooms elect to dim our liberal airs.

Yet and however, Mr. Towne is apprehensive when he surveys the universal sovereignty of the movies. It is refreshing to note that with all his dubiousness Mr. Towne does not become abusive. He at least proves that one can speak forcibly without cursing.

In "The Bookman," for March, he remarks: "The other day I was visiting some friends in the country who have two charming children, a little girl of ten and a boy of seven. In looking through my friend's library, I discovered the old standbys of my own childhood, 'Little Lord Fauntleroy,' 'Alice in Wonderland,' 'Little Women' and 'Little Men'—indeed, all the Alcott books—'Tom Sawyer' and 'Huckleberry Finn,' and so on *ad infinitum*."

"I asked ten-year-old Margaret how she had enjoyed 'Little Lord Fauntleroy,' and she surprised me greatly by saying, in the most grown-up manner, 'Oh, that's a sissy book! I couldn't wade through it.' And little Philip, who stood close by, cried out, 'We like the movies much better than those silly books!'

"I was dumfounded. A child of ten—and a girl, at that—thought Mrs. Burnett's classic was 'sissy.' What was the world coming to?

"But isn't this state of mind true of many households nowadays? Isn't Mary Pickford more popular than Miss Alcott's heroines? And doesn't Charlie Chaplin replace, in the affections of our youth, the immortal 'Huckleberry Finn'?"

"To what strange paths is the present generation being led? I tremble, I even shudder, when I think of a perverted taste

THE queerest screen dramas ever projected have been made in New York by a man named G. H. Ashton. All the tragedies of existence are contained in these pictures which are only one hundred feet average length. Ashton secured his actors, actresses and supes in the stagnant ponds of Connecticut and in the woods of northern New York. He dipped them off the scum of cow-ponds and scraped them from the bark of trees. Ashton is a well known biologist and entomologist. He secured the only (up to that time) movie camera with a complete microscopic attachment. By means of patient labor on the roof of the Candler Building, New York City, he pried into the lives of bacteria and germs so small that they cannot be seen with the naked eye. This series of films shows the life cycle of all well known groups of micro-organisms. How they play, work, breed and die is included. On the screen they are magnified many thousands of times. Ashton's studio was for weeks a convention site for millions of microbes which he watched and cared for as carefully as a photoplay producer watches and cares for his highest-salaried temperamental star.

A MOVIE show in a private office may sound unusual (though alluring) to the average movie goer but there is one in existence and a very busy man finds time to have his stenographer act as his projectionist, from six to twenty times each day. This office is located in one of the biggest machinery plants in the country. One executive in an upper floor sees that the various departments work together harmoniously. He had one hundred foot films made of the thirty principal mechanical departments in operation. These are filed phonograph record style in a corner of his office. A small projection machine stands on the table. When he



About 1,799,856 years before the Peace Conference was a Miriam Marblehead, used to stroll down to the Lake of Asphalt watch the Dinosaur mix for supremacy on the turf of a virgin earthly consequence — the battles of the great prehistoric of Slumber Mountain," shows life on earth

The Twelve of Motion

Custard pies and the art of John realm of motion pictures. Progress applications of the grinding camera

By JONAS

The first thing you, as a movie fan, learned, was that motion pictures, to be first class, must be made under perfect lighting conditions. Now, to confound you, look at the picture above — a scene out of a movie filmed at night, demonstrating how farmers may plow after dark.

wants to refresh his memory concerning the operation of Department A, his stenographer pulls out reel A and lets down the shades. She then starts the motor and the picture appears on the wall. In one hundred seconds the executive takes in the operations of Department A at little more than a glance.

THE movie wizard's latest trick is to reproduce a fight between two giant dinosaurs two million years ago. In "The

Ghost of Slumber Mountain," prehistoric beasts are made to move about with life-like reality. Herbert Dawley conceived the process of securing this animation. It took five weeks to make the Dinosaur scrap and the knockout blow was the work of several days. On the screen it eats up only sixty seconds. The great Thunder Lizard and a prehistoric bird whose head stuck above the tree tops also are brought to life. These animals were "borrowed" out of an eastern museum.



menace to fight circles, Oswald Stonehatchet and his beloved, and there, basking in the gentle warmth of the youthful sun, world. Which is to say that the earliest fighting of any animals—has been put into motion pictures. "The Ghost when animals towered above the tree-tops.

Oddest Uses Pictures

Barrymore no longer bound the has conceived many new and strange that you probably don't know about.

HOWARD

PERHAPS one of the strangest movie shows in the world is running every night and up to dawn in the smoky, noisy puddler's building of the United States Steel Corporation at Bethlehem, Pa. In between "shifts" it was found, under war conditions, that the men became restless. They wanted something diverting. And still the company wanted to keep them on the property—away from the pool-rooms and saloons. For a long time the officials were puzzled. A projector was in-

stalled on the floor and a program of films arranged. Now when a shift goes off, they wash, eat lunch and then watch the screen favorites gambol about in marble halls. That is not all. The steel workers are instructed in the work of the iron and coal mine workers so they will have a better understanding of their labors. Comedies top the nightly bills in this movie house—romances are "on" every night. Seats are scrambled for. And the instructional pictures, especially the series, "Seeing America," are popular.

ALTHOUGH human passions, and experiences are more or less hackneyed by the scenario writer and the director, a wide-awake producer of educational school room films has gone into fresh fields and filmed the "tragedy" of the life of a garden flower. This film is particularly popular with school teachers interested in botany. A short subject of this queer series now going the rounds of the eastern schools is called, "How Plants Are Born, Live and Die." These films are mechanically accelerated so that the entire "career" of a flower ordinarily covering weeks, consumes only a few minutes on the screen. The picture is "sugar-coated" for juvenile consumption by making the titles instructive yet light and entertaining. The flower, in other words, is humanized and the continuity runs true to the best movie form. How the plant is born, how it thrives because of the sun, how it turns to the sear and yellow leaf and—dies—all is vividly dramatized.

A SCORE of the world's leading surgeons have entered the movies and their queer stuff puts the conventional thrillers in the shade. So terrific are some of these productions in their effect on the human mind that they are shown only to a chosen



On the top of a New York skyscraper, a well known biologist "stages" motion picture dramas concerning the lives of bacteria and germs, themselves doing the performing. This picture shows the camera with microscopic attachment.

few and at rare intervals. The price to them is usually two dollars a head—war tax included. A library of films made in the leading clinics of the world are now available in New York and are going the "circuit" of the chief medical schools of the country where they are "pulling great," as the exhibitor says. Each surgeon is world famous for a certain operation. For a huge sum, each specialist has been employed to perform his special surgical operation before the camera. Carving up

the human form is shown in all its gruesome details though it is all very scientific and is said to be a notable stride in medical procedure.

IF churches generally have considered certain sections of the motion picture fraternity the agents of the devil, they have at last decided to fight the devil with his own fire. A six-reel super-feature production, "The Problems of Pin Hole Parish," is ready for open bookings, written by a preacher, directed by a preacher, acted by preachers and their wives and daughters, edited by a preacher and booked through the Methodist Churches by exchanges created by the Church Body.

Perhaps strangely, it stacks up well with the average photoplay. The only operative who wasn't associated with the church was the camera man. Ten thousand dollars was the cash cost of the film though services were given gratis in the way of actors and actresses.

This feature was produced to be shown in churches and to serve as a "first motion picture missionary." It aims to broaden the viewpoint and correct certain evils among parishes in the denomination. A "story" is told to hold interest and to drive the points home with the force possible only climatically. Rev. Charles E. Bradt, Central District Secretary, Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, Chicago, Ill., was in charge of the production. The cast includes fourteen ministers.

A MOVING picture show at 26 Wall Street, New York, with the presiding elders of the Standard Oil Company forming the audience and Watterson R. Rothacker presiding, is another novel movie show staged recently. The picture in a dozen reels, tells the "Story of Standard Oil" from the infancy of the oil deposit until it reaches the farmer's table lamp. Comments and criticism from the "billion dollar audience" was carefully noted and their editing was accepted by

the producers. Director's meetings were forgotten. Many of these men hadn't seen a movie show in years. It was great stuff—especially those scenes which showed train loads and shiploads of oil and gasoline going out to help the profits of the distinguished audience at the expense of those who travel in autos.

IT has been proposed to the Pennsylvania Railroad by a New York film man to show selected programs on the library cars of the limited trains as a means of diversion for the extra fare passengers. This proposition was made and was being considered before the United States entered the war. There is renewed hope that the project will go through now that the war is over. The plan is to install a small projector in the end of the library car towards the engine and throw the pictures on a screen in the rear of the car. The audience will be seated in the chairs ordinarily provided. No charge is to be made insofar as the passengers are concerned. The railroad pays for the service and may sandwich in a reel or two here and there that points out the benefits of its service and the beauties and economic standing of the country it traverses. News weeklies and comedies are also included in the proposed programs.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN and Mary Pickford have amused audiences in all sorts of places by means of the moving picture, indoors, outdoors, in clubs, schools, churches and on steamships but perhaps the State of Wisconsin holds the honor of giving them a chance to show their talents in the best room of a state capitol building.

M. F. Blumenfeld has been a public official for many years. He has long been concerned with the condition of the door-mats, the velvet rugs and the mahogany desks of Wisconsin's public buildings in his capacity of Custodian of Public Property. Not long ago he became anery at the class of

(Continued on page 132)



This Is No Dental Ad

HERE'S one more reason why motion picture players should have good dental displays. Connie Talmadge is submitting to a molar expedition for the purpose of humoring her cameraman—one of that cranky aggregation who focus their cameras by the teeth of the players. If the teeth show up perfectly, the lenses are properly focused.



By
DELIGHT
EVANS

It may be safely said that Miss Swanson of Lasky's has caused many mothers to pray for an early leap-year. When your own daughter who has been raised a pet stands in front of her dressing-table mirror by the hour trying to twist inadequate tresses into a semblance of the Swanson coiffure, it's time to limit the weekly allowance to a mere pittance which will not permit patronage of Cecil B. DeMille's new screen drama at the Bijou Dream. When—if you live inland—the poor old gobbler who has been strutting the barnyard in all his glory hides himself in shame, denuded of his bright feathers—you'll surreptitiously remove all the pictures you can find in current magazines of a china-eyed young woman with the

At the left, Miss Swanson all set as the pride of peacock alley for a DeMille filmplay.

Don't Change Your Coiffure

Gloria Swanson's is built for the camera,—and she says it's uncomfortable.

THE vast majority of our younger set are not keenly intrigued by the shut-down of theaters in Germany, the campaign against lynching, or the build-your-own-home-in-Bay-City movement. On the other hand, Gloria Swanson's newest head adornment means a lot to them.



Gloria, only an humble peacock baby, "taking direction" from Jack Conway in her Triangle days. (We bet Gloria wouldn't let Jack talk to her that way now.)

plumage of several birds on her shapely head.

Gloria Swanson has demoralized young America a la femme from the skin out. This is a terrible thing to contemplate—but costumes, are the morale of the subdeb and her elder sister and Miss Swanson has instilled ideas which to say the least are not practicable. Imagine parading the main street of Umph, Idaho, in a gown of barbaric design and a head adornment which would cause the better-birds-for-Umph-committee to call an extra session. All right on the films—but it may interest you to know that Miss Swanson, out in Los Angeles where she makes her pictures, does not adorn herself for the street as she does for the studio. Off-screen she is a well but inconspicuously attired small person, always in perfect taste from the crown of her modish turban to her toes encased in new but not startling footgear. The Lasky designer is responsible for the far-eastern effects carried out in Gloria's screen styles; but the real Gloria, when she enters the chopsuey palace she occasionally patronizes, does not have to merely point to a Chinese character on her gown; she orders from the menu.

Gloria was a quiet little schoolgirl in Chicago not so very long ago. She went to school in her home-town, Chicago; and she was not very different from a good many other young ladies who swung their books by a strap and had dance programmes suspended from the chandelier. She "finished" in Porto Rico—and if we were her press-agent we should certainly make use of this fact to plant the barbaric idea in Gloria. She came back home; and decided that life held nothing more for her if she couldn't break into pictures at the Essanay studio on Argyle street. Suffice it to say that she did, via, of course, the extra route. And then California called her. California and comedy—she became a Sennett chorister and won considerable renown in funny films like "Teddy at the Throttle," in which she shared honors with the Sennett canine, and "The Nick of Time Baby."

Sooner or later every comedienne gets the little

The Gloria Swanson of Mack Sennett farce—perhaps this cunning custard comedienne was posing for a new pastric comedy, "For Better, For Worst."



Chinchilla and a new coiffure were her aids to emotion when she played, with Elliott Dexter, "Sylvia" in "For Better, for Worse."

dramatic yearn; and Gloria was no exception. She was sure she could act, really act, if she had a chance. And she was right; and she got her chance at Triangle.

Her work at the Culver City studios eclipsed her comedy record. At first she played small parts; then she was leading woman for various Triangle he-stars including William Desmond—maybe you remember "The Honorable Billy." Then she was featured alone—did you see "Smoke?" With the interregnum of Triangle, Miss Swanson came to Lasky. The rest you know, if you have been following films with any fidelity at all. "Don't Change Your Husband" brought her, with her peacock-feather head-dress, into the white hot light of publicity.

Gloria is the rage. She is imitated wherever films are shown! She is a la mode. We'll have Gloria perfumes and powders and Gloria hats and Gloria gowns. Somebody will write a song about her. We have, now, Gloria aigrettes and Gloria coiffures. Where will it all end?

And this Gloria, this gorgeous peacock, is, all the while you are admiring her, thinking of the best effects—not in motions, but in emotions. She is always studying to play her new role a little better than the last. If you saw "Don't Change Your Husband" and later on, "For Better, for Worse," you'll realize that Gloria is doing something more than setting the vogue in startling costumes. All that, she knows, will have an end; she is laying the foundation of a career. She is not a modiste; she's an actress.

Her record for hard work hasn't been surpassed by any of our younger screen queens. You don't think, I hope, that she came to be the heroine of pieces like "Don't Change Your Husband" without some stiff histrionic training; that her years in comedy weren't years spent in the film school of exacting direction, endless study in expression, and lots of sane patience applied to a course in a sense of humor. "Believe me," says Gloria, "there is nothing more serious."

And she is prouder than anything in the world of her dad—Captain Joseph Swanson, A. E. F., who found a lovely daughter with dimmed eyes waiting for him when he came back from over there. And is he proud of her? Well—he saw "For Better, for Worse" eleven times.

Throttling the Circus. When the insidious movie whipped its celluloid tentacles across the cheap melodrama and the wretched "number two show" there were no particularly regretful tears.

When the half-baked summer stock company had its golden wind shut off by the adjacent Bijou Dream and the opposite Palace Nickelodeon no one was indicted for murder.

When the seaside band ceased to be a main evening attraction and was no longer financed, the criminal screen escaped punishment.

But now one of our oldest friends—a proud friend in gay clothes, always noisy and laughing and boisterously merry—is endangered in its age, and may presently come to us selling pencils.

The circus is imperilled by the motion picture!

Let this be for every small boy a slogan of revolt. Not to see our old pal the clown, not to carry an ocean of water for one small elephant, not to gulp aniline lemonade, not to toss goobers at the simians—must these oases in our living deserts be obliterated by a shadow?

The thrill, the spectacle, the pageant, the animal act—each of these things has gone gray. It has ceased to interest, and has been replaced by something else, to fall flat and go gray in its turn. There is no other explanation than that the world-scope, the universal thrill, of the motion picture has made the comparatively small staged thrill seem as tame as the comparatively small staged spectacle seems, now inadequate and unreal to everyone.

Only a few years ago Diabolo caused all hearts on the circus benches to jump up to their owner's throats by looping the loop on a bicycle.

The moment that grew a little pale some loose-brained dare-devil improved it by looping the gap.

Next, a woman looped the loop in a motor car.

Then another woman, also in a motor-car, actually turned a double somersault in the loop.

Then Diabolo (how many of him were there?) came back to do "the dive of death."

By 1912 the rising thrillers of the movies, seen at any time in any country store-show for a nickel, had killed the somewhat synthetic dangers of the saw-dust ring.

The resourceful managers quickly supplanted the thrill with the spectacle. And such gorgeous costly spectacles as were, by the greater shows, presented!

There were "Cinderella," a pageant-rendition of the quaint old fairy-story; "Lalla Rookle," a great Oriental ballet-pageant, and finally—do you remember this one?—the mammoth "Cleopatra," the biggest of them all, in which half a thousand persons and dozens of truly regal animals took part.

Again the implacable tide of shadow, mounting like a spiritual destroyer. These were the days when screen spectacles began—the days of "Quo Vadis" and "Cabiria" and the first Griffiths. And the circus pageant presently left us yawning.

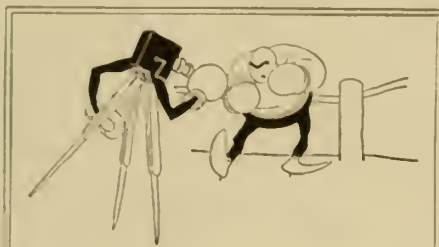
Then came an era of Prussian perfection of detail in the circus. There were no rare thrills, and the pageant element was small, but the show, like a Liberty motor groomed for a trip across the sea, was perfect in every part. And still the grand old traditional American interest in a thing America perfected, ebbed and ebbed. A new and absolutely exclusive American thing was driving it to the wall.

This year, the circus has really a sensible, legitimate "big interest" which we may hope will be a permanent feature-extra-

ordinary: the fine horse.

"Equestrian stuff" is in a grand revival. Our noble four-legged friend, the faithful and oft-abused horse, ravaged by war and evicted by gasoline, has long since found a staunch champion in the movies, but he can use as many champions as he gets.

And let us hope, too, that our flashy but kind-hearted old comrade, the circus, can make a real stand with the cavalry. Much as we are for the sun-play, we should really deplore any final, irreparable damage wreaked by it upon the Big Top.



The Shortest Interview Ever Written

JESS WILLARD, so far heavyweight champion of the world, was persuaded last Spring to join the Pickford-Chaplin profession and become visible in the squared screen as well as in the squared circle.

So, between training periods for his July 4th debate with Dempsey, he acted at a studio in Los Angeles.

In common with other great artists, of course he had to submit to the interrogative attentions of the pesky interviewer.

"How do you like the movies, Mr. Willard?" purred his first visitor, a sweet young pencil wielder.

Mr. Willard feinted with his right, side-stepped and led with his left.

"Aw," he answered, "I don't mind 'em—much."

Who First Grows Old? The woman of the arts or the woman of private life? In non-professional life we believe that women grow old, with that age which is not of years, much sooner than men. Men in the last ten years have learned that their boyhood is largely limited by their own will in the matter. Men have worked harder in the past decade than ever before, it may be, but they have also played more and have eaten less. Indolence bears destruction as its reward, and with the access of great prosperity to our cities and towns there have been many more indolent women than men; and these have faded like hot-house flowers.

The professional woman—and this is especially true of the picture actresses—leads a far healthier life than her non-professional sister who laments, and hates, and regrets, and sits around waiting for the calendar to catch up with her. The professional woman's thoughts are usually constructive and cheerful, and she has bustling endeavors and hard, long hours to keep her in physical trim. The disasters of life come more frequently from ease than from difficulty.

The non-professional woman who determines to keep the liveness of youth and the thoughts of youth and youth's associations, and sticks to those determinations can, of course, challenge the universe. But one of the facts of life is that we usually do, not what we ought to do, but what we have to do.

Therefore the industrious, intelligent actress of fifty is a much younger person than many a lay-woman of forty—merely because the necessities of her profession have compelled her to keep young.



Popular Fables. There are many of them, and several of the many are those that attribute magic power and dark intrigue to the picture business.

The joke lies in the fact that the fables of the industry are mostly created for and swallowed by the industry itself.

In other words, I originate a wild rumor about you, only to believe it myself, while you think up an impossible whopper about me—and consider it gospel truth.

This tale concerned Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin, and their breakaway, or attempted breakaway, from First National, to form half the "Big Four."

One of the stipulations of their contracts, it is alleged, was that First National was to pay them in cash for all productions, on delivery.

Therefore, it was reported that when they wished to part from the F. N. aggregation Mary and Charlie each dumped two unannounced, secretly completed productions in the National lap and demanded their change, a sum somewhat resembling two million dollars. Of course two millions in sudden cash couldn't be forthcoming. Therefore the contract was automatically cancelled.

Charlie, who works in a mysterious way, may have a whole deck of two-reelers up his artistic sleeve—but where, pray you, would Little Mary conceal upon her small person a pair of huge feature productions? And what could they be?



Public Taste—a Will o' the Wisp. What does the public want?

To be or not to be mattered not half so much to Hamlet as does this five-word question to the theatrical manager. And in this instance we use "theatrical manager" as a general term for all those who deal in mimic shows, whether on boards or silvered fibre.

What does the public want now? Let the Russian answer, with his whimsically fatalistic "Nitchivo?"—who knows?

We have been told, for instance, that the cry of our day is for lighter diversion; we have had enough of terror and blood and darkness; give us sunshine and laughter and idling.

Very good. Very logical.

Along comes Mr. Griffith and makes—in "Broken Blossoms"—not a melodrama with an "unhappy ending," but the first stark, unrelieved, simon-pure tragedy, according to the classic standards, that the screen has ever known. As these lines are underwooded this poignantly beautiful *Marche Funebre* has been shown only in New York. And many people are staying away from it—because they can't get seats.

There is one fundamental truth which managers too often ignore. A finely-done story of human life, be it grave or gay, lily-white or poppy-red, is ever a safer bet than playing to passing waves of popular favor, or merely demonstrative patriotism, or topical news.

But there is no criterion on earth to accurately forecast any given play's reception. Though the days of Cromwell returned to make gambling a felony there would still be left that most fascinating game of chance, the making of books and plays.



We Must Have Clean Billboards. The motion picture manufacturers did a staunch, fine, and rather disinterested thing when they formed their vigorous, energetic and rigidly self-corrective clean picture organization in New York recently.

They should carry their determinations and deeds just one step farther: they should make an exhibitor who permits suggestive or improper advertising in any manner, on the billboards, on his electric sign or in the newspapers, an outlaw, banned even from getting pictures for further business.

But what should they do to the manufacturer himself, piously in their midst—and permitting his press agent to get out paper with misleading illustration or suggestive legend? Our opinion is that his fellows should turn to the Celestial books and select some quaint Chinese punishment.



Photograph by [unreadable]

DID you know that Anita Stewart's own perfect love story had a supplemental episode recently? Oh, you're wrong! We meant Photoplay Magazine's Screen Supplement, which features her and her husband, Rudolph Cameron, in its current release. Here they are—and here we are, with our Bell & Howell—in front of the Cameron-Stewart home in Hollywood.



Mary Pickford's Silent Partner

HER name was Maria and although she and Mary Pickford are the best of friends, they aren't on speaking terms. Maria is a dummy, designed and used by Charles Rosher, Mary's cameraman, in getting lighting effects when the actress herself is not disposed to stand for indefinite periods prior to the actual scene-taking.

Maria has the same complexion as Mary, and the same shade of hair, but is not nearly so pretty. And she is the same height.



William Duncan Registers Three Broken Ribs

THE picture at the right isn't an x-ray, but if you'll study the face of William Duncan very carefully you will see that he has just finished breaking several ribs. The scene was for a Vitagraph picture but the football players forgot it was just pretense and got real rough. The fracture of his ribs followed Mr. Duncan's successful attempt to tackle and down a rival player. The "supers" thought this expression an endeavor to "register" in the film.



Rare Atmosphere for Eddie Polo

RARE is the right word; this picture was taken high up in the mountains. An orchestra in charge of C. J. Silliman is on duty every day at Universal City to supply the coercive melody and rhythm supposedly so essential to sympathetic acting. Eddie Polo has caught the disease and when he went into the mountains recently to film scenes for "Cyclone Smith Plays Trumps," he took the orchestra along. Eddie is not in the picture. We suppose he's jazz-stepping out on a rope over some cha-

Tom Mix Adopts a Bear

KNOWING Tom Mix as we do, at first we imagined he had gone in for bear-back riding, and that horses were losing their fascination. But investigation revealed that Mr. Mix recently bought a bruin—a little bear jilted by its mother at such an early age that it didn't even know how to climb a tree. Tom's teaching it now—careful, of course, to see that the tree isn't high enough to let the bear scramble out of sight.



Reading from Left to Right:

THE calves and feet of Miss Bessie Love, a motion picture actress, who herewith demonstrates what can happen to little girls who try to sneak into the pantry for a piece of cake. It started with a scene. Miss Love was instructed to climb in through the window. She became caught however and was forced to remain in this position for many minutes cooling her head and temper in the icebox, conveniently open.

A Little Humor is a Dangerous Thing

THE house at the right was once fully guaranteed against rain and zephyrs, but that was before Larry Semen used it in his comedy. This picture shows what was left of a perfectly nice house when he had finished with it. Larry himself was in this picture but the engraver, who has no sense of humor, cut him out.



The Devil's

Frank Campeau cringes like the modest meadow blossom under the light of publicity. Yet his record proves that he deserves it.



Violet

By

KENNETH
MCGAFFEY

HE was not always the six-minute egg he is now. At one time in his life he was kind to flowers and old ladies. Dogs came right up and spoke to him instead of fleeing yelping around the corner as they do now when he heaves into sight. Mothers did not draw their children close to their skirts when he passed by, and strangers at one time asked him questions on the street. His very name, Frank, reflected his countenance and his disposition. But alas and alack, now all is different! He is spotted as a bad guy as soon as he comes over the horizon. One look at him and horses run away. Flivvers climb trees; chickens—both kinds—scuttle for cover, and men draw aside to let him pass by.

Frank Campeau may have a soft heart, but he sure has a hard face. In ordinary life he looks like Beelzebub on plain clothes duty, but when he touches up a few lines in his face with grease paint, surely even the camera cringes.

How Doug Fairbanks with his sunny disposition can bear to have a face like that around him is hard to imagine. But he does, and every time Campeau tries to leave, Doug hauls him back again. Perhaps Frank's wonderful supply of dry wit, cleverness and companionship offset the disadvantages. Anyhow, he and Doug laugh and have a grand time together and out with the crowd Frank knows a lot of stories and has been known to recite poetry. So there you are. The average character reader would take one look at Frank and scream for the police, but his pals know him as a regular person with a heart as big as himself.

At that, his face is his fortune—for if he didn't look so villainous he would probably still be the comedian he set out to be and the screen stage would be minus their best character heavy.

Campeau never intended to be an actor. In fact it was wished on him. Just after he had left Notre Dame University, he was resting around his home town, Detroit, when he ran across a friend who was going to take a small stock company up in the summer resort district of northern Michigan and Frank was invited to go as a guest. He went along and spent several weeks in playing around, helping out in the box office, looking after the publicity, or doing anything else that would kill time. One day, however, the stock company started to rehearse a play that had one more part than they had players, so Frank was thrust in to play a butler or some other noble piece of work. He got away with it without being murdered by either the audience or the actors and the next week was given even a better part.

From then on Frank was doomed, but he decided to make the most of it and

become a light comedian, as he did. He played comedy parts for several years around the country with various stock organizations until one day the heavy took sick and Frank played the mean guy role.

He made a great big hit as the heavy, even bigger than as a comedian, so hieing himself to New York he went with Louis Morrison, the world's famous "Faust," and Frank played *Valentine* and *Mephisto*. That's where he got the devilish look. He played with Morrison for several years and then went with Frank Mayo to play the colored boy in "Puddin'head Wilson" in which role he committed more villainies.

Along came "Arizona" and as the original *Tony*, Frank made another hit through the artistry of his performances and scarcely a person ever left the theatre without remembering the love making of the ardent little Mexican. Theodore Roberts played *Canby* in this and when Theodore brought out the same clothes he wore as Canby on the stage to play the same character with Fairbanks on the screen, Campeau and he spent many a busy minute talking over the old days before the flickering photographs called.

By and by the Kirk LaSalle organization decided to do Owen Wister's story, "The Virginian," with Dustin Farnum in the title role and Campeau was selected to play the sneaking, low desperado, *Trampas*. Did he play it? I'll tell the world he *did*. He shared equal honors with Farnum and later on Campeau starred in "The Virginian" himself.

From then on if there was any dirty work to be done in the spoken drama, Frank Campeau was sent for to do it. He played with Margaret Illington in "Kindling" and with a number of other prominent stars.

About three years ago D. W. Griffith sent to New York for him to come out to Los Angeles and play the heavy in "Jordan is a Hard Road," and Frank got his first taste of the silent art. He liked it but had to go back and play an engagement in Augustus

Thomas' play "Rio Grande." It was just about this time that Douglas Fairbanks decided that Campeau was the only man to play the heavy in "The Man from Painted Post" so Campeau was wired for and came back out to the film capital where he has been ever since.

All the time he has been with Doug except once when Doug was out Liberty Bonding, or organizing the United Artists and wasn't working, Frank was loaned to Clara Kimball Young to do the comedy butler-burglar part in "Cheating Cheaters," the crook that was always practicing quick draws with his automatic and then when the time came that he had to draw he could not get the thing out of his pocket.

To be the heavy opposite the Hon.



Even when he's dressed up, Frank looks like the devil, according to Mr. McGaffey, who evidently hadn't seen this picture. Surely even a child couldn't resist trusting the heart behind this dove-like smile.

Doug is no sofa cushion sinecure,—for Doug as the handsome, not to say dashing hero, can certainly make it hard for the cruel gook that stands between him and his lady love. In fact, Frank has some scars on his person named after every Fairbanks production in which he has appeared. "The Man from Painted Post" is on the left shin; "Reaching for the Moon," over the right eye; "Headin' South," on the left wrist—and so on. All he had to do in the last mentioned picture was to be handcuffed to Doug while that worthy climbed a ladder and talked to Katherine MacDonald, and Frank hung in midair held only by the narrow steel band around his wrist—the same being a very painful position.



Each picture he has made with Douglas Fairbanks has given him a scar—not a scare.

But in spite of his scars he likes the work, swears by Doug and doesn't crave to return to the noisy stage.

"Playing the same heavy role over and over again every night after night, and matinee after matinee when I was on the stage, really got on my nerves and affected my disposition,"

"Jordan is a Hard Road," with Dorothy Gish, introduced Mr. Campeau into silent drama. Griffith induced him to leave the legitimate stage for this picture.

Campeau said the other evening. "I played Trampas and some of those other parts for so long that I actually began to feel and think as Trampas and the others must have felt and thought. To get over a good heavy you have to submerge yourself into the part so deeply that it is hard to come up. In the pictures I have a different kind of villainy every few weeks and don't have to play the whole scene over night after night. We just rehearse it a few times and then do it once and it is over with. Sometimes I don't have to work for three or four days at a stretch so I can have an opportunity to get over hating myself."

Frank may have to wear rough clothes for the screen but on the street he is the mould of fashion and the glass of form. Outside of carrying a cane and wearing spats you would never know him for an actor. To see him GOING down the street you would think he was Reginald Van Splots, the well known lounge cootie; to see him COMING down the street, you would think all the churches had worked in vain and the devil himself was abroad in the land looking for customers.



IN a recent comedy released by Mr. Sennett, Marie Prevost appeared in evening dress. Marie is a very pulchritudinous young lady. She has a neck and shoulders which so charmed some gentleman of artistic disposition that he wrote a very respectful letter asking for a photograph of her back. To show that he was no piker, he sent with the request a check to cover the expense of printing and mailing. His check was for \$9.45. Marie says she feels immensely complimented but she is rather bewildered to know how the gentleman happened to figure out the nine forty-five.

The Squirrel Cage

By

A. Gnuttt



Motto—

Ashes to ashes,
Dust to dust;
If the squirrels don't get you,
The Squirrel Cage must.

CHEESE was first mentioned by Aristotle in 350 B. C. The league of nations came 209 years later.

SIR JAMSTIEE JEFJEEBHOY was the first native baronet of India. He lived from 1783 to 1850 and was knighted for his philanthropies. A stammering mule driver might be able to pronounce his name but we defy anybody to write a limerick using it in the first line.

IS a snake a stoic? Judging by the following incident narrated to this department, I'd say "Yes."

A New York commuter living in Jersey found a small quarter snake in his basement. At that moment holding a pair of garden shears in his hand he snipped off the snake's head.

"You should have seen that snake's face," he declared afterward. "I never saw such a surprised look in all my life."

ONE and one-quarter tons of gold and eighty-eight tons of silver are lost to the world each year simply because coins rub against another, according to the London Times. This waste can be stopped by sending all coins to The Squirrel Cage. We won't rub 'em.

IN the north of England there is a canal sixteen miles long and entirely underground. It extends from Worsley to St. Helens and is used to transport coal. How engineers can get more information by writing to A. Gnuttt.

SCREEN players dassent bluish. Red photographs black and a blushing actor would give the movie audience the idea he was choking himself black in the face.

WHEN meandering along some sylvan stream this summer you might like to remember that the word came from the river Meander, a crooked little stream not far from the ancient city of Ephesus. Paul preached there in 54 but was driven out several years later. When imprisoned in Rome he wrote his epistles to the Ephesians. Ephesus was once a world metropolis but has long since perished. The Meander still meanders.

HERE is a nut for some Squirrel Cage fan to crack. Bernard M. Baruch is a member of the war industries board. There flourished about 600 B. C., a Baruch who was friend and secretary to Jeremiah. If the modern Baruch is a direct descendant of the ancient how many "grands" would one have to write to tell just what particular grandson he is?

"JIM" MONRO tells this one about his father who in his youth was a school teacher in England and later a collaborator with Matthew Arnold.

"Who wrote Hamlet?" asked the tea her of his class one day. There was no reply and the teacher was becoming embarrassing. Finally a little chap in the back of the room stood up.

"Please, sir, I didn't."

Monro thought it such a good joke that he

told the squire about it. The squire laughed heartily and said:

"And I'll bet the little shaver did it at that."

BILL HART and King Alfonso may change jobs. The Spanish king stated recently that if a revolution swept him out of office he would go to America and become a wild west rider for the films. One can never tell who a revolution will sweep into office. Look at Trotsky.

NO wonder Premier Clemenceau is healthy and vigorous though past eighty. For more than three hundred years every one of his direct ancestors in the male line belonged to the medical profession.

SUPPOSE, says a writer in *London Punch*, a pipe which would permit of the passage of a man's body were pierced through the earth from London to the Antipodes, and a man com-



AN old wheeze went: "Big feet indicate big brains, but the feet are no place for them." Not meaning to infer that the present-day Chinese lady carries her brains in her feet, merely illustrating how progress and enlightenment have affected the size of her pedal extremities. The large shoes are those worn in China today. (Photograph from a Burton Holmes travelogue.)

mened to descend by means of a ladder counting the length of the tube. Naturally he would descend feet foremost. On reaching the centre of the earth he would, on account of the rotation and formation of the globe, presumably be going upwards until he emerged in the Antipodes.

THE war revolutionized many great warriors but don't forget that Joan of Arc was the only person, male or female, in the history of the world who was ever commander-in-chief of a nation's army at the day of her glory. The Duke recently made her a saint and Mark Twain wrote one of the most delightful stories in the English language about her life.

ATTENDING plays, is a disaster of any time in Jerusalem. The natives box and punch, and throw stones at the characters on the screen, unable, apparently, to realize that the shadows are not living in the flesh and bone.

ED HOWE said in February that in his judgment airships would never cross the Atlantic. And Bob Inge still never expected Missouri to go Republican.

THREE thousand years ago the wise woman of Abel asked Job why he wanted to destroy that city. "Lay be it from me," said Job, thus establishing one of our very best bits of repartee. (See Samuel 2:26; 20.)

"GONE to the Devil" isn't such an evil expression as one might believe if it is used in its original meaning. There used to be a tavern in Fleet street, London, near Temple Bar called "Devil and Satan Dunstan." It was noted for its good food and excellent liquors. Lawyers of the Temple going there to lunch would leave signs on their office doors briefly stating: "Gone to the Devil." In time the expression came to be used in its present meaning about those who too frequently forsake their offices and practice for the convivial cheer of the place, with the consequent ruin.

HERE is a childhood friendship destroyed. Our heart always went out in friendly sympathy to "Jack and Gill who went up the hill to fetch a pail of water." In our early imagination we suffered agonies as we pictured poor Jack with his broken heel, and as for Gill, why, her tumble must have been something awful. But the other day we read somewhere that, anciently, Jack was the name of the old waxed leather pitcher and Gill the same metallic measuring cup we've always known. Somebody accidentally upset them one day and then somelinger let his imagination run away. And we had always thought of them as a little boy and girl!

WHEN you "knuckle under" perhaps you would like to have something to think about while engaged in such lowly enterprise. You might try to remember that in the old days knuckle was used to mean any of the joints of the body instead of those of the hand as we use the word now.

Therefore when any person was forced to bend the knee in craving pardon he was said to knuckle under.

WHERE do you suppose the center of the universe is? You are standing on it if standing; sitting on it if sitting; or lying on it if lying. And that is no ac, for infinity extends the same distance from any point and the boundaries of the universe are infinity.

WHILE you are waiting does there dawn upon you that you might like to know a little something about the man who wrote Rev. J. P. Pratt's who published a book on the wonders of the world in 1846. Getting a German scientist of those times who believed that he had the power of reading the future that he could tell if they were true they were not true predicted by others. Small relief, perhaps, derived by means of the translation of a German book, are now being made to be detailed for this purpose. More news to the small section reader.

FRENCH is the most beautiful language in the world. Wonder what it would be when spoken by a Chinaman?



A lovely bridal costume, in white satin bound with pleated tulle and orange blossoms. Its simplicity adds to its charm.



A house frock created from dark red velvet, trimmed with chin-chilla, is a comfortable costume for any summer evening that so far forgets itself as to become chilly.



For a little afternoon frock, few things could be more practical and charming than black silk taffeta. A collar of simple net and lace affords pleasing contrast.



For a negligee, Miss Ferguson chooses a beautiful embroidered silk creation, edged with silver fox.

Fashions a la Ferguson

The 1919 screen star does not "follow the style"; she prefers to create new vogues — Elsie Ferguson has done this in "The Avalanche."

At the right, charming debutante evening frock, created from blue satin with an over-dress of silver net. One yellow poppy provides its necessary color touch at the waist line.



As a matron, Miss Ferguson chooses a gown of black velvet with graceful sweeping lines, its only trimming chains of real jet beads. It was necessary for her to wear a black wig in this scene, so around her head she has placed a bandeau of jet, a pair of onyx earrings adding the finishing touch.



Slugg
Clarine Seymour worked harder and longer for her Big Chance than—possibly—any other young girl in motion pictures. This summery vision was snapped in her dressing room during her lark in Christie comedies.

The Two Strange Women

By
E. M.
ROBBINS

Clarine and Carol now wander
in the Sunshine Court of Lil-
lian et Dorothy et Mae et al.



WHEN, without any warning and without even an attempt at explanation, D. W. Griffith presents a motion picture without a Gish or a Marsh in it, there is sufficient cause given for the public to arise and demand a reason for the sudden appearance of strange women.

Thus with the screening of "The Girl Who Stayed at Home" it becomes pertinent to inquire as to the identity and excuse for the presence of one Carol Dempster and the party with the mysterious wiggle, whom Mr. Griffith has called "Cutie Beautiful" but whose real name is Clarine Seymour.

Beginning in alphabetical order, which is said to be the most diplomatic way of attacking theatrical or motion picture themes, the prime reason Miss Dempster has become identified with the list of Griffith players is because she is:

First, probably the most graceful in movement of any young woman now in pictures;

Second, she has a peculiar type of beauty that appeals to many people;

Third, she has a case of real inside sincerity that the camera does not fail to register.

Outside of that, Miss Carol is not far different from a lot of other good-humored young ladies who have been well brought up with a love for home life and a respect for their parents. Aside from a few months when she was attending a private school for young ladies she has never been away from her mother, which probably accounts for the lack of cynicism which is paramount in her makeup.

Born in Duluth, on the Great Lakes, with the constant breeze from Lake Superior and the cold of Northern winters contributing to the healthy bloom of a pair of cheeks that need no aid from cosmetics, she was transplanted in the land of palms and mocking birds while still in the early grades of school. Papa Dempster had been a Great Lakes captain all his life and had reached that age when the bounding billow held no more romance. He wanted to get away from the water, so the family came to California.

There is nothing unusual in Carol's life during the school days, except for the fact that an aunt in Santa Maria told the young lady's mother that any one who walked and ran and jumped like Carol did should be given dancing lessons. The family took kindly to the idea and in a few more months, under good teaching, she began to be noticed.

It was not Fate, but rather good judgment on the part of Ruth St. Denis that she picked Carol out of an entertainment one night and told her the proper cars to take to get to Denishawn. And a year later the future motion picture star was billed as the solo dancer in Miss St. Denis' road show, at that time starting on its cross-country tour.

Carol Dempster

Here was developed the grace of movement that characterizes her in the pictures. She was not taught how to dance, but rather what to dance. Now for the first time do we find Fate putting her finger into the Dempster pie. At least it is usually labeled Fate, and anyway the road tour had just nicely started and Miss Carol's success had just become definitely assured when Mother Dempster was taken ill and could no longer accompany her daughter on the road. That was an end of the solo dancing. Had she retained her health, her daughter might never have appeared in pictures.

That last one is not quite true, because she had already been seen on the screen, for about three feet of action. That happened in "Intolerance," when Mr. Griffith invaded the walled gardens of Denishawn and rounded up the entire assembly to fill a certain space in the mammoth hall of Belshazzar.

The road show at an end, Miss Dempster nursed her mother for some weeks until a fair degree of health returned. And then came pictures, in a way that seldom happens. She did not seek a job, but rather she was literally picked up and set down again in the land of mercury arcs and megaphones. It was just because she happened to visit the studio with a friend who was working and in a spare moment of his time was again introduced to Mr. Griffith. And it may be stated here that Griffith never forgets. He even remembered "Intolerance" and the short little dance, and the day at Denishawn. And in about five minutes, after learning the result of the Denishawn tour, he told Miss Carol to report the following day, as he might have something for her.

It resulted in a very small "bit" in "A Romance of Happy Valley," but it was enough to introduce her to the screen. Next

came Dorothy Gish, who invited her to try a part in "The Hope Chest," which resulted in a still better acquaintance with the new art. And then, to the complete bewilderment of the 9867 extra girls and stock people in Hollywood, it was suddenly announced that Carol Dempster would be one of the featured leads in "The Girl Who Stayed at Home."

It happened because Miss Lil'ian Gish, whom the public could logically expect to play the part, had been working without a vacation for about ten months, and she was tired. The picture demanded a type that was quiet, refined and graceful together with a sincerity that Mr. Griffith always demands. If there were others who possessed these characteristics they did not show up at the time the picture was cast, and the cameras began to click in front of Carol Dempster—star.

She isn't "upstage" about it. In fact she hasn't gotten over the surprise. She says she doesn't know how to act, and that she depends on Mr. Griffith for every bit of teaching. Others who are acquainted with the situation add to the statement by saying that she doesn't have to be taught the same bit twice.

At any rate, such is the history of the young woman who has reached stardom probably quicker than any other person in motion pictures.

And she's just an ordinary girl, with a pleasant smile, good tastes,



Miss Seymour in a scene from one of she was employed immediately preceded fifth for "The Girl Who Stayed at left, with Robert Harron in



well read, a lover of athletics, an expert swimmer, a good horsewoman, and the possessor of one of the most valuable traits in human kind—a sense of humor.

AND now for "Cutie." A different story. This tale has to do with the rough and rugged road that seems always to turn down instead of up; that presents always new difficulties, new rocks to shatter hopes upon, yet ever with the glittering rainbow pots beyond.

This is not "Cutie's" first picture. In fact she has no idea in her own little head as to how many she has played in. It began when she was just a wee bit of a girl in the golden days of the old Thanouser, and it has continued through comedies and tragedies, through vaudeville and entertain-

ing, until her final arrival at the place where they print the names in big letters was as surprising to her as it was pleasant.

The story of Clarine Seymour is the story that girls who would seek the moving pictures as a road to fame should not only read, but memorize. It is far too long to tell in one installment, and this must be but a brief synopsis.

To begin, anyone who is cute, graceful, possessing any kind of pleasing individuality and at the

Sounds logical enough, but it usually happens that the producing companies have all the stars on the list that they can take care of, and it is not policy to lay them off for indefinite periods to try out an unknown quantity, no matter how attractive.

So it happened that Clarine Seymour was either cast for a part all through the picture, generally a one or two reel comedy, or else she did not get through the gate far enough to get on the sets.

Of the months that passed, in which she played little bits of vaudeville, or appeared in a dancing act, Miss Seymour chooses to remember as little as possible, because the memory is still too fresh. There were times when the meals came none too regularly, when the "no" of the casting director came too often for her peace of mind.

Los Angeles took the place of New York as her residence, to broaden her chances on account of more operating companies, and a little over a year ago she was contracted by a comedy company to play a series of leads with Toto, the French clown. This did not go well for reasons best known to the company and to Clarine, and the contract resulted in a lawsuit, in which she demanded some \$1,300 or \$1,400 in back salaries. As this drew itself through the slow processes of the courts she was taken into the Christie fold for a short series of comedies. And then came the "Flu" and—no, she didn't catch the disease.

Studios closed all over the country. Some for financial reasons, others to stop the flow of production until the theaters could catch up, so Clarine found herself once more without a pay check on Saturday.

Casting was beginning for "The Girl Who Stayed at Home." Two parts were wanted that would show the same opposite tendencies as the Gish sisters in "Hearts of the World." Miss



Through the school of Ruth St. Denis, Carol Dempster drifted into screen work. The above is a scene from "The Girl Who Stayed at Home," with Richard Barthelmess.

same time only five feet tall and proportioned accordingly, may expect to be the first, worst and most logical victim of the so called "star" system. People of Miss Seymour's type attract too much attention on the screen, and invariably divert the audience from the leading people. That is one thing the said leading people will not stand for, and they are not to be blamed much for it. Consider for yourself any of the more sedate and handsome ladies of four figured salaries, and imagine the petite Clarine suddenly entering a scene which is supposed to belong to the star. It's quite disconcerting, my dear.

So it is not to be wondered at that there were weeks out of every month in which Miss Clarine was told at the casting director's window that there would be nothing doing that day.

"If so cute, why didn't they star her?" you ask.

Gish was tired out, so Carol Dempster was given her chance to be a star. Dorothy was the logical type for the other part, but it so happened that Dorothy was busy starring in her own Paramount productions. And in walked Clarine, stretched to her full and glorious height of something just a trifle under five feet.

A test was made and the help wanted sign was tucked away for the weeks to come.

For Clarine, the darker days seem to be at an end, and she can just begin to smile at the dismal hours of a past that few girls would have the nerve to endure

er Toto comedies, where
ng her appointment by Griff-
Home." In the circle at the
"True Heart Susie."

Secret Service

A tense drama of the Civil War, dealing with a Yankee's attempt to serve both country and heart in equal honesty.

By ANDREW DAY

THERE was a unique spirit alive in Richmond during that period when the Union armies stormed its barricades. The city stubbornly defied melancholy. Not merely brave, were the people, but lighthearted. Thus, while the enemy pressed closer, men and women—old and young—sought to preserve the civilian morale that found its medium through a hysterical sort of social life.

Those with the time gave themselves over to the abandon of frivolity. So, mingling with the earnest activities of the war workers, was the lyric, bantering quality of festival and merry-making. Often through the dark hours of evening the dull boom of cannons clashed against the rhythmic melodies of polkas and waltzes, issuing through bright lighted windows—a defy to the depression of an encroaching war.

At such a fervent social affair one afternoon were Edith Varney and her mother, in attendance at a bazaar held by the ladies of Richmond for war relief purposes. At the flower booth, the center of great throngs of friends, stood Edith, talking with Benton Arrelsford of the Confederate Secret Service. While she divided her time with the stream of passersby, he pursued his persistent request for the promise of her hand in marriage.

"Please, dear," he was saying so the prying matron at his left couldn't hear. "Won't you give me your promise? I may be detailed any day now for work outside of Richmond and I want to take your promise with me."

But while he groped for a lily-white hand that was ever able to keep clear of his, she only smiled sweetly into his face, saying not a word.

Arrelsford got no further in his protestations. He heard a sudden intruding voice. Wheeling about, he stiffly acknowledged the salute of a Confederate orderly.

"Provost Marshal's compliments, sir," droned the messenger, "and your presence is required at the execution of the spy we caught yesterday."

Edith, shuddering, experienced a quick, unnerving nausea. Arrelsford frowned slightly, merely with annoyance.

After he had gone, Edith turned to her mother. "You know," she said, earnestly, "I think I prefer a man who does his fighting in uniform!"

Little did the Varney household dream that any other individual native to the South could be different than they were, in sentiment. Yet, right on their property lived one who was antagonistic to the Confederate cause. Uncle Jonas, their old black butler, during the bazaar out in the negro quarters, was preaching Northern sympathy to a group of blacks.

"De blessed day of freedom am a-comin'," he shouted in a singsong voice. "If all you niggers am worth de freedom what de blessed Lawd am a-givin' yu', you will rise up and help de delibberers from the Nawth in every way you can!"

And while his listeners rolled the whites of their eyes, looking for spying Southern ears, "the deliberers from de Nawth" were planning the supreme strategic movement that was to bring the siege to a victorious finale. The decision of the Northern generals upon a concerted attack within the month was reached in the tents outside the Richmond lines. It was agreed by all that Cemetery Hill, strongly protected by Marston's divisions, was the key to the Confederate defense and that, were it taken, the rest would be easy.

"The thing to do," spoke one of the strategists, "is to find the means to remove the division from Cemetery Hill. A member of the Union army Secret Service should be planted in the War Department Telegraph office at Richmond—an agent who, at a given time, will send false orders over the enemy's own wires, for the removal of the defense."

In looking around for the proper man for this detail, Major Lewis Dumont was decided upon. Major Dumont was a gallant young officer who had repeatedly proven his intelligence and courage in action for the Northern cause. Given instructions however, he protested. "You must know, sir," he said, "how much more I prefer fighting in the open. General—I do not wish to become a spy!"

The General turned his eyes through the window and Dumont's own eyes followed his, lighting on the sight of ranks of Union men marching to fill the graves beneath the heights of Richmond—unless some quicker way to conclude the siege was found.

"We are going to take Richmond," the General was saying earnestly. "And it is your duty to help us take it in the way that will sacrifice the fewest men!"

That settled it for Lewis. Of what could his pride avail against the opportunity to use his own self for the salvation of his fellow-fighters? Followed a lengthy session at the Secret Service headquarters, where he was put in the uniform of a Confederate officer, who had died in a Northern prison. Thus, carrying the identification of a Captain James Thorne, he set out for Richmond. Lewis' brother Henry, also in the army and eager to help his brother, had been allowed permission to work between Lewis in Richmond and headquarters outside the city.

Sunset found Lewis trudging toward the Confederate lines. When he came upon a minor engagement between two companies, he managed to fall among the dead and dying strewn on the fields. When the spasmodic engagement had passed on, he arose stealthily and in the gathering twilight stole cautiously onward—apparently a Southern officer escaping after a sortie. Passing one of the prostrate victims, he heard a groan and stooping, recognized a Southern officer, injured and pleading for water. But as he raised up the injured youth, a bullet from a nearby Union sharpshooter came singing his way and entered the flesh of his left arm. He hastily grabbed up the injured man and with him staggered into the Confederate outpost. There the two of them were accorded entry into the hospital tent. Later he learned the young officer whom he had rescued was Howard Varney.

Lewis had done even better than he had hoped, in getting within the enemy's lines. Now, he was impatient to get into the Telegraph Department and to pull the first strings of the finale of the siege.

Yet his injuries were to delay him. The next day he and

Secret Service

NARRATED, by permission, from the scenario by Beulah Dix, as adapted from the stage play of William Gillette. The photoplay was directed by Hugh Ford and released by Paramount with this cast:

Maj. Lewis Dumont. Robert Warwick
Capt. Henry Dumont. . . . Robert Cain
Benton Arrelsford. . . . Irving Cummings
Gen. Randolph. . . . Theodore Roberts
Mrs. Varney. Edythe Chapman
Edith Varney. Wanda Hawley
Howard Varney. . . . Raymond Hatton
Old Jonas. Guy Oliver





"Shoot me, Lewis," he implored. "Shoot me in the leg. It's the only way to throw them off the track."

Varney were put aboard a hospital ship bound for Richmond. It was here that Lewis was subjected to his first suspicious scrutiny. A young Confederate, also wounded, once said to him!

"If you're Jim Thorne, you must be Bill Thorne's brother, and Bill told me his brother was dying in a Northern hospital."

Lewis smiled confidently. "I appear to be quite a healthy corpse," he said.

But though the Southerner was temporarily silenced, he was not satisfied, and when the boat had landed at Richmond, he got word to Benton Arrelsford at the Secret Service headquarters. He explained of Lewis' presence in the hospital, and said that he wasn't satisfied he was not a spy.

"This Thorne was intimate with young Varney," said the

informer. "Seems he carried him off the field after a skirmish. Likely he went home with the boy."

Arrelsford, hearing the name Varney mentioned, now assumed deep concern. Though not actually suspicious, he decided to warn the Varneys on his next visit to their home. It didn't pay to take chances—in Richmond.

When he went home with Howard Varney, Lewis found himself a guest of true Southern hospitality—at the hands of grateful parents of a treasured youth—a youth who, despite the best of medical care, was not getting well. Howard insisted that he had been heroic to carry him away under Northern fire. Mrs. Varney gave tearful welcome and thanks to her son's rescuer, and Edith—the fair vision who shone through the marital



"They're trying to send you where death is certain," said Edith. "They'll sacrifice your life because they know you are fearless. It isn't fair!"

havoc—melted into beautiful gratitude. Somewhere in the heart of the Northern man was born an unrest as forboding as it was pleasurable. . . . Edith was, he decided, intensely attractive, charming. But she was of the South. She belonged to the city he was hoping to betray, to put in the hands of the North. It was very awkward, living in the household, he realized. At the first opportunity he would withdraw to other quarters. But once when he mentioned leaving, they waved him into silence. So long as he was invalided, they insisted, he must be their guest.

This admiration for Lewis by the entire Varney household made Arrelsford's warning against him a weak thing indeed. The Southern Secret Service man was coldly received when he assayed to inform them of the suspicious nature of Lewis' credentials. And Edith and her mother were both declined to ascribe his concern to the workings of more or less jealousy, kindled by the realization that Lewis had found a warm position in the hearts of them all, chiefly Edith.

Now that his wound was healing, Lewis was impatient to be at his duties. He had already applied at Richmond headquarters for a noncombatant position in Richmond, a detail in the telegraph service. This Edith had learned and she was hoping that the savior of her brother would thus be immune from further injury.

But on the next day came disappointment. He found he had

been detailed for active service—to help protect Richmond from the Union army! He guessed instantly that Arrelsford's jealousy had been at the bottom of it.

His only alternative was to withdraw from the city, sneak back, defeated to his forces and admit himself unsuccessful. Before going, however, he must see Edith once more.

In the meantime, plans for the final attack on Richmond were being crystallized at headquarters. Everything would soon be in readiness for the attack on Cemetery Hill. All that was necessary now was to get in touch with Lewis, and to have him send the fatal order that would clear the position of Southern troops. As arranged previously, Henry Dumont was detailed for this intermediary task.

Henry set out eagerly for the Confederate lines, managing to have himself captured in a skirmish and taken to Libby Prison. This was all part of the scheme to get in touch with Lewis.

For there were negroes friendly to the North that came to the prison with food and trinkets for the prisoners. And by certain signals Henry managed to find out that Old Jonas, selling goober nuts, was the proper medium through which to send messages to Lewis. To him Henry passed a set of written messages and then turned away, satisfied that his work was done. But as he settled down on the straw again, he did not dream that Benton Arrelsford, suspicious of Old Jonas, had followed him in Libby, had seen them talking, and was even then trailing the old black man to the Varney mansion.

Ready to quit the Varney household the next day and determined to sneak back to the Union Lines, before he would be called into Confederate action, Lewis Dumont went to Edith, out in a quiet garden.

"I'm leaving you," he said.

A passing twinkle in her eyes changed to a steady light of eagerness. "Then you've paid attention to that silly old order?" she asked.

He nodded, "Active service. They think I'm fit again."

The girl puzzled him by her peculiar smile.

"I've a little secret for you, Captain Thorne," she said softly. "You aren't going away at all. The whole thing has been re-arranged—between my friend, President Davis, and myself. I just received word."

Lewis stared at her curiously.

Edith hesitated. "Really, Captain Thorne. I—I'm—I'm almost afraid to say what—"

"Well—don't tell me then, Miss Varney," he said slowly. "It's really true. I'm going tonight—final orders!"

"But," protested Edith, "suppose orders—higher orders—had been made detailing you to work here—work that you had wanted. Then what?"

"I know about it all," she went on. "They're trying to send you on some mission where death is certain. Captain Arrelsford doesn't like you. He might be at the bottom of it. Don't ask me why. They'll sacrifice your life because they know you are fearless and will do anything. It isn't fair. There's a chance for you to stay here and be just as much use and I'm going to ask you to take advantage of it."

Wrenched by the girl's supplication, stifling the emotion that threatened to sweep him into her arms, he broke free of her hands and stood peering intently at her through the maturing twilight. "You mustn't talk that way," he said huskily. "I am doing wrong to stay here. My duty is elsewhere. I—I shouldn't have met you. But I had business to come to this house—and you were here!" He realized he was talking incoherently. Wheeling suddenly, he started down the path.

Edith hurried after him. "Wait," she called softly. "You must listen. They need you here in Richmond. The President told me so himself. I explained your courage to him, your spirit. Your orders are to stay. Your requested commission—a position on the War Department Telegraph Staff—has been granted, revoking the order for active service. You—"

Lewis staggered back against a tree. The girl tore a paper from her blouse and flaunted it before his dizzy eyes. "It will put you at the control of everything," she went on happily. "You have entire control. You must accept—"

And then she went on to explain how she had planned and worked for his happiness and for his safety; how she had used her wit and the Varney prestige to have the President revoke the order.

Lewis' head was reeling. His heart was torn between two great impulses: duty to country and fairness to the girl he loved. What made it more impossible, he debated, was the realization that Edith had actually been the one to put the destiny of the doomed city into his hands. Her catastrophic act had come through the workings of love.

Shortly after Thorne had left the house, to walk the open roads, Old Jonas was dragged into the house by Arrelsford and a group of Confederate soldiers.

To Edith's crisp question, Arrelsford replied, dryly:

"We've just discovered that Old Jonas is a spy. He's been caught trying to convey a message from a Yankee spy in Libby Prison to someone within your household."

Edith smiled confidently. "That is, of course, absurd," she said. "There is no one in this house but ourselves and Captain Thorne."

Arrelsford smiled, unperturbed. Slowly a light dawned over Edith. They suspected Captain Thorne! How foolish, blind! Instantly, she rose to his defense.

"Is your faith in Captain Thorne strong enough to stand a test?" leered Arrelsford.

Without an instant's hesitation she nodded and, before she realized what she had done, had promised to have Thorne there at the house again that evening, when the "test" was to be in readiness.

"Remember," said Arrelsford, "don't warn him!"

Disdainfully, she answered him. "An innocent man needs no warning."

Not dreaming of the sort of ordeal she had promised to put the man she loved through, Edith got into communication with Lewis, asking him to come that evening, as Howard was eager to see him.

On his part, Arrelsford was triumphant. At last he could show up this rival who had so inserted himself into the estimation of Edith's family. What Arrelsford planned to do was to bring Thorne face to face with the one who had started the message from Libby Prison—to bring them together at a time when they deemed themselves unobserved, so that their connection would be all too obvious.

To this end, Arrelsford arranged with a spy at Libby Prison to have Henry Dumont make his escape. On that afternoon a confederate of Arrelsford came to Henry with the news that they could make a getaway that evening.

"Are you with me?" he whispered.

For a moment Henry hesitated. Then, fear that perhaps the message to his brother might in some way have miscarried through the negro intermediary, clinched his decision. Perhaps it would be best to take advantage of this opportunity to escape and himself talk with his brother at the Varney home. He nodded his head.

Thus, at dusk that night, through a tunnel Henry and the spy succeeded in making their "escape" from Libby Prison. Outside the two separated, Henry informing the spy that it was his intention to make his way at once to the Varney home, there to communicate with his brother. The spy went immediately to Arrelsford and told him Henry's plans.

At nine o'clock that night Lewis stood at the door of the Varney mansion to see Howard. Old Martha, the colored servant, grandiloquently ushered him into the drawing room. Then she carefully closed the doors.



Arrelsford was coldly received when he essayed to inform the Varney household of the suspicious nature of Lewis' credentials.

Outside Edith came down to find the hall bristling with Confederate uniforms, centered by the figure of Arrelsford, sleek, smiling. His "test" was all ready.

"I did not consent to a trap!" blazed the girl, indignantly. And she started off impulsively toward the drawing room, to warn Lewis. Arrelsford interceded, however, and clutching her by the arm, drew her back from the closed doors. At that moment a sentinel entered the room.

"The escaped prisoner has entered the grounds," he said.

In the silent drawing room, becoming suspicious over the

protracted absence of Edith, Lewis paced to the window. Looking out, he was astounded to see a Confederate sentinel walking across the lawn. Alarmed, he stepped out onto the balcony.

At that instant, Henry Dumont, entering the grounds and oblivious to the fact that he was being trapped, saw the figure of his brother on the balcony and eagerly ran across the lawn to join him.

Stepping back into the drawing room, Lewis saw the door to the hall gaping open a trifle and knew he was being watched.

(Continued on page 125)

"Is Polite Comedy Polite?"

Asks Fay Tincher

IT was early in spring on a rather chilly day in California, that Fay Tincher was seen dashing out of a Hollywood costumer's with a small package in her hand. She stopped her blithesome tripping down the boulevard long enough to say "I'm tickled to death! I'm going back into comedy—*society comedies*, too, if you please. You know *Christie Comedies*, don't you? They're nice, refined little human dramas. They don't throw pies, they don't get you all mussed up, you know, real high-class stuff. These are going to be special two-reel comedies. Look, I've got my costume in my hand," and she waved the little package, which was about the size of a half pound of coffee. "I'm going to play a chorus girl."

In her first *Christie Special*, "Sally's Blighted Career," Fay played "Sally." The first thing they did to blight her career was to kick her off the runway. A runway in musical comedies is an article designed for the light tripping of dainty footed chorus girls over the heads of the audience. Fay tripped, all right, but neither lightly nor daintily. In her capacity as the prize boob chorus girl, it was so ordained by the scenario person who thinks up foolish things for actresses to do, she fell with a dull thud upon the unfortunate head of Scott Sidney, one of the directors who had been impressed into service as atmosphere because of the possession of a bald head. Miss Tincher finished the scene with three bruises. Mr. Sidney had some also, but that has nothing to do with the story.

At the witching hour of nine o'clock the next morning Miss Tincher having anointed herself with much "pain killer" arrived at the studio to do the second episode of the picture. It was a burglar scene. Harry Edwards, the burglar, was inside a trunk. Sally sat upon the trunk, endeavoring to keep the burglar from burgling. Harry's muscular shoulders bounced the lid of the trunk up and down several times while Fay hung on for dear life. Director Al Christie shouted, "Do your duty, Harry!" Fay did not know that when Al Christie says "do your duty" he means the execution of the scene with the greatest possible vim and vigor. Harry did his duty right lustily with the result that the unfortunate star landed violently on the back of her neck beyond the protecting softness of a mattress which was intended to break her fall, but which failed to do its duty at the crucial moment.

"Sally's Blighted Career" came to a close with Miss Tincher swathed in bandages. In "Rowdy Ann" which introduced Miss Tincher as a rough and western cowgirl almost too skittish for the open range, there were also numerous calls for the first aid kit. The first time it was for stepping off a train at Burbank, where the limited merely hesitates and does not stop. How was the conductor of the limited train to know that Miss Tincher was not getting on the train, but endeavoring to get off, so as she stepped lightly from moving train he detained her with an iron hand. "Let me go," she shouted as she wriggled loose—and fell. As the train gathered speed, Fay picked herself up from where she had fallen—a few inches from the moving wheels. She walked up to Al Christie and said, "Well, don't I get a little sympathy?" Mr. Christie replied, "Oh yes, yes, of course. I was just thinking if you had fallen under there, how I could have put in a title and finished the picture!"



Miss Tincher, the star in stripes, says if this be polite comedy, give her slap-stick. This sort of thing is all in the day's work for Fay—just before she landed on her head.

SCREEN players don't dare blush. Red photographs as black and blushing would give the flustered player the appearance of choking to death. Other curious facts may be found in "The Squirrel Cage" on page 83.

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The Cinema Drama of Food

How Canada agitated greater interest
in food production by motion pictures.

By
WILLIAM HAY
WILLIAMSON



THE official report of the Canada Food Board, recently issued, shows that the film, the silent drama, carried the living, vitalized message of food conservation to many thousands who otherwise would have been inadequately impressed, or not at all.

Cold type reaches many people. Cold type *illustrated*, reaches more people. That is the reason why the modern, up-to-date editor tells the reporter to "get a picture," because the newspaper story that is illustrated attracts more, and more prompt attention from the majority than the story that is not illustrated.

Then if the pictures, instead of being cold and dead, are living, moving, vitalized and pulsing with life and activity, their appeal is universal. They get the message across, where nothing else will—not even the spoken word. Realizing that fact, the Canadian government in the most critical time of the war, resorted to the moving picture with splendid results.

This was in the beginning of 1918, and the critical stage of the Allied situation may be gathered from the following words used in the introduction of the Canadian official food report:

"The seriousness of the Allied food situation at the beginning of 1918 cannot be too much accentuated. The late Lord Rhondda, British Minister of Food, in a message especially addressed to the people of Canada and the United States, said specifically:

"The food position of this country and, I understand, in France also, can, without exaggeration, be described as critical and anxious."

It was imperatively necessary that food be produced in greater quantities, and that it be most carefully conserved. Food that is entirely suited to civilian population close to the sources of supply, is impossible for armies in the field. This applies both to bulk and perishability.

Four classes of food are absolutely essential for armies—wheat, meats, fats and sugar. Of course, this is not news, but it is mentioned merely to emphasize and explain the steps, the drastic steps, that had to be taken at the beginning of 1918, and were most successfully taken in Canada.

Wheat has for years been so plentiful and excellent in Canada that the people were not merely quite accustomed to its free use, but were uninformed and in many thousands of cases ignorant of the uses of other cereals, except as occasional "side lines." Barley, rye, oats and buckwheat were regarded as outlanders.

Moreover the public for many years had been educated to respond to that food which especially appeals to the eye, and for that reason white bread had the call. Reams of scientific "dope" in newspapers and magazines regarding the "pro-

tein content" of this or that food, simply doesn't "get across" with the great mass of people.

But when you take a grain of wheat and dissect it before the camera, showing the life-giving properties of each part; show how certain vitally important elements are cast aside and used to develop good hogs and cattle instead of good humans, in the process of making snow white flour; show the effect of depriving the human teeth of these certain elements, by picturing the beauty of a perfect set of teeth with the ugliness and the pain of faulty molars—then you are getting the message across.

Russia and Roumania, as wheat producers, were absolutely out of the running at the beginning of 1918. India, Australia and Argentine were quite undependable because of the distance and crippled shipping.

Therefore there remained within the British Empire only Canada to which the Motherland could turn for large quantities of wheat. The Canadian government ordered the millers to extend the milling extraction—to use a larger part of the wheat berry for human food, and by this alone millions of bushels were added to the exportable surplus.

Bakers and individuals were ordered to use wheat substitutes in making bread, and bread stuffs. This amount varied from ten to twenty-five per-cent. The product was not so pretty as before. "Angel's food" gave way to "Devil's food."

The people were not only willing, but desired the change, and the "movies" had a lot to do with it.

Conservation of meat brought another big problem to light, and emphasized the fact that the Dominion had been neglecting a wonderful industry in the fish industry. One of the most interesting chapters in food control in Canada deals with fish supply, and public demand, created by education.

Here was an area 4,000 miles wide, stretching from the Great Lakes to the Arctic circle, bounded by the Atlantic and Pacific oceans and sprinkled full of lakes and rivers teeming with fish, good food fish. Yet the public was apathetic with regard to fish as food. The people ate meat because they had plenty of it.

Go anywhere in Great Britain or the United States and "filet of sole with sauce tartar" is highly esteemed as a delicacy. On the Pacific coast were wonderful fisheries, virtually neglected. On the Atlantic coast the catch of flat fish, including sole, plaice, etc., was mostly exported to people who knew how appetizing and nutritious they are.

Steps were taken by the government to establish, through the aid of the Canadian National Railways, a "Sea Food Special," a fast freight train running from Atlantic Canadian ports

(Continued on page 133)

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.

Address: Educational Department,
Photoplay Magazine, Chicago

(Send stamped envelope).



One day Jim Neill was adored of youth, the heart of romance, a lion-tamer par excellence—and the next day he had aged forty years. But it wasn't dish-washing that did it—read the story!

SHE wore a wonderful creation of black silk and jet.

It shimmered and sparkled with every move of her lithe, graceful figure. From beneath its hem peeped the tips of tiny black satin slippers.

Above her well shaped head there piled masses of soft graying hair glittering here and there with the gorgeous ornaments of coiffure. A corsage of velvet orchids softened the glitter of a diamond necklace at her throat.

She was frying eggs.

Her brows were puckered with the intensity of successful creation as she leaned over the small gas range in the kitchen and urged on the sputtering food in a soft low voice, in much the same manner that Ben Hur in the old Roman Coliseum called to his hurrying Arabs.

A door opened at the left and Mr. Heart sauntered into the kitchen. Not Bill Hart, but the father of "Peg o' My Heart."

"Better hurry, Eedie" drawled Mr. Heart in a soft Southern accent that in its day sent a thrill of joy running up and down the spinal columns of a vast majority of all the matinee girls in the world.

"Doug Fairbanks is on the phone and he says they're ready to shoot the ballroom scene and you are holding up the party."

The Venus of Menu paused and then gently flipped the skillet. Up, up, up, past the corsage of orchids, past the glittering necklace of diamonds to the level of her shapely chin, sped the eggs; there they paused, slowly turned in mid-air and following the old rule first given to the world by Mr. Newton, they returned slowly and safely to the skillet—sunny side up.

"You get your supper first, Jimmie, and the picture can come later," she replied.

Twenty minutes later she was speeding towards the Fairbanks studio while Jimmie driving a car of his own was headed towards the Lasky lot, there to portray the always talked about but as yet never-seen father of "Peg o' My Heart."

And thus the two greatest lovers of all stage history are growing old in their little California bungalow.

James Neill and Edythe Chapman. For fully twenty years



the American theatrical public bowed before these Buddhas of love. Of all the stars, of all the favorites of the stage, Jim and Eedie were the favorites for their love on the stage reflected the love in their lives, the love that makes their home now a veritable garden of dreams.

The transition of the Neills from a position as leading man

Sunny Side Up At Sunset

Jim and Eedie Neill smile over their years of life and work together — while they're doing the dinner dishes

By
ROBERT M. YOST, JR.

*Photography
by Stagg*

and leading woman of one of the most notable stock companies of the country to a place in the moving pictures, where they have become known as the best to be had in character roles, is one of the most interesting chap-

years over night. He was the peer of all in the old men roles of the motion picture business.

And the same thing had happened to Edythe Chapman Neill. From Juliet she had become Tom's aunt in "Tom Sawyer."

Their success in character roles in moving pictures was and is as definite as their charm as lovers had been.

And as the Germans remarked when they surrendered to General Foch, "there's a reason."

It's all a part of a carefully worked out philosophy.

Originally, after Jim Neill had done all the conventional things, such as being born, growing up, going to school and finally landing on the stage, he attained nation wide popularity as a leading man and then piled fame upon that by being the father of the stock company idea in this country. There had been stock plays before, a hit and miss sort of thing with a change of bill every night, but the present day form of permanent stock was thought of, founded and planted from one end of the United States to the other by Jim Neill.

Neill first came to California in a travelling company, managed by Harry Duffield, now pioneer actor of the Morosco stock company and next door neighbor of the Neills. His next visit was in "He'd by the Enemy." Then the stock idea was born.

Neill established the first permanent stock company in the West at the Lyceum Theater in Denver. In the company Neill



The Neills live in Glendale, California. They went there not to comply with the adage that all actors wish to spend their old age in that country, but more because playing legitimate leads didn't give them the home and the leisure that screen character parts would permit.

ters of present day theatricals.

One day, Jim Neill was adored of youth, especially feminine youth; he was the heart of romance of the stage, a lion tamer par excellence, causing young

women to choke on chocolates whenever he came thundering from the wings to hold in his arms the charming Juliet, mentioned above in the role of "Fryer of Eggs."

The next day Jim Neill had aged forty

For twenty years the American theatrical public bowed before these two buddhas of love. Above two interesting old pictures taken in 1895 and showing Mr. Neill in "Shenandoah," and Mrs. Neill in "Tribby."

was the leading man, Henrietta Crosman the leading woman, a Denver kid by the name of Blanche Bates was getting her first stage experience, while Madge Carr Cook, the original Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch and mother of Eleanor Robson, was playing an important role. A second company was established at Salt Lake with T. Daniel Frawley in charge.

The venture proved a success but Neill returned to the road again at the end of the season and played three seasons with Mrs. Fiske and with William H. Crane.

It was while they were playing in Columbus, Ohio, that the young leading woman of Frederick Warde and Louis James, the classic actors of the day, became leading woman for James Neill. She has been Jim's leading woman ever since.

The famous Neill stock company resulted from this combination. They came to the Coast. They were booked for Honolulu but the bubonic plague was running, so they turned south and arrived in Los Angeles. A young producer named Oliver Morosco was managing a theater called the Burbank in those days and into the Burbank on February 11, 1900, went the Neill stock company in a play of the day called "A Bachelor's Romance." Such plays as "A Gilded Fool," "An American Citizen" and the wonderful "A Gentleman of France" were among those that followed.

Neill set a record for stock companies. He played nearly six years continuously without a change in his cast.

Then he went back to stock at St. Paul and in vaudeville and was back in St. Paul when the offer came to direct the stage at the Belasco Theater in Los Angeles.

The Neills live in Glendale, California. It is a suburb of Los Angeles with Hollywood nestling close to its western flank. From the north, the mighty Sierras tumble down from the heavens into the very yards of Glendale's fortunates while from the south a creeping barrage of orange blossoms steals up through the orange groves and blesses the world with a wild, passionate fragrance in the cool blackness of starless nights.



Roles they like the best—at the left, James Neill as the father in "Peg o' My Heart." Right, Edythe Chapman as "Aunt Polly" in "Tom Sawyer."

I admit being a little nutty about Glendale. When I start talking about the town I can see the squirrels stealing toward me. It's the most beautiful spot in the world. Its flowers are the rarest, its rugged hills, shaggy with golden poppies and live oaks, its skies the bluest, its people the most human. I know, because I live there. It's my home town. When I drop down into that valley from the blue haze of the hills, I breathe a prayer that when I die, they'll let me keep right on living in Glendale.

Jim Neill picked it for his own. He lives there too. You can always tell the disposition of a man by the kind of chairs he has in his house. At Neill's you sink into chairs so deep that only your ears stick out over the edges and you know you are in the presence of royalty. There's always something to eat at Neill's and maybe a wee glass of that soft red wine from the Sierra

grapes and, of course, something to smoke.

Jim has kept a list of guests that have visited his Glendale bungalow since he became a resident there. It is practically a roll call of every star, near star or person of any prominence of the entire theatrical world.

"You see," said Jim, and Eedie beamed over his shoulder, "we are not o'd yet and we never intend to be old. It's the dream of every New York actor to retire and have a little place on Long Island Sound. It's the dream of all other actors to spend their old age in California or come here when they die.

"We decided that we had worked hard and long. Comparatively speaking, we were still young. So we switched from playing leads to playing characters. It all happened over night. We just made up our minds to settle down. Playing character parts in the moving pictures gave us the opportunity to keep up our work and have a permanent home and it didn't take us five minutes to decide."

Like children, hand in hand, they wait for the sunset, but for them there will be no twilight. Their sun will drop from a smiling sky, straight to its ocean of rest.



THERE aren't a great many thrills of the western plains still real to the man used to going through wild west excitement such as William S. Hart. Yet out on location one afternoon, he got considerable fun out of roping one of the wild horses belonging to an adjacent ranch. Note the surprise in the beast's attitude. Hart is at the right.



A post-July first scene of a western bad man "tanking up" preparatory to perforating Guzzler's Gulch. Reading from right to wrong—Margaret Thompson, as the wildcat soda-fountain fury, Jazbola Kate, and Bill Hart, who declares he can get madder on chocolate than on any other flavor.

WHAT will they do when
the thing goes through
On the thirtieth day of June?
Will it be quite fair to let men
stare
At the picture of a saloon?

And the rocking, rollicking cow-
boy lads,
Must they "fill 'em up" with
tea
Like the shy little maids at
boarding school?
What a pitiful thing to see!

And when the villain attacks
the maid
Can a milk jag send him wild?
Or what excuse will the brutal
dad
Then have to abuse his child?

The Director's Problem

By
ANNA
HAMILTON
WOOD

Those gay, convivial parties
known
As pranks of the artists' set
Will be like Sunday-school
affairs
In a land no longer wet!

And the gay young sports of
the primrose path
On "water, woman and song"
Will soon renig! Can the coun-
try girl
On ginger-pop "go wrong?"

What will they do when the
thing goes through
On the thirtieth day of June?
Why, they'll do the way they
have always done:
They'll dance to suit the
tune!



Stagg picture

Tully Marshall's favorite occupation is sitting out in his California bungalow, refusing offers to go back on the stage. Here is the Marshall family—Mr. and Mrs., and a rather dejected looking dog. The corner inserts show some of Mr. Marshall's screen characterizations.

Everyone's Ag'in Him!

Tully Marshall robs poor old widow-ladies, forecloses mortgages, spansk babies, steals from banks—yet is altogether one of the most law-abiding citizens of California.

By

ARABELLA BOONE

Phillips Steals Show at Opera House. Shows Artistic Promise in Great Squalling Scene."

Tully's mother was Julia Mattie Tully, the celebrated opera singer. Tully was given his mother's family name for a Christian name and dropped the patronymic Phillips, for stage purposes.

After this big boost in his own home town there was nothing left for Tully to do but become an actor. As soon as he was able to go to school he spent all of his spare time around the theater, as call boy, props, etc., until finally he made his first appearance in a part as Fred Carter in George Bronson Howard's famous old play "Saratoga."

A little later he left Nevada City to go to school in San Francisco and during the evenings worked at the old Winter Garden theater there. This was the day

when the star traveled alone and appeared in the

principal role with the different stock companies about the country and Tully appeared in bits and small parts with

many of the leading stars who

visited San Francisco. He

was then made leading juvenile and appeared in Oakland and Sacramento as well as the Gate City.

Dion Boucicault came along and Marshall was engaged as stage manager.

Later he went with Mme. Modjeska in the same capacity and also with Fanny Davenport, landing up in New York for the first time to play the juvenile role—*George Harris*—in the all-star production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Everybody was a star but Tully. The part of *George Harris* is considered the worst part for a juvenile of any of the famous old plays, and the only reason Tully got the job was because David Belasco

(Continued on page 122)



Tully Marshall's remarkable characterization of the monk in "Joan the Woman."

IT is a terrible thing the way the motion picture profession is imposed upon. A lot of young upstarts who think that the art of acting is a cinch and the dramatic profession a bed of roses are continually trying to butt into the silent drama, without experience, education, ability or any other qualifications whatsoever. They just appear and say, "I want to be an actor," and think that the statement makes them one.

Take Tully Marshall for example.

He played around, idled away his time and was nearly five months old—think of it!—before he made his first appearance before the footlights. Of course he has worked pretty steadily ever since, but that does not give him the right to take the bread out of the mouths of those who have given their entire lives to the drama.

You can't expect anyone who started so late in life to know anything about acting. I have talked to several players who have graced the screen or stage for a period of a couple of years, and they tell me themselves and assure me upon their personal word of honor, that they could act rings around Tully. They said that Tully just went on and behaved like a person did in ordinary life. Why, he didn't do any acting at all. One pointed out where, in a single picture, Tully had five opportunities to heave his chest and two opportunities to emote, but didn't do either. The person went on to say that Tully was playing the part of a pawnbroker and the way he did it was no different from fifty real pawnbrokers he (the person) had seen while waiting for some studio to appreciate his ability.

Of course Tully is one of those bad lads of the celluloid. He doesn't get a chance to wear the front of his shirt open, slick back his hair and win all the fights. He has to act nasty, foreclose the mortgage, rob the safe, spank the baby and do other low down and contemptible tricks. And maybe that's why everyone is ag'in him.

Tully made his stage debut in Nevada City, Cal., where he was also born. A small stock company which was to play there required a baby for a scene and as the regular child was ill Tully got well up in the part and was carried on the stage. The next day the city newspaper undoubtedly came out with the announcement: "Local Baby Makes Good. Tully Marshall

Who Can Teach Esperanto?

"Motion picture editors and literary men," declares Mr. Pollock, "don't speak the same language. So long as there is little direct contact between them, the best film products must be 'second hand'." And we have just come from seeing Thomas Burke's and D.W.Griffith's "Broken Blossoms."

By CHANNING POLLOCK

In which Mr. Pollock concludes his series of articles, written as an attempt to show wherein the screen has been and is unjust to authors.

THE "film magnates" are waking up to the need of stories, which accounts for a slight improvement in the best, though there be none in the average, but they have not awakened to the need of paying for them. "The story and the rest of the picture," observes Jesse Lasky, "are about fifty-fifty." But you don't remunerate the author at that rate, either in money or in respect! If the author must learn your craft, as Mr. Laemmle declares he must, and my friend of the sixty letters, and Frederic Arnold Kummer, who remarks that "the need of coöperation between author and director was never more imperative" and that "the man or woman who creates a story must inevitably approach its screen use with a deeper and more intelligent interest than someone who may have been engaged for a few hundred dollars to put it into continuity form," *make it worth his while to learn!* Make the prospective reward commensurate with the immediate effort! If you want us to "help reconstruct," as Willard Mack observes, "so that, as we go along, we shall be able to do for you what we do in the theater—prune, cut and build until we are proud of our work, and the producer is proud of our work," stop our feeling that motion pictures are merely a "by-product," and the return from them "a dribble!," assure us that our time won't be lost, that our opinions won't be overridden, and that, when we *have* learned, we will be treated with courtesy and consideration!

This brings us to the proposed improvement in your editors, the men with whom we deal—in their class, their manners, their education and breeding, and intelligence. At present, as I have said before, we don't speak the same language. We can't trust *them* and they can't understand *us!* Business men are required in your business, but they're not required in your art! There's no reason why a good business man can't run a good art store—if he hires a good art critic to buy his pictures. One of the troubles with the regular theater is its conviction that the possession of a hundred thousand dollars turns a laundryman into a litterateur. "The theater," said Israel Zangwill, "is an art run on commercial lines by bad business men." This is ten times as true of the motion picture theater!

Any literary or dramatic arbiter—the theatrical producer, the magazine editor, and *particularly* the "editorial director" in a studio—must know literature and drama, and literary men and dramatists. It is for that knowledge that every other editor is chosen. He must be able to recognize ideas, even "in the shell," and qualified to help in their hatching, and he must be able to recognize the unfledged goose likely to lay these golden eggs. He must know what is being printed and produced, and must read it and see it, to keep abreast of contemporary thought and informed as to potential weavers of that thought. I doubt whether there is a valuable magazine contributor, or novelist, in the country to-day whose first promising story, however obscurely tucked away, didn't bring him an invitation from some purchaser of periodical fodder. My own first—a five-hundred-word storiette printed in Munsey's—drew a letter from Ripley Hitchcock, then presiding over the destinies of D. Appleton & Company. Couldn't I write a novel? Wouldn't I try? He would be glad to give me every possible assistance. In this fashion is the literary hen-coop kept populated, and the consumer assured a supply of fresh eggs. Such men in motion picture editorial directorates would dispose of that "discouraging and disparaging attitude" named last as "the cause" of authorial aloofness. It would dispose of the grievance of writers like Mark Swan, who will do pictures again "whenever

I can find a satisfactory market and courteous treatment," and Julian Street, who feels that "the motion picture business and the character of . . . the persons engaged in it would have to change very greatly before it would have any appeal for me. The only thing that would tempt me into it would be the possibility of doing a really fine job for people who would know what a fine job really is!"

So long as there is little direct contact, and less sympathy and understanding, between authors and film producers, the best products for the films must continue to be "second hand." In prospect, while this article is being written and before either of its predecessors has been published, I hear the loud swell of a choral "Why not?" "Aren't stories, and books, dramatized for the regular stage?" They are. But, seriously and honestly, do these dramatizations provide the best drama? Of the fine achievements of the theater in the past twenty years, of the out-standing plays that survive in your memory, how many were dramatizations? Condemning your humble servant for that kind of carpentry, Walter Prichard Eaton, in "The American Stage To-day," declares: "He lacked then the technical skill he has shown in 'The Secret Orchard.' But that earlier play was the more worth while just because it was observed at first hand. It isn't in the easy dramatization of ephemeral fiction that a worthy drama is to be found." I took my scolding, and profited by it. Can you profit by yours, Mr. Movie Man?

Aside from the fact that an adaptation is only something adapted to a use for which it wasn't intended, consider the staleness of a story read and witnessed by hundreds of thousands, reviewed in every magazine and newspaper, before it reaches the screen. If that isn't second-hand, what is? Suspense is the first essential of drama, certainly of photodrama, and how much suspense is possible where the plot is as familiar to the audience as to the author? Do you suppose there was a man or woman in America who didn't know the story of "Within the Law" before it reached the movies? James Montgomery, who turned his "The Aviator" into "Going Up," and "Ready Money" into "Oh, Look!" told me the other day that the great drawback to making musical comedy of used farce was that you had so little new to offer. Mr. Wolf and I had discovered that already in hashing "Her Little Highness" out of my play, "Such a Little Queen." Incidents that had been "sure-fire" in the latter missed fire in the former because they afforded no element of surprise. . . . Follow the game to its logical conclusion. If we are to divide the cost as much as possible, get as much wear as possible out of an idea, why not use that idea in a serial, then in a book, then in a dramatization, next in a musical comedy, and finally in a photoplay? It ought to be pretty well known by that time, pretty well advertised, and rather more cheap than fresh!

The advertising, we shall be told, is the great reason for employing used material. But now, of course, we are talking business, and not art. And of how much real value is advertising that has *given* your patron what he is meant to *pay* for? Isn't that the kind of advertising every sane publisher and theatrical producer tries to avoid? Would "Within the Law" have been more widely known the day after its opening at the Eltinge, more generally discussed, if it had been done two years before at the Lyceum? All this, as Mr. Laemmle indicates, is coming to be recognized and admitted by the "film magnates." Whitman Bennett, of The Famous Players, recently remarked: "We are forced to conclude that we must depend upon original stories." That conclusion has been

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Many people spoil their nails by the wrong kind of care

What causes rough cuticle and hangnails

How to have smooth, even cuticle, perfect nails



ONLY a bit of cuticle one-twelfth of an inch wide covers each delicate nail root. You can see from the diagram what a tiny protection this is.

Yet the nail root is very sensitive. When it is injured, the nail which grows from it, and the cuticle which covers it, are spoiled.

Some people actually cut the fine rim of cuticle which protects the nail root!

Sometime, see for yourself the injury cuticle cutting does:—Look through a magnifying glass at a cuticle that has been manicured with scissors or knife.

What the magnifying glass reveals

You will see that there are many little raw places where more than the dead skin has been cut. The live cuticle itself, the real protection of the nail root has been actually cut away.

In the little places where it has been cut, this live skin grows especially fast. It grows up much faster than the rest of the cuticle. In this way an uneven edge is formed. This ragged edge splits and forms rough places and hangnails.

When cuticle is neglected, it sticks tight to the nail. The grow-



Well kept nails depend on faithful, gentle care. Easily you can keep your nails so charming that your friends consider them one of your special beauties.

ing nail pulls it up unevenly to form an ugly line. The cuticle dies, dries up and becomes a horny white rim. Then it splits in places and forms rough edges and hard hangnails that catch on things.

A smooth oval margin to each nail

It is easy to keep your nails always in exquisite condition without cutting or over-rough pushing back. It is only a matter of a few minutes' care.



The delicate nail root is only one-twelfth inch below the cuticle. People injure it by cutting the cuticle.



Diagram

In the Cutex package you will find an orange stick and a quantity of absorbent cotton. Wrap some of the cotton around the end of the orange stick, dip it into the bottle and work it around the base of your nails. The surplus cuticle is softened, removed. Then carefully wash the hands with soap and water, pushing the cuticle back when drying them.

By this method, in only a few minutes you can keep your nails in perfect condition. Give your hands this care *regularly* and you will never again blush for their ragged, uncouth appearance.

A complete manicure set for only 20c

For only two dimes you can get a complete manicure set containing the Cutex Cuticle Remover, Nail White, Paste Polish, Cake Polish and emery board, orange stick and absorbent cotton. There is enough of each product to give you six complete manicures. Send for it today. It will give you a new idea of how lovely your hands can look. Address Northam Warren, Dept 708, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 708, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal, Canada.



FOR THIS MANICURE SET, MAIL THIS COUPON AND 2 DIMES TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN
Dept. 708, 114 West 17th Street
New York City

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 35c and 65c bottles. Cutex Nail Polish, Cuticle Comfort and Nail White are each 35c. At drug and department stores, or send for trial set.

Who Can Teach Esperanto?

(Concluded from page 102)

reached not long in advance of the time when, Gertrude Atherton says, "every story ever written that possesses any drama will have been pressed into service!"

Why should the movie men persistently bid for the second best; continue to be content with the casually-done and the often-done? Why not hitch their wagon to a star—or, rather, why not cease hitching it to a star, and try the drawing power of an author? We needn't talk about the possibilities of the cinema, because they have talked so much about it. No other medium is so well-adapted to certain types of tale; has such potentialities in supplying the place of imagination, in making narrative easily assimilable, in graphically, picturesquely and continuously reproducing action, and scene of action. Nothing is needed but stories, and the woods are full of story-tellers. *But they must be paid!* Movie men can't continue in the attitude to which Nat Goodwin testified in his recent suit against Mirror Film. "George Ade told me he knew of a fine scenario for me. . . . I went crazy over the story, and arranged a meeting with Mr. Harmon. . . . Harmon asked the author what he wanted, and Lennox said \$1,500. Harmon said he would not pay any such price for the best scenario ever written. I said, 'Look here, Harmon, that is a mighty fine story. You want to buy any kind of stuff from stenographers and clerks—rotten stuff—and then expect me to hold it up. I can't do it. *Nobody can!*'"

Authors must be enlisted—their undivided interest and enthusiasm enlisted—in the same way actors were enlisted—*by offering them more than they can make elsewhere!* Do you think Nazimova and Elsie Ferguson, or Mary Pickford, could have been lured to the screen by the salaries given them on the stage? Some time ago an important company offered me a contract for two years. The tempter inquired what were my average earnings. I told him. "All right!" he said, benevolently, with an air of darn-the-expense; "we'll give you that!" I was to drop my aims, my ambitions, my ideals, my profession, my independence, my chance of a big winning, slip back and out of sight for two years, in return for exactly what I could get without doing anything of the sort. My bonus, apparently, was to be the joy of learning a new job, of doing work to which I wasn't accustomed, and that didn't appeal to me especially, and of association with the "film magnates." Do you think I accepted the proposal? Would you have accepted it? . . . And, incidentally, this prodigal remuneration was to reward me for coercing other authors; not for being one!

There are two practical, common-sense ways of coercing authors. (I mean the coercion of money, *after* the amelioration of other conditions, without which amelioration nothing can bring them into the fold.) One is to follow the example of publishers and theatrical producers, and pay royalties. Not on doctored statements, or on the amount derived from selling the picture to yourself for distribution, but on genuine receipts. Royalties on box office receipts, or as on book stores receipts, are manifestly impossible. They must be based upon the net, upon sums paid by the exhibitor to the manufacturer, and, therefore, they must represent a slightly larger per centage than that which managers allow upon the gross. Thomas Dixon, a business man and a motion picture producer as well as an author, suggests \$1,000 in advance—the usual theatrical guarantee of good faith—and 20%. An average good picture, he says, costs \$50,000, and brings in \$100,000. That would give the author \$20,000—not too much for having provided the good picture—and the

producer a profit of \$30,000. If the picture were less good, or less successful, the author's share would be less. He gambles with the producer, his proportion, pretty uniformly, continuing to be two-fifths. You will remember Mr. Lasky says his proportion of the contribution is "fifty-fifty!"

The other way, and perhaps the better way at the start, is to offer the author a fixed sum—precisely as is done with actors. At all events, this could be tried in a few cases—in a sufficient number to bring together the nucleus of the working force that is to provide material. This plan assures the author against loss, either at present or in the future, when he shall return to his own field, perhaps, and meet the depreciation due to his activity elsewhere. It assures his learning the craft, his exclusive service, and his undivided attention. He can't give his best elsewhere if he isn't permitted to sell elsewhere. Don't attempt to carry out this scheme by offering the only kind of men who would make it worth while the wages you pay your head book-keeper. If you haven't got any farther than that, if you haven't learned that the high-grade man in the writing game is a high-priced man, doing very well without you, these articles have been typed in vain. You may as well reconcile yourself, my friends; if you're going to get the best authors you've got to pay them the best prices; you can't catch your trout with a tin shiner or a bit of salt pork left over from yesterday's luncheon!

Suppose you hunt up any one of the talented, competent and established writers whose income ranges between ten and fifteen thousand dollars a year. (Don't try my Athertons and Tarkingtons and Hughes, for you won't get them at the figure I'm going to propose!) Offer him a contract for five years at \$25,000 a year, or, if you want something a little better, for five years at \$50,000 a year. (Don't gasp! I should have broken the idea to you a bit more gently, perhaps, but then I've been preparing you for three months!) A total, for five years, of \$125,000—or \$250,000. Double ouch, and Oi-Oi! But, gentlemen, that isn't any more than your directors get, or your presidents, or nearly as much as you pay your stars! Take a moment for rest and recuperation, and to get used to the idea that literature may be as high priced as flat feet, and an author as valuable to you, and as necessary, as the accurate marksman with a custard pie!

By the terms of this contract the author agrees to give you all his time, and five pictures a year. I set the alarm at five, because no man can do more, *and do them well!* He can write more—any fair typist can write 8,000 words a day—but he can't *invent* more to put behind the words. And to get stories for five pictures he must have leisure to think, and talk, and read, and see. The hours he would have spent doing other things, and thinking of other things, would have been your loss. Buy *all* his time, and let him use it as his instinct and training suggest. In the studio he can't help learning what you want him to learn, and, if he's the kind of man he's likely to be to command that salary, he can't help catching fire, and doing his darndest! For five years' work you've guaranteed him a sum on which he can retire, if he wishes, and his whole interest in life is your interest. Dangle that bait, Mr. Movie Man, and see if you don't get a few fish worth frying!

As for yourself—and don't fancy, for one moment, that I'm expecting philanthropy—you've obtained the material for twenty-five pictures—*good pictures*—and secured co-operation in revising and staging them, for \$125,000, or \$250,000, which is five or ten thousand dollars a picture, rather less than

you'd pay for half a dozen popular plays, and rolled up a net profit of at least half a million! Besides establishing your standing with exhibitors and public, raising the tone of the whole industry, attracting other authors, and destroying the "Writers' Grudge Against the Movies." If you *want* the popular plays, too, if you're wedded to the second-hand, you've the dramatist to work them over, which means they'll be done as well as possible. Not so bad, eh?—when you've tried it on your piano! Anyway, you can't get first-class fiction for any less! You've attempted it, and, honestly, between ourselves, are you satisfied with the result? Are you still persuaded that the least important thing in the production of a play is the play? If so, consider what your biggest man, D. W. Griffith did without one in "Intolerance." "He spent five times the cost of 'The Birth of a Nation,'" says Mr. Dixon, "and made nothing!"

There's my plan, fellow-workers and honored guests! It involves expenditure, but—"Don't say: 'Poor movies! They can't afford the best!'" I won't! They can afford the best of *everything* but *authors!* That is only a matter of time! For, take my word for it, gentlemen, you are coming to it! "You must have stories," as Willard Mack observes, "*and you must pay for them!*" You may not believe it now, and you may hang back, but ultimately your needs, and the demands of your patrons—the patrons to whom, in confidence of their interest and dissatisfaction, I am addressing myself—will force you to the inevitable. The inevitable, as you must see, is nothing startling or revolutionary; merely what dealers in every other kind of fiction, publishers and theatrical producers have been doing, and doing successfully, for twenty years. If you won't follow suit willingly, don't stand in the ruins of your industry and make excuses to your public. Don't say, "Our pictures *were* good," or "We couldn't get better." Say, honestly, "We *could* have got better, but we *wouldn't* pay for 'em!"

If these articles speed the day when you *do* pay, and *get* better material, and, realizing the potentialities of your trade, make photodrama a dramatic art, they and I are justified!

And so is Noah Webster!

"Photoplay" in a Dugout

Editor of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,

Dear Sir:

I thought I would tell you of a strange coincidence which occurred concerning a copy of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

A friend of mine, just back from France, has told me that after taking some trenches from the Germans, he and his company were resting in one of the abandoned dugouts and he found in there a copy of PHOTOPLAY. Glancing at it, he saw a picture which he recognized. It was mine which had been entered in your "Brains and Beauty" Contest a few years ago.

It just goes to show how the magazine travels to all corners of the world.

Alice Megget Allen,
Winnipeg, Man.

Beğ Your Pardon!

IN the June issue of PHOTOPLAY, under the title "What Every Girl Wants to Know," appeared a photograph of Rosemary Theby, identified as Marcia Manon. The error was the photographer's, who mixed his inscriptions on sending the pictures in.



Make him proud of your complexion

It may be a dance or a dinner, a little home party among friends or strangers,—he wants you to look your best. Yet no matter how exquisite the gown, how prettily dressed the hair, how lovely the hands, a poor complexion ruins the general effect which otherwise would have been most charming.

In justice to yourself, decide today to clear your skin,—to have a radiant complexion.

The soothing ingredients of Resinol Soap

give it just the cleansing and healing quality necessary to accomplish this result. Before long the skin usually takes on a healthier appearance,—rough red spots, excessive oiliness, or other blemishes gradually disappear. The extreme purity of Resinol Soap makes it most agreeable for general toilet use.

Sold by all druggists and dealers in toilet goods. For free trial write Dept. A-66, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol Soap

Plays and Players

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

By CAL YORK

AS PHOToplay goes to press, Elliott Dexter seems well on the road to recovery. "To recovery?" you say, surprised; "we didn't know he'd been ill!" But he has been ill; very, very ill, and not with any of the influenzas or appendicitises which have been so sorely afflicting ordinary mortals this year. Mr. Dexter has been working at a tremendous rate for many months. Big play after big play has gone forth from the Lasky lot, each with him in a realistic, human, difficult role. He had just reached individual stardom — certainly deserved if ever a man deserved stardom—when his overtaxed physical reserves gave way and his future and his life itself were imperiled by something resembling a stroke of paralysis, affecting his entire right side. There were dark days for Mr. Dexter and his friends, but it seems now that a few months' rest will restore him fully, and the studio on Vine street expects him back under its lamps, plus all his accustomed vigor, in early autumn.

FOR a long time we didn't hear a word about Molly Malone. Then things began happening and Molly has seen her name in print more times during the last month than she saw it during her entire starring stay at Universal City. First Roscoe Arbuckle engaged her to play opposite him; then he made her mascot of the Vernon baseball team of the Pacific Coast League which he bought—the team, not the league; then she sued her husband for divorce, and being a preacher's son the Los Angeles papers made much of it; then her husband, whose name, by the way, is Forrest Cornett, filed a cross-complaint alleging that Molly deserted him, with the final outcome of a decree of divorce for Forrest; more mention; and then

somebody wrote a song entitled "Molly Malone" and dedicated it to her; and that's about all that had happened up to the time of this printing. All of which goes to show that it's a long reel that needs no re-

winding. We nearly forgot to mention that Molly's sure-enough name is Violet, not Molly, a sort of reversal of the old order of name-taking in professional life.



We are due for an Italian invasion. Germany may have been piling up chemicals and medicines for foreign shipment, but Italy has certainly been making ready in the film business, and here is the reigning cinema queen in the land of the Caesars: Francesea Bertini. R. A. Rowland, President of Metro, is in Italy now, and it is safe to say that he is not only getting a line on the great productions which the Italian manufacturers are at this moment ready to send across the Atlantic, but is also looking into that other possibility and prospect—the establishment of big American studios on Italian soil.

DEATH claimed three well-known actors during the last few weeks in California. The first was George Gebhardt, who played in the original New York Motion Picture Company's initial Western thrillers and who became one of the best known screen character men. Daniel Giffether, the "grand old man" of the former Balboa company, was called soon after at his home in Long Beach, after a stage and picture career covering nearly a half century. The last of the trio, Lamar Johnstone, died suddenly at Palm Springs, California, while on location with William Farnum. He was well known to screen followers as a leading man with Selig and other companies.

TOM MEIGHAN has finally been elevated to unqualified stardom, having been chosen to play the title role in Cecil B. deMille's picturization of the famous stage vehicle "The Admirable Crichton." Most of the outdoor scenes for the play were filmed on Santa Cruz Island, and there was some delay owing to the fact that Tom was engaged in playing the lead in the William deMille production, "Peg o' My Heart."

VIOLETA DANA has annexed a new leading man in Kenneth Harlan, who recently finished an appearance opposite Mary Pickford in "The Hoodlum."

ALTHOUGH the contract of James J. Corbett with Universal expires July 1, it is doubtful if the former squared circle star will leave the movies. He

(Continued on page 108)



Soft, shapely, unshrunkened!

How to make your precious sweaters stay new

YOU used to watch your sweater get soiled, with a wry smile. What could you *do* to bring it back to life? There was the laundress. But she would ruin it the very first time she washed it. The cleaner's? That way seemed an inexcusable expense.

But *now*. You can wash your sweater yourself—in rich Lux suds—and it won't shrink! Won't lose its shape! Will come out just as soft and shapely as the day you bought it.

Sweaters should never be rubbed. Wool fibre is the most sensitive fibre there is. When you twist wool or rub it, it becomes stiff, matted and shrunkened. You simply don't dare trust it to ordinary soap.

But Lux comes in pure delicate flakes that

dissolve instantly in hot water. In a moment you whisk them up into a rich, foamy lather.

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 the delicate fibres. You simply dip your sweater up and down in the rich Lux lather—squeeze the suds through the soiled parts—and take it out again so soft and fresh and fluffy you can't believe it has been washed.

Wash your sweater this year the gentle Lux way. Have it stay new all summer long. *Lux won't hurt anything pure water alone won't injure.* Your grocer, druggist or department store has Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

TO WASH COLORED SWEATERS

Whisk Lux to a lather in very hot water—two tablespoonfuls to a gallon. Add cold water until lukewarm. Swish sweater about in suds. Squeeze the suds through—do not rub. Rinse in three lukewarm waters, dissolving a little Lux in the last rinsing. Never wring sweaters. Squeeze water out, and spread on a towel to dry in the shade. *Lux won't cause any color to run which pure water alone will not cause to run.*

LUX

USE LUX FOR ALL THESE

Laces	Crêpes de Chine	Silk Underthings
Mulls	Georgettes	Washable Taffeta
Chiffons	Organdics	Washable Satin
Dimitics	Damasks	Baby's Flannels
Voiles	Silk Stockings	Blankets, etc.



Plays and Players

(Continued from page 106)

has become a fixture in the social life of Hollywood and no social function—particularly if there is dancing—is complete without the presence of the erstwhile "Pompador Jim."

PENDING the settlement of her legal difficulties with the elder Selznick, Clara Kimball Young enjoyed a vacation with relatives in Michigan. During that time new buildings were erected at Miss Young's new studio at Edendale, a few blocks from the Sennett studio. It was formerly occupied by the Selig company

that period—about 1912—it lacked much. The new photoplay is being made by Allan Dwan for the Mayflower company. Pauline Starke, Norman Kerry and Wilfred Lucas are among the principals.

WHILE on the subject of salaries it is not untimely to chronicle the financial achievements of Madam Alla Nazimova. The Russian emotee recently Santa Fe-ed to New York to make a new arrangement with Metro, one that makes her one of the half dozen highest paid stars in the business. The former ar-

made his mark on the screen as the Lincoln of "The Birth of a Nation."

JOE MOORE, youngest of the famous quartet of screen brothers, is back from the wars, having seen active service in France with the Wild West division. A year or so before the war, Joe became the husband of Grace Cunard, the serial star, and the news gatherers and disseminators of near-news in Filmania do say that there was no joyous family reunion when Joey came marching home. About the same time Owen Moore went back to New York, making the important announcement upon his departure that he was making the journey in order to purchase a new summer hat, which also gave the town criers much material.

AT last we are to have colored films. While the entire industry has been awaiting the perfection of a color process, along comes a company in Los Angeles and starts right in making 'em without any blare of cornets. The name of the concern is the Democracy Film Company and all of the players are colored. Dramas of particular import to the colored race will be made and also a brand of funny films which will be called "Chocolate Comedies."

CHARLES CLARY, whose name in the prints is usually followed by the words "that sterling player," missed the flu but the matrimonial germ got him. The bride was Miss Margaret Bechtel, who unblushingly gave her home city as Pittsburgh when they applied for the license at Santa Ana. Patrons of the Q. and A. department will take notice that Mrs. Clary is not of the profession.

IT is more than likely that Mrs. Charles Spencer Chaplin will return to the screen this fall, despite the statement of Mr. Chaplin at the time of the marriage that his wife would retire permanently.

WILLIAM D. TAYLOR, who directed the last three Mary Pickford pictures on her Artcraft contract and then enlisted in the British Army has returned to Hollywood after nearly a year's absence.

ROBERT ANDERSEN, the "Monsieur Cuckoo" of "Hearts of the Wor'd," is looking for an enthusiastic press agent who sent out a story that Robert was a grandson of Hans Christian Andersen, the famous writer of fairy stories—just because the two came from the same town in Denmark. Of course Robert would consider it a high honor to be related to
(Continued on page 114)



Irene Castle and her new husband, Captain Robert E. Tremm, went honeymooning to Lake Placid, N. Y., recently. But a motion picture scenario and Director Charles Maigne went along. This picture—the first taken on Miss Castle's honeymoon—was snapped between scenes in a set built at Lake Placid especially for her first Famous Players-Lasky picture, "The Firing Line." The man pointing his finger is Director Maigne.

and was the first permanent studio built in California. Miss Young's first production in the new location is to be "Eyes of Youth."

"SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE" is being done again for the screen, though only the old timers will recall that Dustin Farnum played the lead in the first production of the famous Richard Harding Davis story, going with Davis to Cuba for that purpose. But like all plays of

arrangement was on a basis of \$35,000 per picture with a heavy bonus for every day over five weeks an each film. Her "bit" for "The Red Lantern" is said to have been \$70,000, and she will continue at about this rate per picture. Alla be raised!

JOSEPH HENABERY, for several years connected with the Fairbanks organization, has been made director to the ebullient Doug. Mr. Henabery first



Coming August 1

*a most
surprising
new-style
private
car*

RAPID getaway; wonderful pulling power at low engine speed; a range of 33 to 70 H. P. that masters the miles and breezes over hills; flexibility to meet every driving need; as steady as a clock, without chatter or side-sway; a charming bevel-edge body, picturing the freshest and most advanced motor car beauty; lounging-room comfort; in brief, a car that makes life more worth living because it multiplies your happiness — all this you will find in the very newest Winton Six. Ready August 1st. May we send you literature?

The Winton Company

734 Berea Road, Cleveland, Ohio

Winton Oil Engines for yachts and motor ships, and Winton gasoline-electric light and power Generating Sets are manufactured by the Winton Company in a separate, splendidly equipped plant, devoted exclusively to these two products. Write us your needs.



How to remove hair without injury to the skin or complexion

SCIENCE has discovered a way to remove hair without the aid of injurious chemicals. A 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 NEET solves the problem of removing hair without irritation or injury--and without encouraging further growth. An embarrassing condition not only erased, but without unpleasant aftermath!

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. Prices in Canada: Small 65c; Large, \$1.25.

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 package.

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615 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

For the enclosed ^{50c} send NEET to
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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.

NETTA B., BURDINE.—One society of which I heartily approve is the Society for the Suppression of Baby Talk Ladies. It wouldn't be so bad if the bantams were the ones to lisp their sweet nothings into our ears but it is instead their uncertainly older sisters whose speech drips syrupy unintelligences. However this has little or nothing to do with the age of Barthelmeß, who seems to be the most sought after as to information of any of our knights of the vertical stage. Dick is twenty-five.

SWEETIE, BENEDICT, NEB.—No, really? But I surely agree with you that there are fewer motor accidents since the ladies have lengthened 'em. So you think I should be up in the front of the book with the features and editorials and art section? My dear, that would never do; I should feel out of place and that would embarrass me terribly. If I were in the art section I never could keep my mind on my work. I notice you people are ready enough with your sympathy for me and my poor pittance of \$o per week but none of you are offering me a new job. I have a good job; I'm going to stick to it.

F. B., SAVANNAH, GA.—There is only one thing worse than being talked about and that's being talked to. I hasten to elucidate: I do not include you nor many other of my contributors in the list of those who bore me to maledictions; but I do say that there are other people—besides the drummer in my favorite theatre, the office-boy, distant relatives, and near relatives, who make me wonder what life is all about. Twenty-one is not too old to break into the movies; I should say that was about the best age—to break into the movies. Breaking in—that's another matter and something with which the old A. M. has nothing whatever to do. I've given you girls advice and I'm no Indian.

CATHERINE AND HELEN, NORTHAMPTON, MASS.—You send all your love to the Office Dog as you just love dogs. That's cruel of you when I am in such dire need of a little encouragement. So you know a girl who answered a shoe shop's advertisement for vampers, thinking it was a film concern. Fie, fie, both of you. Your letter came to my attention so late I can't fulfill your request and couldn't anyway, as that's against our editorial policies. Come again, children.

MONKEY, ROCKAWAY BEACH, L. I.—The secret of my success? Ah, you said it—it's still a secret. So's Pearl White's exact age—but I think she is about —. Please do not accept this statement as authority and don't tell your friends but I think I'm about right. She isn't married, and she wasn't seriously injured, in any way. But it's remarkable she isn't scratched once in a while considering the camera stunts she goes through. So you sent Pearl money for a picture and you never got it and neither did anyone else on your block. You'd better move.

H. M. S.—If you think "Q & A" sounds like a railroad, I think you sound like a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta. So the greatest thing in life for you came when you read 'Gene O'Brien isn't married. Cleo Ridgely? Why, she's Mrs. Jimmie Horne in private life; there are two little Horne babies—Jim, Jr., and June Jassamine. You'll see them in the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE SCREEN SUPPLEMENT. Yes, I have noticed her profile. Few profiles get past me. I have never thought the Answer Man needed an understudy; but now that you mention it—

MELEK, DURAH, CUBA.—I translated your charming letter without much trouble and wish you would write to me more often so I would brush up in my French. It was considerate of you to use the language as I do not know any Spanish at all. Miss Clara Kimball Young may have been in New Jersey in 1914; in fact, it is very likely. Why don't you write to her, care Harry Garson, Los Angeles, and renew your acquaintance? Ah, Mademoiselle, it is sometimes good to go on a mental diet. Read me.

BASIL K. W., DAKOTA.—In the filming of the mob scenes, what do the extras receive? A bawling-out, in most cases. No—I think most companies pay five dollars a day. Exteriors are shot by sunlight, of course. Interiors, under the studio lights—cooper hewitts and etc. Your other questions are too technical for this department. You might write to Billy Bitzer, David Griffith's camera man—and he might answer you. Bitzer is Griffith's right bower; he has done as much for photography as Griffith has for direction.

W. A. P., BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK.—Don't let unsympathetic people worry you. Cultivate the congenial souls and let the others go—anywhere. So you're one of my converts. That's encouraging. I never looked upon myself as a cinematic Billy Sunday. However, come on and hit the celluloid trail. So glad you're convinced I'm a man—"because you are far too good-natured and consistent to be a woman." Fanettes please note. I am afraid some of the girls have an idea I'm not so good-natured as I might be. Warner doesn't add nor drop his aitches; whoever said he did? There's a story about his baby in this issue, with some corking photos. I think he will remain in the movies. At any rate he is going right ahead with his picture work. Thanks for dubbing the Magazine "the cream of picture publications." You have the right idea; now go ahead.

MILDRED, CHAPMAN, KANSAS.—So you want the Magazine to get out a book of my bright sayings and occasional wit and call it "The Answer Man Says"; I'm afraid that wouldn't be a best-seller. Oh Mildred—what can I do? I have just now, absent-mindedly, stuck your letter in the waste-basket and the office-boy, with unwonted industry, came to clean it out. Your letter was among those present and I fear it is gone forever. Please, my dear, write again and ask me, a k me.

L. E. S., MINNEAPOLIS.—I was keenly intrigued by the press-story which informed me that Arthur Trouitt, a diver of international reputation, for years doing a tank act on the Pantages circuit, was to appear in an episode of the Francis Ford serial now in the making. Rosemary Theby is Ford's opposite. Lou Weher's studio is in Los Angeles but I think the producer is resting right now. One of her latest was "Mary Regan" with Anita Cameron, nee Stewart. Norma Talmadge is considered a very good actress; personally, I don't care what kind of a part she plays, she is interesting as a Russian peasant or as a school girl. One might deduce after careful thought that the Answer Man was a Talmadge fan. Gully Constance, too. Elsie Ferguson Paramount-Artercraft. She's in the cast. Rumor is that she's going back to the stage, whence she came.

(Continued)

MISS WILSON, ONTARIO.—Some women are pretty—sure of themselves. Haste is what you marry in. I have never repented—of not marrying. "Flying A" a new concern? Why, child, it's an old, old one—don't you remembar your old Jack Kerrigan Americans, your old Louise Lester "Calamity Ann?" And those westerns with Jack Richardson, and Vivian Rich, and Pauline Bush and Wally Reid? No, child, I don't suppose you do remember. An old man like me—why, I can even remember Mary in "The Mender of Nets" and that's going pretty far back, for the movies. Lamar Johnstone died during the month in Hollywood. If I hear of any film company wanting a good stenog., I'll wire you and warn them. Your picture is very pretty, generally speaking, Miss W., and very pretty any other way, too.

DONALD W., ORILLIA.—Yes, yes, clothes make the man—I owe a lot to my tailor. You call me "Dear Answer Man" and ask if I allow people to call me that. I allow people call me anything—I can't do much about it, you see. However you are sweetly inoffensive in address, Donald and in spite of the fact that a Donald once won the drawing prize I was counting on, in school—never will I forget the haughty gaze he gave me as he passed up the aisle to receive his medal and then his agonized look as he fell when I tripped him—in spite of the fact, I say, that I dislike Donalds I cannot deny that the female of the species is more delightful than the mail. Write to Eugene O'Brien at the Hotel Royalton, New York, and tell him, very gently, that you love his wave, adore his uplifted eyebrow and are passionately fond of that droop to his mouth and Gene maybe will send you a photo—I'm sure I wouldn't.

VIRGINIA, BROOKLYN.—No, I haven't decided what shade my summer suit will be. I have selected three different shades—I do admire that new terra-cotta hue, don't you?—and now my stenographer is making up my mind. I will not send you a picture of me in my new suit but I shall be more than pleased to send you a sample of the material. Questions, please? Norma Talmadge, I believe, usually mails photographs to her admirers but I'd enclose twenty-five cents to cover postage if I were you.

ANGELYN P. T., ROCHESTER, N. Y.—No, I have never heard your name before. Yes, my landlady asks a lot for the rent of my hall room; several times a week in fact—but she doesn't always get it. That girl wasn't cast. You bet you're going to see Eugene O'Brien—his first Selznick release is called "The Perfect Lover." Some title—and quite appropriate, I should say. Norman Kerry is co-starred with Wanda Hawley in "Virtuous Sinners" for the Pioneer Film Corporation; also he is playing with Marion Davies in a new picture. Fay Tincher comes back in "Sally's Blighted Career," a Christie special. Jack Depp is that young man who plays with Eleanor Field in her comedies.

FLORENCE MARJORIE, CRESCO, IOWA.—I like the name of your town; but it reminds me of a biscuit. You strictly adjure me not to use your names but, my dear, this is your third letter and you call me anything, including Old Rip. Lucille Lee Stewart is the wife of Ralph Ince, you know.

PEGGY MULLIGAN, CONN.—All the knocks I get are as pin-pricks to an elephant. But all the bouquets that you send me bloom, and bloom, in my garden of memory. My word—I could write subtitles if I cared to,

couldn't I? You up-to-date, tight-skirted young women are no longer affrighted at anything. If a cow says "moo" to you, you say "pooh" and hobble on your way. How I love the new ladies. Burton Holmes' Travelogues are released through Paramount; but he also lectures about the country, in person. There is indeed such a person as Burton. Thanks so much and write again.

JEANNE, PORTLAND.—Yes, some of these actors who say they are wedded to their art must find art a pretty poor wife. Charles Ray is really married my dear. She is not a professional. They haven't any children. You want pictures of Ray's home. You shall have it.

NANCY, E. C., BURLINGAME.—Oh yes, most of the screen heroes positively detest being recognized and stared at. They hate popularity and shun publicity and if you could see the way some of them run from an interviewer you would marvel at their powers of camouflage. No star is born to blush unseen—and I must say they rarely blush. But, Nancy, I like them all. I wish I could see Mister Creighton Hale. I would tell Mister Hale just what I think of him for neglecting to write you when you enclosed two bits in the new stamps. Creighton, how could you, and what shall I tell the lady? That's the hardest question in an Answer Man's life, when one like you asks piteously: "What shall I do, send him another twenty-five cents, or more?" Just wait—although waiting ceased to be nationally popular two years ago.

EVELYN, HOBOKEN.—If we believed all we read on tomb-stones the world would be a better place. I wonder what they will say about me? "Here lies the Answer Man—oh, how he lied." King Baggott has, I hear, signed to do a new serial. He was on the stage for a while lately but the movies sent him that come-hither look and he came back to the fold. He's married and has a small son who likes Charlie Chaplin much better than his dad, on the screen. Dorothy Davenport isn't playing now; that is, she's playing house. She married Wallie Reid and raised Wallie Reid Junior and doesn't seem to miss the camera.

H. C. N., CORONA.—Do you live where the Coronas come from? But I don't suppose you know. No Corona is a good little typewriter in its own home-town. The weather in Chicago is fine just now, thank you—fine Chicago weather. If I should wake to see the sun in this, my native village, I should think I had been transported to another country, and go back to sleep. Janet Priest, a New Yorker, who also writes for the Magazine, declares that the opticians here have no demand for smoked glasses. Who is Oland? One of our most artful villains, Warner; and a suave polished gentleman off the screen. He persecuted poor Pearl although he is not prejudiced; he'd just as soon give Irene Castle or some other serial queen a run for her salary. Miss White? Pathe studios, New York.

HELEN B., LOS ANGELES.—All actors are parrots. They imitate life successfully and find three or four figures on their weekly check. I imitate an Answer Man answering three or four thousand fans a week and find one figure on mine—if I'm lucky. Check! The third was indeed the charm. First you wrote to me on white paper; then you used blue, and this time, pink. I'm answering you. I absolutely refuse to send my autographed picture to anyone, even to you. You're my friend and I want to keep you

my friend. Yes, I think the percentage of youngsters who want to break into the movies is lower in LA than anyplace. You see all you care to of pictures, and flatly refuse to be an actress. You have freckles and wear tight skirts. And you suggest that I move the Magazine to Hollywood and what do I think and I think it's a darned good idea. Only, dear girl, would we ever get it out? The Magazine, I mean?

MISS B., SOMEWHERE.—So you open your eyes in the morning on a wall plastered with pictures: Doug's smile, Ray's hurt look, Bill Hart's pistols, Ben's crossed eyes, Phyllis Haver's er—bathing suit—and don't I think they are all pleasant things to look at? Yes—all but Doug's smile, Ray's hurt look, Bill Hart's pistols, and Ben's crossed eyes. Perhaps, though, I should learn to like all those if I looked at 'em. All men are awful, you say as you close. I hope I've done all I can to refute that idear.

FOXEY FOXE, PHILADELPHIA.—"Like Echo, you answer only when you are called upon?" Echo doesn't always answer. Nice girl, though. Earle Foxe is in New York right now; he's not old and we won't call him young until you tell me what you mean by young. He's been married but whether or not there is a Mrs. Earle Foxe at the present writing I couldn't inform you. I've seen him close-up but darnfino whether his hair's heliotrope or dark brown. I'm inclined to think it's the latter. When you like a man, Foxy Foxy—gosh, that's silly—you don't worry about his necktie.

AMATEUR CRITIC.—Yours was a fine letter, noted by Julian Johnson. Glad you are wielding a willing baton for clean films. King Vidor, director of "The Turn of the Road," has released another, called "Better Times," with Zasu Pitts as the featured member of the cast. Come again, sir; you're clever.

EVELYN, HOBOKEN.—Some people's idea of wit is to pull something like this: "Pip pip—I'm going to take the goldfish out for a walk." My goldfish are the pride of my life. Jack Holt isn't so very old, Ev; but he is married and is the father of two, a boy and a girl. She hasn't said she is going to get married; but my stenographers always do. Pretty compliment they pay me, isn't it? Bert Lytell is indeed married; to Evelyn Vaughn. I have not heard of a separation. He is with Metro on the coast. No, no; I answer questions for no one else but the readers of PHOTOPLAY; I lie to you alone; I am not married.

ROBERT CECIL B., TRURO, N. S.—You told me to publish your initials, but I like that *Robert Cecil*; it adds tone to my department. Did you know there was a great social distinction between the Cecils and the Robert Cecils? The Robert Cecils are a shade higher in caste than the Cecils and they don't speak at all. Mary Pickford is the best known product of the Dominion—I mean who has attained fame in motion pictures. Charles Chaplin was born in France of English parents. Just because you were born while your parents were sojourning in China doesn't make you an oriental. George Larkin is, I believe, planning to form a new company to produce pictures featuring his wife, Ollie Kirby, and himself. Miss Kirby was with Kalem; so was George, sometime back. Mary Thurman has been washed into drama, as our story in July told you. "Spotlight Sadie" was one of the serious films in which the now thoughtful young woman played.

(Continued on page 136)



Juanita Hansen

In "Poppy Girl's Husband"

Here Juanita is playing the part of the faithless wife who double crossed her crook husband marrying the policeman who convicted him. Now husband number one is free and having frustrated the police in their efforts to frame him for a second term has gained entrance to Juanita's home. In this scene he is about to sear her snowy skin with a wicked branding iron.

Arcraft Picture

Miss Juanita Hansen is another famous star of the screen stage who states that she "prefers" Ingram's Milkweed Cream.



PHOTO BY HARRISBOOK

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

Charming complexions like fine teeth are largely a matter of proper care. Not only does the skin need to be kept well cleansed and soft but it also needs to be kept toned up and healthful.

In combination with its cleansing and softening properties, Ingram's Milkweed Cream has a distinctive therapeutic quality which gently tones up the skin and brings health to the tissues. Its daily use will protect and improve your complexion. Get a jar today and begin its use night and morning. Since 1885 there's been nothing "just as good." Take no other.

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.

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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

(184)

I enclose 6 two cent stamps in return for which send me your Guest Room package containing Ingram's Milkweed Cream, Rouge, Face Powder, Zedenta Tooth Powder, and Ingram's Perfume in Guest Room sizes.

Or, sample of Milkweed Cream, Rouge, or Velveola Souveraine Face Powder mailed free on receipt of postage stamp.

I Must Have More Money



How Can I Get It?

Thousands of women everywhere are saying that every day. Rents are higher, food and clothing cost more. They economize every minute; they go without things they need, and still they cannot quite make ends meet.

Maybe the income has increased a little. Still, it is not enough to pay for necessities, to say nothing of a few luxuries that every family is entitled to. What are you going to do about it?

Here is the Answer

Do what 17,600 other women have done. Become a successful World's Star Representative and sell

World's Star Hosiery and Klean-Knit Underwear

to your friends and neighbors. It is easy to do. It is made easier by our advertising in all the leading women's magazines.

The first sales you make always mean more sales. World's Star quality insures that. And hosiery and underwear are two things that every housewife must buy for herself and the family.

Be independent—have a substantial business that is sure and profitable month after month.

Write today for our beautiful catalog of World's Star Hosiery and Klean Knit Underwear and complete information. Do this now, and in a very short time you will solve your money problems.

For twenty-four years women have been selling World's Star Hosiery and Klean Knit Underwear. They have made money. So can you. Write us today.

WORLD'S STAR KNITTING CO.

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Keeps Skin Smooth, Firm, Fresh — Youthful Looking



To dispel the tell-tale lines of age, illness or worry—to overcome flabbiness and improve facial contour—there is nothing quite so good as plain

Powdered SAXOLITE

Effective for wrinkles, crowsfeet, enlarged pores, etc., because it "tightens" and tones the skin and underlying tissue. No harm to tenderest skin. Get an ounce package, follow the simple directions—see what just one application will do. Sold at all drug stores.

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 108)

the celebrity, but not just in that way. You see, Hans Christian was a bachelor!

"SHORE ACRES" that old stage favorite which James Herne played for so many years, is to be done in celluloid. It will be fitted to Viola Dana.

MILTON SILLS appears to have gotten himself a regular job as Pauline Fredrick's leading man. He is on his second photoplay opposite the Goldwyn emoter who is now being directed by Reginald Barker.

IDAHO recently entertained a Famous-Lasky company of players for more than a month. The battalion was headed by Major Robert Warwick and Director George Melford, making exteriors for an all-star production of "Told in the Hills." Monte Blue and Eileen Percy were also in the company, which divided its time between Kamiah and Lewistown.

THERE is to be another "Lone Wolf" story picturized, this time with a woman star. Louise Glaum is to be starred in "The Daughter of the Wolf," an as yet unpublished novel by Louis Joseph Vance, the rights for which were bought by J. Parker Read, Jr., who produced Miss Glaum's first independent production "Sahara." Vance wrote "The Lone Wolf" first and Bert Lytell starred in it. Then came "The False Faces" and Henry Walthall played the leading role.

ALLEGEDLY the highest amount paid for film rights to a story so far this year was that given by Louis B. Mayer to Harold McGrath for "The Yellow Typhoon" which ran serially in the Satevepost. Mayer paid \$30,000 cash for it with the intention of having Anita Stewart use it as a First National vehicle, following "In Old Kentucky." We dare say, offhand, this is much more than the amount paid McGrath for the serial rights, yet according to Mr. Pollock—the poor author—but what's the use?

ENTER the new Western hero, Fred Stone. No attempt was made by the Zukor people to specialize with Fred, but because of his facility with the rope and his cleverness with "hawsees," Fred has decided that he should stick to Westerns. So he is making his first film under his own auspices at the Brunton studio with Andrew Callaghan, once of Essanay, as manager of the company. Millicent Fisher is leading woman in his first, a story by Jackson Gregory. Frank Borzage, one of the best of the young directors, is telling Fred how to do it.

IT is unusual that a company could lose scads of money with a star, presumably because of too much salary and then have a half dozen companies offer the same star even more money, knowing of the experience

of the company of the first part, as it were. But the film business is one of paradoxes and other things. This was the case of the American Film Company and Mary Miles Minter. The company claims to have lost a quarter of a million dollars on the Minter productions with a maximum salary to the star of \$2,500 weekly, yet along comes such a canny trader as Adolph Zukor and offers the little blonde a weekly wage



James L. Crane, who was recently married to Alice Brady, is the son of Dr. Frank Crane, the writer. Dr. Crane performed the ceremony at his home, with the groom's mother and sister attending. Following the ceremony Miss Brady hurried back to the Playhouse where she was appearing in "Forever After." Mr. Crane is an actor.

of \$3,500. And nearly every other big company made her an offer in excess of what she was getting at Santa Barbara.

LILLIAN WALKER is back before the camera after a rather lengthy layoff, as J. Warren Kerrigan's leading lady at the Brunton studios.

WANDA HAWLEY has signed a new contract with Lasky's. The old one was torn up by General Manager Milton Hoffman just prior to the beginning of the filming of "Peg o' My Heart." This screen vehicle will automatically raise Miss Hawley from the rank of merely leading women to that of star.

WHILE her director-husband Howard Hickman, is recovering from a serious illness, Bessie Barriscale is acting under the rectoral tutelage of Henry Kolker. Jack Holt, that reposeful leading man will be seen opposite Miss Barriscale in the story, an adaptation of "The Woman Michael Married."

Plays and Players

(Continued)

HUGH FORD is to do a picturization of the old stage play "In Mizouri," with Robert Warwick in the leading role, as an Arcraft special. Ford's last production was "The Woman Thou Gavest Me."

DUSTY FARNUM, in a reminiscent mood the other day, recalled the time when Blanche Sweet and Mary Miles Minter, blondes then as now, played with him in "The Littlest Rebel"—and got him arrested regularly. "We had three little girls who



Daniel Gilfether, pioneer screen character actor, and well remembered for his Shakespearean work on the stage, passed away at Long Beach in May. Mr. Gilfether was the sole surviving member of the original "M'Lass" company in which Annie Pixley starred thirty-one years ago. His first appearance in pictures was for Reliance. He also appeared in some of Mary Pickford's earlier Famous Players' photoplays. His last appearance was with Marguerite Fisher in "The Man of Charity."

played the title role on alternate nights," said Farnum, "and two of them were these stellar girls of today. They were little tots then, mere babies. The vigilant Gerry Society had us arrested about twenty-six times in one season."

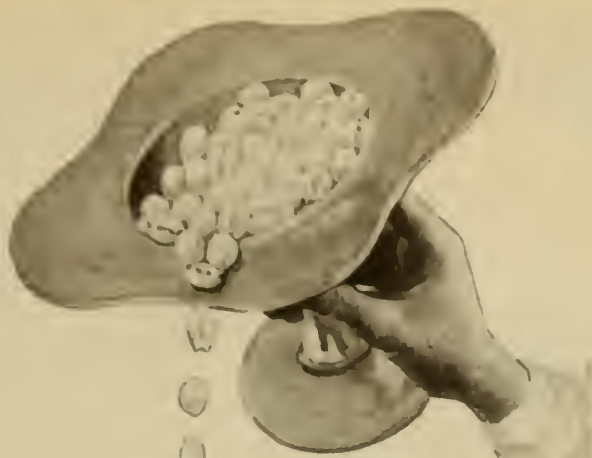
TRIANGLE'S fade-out almost became complete when that once dominant concern sold its splendid Culver City studio to Goldwyn. The latter company had been occupying the studio on a rental basis.

WILLIAM DUNCAN and his wife, Florence Duncan, came to the parting of the domestic ways sometime late in May. The former Mrs. Duncan was Florence Dye on the stage; she also made a picture or two.

MRS. SIDNEY DREW will still be "Polly." But instead of being Polly, the wife of Henry, she will be Polly, serious sister of a frivolous bachelor brother—the brother to be played by Donald McBride, who was the likeable friend in the former Drew comedies.

ALICE JOYCE says she is positively going to appear, for the first time, on the three-dimension stage. In a vaudeville playlet entitled "The Heart Thief" Tom Terriss, Miss Joyce's picture director at Vitagraph, is going along on this venture into the real or legitimate drama; but he will also continue to guide his star before the camera.

(Continued on page 117)



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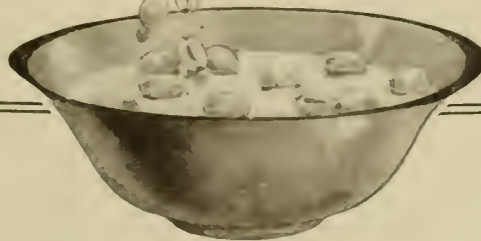
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"THE LASH-BROW-INE
GIRL"

(Continued)

SYDNEY CHAPLIN was seen around the Claridge with a contented look illuminating his usually correct features; and it developed that he had just signed a corking contract with Famous Players-Lasky, or Zukor, or Paramount—whatever. Chaplin—Syd—will make four pictures a year for them, on the coast, along the line of that famous submarine comedy he made for Keystone.

SHELDON LEWIS was so good in his wife's new picture, "The Bishop's Emeralds," that manager Louis Mayer decided to star him alone—according to press advices. "The Monster and the Man" is the name of the first Lewis release, with the star, we suppose, essaying a double role.

AT last we are to see that redoubtable lover, Lou, hyphenated, Tellegen, make love to his own wife on the screen. Goldwyn has signed him to act opposite the cele-

brated Farrar in her pictures that she is making out in Culver City between operative engagements.

MAE MURRAY is working at the Herbert Brenon studios at Hudson Heights in Jersey, under the direction of Leonce Perret, in "The Woman in White," from Wilkie Collins' story. It will run to seven or eight reels. This is the first picture in which the blonde Mrs. Leonard has been separated, directorially speaking, from Bob, in several years.

MAE GISH goes around with a rather worried look these days; she's house-hunting. Mae Gish is better known as Mrs. Gish, mother of Lillian and Dorothy. A sweet-faced, soft-voiced little woman, she is as far removed as possible from the average conception of the proverbial "stage mother." She is domiciled with her lovely daughter Lillian in a Manhattan hotel—not a theatri-

cal hotel, the Gishes always shun the crowded places—but another off the beaten track; and trying to placate her younger daughter Dorothy by long-distance. The poor kid is living alone, except for the maids, in the big Gish home in Hollywood, and every few days sends a lengthy wire begging Lill and ma to come on back. Mrs. Gish wants a house somewhere near the studio which D. W. Griffith will select for his work in the east—a house, not an apartment. Because they are going to transfer all their household goods to New York, and their various feminine lares and penates will occupy a dozen rooms. Dorothy's company will in all probability "work east" this summer.

RALPH GRAVES is one of the young men of whom other not so fortunate young men are speaking in somewhat envious terms. Ralph—only a kid, nine—
(Concluded on page 130)

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 58)

and sisters into all sorts of trouble, until Claudia is herself finally told to "come out of the kitchen." But in her case it's love that gives the command. And that makes all the difference in the world—and ends the entertainment. Marguerite Clark plays Claudia, with admirable dettiness and grace, while Eugene O'Brien is excellent in an opposite role. The photoplay is a very successful transcription of the stage drama.

MINTS OF HELL—Robertson-Cole

As a matter of pictorial appeal this is Bill Desmond's star offering. It is the story of an energetic young prospector in the Yukon, interested in the "flat gold" of the mysterious "mint of hell," an almost inaccessible region, not trailed, not located, and accessible only to geniuses and fools. There is of course a romance, innumerable fights, and not a little plotting. The snow stuff is remarkable. Mountainous drifts, great storms, new-broken trails, the unending reach of snow-filled earth climbing to leaden sky—the whole play is enacted against a great background of white. Vivian Rich, quite awhile away, returns to be Mr. Desmond's leading woman. Jack Richardson is an all-sufficient villain, and Frank Lanning plays a half-wit much in the picture fashion. The splendor of the snow and the simulation of the uttermost north in its dreariest aspects is a locational triumph which more than atones for certain other small faults. See this on a hot day and feel cooler.

THE MAN WHO TURNED WHITE—Robertson-Cole

H B Warner, a forceful, picturesque actor always, brings to the part of Rand, the army officer who turned Arabian to quit a world that had used him ill, the very romance which this conventional and in many ways unsatisfying story needs to assist it toward plausibility. When Warner, as the spurious Ali Zaman, reveals his white man's chivalry by his conduct toward the white girl whom he has captured, he sets the pace of the narrative. Henceforth you unconsciously wish the man to make a real winning. This photoplay is as much of the desert as Desmond's is of the snow country. Where the other has dull heaven and white earth and a feeling of eternal cold, this has

a sky that burns, sun like fire, and illimitable hot sand. Both were directed by Parke Frame, and, as the first works of a young assistant turned boss of the job, are highly creditable. Barbara Castleton, Jay Dwiggins, Eugenie Forde and Carmen Phillips are conspicuous in Mr. Warner's support and the heavy is well and even sympathetically enacted by Wedgwood Nowell—a director turned player.

TEXAS GUINAN—Frohman Corporation

Miss Guinan's two-reel Western pictures, just coming to release, embody that romance of the plains so long the exclusive province of Bill Hart and his kind in a new form. They make a woman the rider of the sage, the heroine of encounters in the chapparal, the lady-errant of the oppressed. The first pair of these to be completed are entitled "South o' Santa Fe," and "Hell's Agony," and in both she is the roistering, dominant figure, ready on the trigger as she is in the stirrup. She wears the black, short hair and something of the costume she wore in Triangle's well-remembered "Gunwoman," the first of her series. Cliff Smith, last year Roy Stewart's director, is wielding the baton, and chief in her support are Jack Richardson and George Chesebro.

A HOUSE DIVIDED—Blackton Productions

Despite a scenario that at times halts strangely in its progress under the usually masterful pen of Anthony Paul Kelly, "A House Divided" is mainly logical, and always an artistic photoplay. It is a story of possibility and possible people. Philip Carmichael, a young Englishman, is really married to Sheelah Delayne, an actress, though he thinks the ceremony, merely a joking affair at a noisy party, was by no means genuine. Afterwards, he marries Mary Lord, in France. When, on their return to England, Sheelah discovers this, she proffers the validity of her own marriage in order that she may claim Carmichael as the father of her child. A blow that would have merely angered Sheelah breaks Mary, who disappears. And in her remorse over what she has done Sheelah finds her own resurrection, and Mary Lord is, eventually, returned to her husband. Like most good stories, this

one is mild telling in a paragraph. But Mr. Blackton has directed it not only with artistic taste, but with a real literary feeling for character and delineation of motive. Herbert Rawlinson, as Carmichael; Sallie Crute, as Sheelah, and Sylvia Breamer, as Mary Lord, are principals.

ROTHAPFEL PROGRAMME

Mr. Rothapfel's best feature is his comedy, "Wild Flowers," an original little oddity, not only in concept, but in its titling—what with the foolkiller stalking all over the big words, pursuing the fool, pursuing him and pursuing him, until in the last title he catches up, and knocks him into the pool of oblivion. You can't help liking this naive, intriguing little essay on one full (oh, very full!) day in the lives of a pair of perfectly shapely and perfectly innocent and perfectly flirtatious chorus girls—said day beginning in their call to coffee by a kindly colored maid, and ending only when they are tucked away in the bed from which you saw them arise—by that same maid. George V. Hobart is the author of this delicious little essay on ladies—George, of all men you'd dare say with no kindly thoughts and not an illusion about chorus girls! But it is written in the spirit of a humorous poet, not as a satirist might write it, and it's a nice, clean, successful jump off the stage and into a new sort of picture comedy. Yvonne Shelton and Helen Weer are the discourers-in-chief. I forgot to explain that Mr. Rothapfel, the most celebrated exhibitor New York ever produced, and perhaps the brightest single luminary among all exhibitors, has chosen to be a producer instead of a mere presenting showman. His feature, "False Gods," will not pass muster as big time stuff. It is inconsequential and tiresome—but then, this is Mr. Rothapfel's premier attempt. He got away to a winning on the comedy; if he had won on all his tickets it would have been almost a miracle.

ONE OF THE FINEST—Goldwyn

Just the story of a mountain policeman—and the pretty girl who, when pinched, tried to break him—and afterward repented right into his arms. Tom Moore plays the mounted policeman, and when the cop can

The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

be Thomas—as a Chicago reviewer said—“Oh fine, where is thy sting? Oh cell, where is thy victory?” Seena Owen enacts the aforementioned pretty girl, daughter of a political power. One bit of strange discourtesy to our professional guardians is to be noted in the subtitling—a ban on policemen as husbands which makes our hero turn into an attorney in order to be a bridegroom.

Thurston Hall gives one of his completest and finest screen portraits as J. Booth (Booze) Hunter, the histrion. But go to see John Cooke, whatever you do—here is a new screen comedian who is a continuous uproar. Score again for that director with brains, Paul Powell.

THE NEW MOON—Select

Good morning; have you written your Bolshevik story yet? H. H. Van Loan has written his, and here it is. It is the sort of story that you always find the literarily ambitious Dubuque young lady writing about New York; that is to say, she doesn't know a blamed thing about New York except what she has read in the papers and periodicals. And while I am wholly ignorant of Mr. Van Loan's real and first-hand knowledge of Russia, his atmosphere and his phraseology sound like studious cramming out of the Saturday Evening Post, the Literary Digest and the morning front pages, rather than resembling a personal reflection. Granting that you don't care whether your foreign pieces are authoritative documents or mere exciting imaginations, this story—with the usual exhibitions of Bolshevik indolence, lust, cruelty and impracticality,—should really please you, for it is indeed splendidly put on, and Director Chet Withey has secured some very genuine Slavic atmosphere, especially in the great hall and court of the palace of the Pavlovnas. His use of a small model of the village, however, seemed unnecessary because of its very evident unreality—contrasting so sharply with his other real and painstaking detail. Norma Talmadge plays Princess Marie Pavlovna, lending the character all her swiftness, her subtlety, her girlish beauty and her lightning-like capacity for change of expression. Excellent in her support are Pedro de Cordoba, Charles Gerard, Stuart Holmes, Marc McDermott, and Marguerite Clayton.

IN BRIEF:

“The Crimson Gardenia” (Goldwyn) An adventure in New Orleans at *Mardi Gras* time. Story by Rex Beach, and principal part played by Owen Moore. A pleasing romantic melodrama; improbable, but lively.

“A Stitch in Time” (Vitagraph) A screen production which greatly improves the conventional and somewhat tiresome stage play from which it was taken. Gladys Leslie, and a cast of fine players.

“Beating the Odds” (Vitagraph) Shannon Fife intelligently discusses some phases of the problem of dealing with criminals, and Harry Morey is the principal exponent of his argument.

“After His Own Heart” (Metro) Somehow, Hale Hamilton does not register on the screen as he registered on the stage. There, he had a laugh plus personality; here, he has a laugh—and no personality. The piece is a light but not unpleasing little comedy.

“The Amateur Adventuress” (Metro) To make a star succeed, give her a good play. Lieut. Luther Reed and June Mathis gave Emmy Wehlen a peach of a laugh-scenario in this piece—and Emmy succeeds. Victor Potel, however, runs her a close race in getting laughs.

“The Home Town Girl” (Paramount) Vivian Martin has to be more carefully equipped than most stars to get across; but, so equipped, she not infrequently scores most cordially. Here is an obvious but sweet and rather interesting story of the old-fashioned type, very well played and very well put on.

“The Lady of Red Butte” (Ince-Paramount) Poor stuff, both for the star, Dor-

CASTLES IN THE AIR—Metro

That May Allison is coming up as an actress is proved by this story and her success in it. It's a trifle—a trifle unreal and theatrical, and yet May makes you believe it—or at least she makes you believe in her. Published in a weekly under the title “Orchestra D-2” one wonders why in Sam Hill it didn't stick to its name. That told the story—at least it located it, for the narrative is of the phoney little romance and funny little ambition of an usherette. There has been and is altogether too much replacing of factful, original and distinctive titles by some bit of high-sounding verbiage eloquently rolled under the cook's tongue when she reads her favorite romance aloud to the butler. It is time that we stopped junking good names to please illiteracy.

THE THIRD DEGREE—Vitagraph

Here is a powerful, logical, well-told story of police persecution as it flourished balefully at the time the late Charles Klein wrote his original play of the same name. Times have changed and conditions have changed, but the story, as it was, has been thoughtfully, carefully and altogether creditably brought to the screen by a company which includes Alice Joyce as Annie Sands, Gladden James as her wrongly accused young husband, Howard Jeffries, Jr., Anders Randolph as his wife, the lovely Hedda Hopper as his step-mother, Rogers Lytton as the burly Captain Clinton—doubtless you remember those characters very well from at least one of the many, many presentations of the play. Phil Lang has worked out a scenario that seems logical except in the situation in which Robert Underwood received young Howard Jeffries' step-mother in a room in which they are separated only by a screen. Tom Terris directed. Miss Joyce deploys all of her loveliness, her charm and her sympathy upon Annie Sands.

THE WEAKER VESSEL—Universal

You may not like this title, but you can't help liking the photoplay. Somewhere, Universal dug up a character actor named John Cooke. John Cooke plays John Hanks, and he plays him until you are likely to roll off your seat, and under it, and maybe down the aisle—if they have an inclined floor in your moving photograph shop. This story is about the Hopkins family—Abby, and her folks. They aren't very rich, but they have practical ideas, and the most practical one pops up when Hanks, the town's richest man, and the relic of three good women, pops the question to Abby. Abby goes through as far as the bridal chamber, but at an exhibition of her ancient spouse's conubial ardor she runs home—and then runs away. Thereupon the author shows a lot of daring: he puts Abby in a Child's restaurant in the big town, and has her first laugh at, then pity and finally embrace a poor, shiftless, alcoholic actor. The complete rebuilding of this thespian in the minds of the audience is one of the most artful pieces of adroit photoplay construction I have ever seen. Mary MacLaren plays Abby, and



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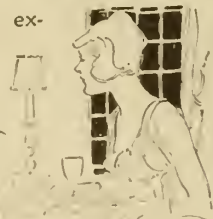
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The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

othy Dalton, and for the author, C. Gardner Sullivan.

"The Busher" (Ince-Paramount) Folks have been asking for a real baseball play for a long time. This may not be *the* baseball play for which the fans have been praying, but it is a baseball play, and a good one. Charles Ray is the busher mentioned in the address. See this.

"The Haunted Bedroom" (Ince-Paramount) I have no patience with the sentimental, insincere simper of a grown-up woman. Awhile back this was Enid Bennett's chief fault. Then she started to grow out of it—and now she has fallen back into simpers more mushy than ever. In her present style of playing, Enid Bennett simply won't do.

"Rustling a Bride" (Paramount) A quaint little East-goes-West story, prettily told, convincingly made, and embroidered with Lila Lee as the chief decoration.

"The Homebreaker" (Ince-Paramount) Now here's a story—just as interesting, and as interesting for Dorothy Dalton, as "The Lady of Red Butte" was uninteresting. Miss Dalton appears as a traveling saleswoman, and has even more adventures than the number Edna Ferber used to supply Emma McChesney. Edwin Stevens does excellent work in Miss Dalton's support, and the whole affair is something that I distinctly and unreservedly recommend. This excellent and unusual screen story was written by John Lynch.

"The Veiled Adventure" (Select) A farce comedy with Constance Talmadge in a lot of capricious antics, laughably directed by Walter Edwards.

"Redhead" (Select) A story of New York "night life" as the producers imagine "the Rubes like to see it." I confess I found no particular enthusiasm in observing it. Alice Brady and Conrad Nagle do their parts well enough.

"Miss Adventure" (Fox) A daredevil sort of comedy-melodrama, rather happily laid on the sea. It features Peggy Hyland, and is directed by Lynn F. Reynolds, to whom it owes much of its zest and originality.

"Words and Music By—" (Fox) Al Ray and Elinor Fair, in the adventures of a musical genius. Pleasant light diversion.

"The Big Little Person" (Universal) The best part about this story is that Director Robert Leonard didn't use much of it when he took the picture. Instead he showed his charming wife, Mae Murray, in some of the loveliest scenes imaginable. The story was poor anyway, but the tableaux got across.

"Virtuous Sinners" (Pioneer) It's time people laid off the gross prevalent misuse of this word "virtuous." Ever since Owen Johnson put in on a novel they just can't seem to let it alone. Pretty poor stuff, this, with Wanda Hawley and Norman Kerry. Doesn't ring true for one minute.

"The Best Man" (Hodkinson) J. Warren Kerrigan's latest piece; a complicated and rather improbable melodrama, but one which moves rapidly, and is splendidly produced. Mr. Kerrigan himself is as radiant as usual, and is aided by that lush creature, Lois Wilson—and they are both so afraid of this marriage gossip, by the way, that they have just caused their press-agent to issue a formal statement to the effect that they can't give a darn for each other off the screen. In that way, I mean.

"Leave It to Susan" (Goldwyn) Wretchedly improbable—in spots absurd, even. Why must Madge Kennedy be handed material like this?

"The Eternal Magdalen" (Goldwyn) An old Maxine Elliott film, made a year or two ago, and now released for the first time. Very mildly interesting, neither fish nor fowl, nor yet good red herring.

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He stood on the street in the olden days and offered a "magic corn cure."

It was harsh and it caused soreness, but it did not end the corn. Nearly everybody had corns in those days.

That same method, harsh and inefficient, is offered you in countless forms today.

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Another method, older still, was to pare and pad a corn. That was grandmother's way.

Folks did not know the danger, for they did not know of germs.

But they knew its uselessness. The corns remained. Paring brought but brief relief. Pads made the foot unsightly.

Ten-year-old corns by the millions existed in those days.

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Then scientific men in the Bauer & Black laboratories invented the Blue-jay plaster. It was based on research, on knowledge, on many a clinical test.

People began to use it. They found that a jiffy applied it. They found it snug and comfortable.

They found that the pain stopped instantly, and it never came back. They found that the corn completely disappeared, and usually in 48 hours. Only one corn in ten needed a second application.

These users told others, and now millions use Blue-jay. They apply it as soon as a corn appears. Now at least one-half the people never suffer corns.

You can, like them, keep free from corns forever in this easy, simple way. One test will prove this, and tonight. In these scientific days it is folly to have corns.



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A is a thin, soft, protecting ring which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

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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.



Notify the Coroner

PLEASE tell us what became of the girl who fell in the well, in "Daddy Long Legs." No further mention was made of her in the picture and no one seemed to miss her—if she was drowned.

L. A. DURR, Washington, D. C.

Perhaps She Was Only Pretending

IN "Romance and Arabella," with Constance Talmadge, Aunt Effie is described as living in a world all her own on account of deafness, yet we find her carrying on very animated conversations all through the story.

BOB B., Los Angeles.

This Ought to Make Houdini Disappear

HAVING been a follower of the Houdini serial for quite a time I was rather surprised at the numerous technical mistakes that appear in number twelve of the series.

Surely the play-writer could have thought of a better method of preparing chlorine gas than the one depicted. We see Mr. Balscom place a white powder in a jar and go away. Then Mr. Locke and others break into the apartment and in the course of their duties are overcome by the inhalation of the gas but not before Mr. Locke has read a note to the effect that chlorine gas is in the air. Now chlorine gas is a yellow gas, heavier than air and having a strong and choking smell which would have become apparent upon entering the place, making the note entirely unnecessary. The average layman after having read the newspapers would notice the inaccuracy of that scene. The effects of inhaling chlorine produce much more than a sore throat as shown by Mr. Locke and violent coughing, terminating in exhaustion, would have been a better way to depict the effects of chlorine gas. How a man after having been overcome by chlorine gas fumes and having inhaled them for a time can come to and have only a sore throat—only Mr. Locke knows; for it is beyond the conception of anybody who has had anything to do with the gas.

Miss Brent has a most curious idea of hypnotism. Has not the fact been preponderated enough, and by a none more eminent man than Dr. Flint of the Flint College of Hypnotism, that under no circumstances at all can a person or machine produce a state of lethargy in another person unless the two parties work in combination and agree that such a condition should take place?

Having known this, it is difficult to

imagine how a "hypnotist" and his machine could produce such a state of conditions in such an unwilling subject as was portrayed by Miss Brent.

Next we see a "fire god" that has the power of burning by rays projected from its eyes; good idea, but in order that the thing might look at all natural the rays from its eyes should both meet at a common point, and not in different parts of the floor as shown.

JOHN HARPER, Montreal.

Maybe It Was Esperanto

IN Viola Dana's "The Parisian Tigress" the signboards were all French as you would expect in a French village, but in the den of the "apaches" the signs appeared in English bearing the words "Cafe, Beers & Liquors."

MAY RUSSELL, Duluth, Minn.

We're Leaving for There To-night

AN incident in "Spotlight Sadie" reminded me of the good old days before we realized the high cost of living. Sadie sent her love and a dollar to Bill, her good-for-nothing brother-in-law. Bill's heart was touched, so instead of spending the money for a wicked beverage, he bought an armful of groceries, which included several loaves of bread, a bottle of milk, all kinds of can goods, etc.

M. T., Wichita Falls, Texas.

Musical License

IN a Pathé weekly the other day some scenes were shown of Paderewski, the famous pianist. Why spell his name Ignatz? I always thought it was Ignace.

In "Experimental Marriage" Harrison Ford puts out an electric floor lamp that's smoking violently.

CHARLES DICKINSON, SHEFF DEVIER,
University of Virginia.

Good Cheer for the Bald

IN "Who Cares?" Constance Talmadge is shown in the morning with bobbed hair. The evening of the same day she is seen in her boudoir arranging her hair, which then reaches quite below her shoulders.

TOM MARCUM, Brooklyn.

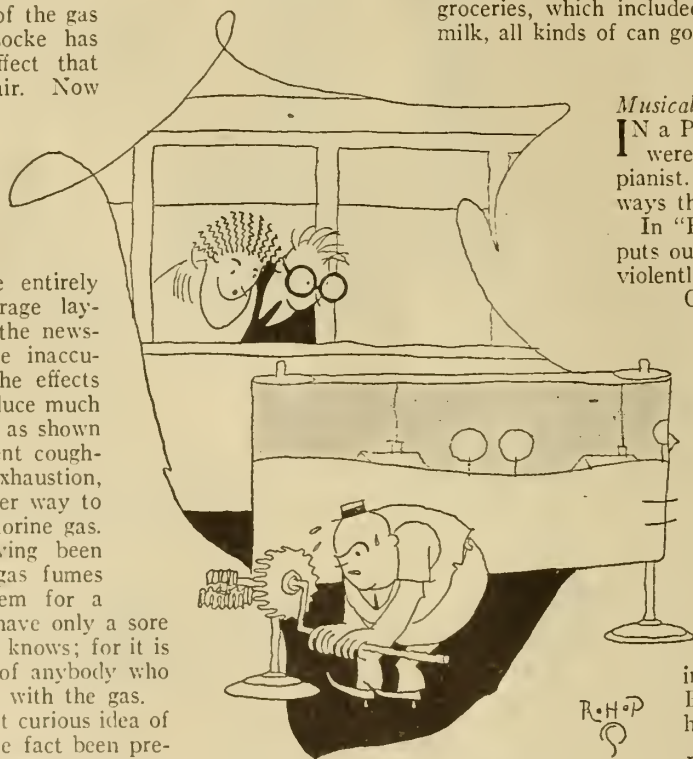
Indifference, Likely

IN Mitchell Lewis' "Nine-Tenths of the Law," the clock in the hut in the woods is shown at different times. But always the dial shows the same hour. J. M. K., Ludington, Mich.

Henry Must Be Strong

IN "The Long Lane's Turning," Henry Walthall receives a letter from his intended wife, stating that it is impossible for her to marry him. Upon hearing this he becomes enraged, and with one mere push of the hand overturns a huge safe.

ALINE HANLEY, New York.



A Movie Travelogue

IN "She Loves Me Not" When Harold Lloyd and Bebe Daniels are on the train, the scenery passing the windows keeps repeating itself—painted on an endless canvas belt, I suppose.

I. P. K., Columbus, Mo.

The most delicate problem I have met in employing

ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURE
ARTS AND SCIENCES
HOLLYWOOD, - CALIFORNIA

*By a well-known
business man*

"I have read this courageous article by a leading American business man and want to add my endorsement of the great movement in which he is so much interested. I am glad that some one has, at last, made a stand against this thing which for years has kept women from reaching the highest of which they are capable."

Ada Patterson



"For many years I have employed a great many women—women of all ages and of varying degrees of ability. Most of them have been women of considerable education—few have been without a certain keenness of perception and a vitality of thought that are invaluable in the business world.

"But too often the chance of these women to attain the highest success of which they were capable, as well as the pleasure of other persons' business association with them, has been spoiled by a thing which until now I have hesitated to discuss with anyone except my wife.

"Delicacy—false modesty, perhaps—has too long kept the lips of all of us sealed on this one subject. But your recent articles in leading publications have brought the whole thing more vividly than ever to my attention, and I feel impelled to speak my mind on the matter.

"Often the very women who seem to be most scrupulously careful about their appearance are the very ones in whom this fault is most noticeable. To them the knowledge that it has been noticeable would come as a great shock. The odor of perspiration has seemed to be a detail beyond their control or perhaps beyond their realization.

"Each of these women has seemed to be utterly unconscious that she herself is subject to this thing. And yet she surely knows that it has the subtle power to break down another's preconceived idea of her personal efficiency. Each seems oblivious to the fact that this taint applies to her, though it is a real menace to her own progress not only in the business world but in every part of her social life. And thus through negligence she has lacked the one personal charm and business asset that is possible to every woman.

"The chief thing, then, it seems to me, is to bring the problem directly before the mind of the open-thinking American woman, in business or out of it. When she once grasps the truth—that the odor of perspiration is very often noticeable to others although it is not noticeable to one who is subject to this trouble—and when she takes this knowledge as applying to

her individually, she'll not be long in combating it effectively."

**A natural tendency—
common to most of us**

It is a physiological fact that there are very few persons who are not subject to this odor, though seldom conscious of it themselves. The perspiration glands under the arms, though more active than any others, do not always produce excessive and noticeable moisture. But the chemicals of the body do cause noticeable odor, more apparent under the arms than in any other place.

These underarm glands are under very sensitive nervous control. Sudden excitement, emotion, embarrassment even, serves as a nervous stimulus sufficient to make them more active. The curve of the arm prevents the rapid evaporation of odor or moisture—and the result is that others become aware of this subtle odor at times when we least suspect it.

**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 give it the regular attention that they give to their hair, or teeth or hands. They use Odorono, a toilet lotion especially prepared to correct both perspiration moisture and odor. Perspiration, because of its peculiar qualities, is beyond the reach of ordinary methods of cleanliness—excessive moisture of the armpits is due to a local weakness of the sweat glands.

Odorono is antiseptic, perfectly harmless. Its regular use gives what women are demanding—*absolute assurance* of perfect daintiness. It really *corrects* the cause of both the moisture and odor of perspiration.

**So absolutely sure when
made a regular habit**

Use Odorono regularly, just two or three times a week. At night before retiring, pat it on the underarms. Don't rub it in. Allow it to dry, and then dust on a little talcum. The next morning, bathe the parts with clear water. The underarms will remain sweet and dry and odorless in any circumstances! *Daily baths do not lessen its effect.*

Women who find that their gowns are spoiled by perspiration stain and an odor which dry cleaning will not remove can keep their underarms normally dry and sweet by the regular use of Odorono.

At all toilet counters in the United States and Canada, 60c and \$1.00 Trial size, 30c. By mail postpaid if your dealer hasn't it.

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. We shall also be glad to mail you our booklet about all perspiration troubles and the methods of correcting them.

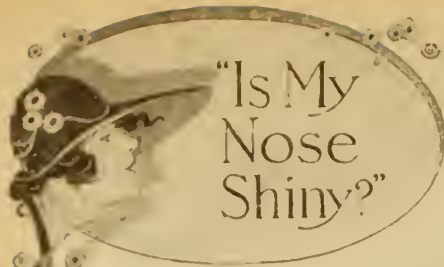
Men will be interested in reading our booklet, "*The Assurance of Perfect Grooming*." Address Ruth Miller, The Odorono Co., 514 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Address mail orders or requests as follows:

For Canada to The Arthur Sales Co., 61 Adelaide St., East, Toronto, Ont.—For France to The Agencie Americaine, 23 Avenue de L'Opera, Paris.—For Switzerland to The Agencie Americaine, 6 Rue Du Rhone, Geneva.—For England to The American Drug Supply Co., 6 Northumberland Avenue London, W. C. 2.—For U. S. A. to The Odorono Co., 514 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Everyone's Ag'in Him

(Concluded from Page 101)



“Is My Nose Shiny?”

Yes it probably is, if you depend upon ordinary old-style face powder. But *not* if you made your toilet with wonderful

La Meda Cold Creamed Powder

Use LA MEDA COLD CREAMED powder in the morning and you are *sure* of a velvet smooth, powdery fresh appearance all day. A skin charm that has none of that overdone suggestion. Heat, cold, rain or perspiration will not mar it.

Guaranteed. Can not promote hair growth. Tints—Flesh, White, Peach Blow. Sold at toilet and drug counters or sent upon receipt of price—65 cents.

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Is most soothing and refreshing to their tender skin. And there is a fascination in its odor—just like the breath of a rose.

Pure and antiseptic, it is preferred by people of refinement everywhere for all uses.

Trial Offer: Send 20c for an attractive Week-end Package containing four Jap Rose miniatures, consisting of one each of Talcum Powder, Soap, Cold Cream and Toilet Water.

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HERSELF—

Talks with women about them. Tells them how to know better marriage things in their life. Tells their daughters what to do when they get married.

HIMSELF—

Talks with men about them. Tells them how to know better marriage things. Tells fathers how to tell their sons the medical knowledge a husband should have.

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could not find anyone else who would play it.

But he made a hit in this thankless role and was engaged to play and stage manager William Gillette in "Held by the Enemy." From there he went with E. H. Sothorn to stage manager and play the comedy and character parts.

After several years with Sothorn, Daniel Frohman requested Marshall to go over to London and do a play and after closing the London engagement, Charles Frohman sent him on a little trip to Paris, Berlin and Vienna to pick up other plays that might make a hit on this side. Tully came back reeking with manuscripts and spent several years more staging his prizes for Frohman.

While producing for Frohman at the Empire Theatre, a beautiful young ingenue appeared on the scene, fresh from dramatic school and seeking to acquire stage technique to become a playwright. This young woman's name was Marion Fairfax and it wasn't long before she became Mrs. Marshall.

Tully left the Frohmans to open up his own stock company in Pittsburgh and there produced his wife's first play, "The Builders." Later the play went to New York and made a big hit. While in New York, Tully was offered the part of *Joe Brooks* in "Paid in Full." The hit he made in it is theatrical history, conceded to be one of the artistic triumphs of the decade and he played it for a year and half on Broadway. He also produced "The Way and The Means," Mrs. Marshall's second play. Then the late Clyde Fitch selected Tully to play the dope fiend in "The City." His performance in this play was the sensation of New York for two years but the continuous strain told on the actor and he went back to running his own stock company in Cleveland and there produced Mrs. Marshall's play "The Talker." In this he appeared for a year in New York and then was seen for the last time in the noisy drama in "The Trap."

The silent art began to call and Marshall

appeared in a screen version of "Paid in Full" and then came West for Griffith. Sixty-two weeks there and then he signed a long contract with the Lasky company where Mrs. Marshall was busy dashing off scenarios and has been there ever since except to play a few special engagements at other studios now and then.

Anyone can see by this review of the American drama that Tully Marshall knows nothing about acting. What chance has he against Homer Splots who has seen twenty motion pictures and taken a correspondence course in screen expression?

You can readily see that this lack of training has soured Tully's disposition, because he doesn't play anything but terrible parts for the camera. You never saw him peacefully die and leave a couple of million dollars to the hero. Did you ever hear him say, "Take her, my boy, she's yours!" Did he ever get out into the storm to leave the girl he loved alone with the man she loved? I should say not! If there is any way to spoil anyone's whole day, Tully is hired to do it. Remember him as the tattle-tale monk in "Joan The Woman," or as one of the crooks in "Cheating Cheaters," or as the sheriff in "The Romance of the Redwoods?" No, Tully doesn't know a thing about acting!

Anyway he is in pictures to stay and thank goodness we will have to put up with a lot more of his splendid performances. He has declared himself that he is in California to stay and is even now trying to sell his home at Shoreham, Long Island, so that he can build a home near Hollywood.

Tully's favorite occupation now is sitting out here in the California bungalow refusing offers to go back on the stage. Managers in the East will wire wildly out offering him a big part in some new production. Tully will wire back and ask if they can guarantee him fifty-two weeks work, which no stage manager can safely do, and then proceeds to give them the laugh.

Which is a pretty good way to be situated, I call it!



STUDIO ITEM: Work on the photodrama, "The Womanhater," was delayed yesterday when Courtenay Coupe, playing the powerful role of the man who denounces civilization because of women, was diverted by the passing of several good-looking comedy queens employed at an adjacent film studio.

MOVY-DOLS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

PUBLISHED BY PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, CHICAGO

U. S. PAT. OFF. 1917

NORMA TALMADGE

No. 3

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



HER FAVORITE



USE THIS HEAD
WITH D AND E
FIGURES



USE
OVER
A
FIGURE

C

IN
"THE SOCIAL SECRETARY"



FOLD

CUT

NORMA
TALMADGE

A

NORMA TALMADGE, HERSELF

HERSELF



CUT
USE
B
HEAD
CUT

FOLD

D

IN "THE HEART OF WETONA"



USE
B
HEAD

CUT

IN A SPECIAL CREATION
WHICH MADE A HIT
ON THE BEACH



Photo by courtesy Milford Theatre, Chicago

AT LAST!

A Gate to the Magic Land Behind the Screen

YOU'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

Secret Service LIBRARY

(Continued on page 126)

Just then in through the casement stepped his brother.

"Lewis!" sang out the new arrival, eagerly.

Lewis, overjoyed as he was to see his brother, was supremely dismayed. The truth swept over him in an instant. Realizing they were being watched, that their positions as spies was guessed by Arrelsford, Lewis felt the importance of immediate masquerading. Thus, when Henry stepped forward to clutch his brother in his arms, Lewis met him, but not in the spirit of a brother. Realizing that the onlookers must be deceived, he met Henry in a grapple, gun drawn. And as he clutched him about the throat and swung him to and fro, he muttered the truth in the young man's ear.

"We're trapped!" he whispered. "They are watching us. Pretend to fight."

Quick-witted, the younger brother immediately realized the situation, the need for deception. And while Arrelsford and Edith stood on the outside looking in, Henry whispered into the ear of his brother:

"Shoot me, Lewis," he implored. "Shoot me in the leg. It's the only way to throw them off the track. Shoot me!"

Lewis hesitated. The risk was great. But while he hesitated, Henry got his fingers on the hand that held the pistol, twisted it around and pressed the trigger. He collapsed to the floor, with Lewis swaying over him, dazed and bewildered, the smoking pistol in his tense fingers. For Henry had more than negotiated a wound in the leg. He was mortally wounded, Lewis decided, watching him writhing on the floor.

In that instant, Arrelsford and his men flung open the door and rushed in.

Arrelsford, rather puzzled by the sudden turn in events, now stared at the stiffening figure on the floor. "He escaped from Libby," he said lamely. "We're after him."

"Well," said Lewis grimly. "There he is."

And as Arrelsford's men lifted the dead Northerner, to carry him off, Lewis managed to press the cold hand once before he was gone forever.

A few moments later, when the defeated Arrelsford and his men had gone, Lewis faced the girl he loved. At her side was the aide de camp, bearing his commission that was to place him at the head of the telegraph office. Head bowed in sorrow, Lewis went grimly on to his assignment, now to carry on, in bitter earnest, the work for which his brother had died.

Once there, at the earliest opportunity he managed to clear the room, and prepared to compose the fake message for whose effect the attacking forces were awaiting.

Hastily writing down, in code, the message that was to cause the withdrawal of Confederate forces from Cemetery Hill, Henry then clipped off of another message the original signature of the Secretary of War. This he pasted carefully on his forgery. Lewis did not realize that his attempts at privacy had been fruitless. For, from a hidden point, Benton Arrelsford, not yet convinced that Lewis was not a spy, was watching his operation. And when he observed his action, his smile widened and something more than mere official elation filled his dark heart.

Lewis reached across the desk and laid his hand on the sending key, ready to send off the fatal message that was holding back a great invading army. But as his fingers pressed the key, from out the doorway Arrelsford drew his pistol and aiming at Lewis' hand, pressed the trigger.

Then he burst into the room as Lewis recoiled back from the table, holding his

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HOLLYWOOD, - CALIF.



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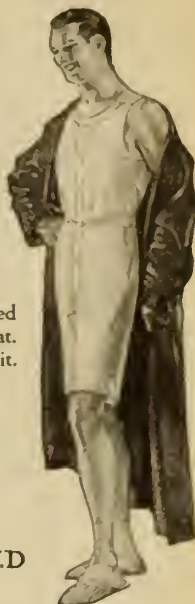


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Used every day—note how your smile improves

Secret Service

(Concluded)

crimsoning fingers. "Now I've got you!" snarled Arrelsford, menacing him with the still smoking pistol.

In an instant a swarm of Southern soldiers headed by a lieutenant poured into the room. These were followed by another figure—that of General Randolph who had been attracted by the shots. The General detained Arrelsford and started a fusillade of questions. Lewis suffered under their replies. For damning information against him came from the spiteful lips of Arrelsford. Realizing that he was losing ground and that any minute he might be taken away under guard, he sought to make one last effort to send the message that would perform his duty to his country. He reached over to the desk and laid his hand on the key.

"Before we argue," he said to the General, "it is imperative that this message be gotten off. It comes from the Secretary of War. Each moment counts. I—"

But Arrelsford jerked his fingers off the key.

"Let the General see that message," he snarled, snatching it up. "It's a forgery!"

The General studied the signature. Then, turning to an orderly standing by, he snapped: "Take that to the Secretary's office at once. See if it is genuine."

The fifteen minutes of waiting was an eternity of misery for the Northern spy. And when the boy entered, he of course knew the report before he heard it:

"The Secretary of War declares the order is a forgery."

The General wheeled. "Captain Thorne," he said, "you are under arrest for treason."

Later, Lewis was taken to the Varney home for courtmartial. Because it would be necessary for the women to testify, and because he wished no undue publicity given to the event for their sakes, the General had so ordered it. Lewis admitted the truth to the girl—told her that he had worked for the sole endeavor to get the message over the wires so that Richmond could be taken. "My only sorrow," he said, "is that I must appear in such a contemptible light in your eyes."

The trial was brief, machine-like. Lewis was condemned to be shot as a spy. And friendless, he spent a sleepless night. Only one heart was with him. Old Jonas, knowing the verdict, had worked to bring about some means of escape for his "deliberer from de Nawth." At the risk of his life he had crept over to the guns of the firing squad, detailed for the shooting at daybreak, and extracting the bullets, substituted blank cartridges. Edith, haunting the lower halls during the long, insufferable night, surprised him at his secret task.

"When dey fire," he whispered, taking the girl into his confidence, "he must drap down! Then dey'll think he's dead and go 'way. He must be sure to drap. O, Missy—dey'll let you speak to him! For Gawd's sake, tell him to drap down!"

The girl, silent, passed on, not knowing what to do. But later on she managed to speak a moment with him, due to the deference of the Confederates, and she whispered the message from the old black.

Lewis stared at her curiously. "Would you wish me to do that?" he asked dully.

She shook her head, mastering an overwhelming desire to say yes—to crush the man she loved in her arms. But instead she said: "I am merely telling you in payment of the debt we owe you for Howard's sake."

Morning finally came—the morning of the day that was to see the fall of Richmond. Already about the city on the firing lines the noise of battle was beginning as the

blue squadrons pushed back the gray along the Mechanicsville Turnpike. The air was heavy with the thunder of guns as Lewis was led out from the Varney house into the garden that was planned to be his grave. An officer came galloping up to Lewis' guard. "Finish your work here," he said, "and then rush your men to the firing line. God knows we need them all—at once!"

From a position on the porch of her home, Edith heard this order. And she heard more. For Lewis had fought out his battle of the night before and had determined not to take advantage of the girl's information.

"Look to your rifles," Edith heard him say. "They've been tampered with!"

The lieutenant in charge of the firing squad hesitated for a brief moment before he conveyed the astonishing advice to his men.

Edith, overwhelmed by Lewis' stubborn decision, swayed weakly against the wall behind her, covering her eyes with her hands. Lewis' death was, she realized, to be the more unbearable a recollection now that he had so magnificently proven his worthiness to live. Had he actually been a coward, his passing would not have been so unacceptable. But—

While the foregoing occurred, the Union lines had been steadily closing in about the city barricades. Positions fell, men scattered in panic, batteries were taken and turned back on the city they had protected. One company had taken a Confederate battery and turning the gun back on the city, made it an instrument that was to save the life of Captain Lewis Dumont. A shot shrieked suddenly into the dramatic tableaux of the garden, tearing up the earth and foliage and knocking the firing squad in all directions even as they had been about to fire at Lewis. Arrelsford, who had been standing triumphant, was knocked to the earth, a mangled heap. Lewis mercifully saved from actual injury, survived the shock, surveying the chaos about him.

He was a free man, he realized. He could go now, if he chose. He turned his face about and saw, recollecting against the case-ment, the girl he loved. She was staring at him in a hypnotic trance.

Stunned by the denouement of the past few moments, Lewis brushed his hand over his forehead, striving to reach decision. In that instant another squad of Southern officers entered the garden, headed by Major General Randolph. At his side walked the form of Edith's mother. Her expression of anxiety changed to one of supreme ecstasy as she realized Lewis was still alive. It was quickly explained. Mrs. Varney had used the influence of the family name with the Major General to have Lewis' sentence of death set aside, changed to a sentence of imprisonment until the war was over.

Until the war was over! That loomed up as an interlude of sweet loneliness to the southern girl, and her devotion to the brave man of the north would be strong enough, she knew, to keep her happy, waiting for his eventual release.

And even though the clash of North and South still reverberated through the garden as Lewis Dumont embraced his sweetheart, a refreshing impression of peace descended over the setting—perhaps the first feeling of security to visit Richmond in weeks.

"Au revoir, then," breathed Edith as the guards tugged at Lewis' arm.

And Lewis' face silently gave forth his response as his eyes followed her the length of the garden, whose flowers and wreckage were alike silvered and oddly blended in the polish of early morning sunlight.



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F. C. Keeling & Co., Agts.
ROCKFORD, ILL.

Lord and Lady Algy

(Continued from page 47)

apart, when they were all struck dumb by a cheerful feminine voice.

"Is your wife here yet, Mr. Tudway?" said Cecilia coming towards them as though there was nothing strange in their positions. She was dressed for going out. "Mrs. Tudway and I were going to the rink."

"She is here," said Algernon, looking challengingly at Tudway. He did not know Cis' game, but he was willing to back her up. Maybe there was a chance of cleaning up the mess.

"Why didn't you tell me?" snarled the soap maker.

"Can you ask me why I concealed her?" asked Algy insinuatingly. "You had a great many notions about us two."

"But that doesn't explain the photograph I saw here yesterday," Tudway said, somewhat suspicious still.

"Oh, that's mine," interposed Cecilia serenely, "your wife gave it to me—I left it here yesterday."

Cecilia stepped close to Gladys Tudway when Algy opened the door to let her out.

"Call me Cecilia," Lady Algy whispered. "What's your christian name?"

The stupefied Gladys whispered back. Cecilia took her by the arm.

"Gladys and I were going to meet here. It is so convenient," she said to Tudway. "Weren't we, Gladys?"

"Yes, Cecilia," answered the frightened young woman with a gulp.

Tudway looked from one to the other.

"Cecilia—Gladys!" he repeated, smacking his lips and rubbing his hands in bland satisfaction. "Why didn't you mention before your very gratifying acquaintance with Lady Algernon, my dear?" he addressed his wife. Then he stopped and picked up the Duke's battered hat and offered restitution.

* * * *

The Duke set the broken shape on his head for a moment, presenting a picture entirely out of general keeping with the lines of that family dignity for which he had fought so long.

Then he approached Lord Algy with a more human smile that he had been known to wear before. "I am happy to acknowledge I was mistaken in you," he said, and shook his younger son's hand.

He offered to escort Cecilia to her cab.

"I have a little matter of business with Algy before I go," she answered.

Quarby and Mrs. Tudway avoided each other's eyes and went out silently and solemnly, he with his father, and she in the encircling arm of an expansively cheerful husband. In the letting down of tension they forgot the rink party.

"You pulled us all out of the fire," said Algy, coming back to the living room after closing the door on his unwelcome guests. "Cis, you're wonderful. How did you do it?" He looked at her proudly, and wistfully too.

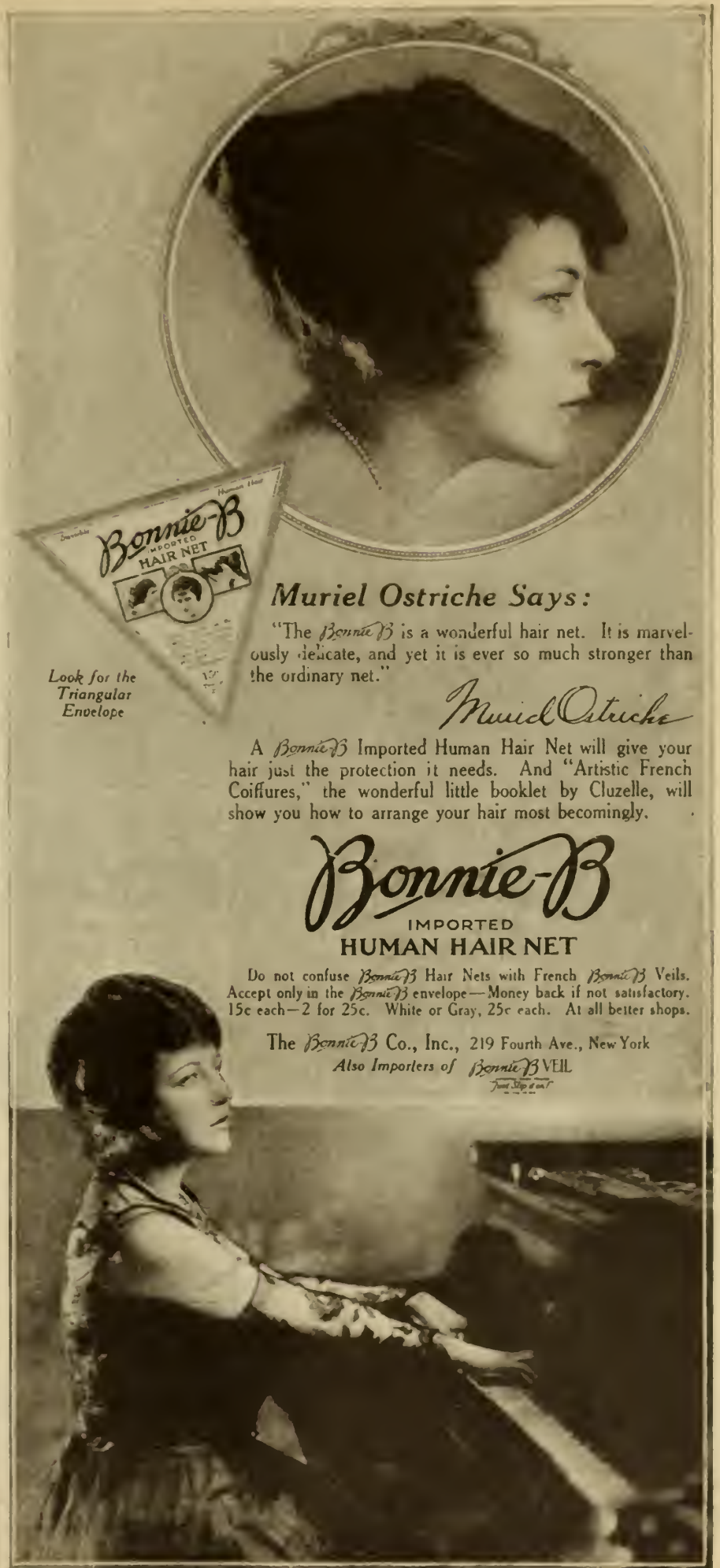
"I heard them planning to meet here last night. They were sitting it out in the conservatory and thought no one was near."

"It was like you, old dear, to come to help a fellow out," Algy said. There was a note of tenderness in his voice that thrilled them both a little.

* * * *

Cecilia crossed over to the fireplace and seated herself in the big arm chair.

"Of course you know what I'm going to do with my winnings on Flickamaroon,"



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POWDER
50¢

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York for a pen-
cious sample of
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Perfume.

Lord and Lady Algy

(Concluded)

she said after a time of silence. "I'm going to give them to you."

"Now, Cis, that's generous of you." Algy was hard hit. "Old dear—old dear—why—why—you know I wouldn't take 'em. It's smash for me, of course. Cis, you told me I was a duffer—and I see it now. I'm going to South Africa to see if I can't learn a thing or too. Perhaps some day—but I couldn't ask you to wait until I grow up, Cis?"

Algernon had crossed the room and stood looking down on Cecilia with unhappy eyes.

The fire lit wonderful glints in her glorious hair. She had never looked so beautiful to him. He had never loved nor wanted her so much. And he had thrown her away—with his money.

"Aunt's closed up the house," said Cecilia presently. There was just a twinkle of mischief in her eyes. "She's going to the country on the next train. I'm going to meet her at the station."

Algy pulled out his watch.

"By George, old girl," he said with solicitude. "You've lost your train."

"I know it," answered Cecilia calmly.

"But where on earth are you going to stay tonight?" he said anxiously.

"I had an idea," she returned rather slyly, "that, perhaps, under the circumstances, you might put me up here."

Lord Algernon was afraid to believe that he had grasped the full significance of what she had said.

"Do you mean it, Cis?" he said half fearfully, half beside himself with joy.

"Would you mind?" answered Lady Algernon, smiling archly.

"Old girl," was all he could say, as he looked deep into her eyes. Then he drew her to his heart.

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The What-Not

BY TUDOR JENKS

WHEN you are at the "movies," and they throw upon the screen A truly "home" and "mother" show, in a really rural scene, You'll notice in one corner of the "family settin' room" An ancient bit of furniture half hidden in the gloom.

It's built of wobbly walnut sticks supporting skewshaw shelves, Thronged thick with curiosities, exhibiting themselves,— Queer tokens from across the seas, or some quaint foreign shop,— That range from big ones near the floor to tiny ones atop:

The baby's silver rattle lies beside a tongueless bell; A coral necklace is within a mottled Eastern shell; A stereoscope with faded views is near the Chinese chess; A statuette in porcelain—a Dresden Shepherdess.

We cannot see these on the screen, but know they must be there. They're native to the "What-not" that once was—everywhere! Where else survives this antique ghost to Great-Grandma so dear? Whence have the leaves of Autumn fled, the snows of yester year?

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Films and Your City's Welfare

(Concluded from page 54)

American Methodism, the work of the church's magnificent achievements in missions in fifty foreign lands has been graphically portrayed by means of the motion picture. Never before has it been possible to so graphically bring home to the people who have been faithfully "doing their bit" for Christianity, the results of their generosity, until the camera, in far-away Africa, China and Korea, was able to register the wonderful work accomplished.

But equally important as an evidence of the confidence which progressive divines have in the modern motion picture and its makers, is the fact that at the Methodist Missionary Centenary the most representative form of entertainment is the photoplay. The motion picture industry has given of its best to this convocation with the result that the visitors have had offered to them the most perfect flowering of the art of the screen,—a typically American institution.

Comedies and dramas, educational, travel films, "vod-a-vil movies," pictures for use in theatres, schools and churches have been presented at their finest, to the throngs at Columbus. This Columbus meeting amounts to a magnificent festival of the motion picture, dedicated to the delight and edification of the most exacting and appreciative of American citizens.

"SUPPORT clean pictures," is the rallying cry of Rose Tapley, former Vitagraph star, and now connected with the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. Miss Tapley has been making a lecture tour in behalf of "better films," and her picture philosophy closely resembles that of The Better Photoplay League of America, which she heartily endorses.

"Patronage is the key to the situation," says Miss Tapley. No exhibitor is going to be uninfluenced by his box-office receipts. He cannot afford to be. If people want good, wholesome drama they can have it. If they want trashy stuff, someone is going to try hard to supply their desires. Demand and supply, cause and effect, go hand in hand in the motion picture business as well as everywhere else. Again I urge you—support clean pictures!

"Advertise the better class of photoplays among your friends," says Miss Tapley. "Encourage these rather than films which incline toward sensationalism, so that the better type of picture will be profitable. You will find that the producers are more than glad to screen photoplays that are beyond reproach. They do not want their own reputations besmirched by the productions of 'wildcat' companies which make salacious pictures. I believe that the vast majority of the American people are clean and that they want clean pictures. If they will only encourage that type of film, the salacious type will disappear."

Clip This Out

I AM organizing a Branch of The Better Photoplay League of America. Please send me the booklet, "Hints and Helps in Obtaining Better Films," for which I enclose three cents in postage.

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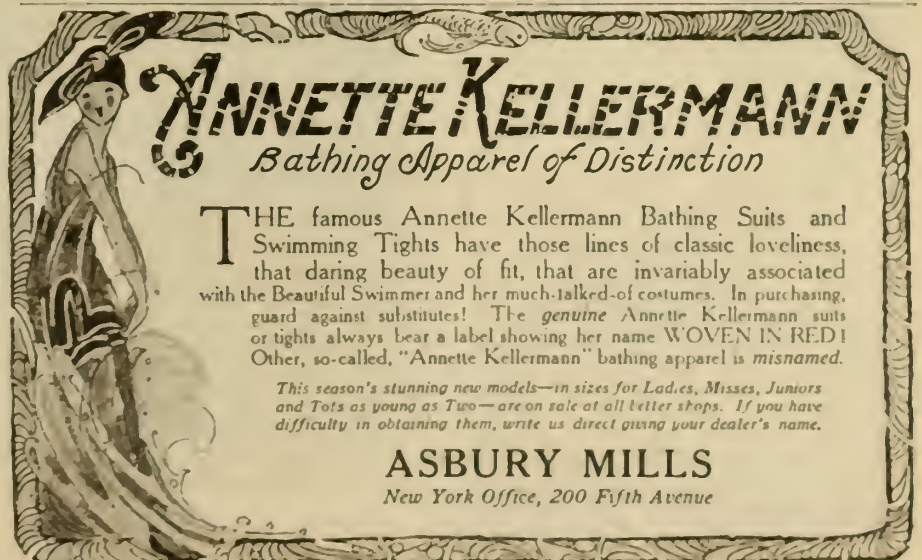
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Plays and Players

(Concluded from page 117)



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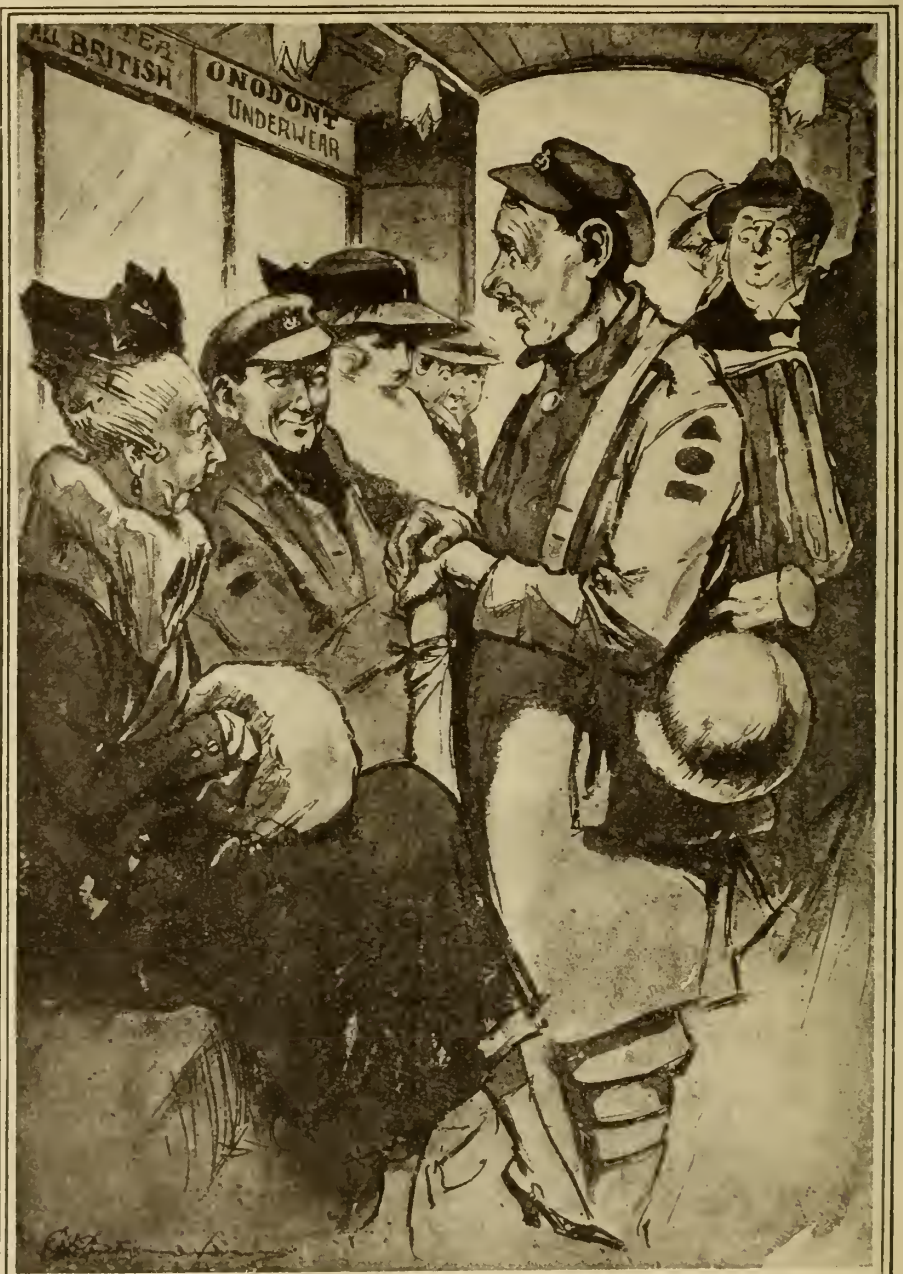
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teen—is the new Griffith juvenile; he is playing a lead in the director's last Arctcraft production, part of which was filmed in New York, and part in California. You may remember that he was "discovered" by Universal and Violet Mersereau at a Chicago film convention; and that he played the Callow Youth, for Essanay, in Mary MacLane's "Men who have Made Love to Me."

THE Eminent Author's Corporation has been formed. Their eminences include Rupert Hughes, Rex Beach, Gertrude Atherton, Leroy Scott, Gouverneur Morris, and Mary Roberts Rinehart. They will, of course, film their own works, under the guidance of Beach, who has had much practical experience in putting his own books into screen form. Goldwyn is the company behind the corporation.

MOLLIE KING surprised her friends recently by announcing her marriage to Kenneth D. Alexander, millionaire horse owner of Spring Station, Ky. The announcement came when the couple appeared together at the New York theatre where Miss King is appearing in "Good Morning, Judge!" The marriage was performed by a deputy city clerk in the Municipal building, with Warren P. Sayres, Kentucky distiller, acting as best man.

MIRIAM COOPER is playing mother, these days. She and her husband, Raoul Walsh, the director, adopted a little boy who lost his parents in the Halifax disaster. He's a cunning little chap and Miriam delights in dressing him up in the latest for male infants. She is to appear, in her spare time, in one of her husband's new productions.



The Seated Soldier: Yes, Mum; a red chevron means a man's married, and each blue one means a kid.
The Old Lady (suddenly realizing that the soldier standing up wears three blue chevrons, but no red): Oh, you wicked man! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!

A New Master Enters Politics

(Concluded from page 29)

what they read in newspapers. Type tells them about something, more or less correctly. The picture shows them the actuality of the same thing, in living detail.

I believe, to revert to the question of political equality, that the time has come when the motion picture should be represented in both houses of every state legislature, and in the lower house of Congress.

In conclusion, let me say that motion picture politics are not confined to externals. The picture is going in for a political scouring in its own house. By its organization of producers, perfected for that particular purpose in New York City in the month of April, it has made it impossible for the presenter of screen filth and uncleanness to survive in business—simply because he won't be able to get any more pictures from anyone. And that is more than all the censors in the world have been able to or ever could accomplish.

Q for Querentia

(Concluded from page 33)

Penrhyn Stanlaws, American artist, pasted her in his paintings; she posed for other artists—and if you'll rake up your magazines of the period, you'll find a striking resemblance between our Anna and the cover queens.

Along about this time, pictures began to move; and Miss Nilsson found herself in the vanguard of that pretty feminine procession which began to wend its way screenward. She landed with Kalem. Her first part was in a one-reeler; then they put her in stock and later starred her. You will remember her, too, in Fox, Ivan, and World dramas; in the Pathe serial, "Who's Guilty?" with Tom Moore; with Robert Warwick in "The Silent Master;" with George M. Cohan in "Seven Keys to Baldpate." Then she was featured in the Rex Beach picture, "Heart of the Sunset." Metro offered her a contract, and here she is—with Bert Lyttel in "The Trail to Yesterday," in "In Judgment Of," with Franklyn Farnum, and as a star on her own in "The Way of the Strong," with others to come. And plans for joining the M. O. C. movement are said to be pending. (That means "My Own Company.")

No Kisses in Japan

AMERICAN photoplay-film producers are finding it convenient to make some modifications in the "lines" of the screen performers in films intended for export to Japan. Since the greater part of the films shown in Japan are produced in this country, the activities of the police censor on the other side of the Pacific show the wide difference in views on what is decorous conduct in public stage productions.

According to the magazine *The Far East*, the police, during the six months ended March 1 last, removed 2350 kisses from the imported films. The police do not like to see kissing in public, hence they forbid an osculatory scene on the screen. Only one kiss was permitted to remain—the salutation of homage which Christopher Columbus expressed by kissing the hand of Queen Isabella. And this was only shown to the metropolitan audiences of Tokyo, the censors deleting the kiss before allowing "Columbus" to visit the provinces.—Oakland (Cal.) *Tribune*.

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You can't try it 10 days free. Use it on face, scalp or any part of the body—see for yourself how it improves your appearance by stimulating a vigorous circulation that feeds the tissues and carries away impurities—how it brings color to the cheeks and a sparkle in the eyes—how it cleans the pores, smooths out wrinkles and makes firm flesh—how it builds up the neck, bust or other hollow parts of the body—soothes and strengthens the nerves, and relieves head aches—how soothing it is after shaving—how it invigorates the scalp and hair and takes out dandruff—and how it is *dawnright* fun to use.

If you aren't satisfied—if you don't think it's worth many times \$2—return it at our expense any time within 10 days and it won't cost you a cent.

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Physical and Health Specialist
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The Twelve Oddest Uses of Motion Pictures

(Concluded from page 72)

films that the exhibitors of Madison were giving the city. So he went to the powers that be and asked permission to open a movie show right in the capitol building. Legislators, Governor and all thought he was a little looney. Wisconsin has a beautiful capitol building. It has many fine rooms in it. Blumenfeld finally got the use of the finest room, moved a standard projector in one Monday morning, covered the windows, put up his screen and began business. His audiences average 800 people. He has to turn 'em away. The shows are given on Saturdays—two frolics daily. He shows slapstick comedies, five-reel features, educational pictures and travelogs. He also has used the room for boosting liberty loan sales and in teaching Madison's foreign element the dangers of Bolshevism and the values of Americanism.

CHINAMEN in China are great movie fans. There are few picture houses in China worthy of the name. Many millions of Chinese never saw a movie theater; many millions more never saw a movie show. Only a small percentage of the population can read Chinese and scarcely any read English. When the Community Motion Picture Bureau was commissioned to send several hundred reels of American industrial films to China recently it was realized that something must be done with the titles so that the Chinese might grasp the full meaning of being enabled to read "between the pictures."

So, a Chinese student was engaged to translate the titles into Chinese. Then it was realized that the same films would serve in other parts of Asia, once shipped over, where a larger percentage of the population can read English too. So, the titles were

filmed in Chinese and English, side by side. The appearance of the titles on the screen look like "words and music."

As these films are designed to sell American lamp oil, American pants and threshing machines to the slowly awakening Chinaman everything had to be made clear.

THE motion picture has now been utilized to show the boss just how lazy the workman happens to be. His laziness or his energy, as the case may be, is indicated by the projection of a motion picture film in a darkened room.

A large iron works in Chicago recently commissioned Essanay to film hundreds of workmen at their daily tasks of making shell casings for Uncle Sam. As the Government could use all the shell cases as fast as they could be turned out, the problem of this mammoth iron works was to speed up—to find out why one man could do twice as much work in an hour as another man on the same job. Twelve thousand feet of films now depict every movement made by the workmen in turning out shell cases. A time clock arrangement, operated in conjunction with the projection of the films, indicates the amount of time it takes a laborer to lift a case to the turning lathe, adjust it and trim it down to size. Efficiency engineers directed the work. The films are run over and over and each motion is studied. The workmen are then called in and shown how they can save seconds and reduce labor by following certain movements of the body in certain actions necessary to their work. The exact speed of each worker in a set task is exposed on the screen and the unfit are thus weeded out. These films were so made that they will serve under peace conditions.

The Cinema Drama of Food

(Continued from page 95)

inland carrying fish fresh from the ocean. Special freight rates were established also from the Pacific coast eastward. Fish recipe books were prepared in both English and French and widely distributed. A strong appeal was made through the newspapers.

But the most potent appeal was made through the medium of the film. Taken aboard a steam trawler on the Pacific coast, a moving picture operator filmed the hauling of tremendous nets, gathering hundreds of thousands of fish. This in itself was most interesting, but it was only the beginning.

Continuing, the film showed the cleaning, icing, packing and shipping of the fish; traced the whole operation through a clean, sanitary display case to the kitchen; its preparation there until finally the family assembled around the dining table and proceeded with gusto to devour a mighty appetizing looking fish.

Another operator was taken aboard a trawler on the Atlantic coast, and a similar film prepared. Both were circulated very widely throughout the Dominion, being shown in many hundreds of theatres to audiences of thousands. People began to eat fish and recipe books were in demand.

Result? From March to November, 1918, 3,542,000 pounds of flat fish, and about 1,000,000 pounds of cod from the Pacific fisheries were marketed in the western provinces alone. Previously there had been no demand whatever. October 31 was assigned as National Fish Day, and on that one day 2,500,000 pounds of fish were consumed throughout the Dominion.

Now the demand for fish in Canada is established and growing. A new and valuable industry has been established on the Pacific coast and that of the Atlantic has been very greatly stimulated. Tremendous quantities of meat and animal fats were conserved for the fighters abroad, and the government openly states that the films produced most excellent results.

The film got in its punch also in the matter of war gardens. Especially in Ontario films were made and distributed, showing back yards, one yard undisturbed, and another with the householder digging and planting. Step by step, the film followed the growing season.

The one yard was still bare, the other showed green sprouts swinging through the earth. Finally at the end of the season the one yard was still bare. From the other were being gathered tomatoes, corn, peas, beans, potatoes, and the climax showed the first yard branded with the word "Slacker," while the other bore the proud title of "Patriot."

What's that? You bet it got across, and the war gardens of Canada in 1918 not only brought thousands of idle acres under cultivation and greatly increased the food supply, but also had a very distinct effect upon the health of the people who worked them.

Again there was a desperate shortage in sugar. It had to be conserved at home. Well, why not use maple sugar and honey? Again the aid of the silent drama was invoked, and films prepared showing the tap-

The Cinema Drama of Food

(Concluded)

ping of maple forests and the whole process of "sugaring down."

But the busy honey bee furnished one of the most interesting and instructive films ever screened. For years the Canadian government has been urging farmers to cultivate their bees, not merely for the honey but because the honey bee is the greatest plant fertilizer in the world, through the distribution of pollen.

This film showed bees singly and in swarms; showed the queen and the workers; how to handle them without danger of a sting; showed hives and colonies, the filling of the combs and every step of the process from the blossom to the table. It also emphasized the fact that honey is the most highly concentrated pure natural food in the world.

This year Canada will surely export millions of pounds of honey in excess of the tremendous demand for home consumption. Sugar was conserved for the Allied armies. Canadians are eating more nutritious "sweet" food than formerly. Incomes are being greatly increased, and along with the other elements that helped to win the war and cause Canada to emerge greater than ever, the government cheerfully acclaim the "movies."

Where Do We Eat?

(Concluded from page 37)

a new script with their scenario writer or give general suggestions for the business ahead of them. Mary Pickford's viands are kept hot in a little aluminum heater, in the bottom of which are heated bricks.

The Goldwyn studio at Culver City is the only one in the picture colony where waitresses do the serving. Tables in one corner are reserved for the star, directors and leads of the different companies, and one for studio officials. Madge Kennedy in the garb of an oriental dancer, Mabel Normand in her village cut-up attire, Pauline Frederick and her director chatting and smoking cigarettes, Tom Moore as a tramp dining with Hedda Nova, Sidney Ainsworth and Owen Moore were before me. Clara Horton, her mother, Cullen Landis, Hal Cooley, Reginald Barker and numerous other celebrities sat at the big U-shaped counter that extends the length of the room from the kitchen.

How to Hold a Baby

(Concluded from page 68)

1883, exactly, when he first appeared, with his father, in the old English melodrama, "The Streets of London." He was educated in England. In 1906 he came to New York, playing in "Nurse Marjorie," later in "The Battle," finally scoring his first real hit in "Alias Jimmie Valentine"—which part he created and which part has been recreated by almost every stock actor in the country. Warner was appearing in "Sleeping Partners," a piquant farce from the French, when the camera recalled him to California. It was something over two years ago that his Ince pictures made him a film prominence and if you saw "Shell 43" or "The Market of Vain Desire," or Frohman's "God's Man," not to mention "The Beggar," you'll probably be watching out for his further picture appearances.

"You're glad to be back in pictures?" I asked departing.

"She never cries," he said as he shook my hand. "never. I really think she's an exceptionally bright child, don't you?"

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He Hasn't Been Home Since

(Concluded from page 61)

as a thoughtful surprise for the end of the jaunt. I was the luggage. The play was done exactly as on the stage, all in one scene with the camera clicking! Soon after, believe me, I went back to the stage.

"Who says that movies aren't looking up? Since then I've played a variety of good strong parts and the stories were punch-laden without a lot of murders to fill in. Funny thing," he went on, "but they hesitated about letting me play Ridy Scarborough, the grocer's son, in 'Sis Hopkins,' with Mabel Normand. Thought I'd best continue as a 'straight' leading man, not as a rube. My real success on the stage came with a character much like Sisseretta Hopkins' sweetheart, in 'The Hoosier Schoolmaster.'"

Yes, he began with Griffith. He has filled Thanouser, Metro and Famous Players engagements. With Mary Pickford, you remember, he heroed in "Hulda from Holland" and "The Eternal Grind," and people began asking who that nice young man was. After that William A. Brady, under whose eye John had since been playing in the stage productions of "The Things that Count" and "The Family Cupboard," bound him to World. There he was reunited with Ethel Clayton and supported her in such World dramas as "Easy Money." With Louise Huff, too, in "T'other Dear Charmer." Then Samuel Goldfishwyn engaged him and he has been playing opposite Made Kennedy in plays like "The Kingdom of Youth" and "Daughter of Mine," and Mabel Normand in the aforementioned "Sis Hopkins."

His favorite diversion is steering his small car over the Hollywood hills when he's an exile in California, and navigating his small-sized steam yacht "The Uncas," when he's "home," on Long Island. He is thirty-one years old, and happily married to Mrs. John Bowers, who was Rita Heller, a non-professional.

The Film and the Child

(Continued from page 69)

"a new shudder." 'Huckleberry Finn,' as history knows, was barred from every respectable public library for its disgusting indecency, melodrama, and general impropriety. Its taste was as bad as the grammar of its two heroes, both of whom were models of 'what nice boys never do.'

"I never heard 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' rebuked for such qualities, but it probably caused more profanity and fistcuffs among the youth who were compelled to wear curls of a yankable length than any other evil influence in the history of the world. Harry Leon Wilson recently wrote a story about a boy whose mother forced him to wear Fauntleroy curls with horrible results. He became such a demon of bad temper and ferocity that the Germans wouldn't fight with him because he was so rough.

"But what on earth can one fear from the movies when one considers what the pre-movie children were brought up on? From time immemorial children have been threatened with ogres and witches that eat children alive or change them to toads. Grimm's fairy-tales and many others are too hideous to read to young children nowadays, when we have learned that abject terror is not the best pap for infants. 'Jack the Giant Killer,' 'Jack and the Beanstalk,' 'Hop o' My Thumb' and other nursery pets describe cannibalistic orgies, the



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The Film and the Child

(Concluded)

mastication of raw children, or the thrusting of them into ovens to make gingerbread. The old grandmother eaten alive by a wolf that tries to eat a little girl alive is classic pabulum for babes. What worse can the movies offer? In the story of the imprisoned girl who let her hair down from the tower for her young lover to climb up by, the old witch cut the luckless youth into small bits without the incidental humor and happy ending of the Bab ballad about 'It was a robber's daughter and her name was Alice Brown.' 'Robinson Crusoe' is full of cannibals and murders and duels. So is 'Ivanhoe'; so 'The Scottish Chiefs.' For nearly a hundred and fifty years the whole world has loved Fenimore Cooper for his stories of Indian atrocities, scalplings, torture-dances, and gun and tomahawk and arrow play.

"Little savage children who are not subjected to the depraving influence of dime novels, moving-pictures, roller-skates, soda-fountains, circuses, and other forms of early ruination, have had their own specific educations in murder, arson, and demonology. In the eighteenth century and before, children were excited by tales of highway robberies. They saw processions to the gallows. In yet earlier days they knew of legal and religious torture. The Romans, Greeks, Egyptians, Assyrians, and cave-people had their method of educating their babies into horror.

"Every child enters a world as full of terrors to him as it is to any bird or fox. He is a savage by inheritance, suspicious and cruel by nature. He tortures flies and sticks his fingers in mama's eyes and pulls papa's whiskers, just for love of pain. He inherits a salutary fear of everything, and peoples the dark with dreads. I have before me a little picture my mother has given me, showing a mother, interested in her book, pooh-poohing the bedroom fears of her child. She says:

"A great big boy like you shouldn't be afraid of the dark."

"I ain't afraid of the dark," he blubbers, 'I'm afraid of the robbers and lions under the bed.'

"Considering what horrible experiences every boy and girl undergoes in the first few years at home, what possible danger can it meet in the dark movie-theatre that will be anything but tame by comparison? There are stupid, wicked, morbid, unwholesome moving-pictures, of course; for the moving picture is a human institution. But it is no more dangerous to childhood than the printed page, the trusted nurse, the

neighborhood companion or the opportunities of solitude. Mothers cannot save their children's souls by any known device. If the mother should stay by her child all the time, both mother and child would go mad and commit suicide or mutual murder. Once the mother lets the child go, other sorts of risks begin, and it is hard to tell from the score whether evil influences build or corrupt good manners.

"As for the moving-picture, it is a business first, an art incidentally and occasionally. It is among the great staple industries of the world. A great many persons are in a state of constant agitation and publication because the movies are not all of them always up to the highest standards of art. In the first place, no two people agree on the standards of high art; in fact no one person agrees on the standards for any two seasons in succession.

"It is as futile to criticize the inartistic quality of the average movie as it is to go into spasms because street-cars are not chariots of grace with Parthenonian friezes instead of advertisements; or to throw fits over railroad freight-yards; or to get excited because the family comic pages of the evening papers employ inartistic and unoriginal themes. These things are far better than they might be; and the critic with his personal whims on art and the moralist with his personal schemes for keeping the world out of mischief, are like fussy old women chasing children along the beach. They cannot drive back the sea; no respectable child will obey them, and they simply get their shoes and other portions of their costumes wet and the sea rolls on. The tide comes and goes. The critic who catches it on the ebb can drive it back with brilliant success; but the critic who tries to play Canute when it comes in is doomed.

"As for Mary Pickford, I never saw her and neither did Charlie Towne ever see her, in a picture whose influence was less wholesome than any of Miss Alcott's books.

"My only consolation in the case of Charlie Towne is the comforting knowledge that a few years from now he will be writing for 'The Bookman' another terrifying 'Let us beware.' He will tell us how he went out to the home of 'some friends in the country' and asked the children to go to the moving pictures with him; and how they declined with scorn because they had dates at an airship regatta over Long Island Sound. He will regret the days when saintly Mary Pickford won the hearts of the little angels the children were in 1910, when they gave their parents no concern."

The Volcano

(Continued from page 65)

circumstances. Why, Milt, she's crazy about you."

"Suppose I marry her? What will be my sister's attitude toward my bride?"

"My dear Milt, the girl's a lady. They're poor as church mice, and she's rather lost her bearings by association, but if you love her I say marry her. You can have the Connecticut place for your honeymoon."

Captain Garland threw away the cigarette he had just lighted, caught the little widow in both his long arms and kissed her.

With Davy home the visits of Alexis became more and more frequent. He haunted the little back room where the wounded lad and his crutches held forth. Captain Garland was a frequent visitor too. Olga had been to see Davy twice. She had seemed shy. The young soldier suffered keenly. He dared not ask Olga to marry a cripple

yet his heart ached to remove her from the home of rascally old Michael.

One day, later on, when Garland was calling on Ruth, Minski's pale visage insinuated itself between the ancient draperies that divided the living room from the store. Ruth greeted the caller with a shrug, then was forced to introduce Garland.

After a few preliminaries Alexis began functioning true to form. It was with a half sneer that he remarked:

"So Davy's home, wounded—wounded fighting for the rich. This was a millionaire's war."

"Right," laughed Garland—"it was. I had a multi-millionaire in my company—cleaning horses. Yes, it was a rich man's war, all right—prince and pauper, millionaire and mendicant—all, in khaki fighting for humanity. Great stuff, what?"



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The Volcano

(Concluded)

"Bah!" screamed the white-faced visitor, tossing his hat aside with a gesture of anger. "Let me tell you they fought for the capitalists—the idle rich—that's the gang they fought for—the damned Wall Street nest and all the balance of that carrion crew."

"My friend," demanded Garland—"Are you an American Citizen?" The man flushed. His eyes shifted. He stammered. Then definitely he shouted:

"What if I'm not? Isn't this a free country?"

"Yes," answered Garland, thoughtfully, as he bowed his adieu—"Yes, Mr. Minski—entirely too free, I think."

In all life drama events move rapidly toward the final climax. There had been another street riot and five of Minski's gang had been picked up by the police. Bombs had been seized in Mazanov's attic—fifteen deadly bombs and a bundle of labels bearing the name of a prominent New York Department store.

Then one day the Captain came buzzing up in the big car. He found Ruth alone. Grandpa Carroll was in his favorite corner on the Quay, smoking his favorite pipe.

When Garland advanced to meet the little schoolteacher he held out both hands.

"Ruth," he whispered—"Ruth—I—I love you dear. I want you to be my wife—"

The dark eyes filled with tears—the beautiful face went deadly white then flushed to crimson.

"Oh" sighed the little schoolteacher as she crept into the Khaki arms. "Oh, oh— isn't the world wonderful?"

When Davy entered from the rear and found his sister in the embrace of his Captain, there was no mistaking that young gentleman's enthusiasm. He saluted, like a good soldier and then pumphanded the arm of the two-striper that he had saved.

"You haven't got it all to yourselves either," grinned the sergeant—"I asked Olga what about it. She says it wasn't just my feet she was crazy about. She was going to marry me, flat tire and all."

Ruth, with the flush of happiness still upon her cheeks, looked up to confront Alexis. The man was beside himself. He positively foamed at the mouth.

"By God!" he yelled, "you're a pretty liberator—you and your damned army captain! Say! I've got the goods on that fellow. One of our people in Washington listened in on the wire from the espionage department. Here's what was said."

The paper produced proved to be a record of a conversation in which Garland had informed the secret service of certain activities among the radicals. It was an ingenious perversion. Part of it was true. Most of it was false.

"See what he said—Davy and Grandpa and you and me and Minski and Olga—Why he's got us all named in his damned indictment. They're watching us now. Can't you see, you fool, he's used you—he's made you believe he loved you to get the goods on us."

"It's a cruel lie," blazed Ruth—"He's a gentleman."

"Gentleman," howled Minski—"He's a damned spy."

Ruth thought quickly. Why should this charming young denizen of the halls of wealth have sought her out—she, the orphaned grandchild of an old dealer of an old book dealer—could he be plotting the destruction of all she held dear in the world?

"Quick," she screamed—"Quick Alexis—he's down on the pier—the beast—the traitor—"

Without a word the Russian rushed out as Ruth collapsed on the rickety old sofa, sobbing hysterically.

"What the—why Sis, what's happened?"

Davy stood staring wide-eyed at his sister whose shoulders heaved with grief. Suddenly she looked up. Her eyes gleamed in- sanely.

"Davy!" she gasped—"Garland—Garland's a spy. He's trying to ruin us—Alexis—Oh, my God! Alexis will kill him."

"Spy?" roared Davy. "Why, damn it, if he's a spy I'm a spy. We both wear the same uniform. Where's that crazy Russian? Quick! Where is he?"

When Captain Garland stepped up to Old Man Carroll on the end of the quay, looking as happy as a newly engaged man ought to look, that astute philosopher was in no way doubtful of his mission.

"Mr. Carroll," began the young officer, "I've something important to tell you."

"Boy," and the old soldier extended his vein-streaked hand with a hearty gesture, "Boy, you don't need to tell me. I know. There's a halo around your hat and Ruth has had hers on ever since you landed in our back parlor. Shake. You have my blessing."

Suddenly the speaker paused and stared into the dusk. Those moving shadows— what were they?—creeping closer and closer in the clutter of dock refuse?

"Look out!" shouted the old man "Quick! Behind you!"

Garland turned like a flash, but was too late. His assailants bore him down. Dull blows sounded in the still night, and then there was a splash. Grandpa Carroll was alone on the pier and there were men running—three. He counted them dully.

"What's that?"

Davy started from the side of his weeping sister. Again came the cry, Help!"

No man on crutches ever made faster time than Davy. Swift as he was, Ruth was at his heels as he stumbled over the prostrate figure of the old soldier.

"The captain—" was all Grandpa could whisper—"There!"

Ruth rushed to the dock edge. What was that? A white face, just rising through the murky waters of the river.

"Oh, God!" she sobbed. "God help me now," and plunged into the high tide flood.

"We got all three of the dogs," remarked Captain Ryan of the riot squad, reporting to Captain Garland of the military espionage department two hours later, after Ruth and the unconscious soldier had been picked up by a boat crew from the Destroyer 114. "One of 'em is Minski. We've landed that rat at last."



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Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 112)

L. H., BLACKWELL, OKLA.—Have I lived in Chicago all my life? Not yet. I hope to. The scenes in France for "The Heart of Humanity" were shot in the battlefields of sunny Hollywood. So were several extras. Real stuff, wasn't it? Don't you know Pauline Frederick? She was in "Madame Jealousy" with Tom Meighan—in fact, Pau-

line played Madame herself. Some of our playwrights just can't bear to call their characters common names like Tomand Alice, or Harry and Ruth. No—they must have Jealousy, Love, Beauty, Truth, and Passion. This is called allegory, I believe; but a pose by any name would be as sweet.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

FLORENCE, IOWA.—The Iowans are curious and curiouser this month. Do you know that you rule the world? Arline Pretty comes back, with Jess Willard, in his film debut. Lucille Lee Stewart is Eugene O'Brien's leading woman in "The Perfect Lover" with Mary Boland and Martha Mansfield. Three leading women to love; lucky 'Gene. He always did get the best of everything. All because of a droop to his mouth, a lift to his eyebrow, and, of course, a little talent. He's talented, that boy; talented. That all?

LORETTA, SYRACUSE.—Dear Loretta, that is Henry King's real name so far as I am able to ascertain and inasmuch as he is married to Gypsy Abbott and is the father of a little girl I wouldn't write and propose to him. He directs now. Gypsy Abbott isn't acting now; you may remember her with Balboa. They live in California—somewhere near Los Angeles. I'll look them up for you.

IRMYN, MIAMI.—Those stars will send you pictures, I think, especially if you enclose the customary quarter. Barbara Castleton, H. B. Warner company, Brunton studios, Los Angeles; Alice Joyce, Vitagraph, Brooklyn, New York; Douglas MacLean, Thomas H. Ince studios, Culver City, Cal.; Ruth Roland, Pathe studios, Glendale, Cal.; Eugene O'Brien, Hotel Royalton, New York. Texas Guinan's first is "The Girl of Hell's Agony." She is making two-reel westerns for William Sherrill of the Frohman Amusement Corporation. Jack Sherrill is her leading man for one picture; and Jack Richardson, the former "Flying A" and Triangle villain, will pursue her through two and a half reels only to fall off a cliff at the end. Seriously, though, the Guinan pictures will be a new kind of "western" with Texas as a feminine billhart.

FLATTERER, ROCHESTER.—Don't call me an efficiency expert. Call me grandpa, the soul of wit, old top,—but don't accuse me of being an efficiency edgar. I am a roving Roger; a sweet William; a lazy, careless visionary who never did anything on schedule in his life except eat. I hope I have disillusioned you. I am brief, however; and I am so young you must excuse much. But let me make my own excuses and let you give them. I don't know if Eugene gets tired of holding his mouth on one side; I know I get tired of answering questions about Eugene. I should think he would work it in shifts, shouldn't you? I don't know why Constance and Harrison Forde don't form a permanent partnership, but it may be that it hasn't occurred to them and that their own wishes would be rather paramount in a case like this. Irene Castle's first Famous Players picture, "The Firing Line." I lost the rest of your letter and I'm sorry. Write again.

BETTY D., PROVIDENCE.—In an English magazine they were mentioning "our homely film stars." I'm sure they will all be highly incensed until they stop to think that in English "homely" doesn't mean unattractive but simple, home-loving. However, that may make them feel just as bad. Tell you the studio address of each actor? Betty! I've got work to do. There are several hundred actors you know. Elliott Dexter is in his early thirties. Married to Marie Doro. Marie's new picture is a Herbert Brenon product, "Twelve-Ten," made in England. Many, many felicitations; I greatly appreciate your kindness.

MISS CANADA, STRATFORD.—My dear, I enjoyed your letter very much indeed; don't be afraid of me. I am very kind to Canadians. Gladys Brockwell will answer you; I am sure she will. She is married; and the lady who is usually with her is her very young mother, Billie Brockwell. Billie answers Gladys' mail—unless it's a letter from you—designs her gowns, helps her study her roles, and is a general pal. There are some wonderful mothers in the star business. Conway Tearle has been married and is married. The present Mrs. Tearle is known professionally as Adele Rowland, well known on the musical comedy and vaudeville stage.

HELEN, SANTA ROSA.—I never heard of the actress you mention. While I have heard of a good many actresses there must be some I don't know about, I hope; and your friend is one of them. I don't know, either, how often Wallie Reid passes through Santa Rosa, if ever. And I can't tell you just the age of Nazimova, but I know that she is somewhere in her thirties. I wish you would ask me something I can answer.

BARBARA, "SOCIETY BELLE."—In the first reel you are seen at your coming-out party. There you meet the villain, a count, and the hero, a young reporter. Jewels are stolen and suspicion points to the reporter. In the third reel you are seen at a ball featuring a large feather fan. In the sixth reel you marry the reporter. You believe in him all the time. They forgot the jewels in the second reel. Seems to me you're pretty young to be gallivantin' around like that; girls didn't do that in my time. I like blondes. Wanda Hawley, Lasky studios, Hollywood. She has appeared in, lately, "For Better For Worse" under Cecil DeMille's direction; and as a reward for her good work in this and other Laskys she has been given the title role in "Peg o' My Heart," which William DeMille will direct. Vivian Martin, Lasky. Madge Kennedy, Goldwyn, Culver City. Others elsewhere.

ELIZABETH C. C., CALIFORNIA.—Marie Walcamp is Universal-serialing on the old City lot. Pat O'Malley was with Metro for the Viola Dana picture, "False Evidence," in which he played her brother. He was with Universal some time ago, and I think you might address him at Universal City. Norma Talmadge has her own studios, under the management of Joe Schenck, who is her husband in private life. There's a Constance Talmadge, and a Natalie. Niles Welch is with Lasky, playing opposite the various starettes. Mrs. Welch is Dell Boone, who also acts. My family? Ah, Beth, I am connected with some of the veribest—(Armour's brand)—by telephone.

LYTELL AND DESMOND FAN, MOUNT KISCO, NEW YORK.—Didn't I receive your other two letters? Well—now that I think of it—it seems to me that one rainy morning, coming down feeling rawther damp and dispirited, I found on my desk among several hundred other letters, two letters which I immediately opened. One was from you. The other was from you. And now you are writing me a third letter. Isn't it wonderful? Such sympathetic communication is rare—very rare indeed. So Bill Desmond sent you his picture, personally autographed. I wonder what Mrs. Mary McIvor Desmond will say? I don't see how you girls have the heart to try to break up the happy homes of movie actors. But you haven't heard from the others. Serves you right for supplying these greedy thespians with thrift stamps.



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(Continued)

YVONNE G., MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA.—Ah welcome—Joyous Yvonne, the Fireside-Slave! So you're living in Iowa but you were born in Marseilles. I'll be glad indeed to help you all I can—by mail and through these columns. Greater enterprise hath no Answer Man. You see he's just an Answer Man. Gaston Glass is a young Frenchman who is Sarah Bernhardt's godson and protégé. He acted with her in Paris—graduate of the Conservatoire—and in "Mothers of France," her war picture. Than he toured this country in her company, went to war, won the Croix de Guerre, came back and is in pictures now in New York. Have no record of that French actress.

VERNETTA, CORY.—You girls with pink stationery haven't spoiled the old Answer Man. Such a sweet nature as mine can never be spoiled. My head is turned—the other way. There is a little story in this month's Plays and Players about Mollie King's unexpected marriage. Rumors are like mushrooms; they—now you finish it. Can't tell you the cast of "The Master Misery;" all serials look alike to me. Bert Lytell was in "Empty Pockets." It was directed by Herbert Brenon; and Barbara Castleton was in it too.

M. B. R., SIXTEEN.—You sixteen-year-olds are the little oases of inconsistency in an Answer Man's desert of practicability. Don't ever tell, but if you and others like you stopped writing to me in your unreadable scrawls on many-hued paper telling me that I'm your favorite Answer Man and all, I'd throw up my job. This is incriminating but true. But what good would it do you to know my name? I agree with Bill Bacon that there's nothing in a title. No, June Caprice hasn't left us flat; she comes back smiling in Albert Capellani's so-called filmusical comedy, "Oh, Boy!" Creighton Hale opposite; and in it Flora Finch returns—you remember her, with John Bunny, for Vitagraph. Charles Bryant was Nazimova's leading man in "Out of the Fog." Paul Willis is going on the stage, I believe, in a vaudeville playlet. Marguerite Clark's "Wildflower" is being reissued as one of the "Success Series" on the old Paramount program. If you enclose a stamp in remuneration will I honor you with a personal reply? No—but if you'll sling a few questions and slip in the old three-pence, I'd be glad to pound out a few words of glad stuff and scratch my old waterman over the line at the finish.

TEXAN, SUNNYSIDE.—"Which one do I like best, Wallace Reid or Barthelmess?" Will you send me a quaint old shuttle for my tatting if I tell you? Well, then, I think you don't like either of them. I am convinced that Roscoe Arbuckle is your favorite. There's something about your handwriting—Robert Harron is with Griffith; write to him on the coast. John Barrymore is one of the stars in "The Jest," an Arthur Hopkins production by Sam Benelli.—It is playing now at the Plymouth Theatre, 45th Street, New York. Lionel Barrymore plays the "heavy" part. I think Jack Barrymore is making pictures right along with his stage work. Last I heard Irving Cummings was to make a serial at the Selig studio for Colonel Williams, appearing with Juanita Hansen. He has also been on the stage, in stock, lately in the west, and is under contract to Famous Players-Lasky, which contract takes effect sometime soon. He is married and there's a small Cummings, a boy. The Cummings are coming, hurrah, hurrah! Others answered elsewhere.

PAULINE, VINITA, OKLAHOMA.—I like old paintings, old sculpture, old music, old wines—everything but old maids. Women are the only things that do not improve with age. Yes, the Gish-Barthelmess combination was one of the most successful juvenile teams on the screen. Dick and Dorothy "played opposite" in the following films: "Battling Jane," "The Hope Chest," "Boots," "Peppy Polly." He plays with Lillian in "Broken Blossoms," and is a permanent Griffith feature now.

DOROTHY, CHICAGO.—Yes, most of us try to tell the truth; it would be so much more interesting if we prevaricated occasionally. Truths cease to be important once they are told. I don't know Douglas MacLean so I can't say whether or not he is the male paragon you credit him with being. He is well liked, I understand. You will be overjoyed to learn that Tom Ince is starring him, with little Doris Lee-May, in a series of new pictures from stage plays, beginning with "What's Your Husband Doing?" Neither of these young co-stars know anything about it; they are both unmarried and happy. Don't know just why Thomas H. found it necessary to change Doris' name from Lee to May, but I suppose he has his reasons. She was Charles Ray's leading woman, you know. Rudolph Cameron isn't acting in pictures that I have heard of; he played with Anita Stewart, later on Mrs. Cameron, in several Vitagraph pictures, including "Clover's Rebellion." He aviated for his Uncle, then upon his release went west to join his wife. How's that?

B. V. D., NEW YORK.—Reminds me of the man who got mixed on initials; he was dressing and yelled to his wife, "Where did you put my IWW's?" Mary Pickford's leading man in "Captain Kidd, Junior" was Douglas MacLean, who is discussed pro and con in the paragraph directly above. Robert Gordon was the asinine Englishman in it—same Gordon, though it's hard to believe, whom you saw in "Missing" and whom you will see in the new J. Stuart Blackton productions, with Sylvia Breamer. Gordon recently married Alma Francis. Ruth Roland isn't married at present; she is divorced from Lionel Kent. You think the Q and A fan who wanted to know how I lived on earth on \$9 a week was inquisitive. Jes' plain curious, lady. I don't think being called "Dear Answer Man" is being addressed "in a loving manner." It would never break the happy home I never had and it isn't near so loving as I'd like. You could have one of my likenesses if I had any. I'll be glad to give you one of my pet aversions.

MILDRED E. W., UNIONVILLE.—The slick-est raffles couldn't rob you of your real possessions. One need not worry about losing one's sense of humor if it's in the treasure-chest of experience locked by the key of tolerance. (That's pretty good; I never knew I had it in me. But I think I must have lost the key.) I don't think Mary's "Little American" is playing anywhere right now; they may re-issue it however. By "they" I mean Paramount. Jack Holt plays opposite Miss Pickford in it. Jackie Saunders' latest is "Jackie the Hoyden." I hear she is coming back soon; she may go abroad to make pictures. No; we don't shimmy in Chi; although I think the dance, or whatever it is, originated in a Chicago cafe. Frisco is a jazz dancer, dearie; and he has never been to the town whose name he took. He started in Chicago but had to go to New York to become famous. And there you are. Why, I can walk down

State Street and not one pedestrian starts and says, "There's the Answer Man!" But I know that in Unionville's Main street I would attract attention, if only for my stylish appearance. You should see my new striped socks.

S. D. B., COLUMBIA, S. C.—Initials are very good just now. So you enjoy my pages. Thanks; now I'll sit up, take a deep breath, cinch my belt and go to it. Or had I better take a deep breath before I cinch up my belt? Anyway that was a nice letter and encouragement is what I need. I may say I have never needed so much encouragement. I haven't any likker jokes to fall back on. Marguerite Clark is Mrs. H. Palmerson Williams. Elsie Ferguson is Mrs. Thomas B. Clark, Jr. Her husband is a banker. Alice Brady married James Crane, an actor, son of Dr. Frank Crane, in New York late in May. She's going to keep right on with her stage and film playing. Norma Talmadge is Mrs. Joe Schenck, wife of the theatrical manager. Thanks again; no trouble at all, and good luck to your brother. Tell him I'm proud of him, will you?

DAVID D., DAVISON, MINNEAPOLIS.—Things easily won are never appreciated. The fact that you had to write me three letters before getting a reply should make you cut out this, your answer, and treasure it gently. Just to show you my heart is in the right place even if it does beat under a gayly-striped shirt, I'll answer all your questions. That was Marcia Manon in "Stella Maris" with Miss Pickford and later in "Captain Kidd, Jr." with the same star. She played with John Barrymore, too, in "The Test of Honor." Mary Pickford is twenty-five. Jack Pickford went appear with Louise Huff anymore; he is with First National and she has signed to do six pictures with the American Cinema Corporation, a New York concern. She is Mrs. Edgar Jones. I think both Marguerite Clark and DeWolf Hopper were more than ten years old when they played in musical comedy together.

HELEN, BESSEMER, ALA.—A clever necktie is much more important than a carefully cultivated conscience. I spend more thought on ties than on the Peace Treaty. Grace Darmond was with Vitagraph, opposite Earle Williams, but they are no longer appearing together. Miss Darmond is the star of a picture called "What Every Woman Wants." I know—a new hat.

MYRTLE MORROW, EASTON, PA.—Good morning, Myrtle. I never feel so good before lunch, but your letter cheered me considerably. I suppose a girl wouldn't feel complimented to know that she had the same effect as a first cup of coffee but I assure you that's very chesterfield in my language. Princess Tokio? I never heard of her. Is she a girl from Indiana in a mandarin coat who sings in the spotlight of the vaudeville stage, "My home in Tokio, I want to be—o?" Louise Fazenda is with Mack Sennett's comedies, and you may address her at the Sennett studios in Hollywood, California. Louise isn't married; at least the last time she wrote me she didn't sound married. Sessue Hayakawa was born in Tokio in 1889; he was educated in a Japanese college and at the University of Chicago. He had six years stage experience on his native island. Married to Tsuru Aoki, the most charming Japanese girl I have ever seen. You'll find your others answered elsewhere.

Questions and Answers
(Concluded)

HELEN B. B. ALTON, ILL.—That isn't far from Chi, is it? Sure; drop in any old time and ask for the Answer Man. They'll probably tell you he is out; if so you have only to scintillate some bright retort like this: "Out of ideas—ah, but I have brought him some," and then they'll let you in because everyone knows I am short on ideas. Marguerite Snow hasn't made a screen appearance for some time, not since the "Eagle's Eye" serial. Her husband is James Cruze, now on the Coast directing for Lasky; a letter might reach her in his care. They have a little girl, Julie. Theirs was one of the first "real-life romances of motion pictures." Remember them both in "The Million Dollar Mystery" with Jimmie as the brave hero and Marguerite Snow as the artful adventuress? And Florence LaBadie as the heroine. You're right; she was killed in a motor accident; and Dr. Daniel Carson Goodman, a novelist, and now writing for the Alma Rubens Company, was her fiance. I've handed the rest of your letter to Mr. Why-Do-They-Do-It. I'm only afraid that when you come up you will get in his office by mistake. He is much more amusing than I am, although both of us are clean-shaven.

D. M. B., PITTSBURGH, PA.—Some people dance the new dances for exercise. I am not quite sure why the others do it. I can't give you all those ages; many of our leading men are as tender as ingenues when it comes to divulging the old birth-date. In fact they can't hear us when we ask. So all we can do is guess—and I think you're a better guesser than I am, D. M. B. Ralph Graves is about twenty, I believe, although he may try to claim more years than that. He's Dorothy Gish's leading man right now. Mary Pickford is twenty-five; Fannie Ward is said to be somewhat older, and Elliott Dexter is thirty-something. Sorry to be so vague.

J. W. SELBY, NEWARK-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND.—I'd like to see any sign like "Keep out" on an office door discourage any of our youngsters who have been over the top. "This Means You" doesn't mean them. So you in England consider Mary Alden one of our best actresses? I agree with you. Hollywood, California, is her locale and you may reach her there. You will I am sure enjoy her in "The Unpardonable Sin" a good but gruesome picture. And there was a story about Miss Alden in the July issue of PHOTOPLAY, called "The Ages of Mary" which will interest you. Why yes, I think you English are as a rule very good critics. At least you are consistent in your appreciation. I wish you would write again; letters like yours are rare indeed.

PEARL'S CHUM, ABERDEEN, S. D.—Dear lady, I am sorry to keep you waiting, but I have been rushed lately. Nobody has been rushing me, however. Yes, I have had the experience of being a freshman in school, and I want to tell you right now I was fresh. But that isn't a club that Mary, Doug, Charlie, and David Wark are getting up. No, indeed—that's a company. Aint you ever had no upbringing, can't tell the difference between club and company? Land's sake, chile! Pearl White has a house at Bayside in the summer; I think she's there now. She doesn't have much time to write letters. She plays golf and drives her car to keep in condition as if her work wasn't enough to keep her black and blue. I'm not fond of exercise. Wyndham Standinrz is Constance Talmadge's new leading man in her first First National release

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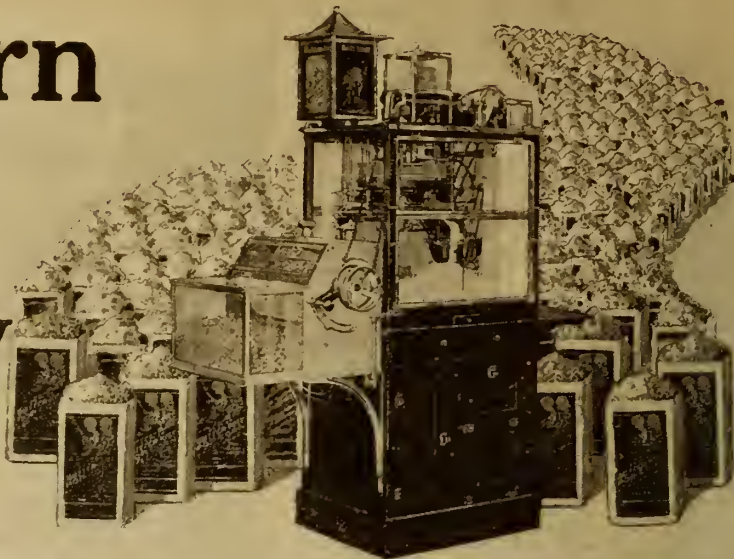
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For such highly technical research all photography looks to Eastman, since innumerable devices and improvements that make the camera simple, practical and efficient are net results of years of study and thousands of costly experiments in the Eastman laboratories. And the Eastman Kodak Company realizes the obligation of its leadership, to continue this service with increasing usefulness to professional and amateur alike.



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Eastman it isn't
a KODAK



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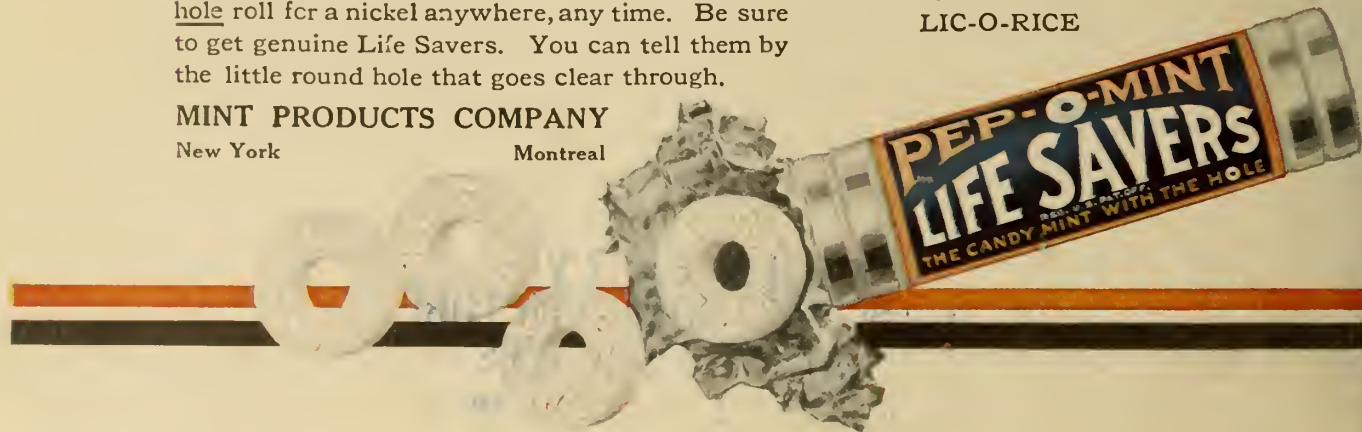
When your blood-pressure rises, take a Life Saver and cool off. When children are cross and fretful, give them Life Savers. Pure sugar and pure flavors, everything good in Life Savers. A hole roll for a nickel anywhere, any time. Be sure to get genuine Life Savers. You can tell them by the little round hole that goes clear through.

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PHOTOPLAY

Magazine

September
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Mary Thurman

ADAMS
Pure Chewing Gum



MISS VIRGINIA PEARSON, the famous motion picture actress who now appears at the head of her own company, says: "Adams California Fruit Chewing Gum, which tastes like a combination of delicious fruits, is the most delightful and refined flavor that I have ever found in any gum."

Virginia Pearson

Was
\$100

SAVE \$43

Now
\$57

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Try the Oliver for Five Days at Our Expense



Only \$3.00
Per Month

Do not buy or rent any typewriter until you know the Oliver. A five days' trial will help you decide. Besides saving you \$43, we make the payments easy. We ask no advance payment. But merely \$3 per month until the \$57 is paid.

Do not confuse this offer with those for second-hand or rebuilt typewriters. Our \$57 Oliver is our brand new identical Model 9, formerly priced at \$100. It has not been changed in the slightest.

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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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You can't buy a better typewriter at any price.

Mail the coupon now, for either a Free Trial Oliver or further information.

This Simple Plan Makes It Easy to Own an Oliver

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We did not change the famous Oliver an iota. The machine we now sell for \$57 is the identical one formerly priced at \$100—our latest and best model.

During the war we learned that it was unnecessary to have great numbers of travelling salesmen and numerous, expensive branch houses throughout the country. We were also able to discontinue many other superfluous, costly sales methods. You benefit by these savings.

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The coupon below gives you the opportunity to be your own salesman and save yourself \$43.

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The Oliver Typewriter Company

147-C Oliver Typewriter Building, Chicago, Illinois

Canadian Price, \$72

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Name

Street Address

City

State

Occupation or Business



"HERE IT IS!"

5:30.

Dad's home.

And, of course, gets the important news first.

The Paramount-Artcraft Motion Picture Theatre Program for the week is here.

No wonder wholesome, stick-together families welcome that little program.

Paramount-Artcraft Motion Pictures are the whole family's Playtime Schedule—five or six million families all over America.

Dad's just a big boy himself—enjoys those seat-gripping, breath-

catching pictures as much as the children. So does Mother.

It's a daily invitation to forget Center Street—and live joyous, carefree lives of adventure and romance—together.

Behind Paramount-Artcraft Motion Pictures is the ideal of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation—BETTER PICTURES!

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That's why they go into the library table drawer where everybody can find them.

Paramount - Artcraft Motion Pictures

These two trade-marks are the sure way of identifying Paramount-Artcraft Pictures—and the theatres that show them.



Paramount and Artcraft Stars' Latest Productions

Listed Alphabetically, released up to July 31st. Save the List! And see the pictures!

Paramount

John Barrymore in "THE TEST OF HONOR"
Billie Burke in "GOOD GRACIOUS ANNABELLE"
Marguerite Clark in "GIRLS"
Ethel Clayton in "THE SPORTING CHANCE"
Dorothy Gish in "NUGGET NELL"
Lila Lee in "ROSE OF THE RIVER"
"Oh! You Women" A John Emerson Production
Vivian Martin in "LOUISIANA"
Shirley Mason in "THE FINAL CLOSE-UP"
Wallace Reid in "THE LOVE BURGLAR"
Bryant Washburn in "A VERY GOOD YOUNG MAN"

Thomas H. Ince-Paramount

Enid Bennett in "THE HAUNTED BEDROOM"
Dorothy Dalton in "OTHER MEN'S WIVES"
Charles Ray in "HAY FOOT, STRAW FOOT"

Paramount-Artcraft Specials

"Little Women" (from Louisa M. Alcott's famous book)
A William A. Brady Production
Maurice Tourneur's Production
"SPORTING LIFE"

"The Silver King" starring William Faversham
"False Faces" A Thomas H. Ince Production
"The Firing Line" starring Irene Castle
"The Woman Thou Gavest Me" Hugh Ford's Production of Hall Caine's Novel
"The Career of Katherine Bush" starring Catherine Calvert
"Secret Service" starring Robert Warwick
Maurice Tourneur's Production
"The White Heat" A Cosmopolitan Production

Artcraft

Cecil B. de Mille's Production
"FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE"
Douglas Fairbanks in "THE KNICKERBOCKER BUCKAROO"
Flsie Ferguson in "THE AVALANCHE"
D. W. Griffith's Production
"TRUE HEART SUSIE"
*Wm. S. Hart in "WAGON TRACKS"
Mary Pickford in "CAPTAIN KIDD, JR."
Fred Stone in "JOHNNY GET YOUR GUN"

*Supervision of Thomas H. Ince

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Arbuckle Comedy
"A DESERT HERO"
Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies
"TRYING TO GET ALONG"
"AMONG THOSE PRESENT"
Paramount-Flagg Comedy
"THE INMOVABLE GUEST"
Paramount-Drew Comedy
"BUNKERED"

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ARTS AND SCIENCES
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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, *Publisher* — JULIAN JOHNSON, *Editor*

VOL. XVI

No. 4

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A CERTAIN staff writer promised to have a story ready for this issue entitled, "How the Player Will Spend Next Christmas"—(great mid-summer thought and all). But her mind turned to other things, it seems, for here is what we found in her type-writer as she lay sound asleep at her desk, anaesthetised by a singing lake breeze that plays havoc with workaday ambitions:

Wha—where the players will spend next Christmas—how they will spend—he said to write a story about Christmas and what—gee I hope I get away next month all right for my vacation I wonder wonder—write something he said about Christmas and how the players will spend their vacation—I mean Christmas and fishing and playing tennis and swimming oh how silly I must concentrate must must—I'd like to go for a bus ride today into the park to see Christmas trees—trees—I mean animals at the zoo zoo grass and trees and boat riding—I must write something—Christmas he said to write about the players and what—aaa darn darn darnnnnn.. hhjdksilk bosh-S

—OHO—

WISE guardians of public welfare are to ask Congress, it is reported, for an appropriation to combat a possible re-visitation of the influenza this winter. Which remind us of the statement made during the epidemic last year by a person of censorious ambition:

"No screen player," he said, "should be permitted to sneeze in picture. Episodes showing sneezing should be cut out of the film. Sneezing spread disease and who can say positively that the practice does not endanger the patrons of the theatre?"

—OHO—

SO many readers are asking what became of the girl who fell in the well in Miss Pickford's "Daddy Long Legs" that it certainly ought to cheer her

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parents a lot to let them know the general interest felt in the girl. It must be indeed a comfort to know that, had the fans been directing the picture, the poor girl would have not been left in the well to swim on—and on—and on.

—OHO—

ROSA LIND, postmark misplaced writes to inquire about A. Gnutt's portrait, which nearly appeared on this page of the July issue. "There is a fascination about mysteries," she says. "Why put your picture in at all? . . . By the way—what does the initial A stand for, Almonds or Acorns?"

That, Rosa, must remain an editorial secret.

—OHO—

ARTHUR BRISBANE, at a recent banquet of motion picture men in New York, remarked: "The greatest motion picture of all are the stars in the heavens, the majesty of the Niagara, the beating of the ocean waves on the shore, the miracles of planet life—and they don't stop moving on Sunday."

Neither, we add, is one forced to pay war tax to be admitted to the show.

—OHO—

THEY do tell as how th' professor chap wot lives atop o' the hill yonder 'ave just wrote a book about Mars."

"Mars? Wot do 'e know about Mars? Why, to my knowledge 'e ain't bin out of this neighborhood for seven years."—*Passing Show* (London).

—OHO—

SPEAKING of Mars, that reminds us of J. R. Bray's interesting manner of demonstrating in the Pictograph a proposed means of signalling Mars. Bray's drawing, animated on the screen, shows a gigantic mirror, facing the sun, and it is suggested to employ it in August, 1924, at which time we are nearest Mars. The idea came from Professor Pickering, of Harvard.

—OHO—

JAMES GABELLE, whose name appears elsewhere in this Magazine, writes a letter to the Editor as follows:

"If you want to know why movie audiences stay at home see 'The Jungle Trail.' In Africa, an Egyptian colony is discovered. No other white man has ever been there. Yet the hero has no trouble in understanding their speech nor they his. Perhaps they have learned Esperanto or Volapuk."

Perhaps the director took advantage of the fact that the motion picture is the Universal Language.

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A Sporty Chance American-Pathé
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Happiness a la Mode Select

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You're Fired! Paramount

A Bachelor's Wife American
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Whom the Gods Would Destroy
The Challenge of Chance First National
Hay Foot, Straw Foot Ince-Paramount
The Fear Woman Goldwyn
The City of Comrades Goldwyn
Upside Down Triangle
Gates of Brass Pathé
Beauty Proof Vitagraph
A Girl at Bay Vitagraph
Jacques of the Silver North Select
Destiny Universal
Tangled Threads Robertson-Cole
Putting it Over Paramount

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Written and directed by J.A. Golden*

PATHE
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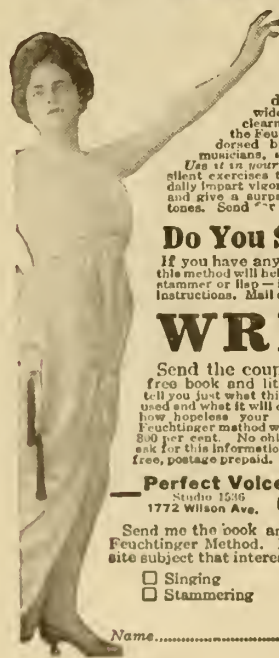
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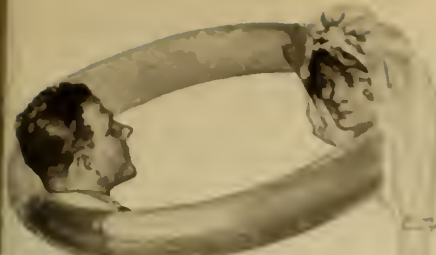
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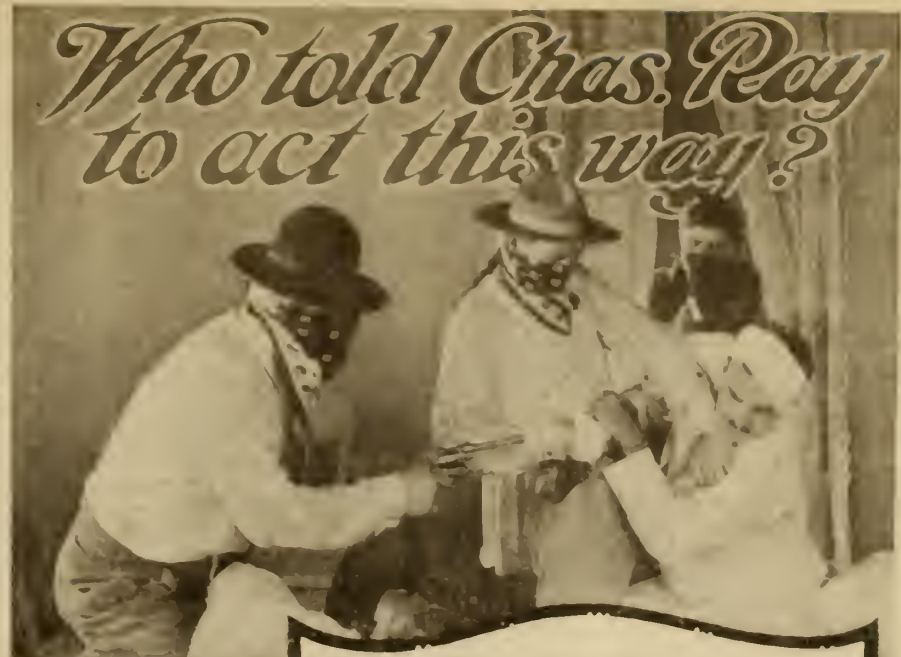
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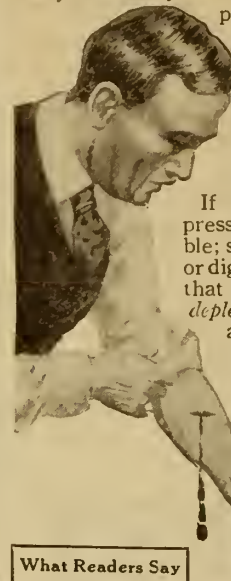
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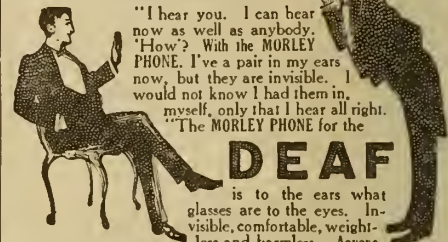
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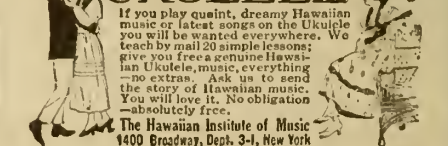
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There are seven Marinello Creams, each one prepared by specialists to remedy just one skin condition. Study your complexion in the mirror, then learn from the Chart just which Marinello Cream your skin needs.

Persist in the treatment prescribed for your kind of skin and you will be delighted to see how soon you acquire the charm that every woman yearns for — a skin fresh and glowing with the exquisite texture of smoothest satin.

To test these creams, send five 3c stamps and we will send you a Traveler's Trial Package containing samples of Lettuce, Tissue and Foundation Creams, Marinello Powder, Nardy's Toilet Water, Rouge, Vanish, Rose Jelly and a booklet on the care of the skin.

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La Crosse Wis



Chart of Marinello Seven Creams

- Lettuce Cream for cleansing the skin
 - Tissue Cream for rough, dry skin
 - Aspirin Cream for oily skin
 - Whitening Cream for a sallow skin
 - Acne Cream for blemishes and blackheads
 - Motiv Cream for skin protection
 - Foundation Cream before using powder
- To supplement the action of the creams always apply Marinello powder before venturing out.

MARINELLO

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To remove skin blemishes use the successful Woodbury treatment described on this page

You can rid your skin of blackheads. Read about the famous Woodbury treatment on this page

Three famous skin treatments

DO you know what makes a man or woman have an oily skin? A shiny nose? Blackheads? Skin blemishes?

You ought to know these things! Unless you understand what is keeping your skin from having the fine texture and healthful coloring that nature intended, you cannot have the clear, soft skin you long for.

Examine your skin carefully. Find out just what is the matter with it. Then, in the famous Woodbury booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," study the causes of your troubles and learn the special Woodbury treatment that will correct the condition of your skin, and make it soft and clear. You will find this booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Your skin is changing every day. As old skin dies, new forms to take its place. The proper Woodbury treatment, persistently

used, will give your skin the smoothness and clearness you wish it to have.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap today and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. Woodbury's is on sale everywhere. A 25c cake lasts a month or 6 weeks.

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Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 509 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 509 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

Oily skin and shiny nose How to correct them

With warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

This treatment will make your skin fresher and clearer the first time you use it. Make it a nightly habit, and before long you will see a marked improvement.

Blackheads

How to keep your skin free from them

Apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough wash cloth, 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. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a lump of ice. Dry the skin carefully.

To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the wash cloth in the treatment above. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

Skin blemishes—how to get rid of them

Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap and 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. Then rinse very carefully with clear, hot water; then with cold.

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 and clear your skin.





Adrienne Doré

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG has given the inlanders an opportunity to glimpse some famous Broadway beauties in his satirical series. A lovely *Flagg* heroine is Adrienne Doré, who will appear in a forthcoming comedy.



Alfred Cheney Johnston

TALLULAH came into prominence when she won a beauty contest. We do not wonder why. The familie Bankhead has two representatives in Washington; her father is a congressman. She has been seen, in pictures, opposite Tom Moore.



Alfred Cheney Johnson

AGNES AYRES is a Chicago girl—born there, and educated at Chicago U. The old "I will" spirit spoke and Agnes served at Essanay for some time. Then she became a Vitagraph featurette. Best-known as an O. Henry heroine.



Alfred Cheney Johnston

THE mighty brothers of drama, John and Lionel Barrymore, duplicated their the sombre Italian tragedy by Sem Benelli which Arthur Hopkins produced. John gave his first dramatic performance in pictures in "The Test of a Famous Player" Lasky



Alfred Cheney Johnston

dual success in "Peter Ibbetson" when they appeared together in "The Jest,"
duced in New York. John is the stripling hero; Lionel the black master of vil-
Honor." Lionel, long lost to the silversheet, will reappear in his original role
production of "The Copperhead."



Alfred Cheney Johnston

***T**HIS is reminiscent of June Caprice in her first motion picture, "Caprice of the Mountains." It calls to mind also "Oh, Boy!" in which exclamatory musical comedy, picturized by Albert Capellani, June returns to the screen.*



Alfred Cheney J.

ELAINE is the flower of the Hammerstein line—granddaughter of Oscar, the impresario. She had done intermittent picture-work and then Solznick signed her to become a permanent star. Coming soon in "Love or Fame?"



Alfred Cheney Johnston

*M*ARTHA MANSFIELD is one of the four leading women in "The Perfect Lover," starring Eugene O'Brien. Miss Mansfield was a screen soubrette in the Max Linder comedies and is a Follies and Midnight Frolic favorite.

THE WORLD'S LEADING MOVING PICTURE MAGAZINE

PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XVI

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Shakespeare Today Would Be a Photoplaywright

THE great players and playmakers of tomorrow will interpret and write for the screen. This is not the blithering chirp of a bird up the movie tree, but a statement of artistic-economic fact which no one, not even Mr. Belasco or Mr. Hopkins, can successfully controvert.

It is becoming increasingly difficult for good acting to reach the people. Theatrical plays are written and produced for New York City, yet at best only a few of New York's seven million, and a few other people in a few other cities, ever see adequate representations of these plays. As the population of the United States increases in numbers and culture its comparative facilities for the enjoyment of high-class drama are steadily decreasing.

Less than ten percent of the American people have seen the most popular stage actor, David Warfield. Probably more than eighty percent have seen the image of Mary Pickford. The photoplay has done so much to kill the cheap show, and economic conditions so increasingly restrict the spoken play of worth that between these two the theatre as a living force is in danger of perishing from the earth.

The photoplay's highest success, in exact opposition to the theory of the theatre, lies in infinite duplication. The finest screen cast, the greatest production, may go wherever a milk-can may go.

We dare to say that William Shakespeare would choose the photoplay, were he compelled to decide upon a medium of expression in 1919. He was a practical manager as well as a great artist, and he knew that the dramatist who plays upon the heart-strings of the world must create what the world best can see.

Dramatists of today, awake to your great, grave new responsibilities! You have been told that "the screen needs you." That is not true. The screen has prospered gloriously without you. It is the world that needs you! Under the sun and the lamps must come the creating and interpreting geniuses of the new era—not to the extinction of the theatre, but to its glorification. The drama of words will not pass away. Rather, purged of that commercialism which is its necessity today, it may return to its classic place as a true art.



The bell-tower of San Luis, Rey de Francia, a Mission of architectural splendor, great spiritual power and vast wealth—at one time. It was established June 13, 1798, and lies some forty miles northeast of San Diego.



The Hidden Glory of California

*Photography by
Putnam & Valentine*

THEY have been telling you, for years, that California's locations are all "shot up," "used out," seen by motion picture fans over the world until they know every corner in Los Angeles and every hillside in Los Angeles county. There is some measure of truth in this, yet the Great Romance of California, her immeasurably potent relic of history, and indeed the most distinct contribution to an original architecture and novel civilization that North America has ever produced has never been filmed at all! The reference is to the great chain of Franciscan Missions, a link of stately old ivory and red joining San Diego Bay with the Golden Gate along the royal road, "El Camino Real." These great religious-industrial communities brought Christianity and civilization to the savage Western Coast when Washington and his veterans were fighting for the freedom of the East. "Mission" houses and "Mission" furniture are known everywhere; here is where they first came from—and how many know that?



Above, the campanile of Mission San Gabriel, forty minutes by automobile from the heart of the Los Angeles film colony. The gloriously historic edifice of which this bell-tower is a part was begun five years before the Declaration of Independence was signed in Philadelphia!



Pala, one of the last of the Missions, near San Diego, was erected in 1816. Junipero Serra, the great Franciscan leader of the missionaries, did not found this mission—he died in 1784—but he traveled on foot, a number of times, between San Diego and San Francisco Bay.



Dustin Farnum, in "A Man's Fight," is probably the first to make any real use of the Missions in photo-plays, although isolated glimpses of them have very occasionally been shown without identification. There has been some churchly objection to Mission filming, but this is passing away. The scene above was photographed in the courtyard of San Juan Capistrano.

At the left, the Mission San Buena Ventura, on the Coast between Los Angeles and San Francisco. Below, the stately cloister of Mission San Fernando, Rey d'Espagna, dedicated September 8, 1797. San Fernando is a near neighbor of Universal City, which, indeed, lies in San Fernando Valley.



Grand indeed are the traditions circling Carmel (Mission San Carlos Borromeo). Here was the home of the "Father Presidents" of all the Missions; here the Argonauts of Religion, in the fleet of Don Gaspar de Portola, glimpsed again the lost port of Monterey, discovered by the great Spaniard, Don Sebastian Viscaino, in 1603.

Here Padre Serra himself chanted the first *Veni Creator*, June 3d, 1770. The church in the Valley of Carmel is still a going concern, spiritually and materially, one hundred and forty-nine years after its founding.



Mission San Diego de Alcalá was the first step in the civilization of the West. It was founded in 1769, and it is safe to say that without the work started on this spot California would never have been ready for American occupancy and might today be semi-barbarous as the heart of Mexico. Only this *fachada* of the grand old Mission remains.



Constance Binney is now a full-fledged star in "39 East." And next year she is to be a film star as well as a planet of the stage. The above is a scene from her present Broadway vehicle.



Plymouth Rock Chicken



Music, ankles, ingenues, literature, strawberry shortcake, Chopin, an afternoon in May—and Constance Binney.

By JULIAN JOHNSON

"I AM," she said, "a direct descendant of one of the ten thousand families that came over on the Mayflower."

Her mouth was very serious, but her eyes were dancing. Her face was the face of the child of a Salem elder; the contained but tremendously potential loveliness that so intrigued Hawthorne and bedeviled John Aiden.

It was a festal afternoon in spring. The windows—the windows of an apartment in the east Fifties, in New York—were open, and through them floated the scents of late May instead of the odors of a city street. But the apartment itself was almost as inviting as the day outside. Through the long entryway from the elevators one passed to this room, a homelike yet pre-eminently artistic enclosure bathed in north light. A Steinway grand, of usable appearance, and much musical manuscript, sturdily maintained its sidelong hold on one of the two windows, a long bench in front of its dental-ivory face. A curious cabinet of dark wood backed the wall nearest the door. There were several paintings, signed, but none so interesting as a strange fragment of framed canvas from Persia—a study of a lovely woman who, no doubt, has long been one with Omar's rose of yesterday. On the open side of the room a wide, tapestried, doorless space led to a reposeful room as big, but so artfully disposed that it had the intimacy of an alcove. And at the end of this, behind a broad table, rose a solid mass of filled book-shelves, a floor-to-ceiling compound, not of "sets," and fancy "editions," but variegated literature, rare books, French authors, fascinating biographies of fascinating people, unabridged editions of masters as frank as they were abundant.

Yet nothing in this bijou house could be as interesting, as vital, as poised, as its little mis-

stress, a Binney, the elder of the two Binneys, almost-children, who in a single year have swept clear up the ladder of favor in the biggest, busiest, hardest city in the world. And the engineer of this triumph, the director of their attacks, the diplomat of their treaties, the captainess of their industry, has been Constance, of whom I write.

There was none of the usual histrionic flutter and camouflage shyness in this twenty-year-old interviewee. She was not pretending to be complimented, while really being bored.

She was not pretending to be bored, while really being complimented. Rather, she was receiving the envoy of a group of her subjects—graciously, naturally, and without any thought to be other than herself.

I sat down, and we talked about the nice weather, and the great new studio Mr. Zukor is planning for Long Island, and the sensational success of the Barrymores in "The Jest,"—John Barrymore is her acting ideal, by the way,—and the advantages of hiscuit dough in making strawberry shortcake, and why were the new skirts so tight, anyway? You can't shoot a lot of cold-welded questions at an interesting person; their talk about ordinary things is so much more interesting than any set of answers to any questionnaire.

But we didn't talk long. The door at the end of that long vestibule banged open as though a shell had hit it, and the other Binney exploded in behind a dark little street frock, a dark floppy hat, a dark clinging fur, a dark chatelaine-and-locket of jet.

"I got it!" she cried.

And dropped a "part" of more than forty "sides" in her grave sister's lap.

Faire, barely out of school, manifestly still under Constance's chaperonage, and with a few pictures recently chalked

Photography by White



She is a lovely thing facially and physically—in appearance an ingenue of ingenues in the very flower of youth, plus, among other virtues, the saving grace of a vast underlying fund of New England common-sense.

up on her scroll of personal achievement, had won a leading role in a big autumn play.

"Fritzi," said Constance, "that's wonderful—how's your head?"

"Oh, it aches—and aches—and still aches!"

"You for bed—yes, you can take your part with you—we'll excuse you—you must lie down until dinner-time, at least."

And Fritzi went to bed. And I think she stayed in bed until dinner-time, for I monopolized the front of the house until nearly that hour, and her bobbed head appeared not again.

Fritzi . . . and Faire?

Faire is a nom-du-cinema. Fritzi is the only calling-word she answers in real life.

Like the annals of the poor, Constance Binney's record is short and simple.

She was born in New York City, a score of years ago, less than three blocks from *her own* very smart apartment of today, where, with an ancient duenna who has watched over her from babyhood, she studies, plays, works, entertains and benevolently rules the turbulent and admiring junior, Fritzi.

As she says, she is a Mayflowerette, a genuine Plymouth Rock chicken.

Her family, New Yorkers for a generation or two, brought their Massachusetts aristocracy and aloofness from things professional along when they trekked from Back Bay, and I imagine there was more rigor than she admits in their objection to the stage career she so long contemplated. She was educated, primarily, in a convent in Paris, and after that, was the disciple of a famous finishing school in Connecticut. Winthrop Ames saw her in amateur theatricals, and

Photograph
by
Charlotte
Farchild



She talks in prosaic terms of "flat-feet"—does this dancing actress—of flat-feet which she could only know of indirectly. A pose from one of her musical comedy appearances.

gave her her chance to enter the profession, in his "Saturday to Monday" company. Last year she was a dancer in "Oh, Lady, Lady!" both in New York and on tour, and is now a full-fledged star in "30 East." Her picture career began in "Sporting Life," and recently she supported



A scene from one of her most conspicuous film appearances—"The Test of Honor," with John Barrymore.

John Barrymore in "The Test of Honor." Next year she is to be a film star as well as a planet of the stage.

Short service indeed for one as widely known. It's the old story of the sharp, sudden, different impress of a real personality.

Analyzing Constance Binney is not difficult as far as an analysis of her success goes: she is a lovely thing facially and physically—in appearance an ingenue of ingenues in the very flower of youth—plus the poise of breeding and travel, the dignity and assurance of a very splendid and thorough education, and the saving grace of a vast underlying fund of New England common-sense.

Now I'm not raving about the girl. Exquisite and thrilling and very female, I grant you—but for the purposes of these columns she is only grist in a mill whose product very often must be disillusion; and it is very nice sometimes to be able to tell simple truths that sound like illusion.

When Fritzi took her head to bed we moved into the library. Constance had told me of her own father's love of literature, of her mother's remarriage, and of her decision thereupon to have a home of her own, for herself and her sister.

"These were your father's books?" I asked, looking upon the very fine and varied collection.

"No. They're mine. Every one of them. And will you please take one—any one—from every shelf, to see that they've been cut, and read?"

Then we talked about dancing, and how young women neglect the great gifts of beauty and health until it is too late to save or sometimes even to mend them. We talked about dancing in its most prosaic terms: as a cure for indigestion, as a weight-reducer, as a developer of insteps and a foe of that female bane, "flat-foot."

"You see," explained this demure little dancing actress, "that there isn't anything which will develop an instep like toe-dancing. For instance—" kicking off her tiny satin slipper she rose and stood on the very tips of her hard little muscle-ball toes as firmly and easily as a square-hoofed copper stands on asphalt—"I must be careful, now, not to overdevelop mine." Her foot arched away from a finger-spannable ankle like a drawn bow.

(Continued on page 130)



16 C. 1111

BILLIE BURKE, at Berkeley Crest. The old tree obligingly grew that way so that Billie could have a rustic stairway to climb and a sheltered nook in which to rest and dream in vacation-time. She's there right now. Keeping pace with the star's earnings, her estate at Hastings-on-Hudson has added Italian gardens, Japanese bridges, ponds and isles. You can see the marble swimming pool in which this aphrodite of the stage enjoys her early-morning swim. Florenz and Patricia Burke-Ziegfeld are here, too—but on our side of the camera.

Here The

Although Bill Des-
to keep his
breaking.
to interview



So long as the world shall last, the good bye of the bride to the groom on the first morning he goes to his work will be the most tragic tableaux of all times. "I'll be home for dinner early," he vowed. Wretch! He didn't get home until— but read the story.

"**S**ISTER Anne, Sister Anne, do you see anybody coming?"

It reminded me of that. Likewise, it is very difficult to carry on a conversation with a person who bobs up every other second to lean over the balcony railing and gaze down the road with a Sister Anne expression.

I was to dine with the Bill Desmonds. But Mrs. William Desmond being very much a bride, and Mr. William Desmond being detained indefinitely at the Hampton studio because they had hired an expensive aeroplane motor to blow feathers all over him, I was beginning to fear that food would remain unromantic-

Comes Groom!

he missed dinner, Monday arrived in time bride's heart from Say—did you ever try a bride and groom?

By

ADELA ROGERS

ST. JOHNS



In the Triangle days Mary McIvor was her husband's leading lady for a while. The above is a scene from one of their joint-pictures, "The Sudden Gentleman."

ly beneath my young hostess' notice.

When Bill Desmond married little Mary McIvor, one of the prettiest of the screen's young leading women, they became almost if not quite the most interesting bride and groom in Hollywood, for the time being. Some people said how did *she* get *him* and some people said how did *he* get *her*, but everybody seemed to approve. It would be difficult to do anything but approve of Bill and Mary—Bill being Irish and having a smile and "a way wid him," and Mary being eighteen and sweet as one of her own bridal roses.

Before we go any further, and that I may in no way deceive you or lead you through these literary bypaths under false pretenses, let me state right now that I have seen multitudes of newlyweds, anywhere for an hour on up. But I have yet to see anyone quite so bride-and-groomy as the Desmonds. Therefore, if you don't like moonlight, orange blossoms and cream puffs, figuratively speaking, you'd better quit right now and turn over to the editorial page where you'll find something to improve your mind. Because the rest of this is going to be about as sensible as those satin, French-heeled bed-room slippers that won't stay on.

To resume action, we continued to wait. I became hungrier and more hungry as odors drifted in from the kitchen of the adorable flat, and Mary McIvor Desmond became paler and paler. In her big blue eyes I could see mirrored pictures of Bill scattered all over the landscape by a careless automobile. But at last we went into the cunning little dining room, with its wicker furniture and Cecil Brunner roses.

"We've been married almost two months" said the bride, with one of her best smiles. "And I just can't understand how anybody can be happy who isn't married to my Bill!" (Of course she meant it! Have you forgotten the follies of your own mad youth?)

"He's so sweet and good and dear and handsome and we have such fun. We never either one of us had such a good time before. Billy had such a serious life" (one never contradicts a newly-wedded wife especially when she's speaking of her husband's character, but it occurred to me that while Bill has undoubtedly had a serious life it has mercifully been kept from him) "and he actually didn't know how to play at all. Why, I had to teach him all my games—and everything. My grandmamma said she had hoped Billy would make me grown-up and serious but instead I'd made him young and foolish. Isn't that nice? Anybody can be serious."

"Now when he comes home, he rings the bell and when I appear he says 'Is Mrs. Desmond at home?' I say, 'I am Mrs. Desmond,' 'Mrs. William Desmond, only recently married to the moving picture actor?' I say 'Yes.' And he says, 'Well, I'm a detective from the Pinkerton Agency and I've called to find out the exact state of your affection for your husband.' Oh, we can go on like that for the longest time.

"But I never make him play he's happy when he isn't. I think so many wives make a great mistake by always forcing their husbands to be bright and cheertul. Now there are lots of times when a man wants to be quiet and not talk, and yet a woman will insist on chattering and feels it's a reflection on her if he doesn't begin to sparkle like a diamond necklace.

"I am still working in the pictures—I'm playing leads in Billy Parsons' comedies, you know—for two reasons. I have my mother and my grandmamma to take care of, and I like to do it myself, though my Billy would love to do it. But mother's the sensible kind that says the less strain you put on a husband the longer he wears and goodness knows supporting a wife's family is a bit of a strain. Also, I believe it's a good

(Continued on page 130)



"GOOD Lord, mother, I forgot all about it. I'm awfully sorry," said Bob Gilmore sincerely into the telephone. "I'll be right home."

He hurried back into the living room of the Athletic Club, where, as was usual whenever he was about the place, he had been the center of a group of men all evening, and where he had been visiting especially with his particular pal Fred Hargreaves of New York, who was just in town for a couple of days.

"Got to go, boys," he called. "It seems to be my birthday. Mother remembered it, of course. She's giving a party in my honor. I'm disgracing the family to the limit this very minute.

"I'll meet you tomorrow morning," he added to Hargreaves.

Bob Gilmore's friends watched him swing out of the room with regret. There was always a good time when he was about. He was a powerful, clean-cut young fellow, full of fun and energy, who played the game of life as he played all games—squarely and with a keen zest and fine sportsmanship. He was the most popular athlete in Washington. He was a man's man, for whom women yearned, but yearned in vain.

Bob ran lightly down the steps of the club, greeted his incoming friends with jovial slaps and friendly punches, after the usual fashion of good natured young men of the vigorous type, sprang into his racer, and sped away.

Five minutes later his car leaped up the Gilmore driveway, and came to an abrupt halt outside a window in a cloud of smoke. Bob played leap frog with the driving wheel and landed softly through the window into the hall.

He was on his way to dress unobserved, when the confidential tones of two men guests behind the portieres arrested him.

"Such a frump of a woman for a man like John Gilmore," one sneered. The other agreed.

Bob peered around the corner at them. He recognized them as cheap business venturers with his father.

He had always felt a most unfilial distrust of the selfish, ugly-jawed, shifty-eyed man who was his father. He despised his father's friends. But he loved his mother more dearly than life.

Anger overpowered discretion. Before the men knew what was happening, they were being terrifically shaken and their noses painfully and unmistakably twisted.

"Kindly don't repeat that," Bob Gilmore said calmly. "Mrs. Gilmore is my mother."

The offending gentlemen offered battle, though for Bob the nose-twisting and the shaking would have satisfied his desire for violence. Others joined in, not knowing the cause. Soon the hall was a mass of kicking, biting, grappling men, with the head of Bob Gilmore always towering about them, and his iron fists darting like forked lightning hither and yon.

It was a frightful scene to have precipitated on a sedate and proper party. John Gilmore and Martha, his wife, rushed from the drawing room to see their son land a blow which sent their most distinguished guest reeling against the staircase. They interposed their bodies between the fighting men.

"They insulted mother," Bob offered in explanation, indicating the men who had brought this disgraceful situation about.

These two walked away with an air of outraged innocence. Those who had joined in without cause started sheepishly for the stairs. Soon the house was empty of guests, and Bob Gilmore and his father stood facing each other in the library.

"You're a liar," snarled John Gilmore between white lips. "Those men didn't insult your mother. You're drunk. You've disgraced us for the last time. I'm through with you. Get out of my house."

Because he knew he dared, the older man folded a newspaper and slapped it across his son's bloodless face.

"You cad—you low down—" Bob Gilmore fought for self-control. Every muscle in his well-trained body strained towards the contemptible man before him, yet he did not move. His mother's arms were about his shoulders. Her tear-filled eyes plead with him to remember her. And because Bob loved his mother more than life, he turned, as John Gilmore knew he would, and left the room.

Martha Gilmore sank lifelessly into her chair as though the one cord that bound her to life had been snapped. Her head bowed forward in pitiful suffering over the library table.

A piercing ring of the bell shattered the heavy silence.

Bob, entering the library by a rear way after having packed his belongings, to say farewell to his mother, heard an anguished cry from the hall. He stepped to the door. Three

The Midn

The first installment of the
ture featuring the pugilist-

By BETTY



"You're a liar!" snarled John Gilmore. "Those men didn't

men confronted John Gilmore. One of them was the cashier of the bank where the Gilmores did business. One of them, evidently a detective, had handcuffs ready. Martha Gilmore had thrown her body across the frame of her husband as if to save him from a blow.

"Come on. Henry Rowland never signed that check you

ight Man

thrilling new serial pic-
actor, James Corbett.

SHANNON



insult your mother. You're drunk! I'm through with you!"

cashied. "We've got you, you scalawag," said the detective rudely throwing Mrs. Gilmore aside.

Bob drew back into the library. Henry Rowland—a check—it must be the check he had taken to the bank to cash for his father the day before—the money was in the safe now—

Bob turned to the safe and opened it. He drew out the pile

of bills he had put there yesterday. He stood puzzled for a moment. Again the anguished cry from the hall!—Then sobbing! His mother—his poor mother—he must save her all he could, she had already had too much to bear! Bob turned and walked into the hall.

"I forged the check," he said quietly coming forward. "Here is the money."

The cashier remembered that it was indeed Bob who had cashed the check. The detectives seemed satisfied. The fear that had turned the craven countenance of John Gilmore ashy white now left him. He became again arrogant and cruel. His eyes narrowed to triumphant slits, and he pulled his wife away from the bosom of her son where she had thrown herself in overwhelming sorrow.

If Bob Gilmore was now to meet the law, he was not going to meet it lying down. His deceit had deceived the detectives. They were not prepared for the tiger that sprang on them suddenly, hurtled them into corners, leaped through the door while they collected their addled senses, and was gone in their own automobile.

The next morning Bob Gilmore met Fred Hargreaves as they had planned.

"I want you to know that what the papers say about me this morning isn't true," Bob told his friend. "There's a reason why I can't tell you all about it now. I will later on. In the meantime, I want you to take these papers home and put them in your safe for me." Bob handed over a bundle of securities.

"That's all I've got in the world," he said.

They shook hands and parted.

That afternoon John Gilmore was at one of his usual sessions of extorting money from his wife. Her private fortune was rapidly diminished under his unscrupulous houndings.

"If you don't sign," he leered threateningly, "I'll put every detective in town on his trail. Now you can pay for what I've suffered all these years for sake of that nameless brat. If you'd had a son of your own—"

He was silenced by fingers of steel upon his throat. His taunting face mottled over. His head was forced slowly around in that unyielding vise and his bulging eyes met the biting scorn of Bob Gilmore's gaze.

"Bob—my little Bob—you've heard," sobbed Martha Gilmore, forgetting the danger of capture that Bob had submitted himself to in coming there, forgetting all else but that he had just heard that which she had hoped he never would know.

"I couldn't have loved you more if you'd been my own."

She came to him. Her gentleness calmed him, as it always did, and he released his hold on the older man.

While Martha Gilmore went to fetch the little things that Bob had worn when they had brought him from the asylum so many years ago, the grown Bob faced John Gilmore.

"You miserable wretch," he said, coming close, "you sit down and write what I tell you. I'll have your signature to prove that you forged that check, and if you ever force money from mother again—she always will be 'mother' to me—I'll turn it over to some one who'll be glad to get it."

Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore had never known Bob's real name. The only possible clue to his identity they possessed was a curious ring with a jade top carved in a queer oriental design, which had been sewn in his baby dress. Under the removable top, was a seal of a star and crescent design. On the inside of the ring was the inscription "MOR." It had been the Gilmore's belief that Bob's father was a rich New Yorker whose surname began with the letters Mor.

While Bob and Martha Gilmore talked together and handled the delicately-textured garments, fragile links that bound the young man with some unknown past, John Gilmore crept to the telephone.

"Bob's here," he whispered. "Come and get him."

"It's the police," he chortled malignantly, when the remainder of the household was startled by commanding appeals of the bell.

"Fool," snapped Bob, shaking him. "Don't you know I've got your confession?"

In New York City dwelt one Henry Morgan and his daughter, Nell.

To all outward intents and purposes Morgan was a fashionable jeweler and a social power. Nell was just out of finishing school. She was a small, softly-moulded creature with fresh, vivid coloring, and eyes as blue as the fringed-gentian. She was supposed to be a debutante, but under her crown of pure

spun gold was a mind too alert to submit itself to a stupid social regime. She had ideas about the place of woman in the world of affairs, which somewhat amused, though it did not entirely please, her father. She gave her hours up to charity and philanthropic expeditions into the slums.

Morgan's affection for his daughter was the one honest emotion of his life. Aside from that, his entire position of prestige in business and society was built on hypocrisy. Unsuspected by the members of his social and business sets, scores of whom he victimized, he was the brains of a body of thieves whose fearless fingers reached out through devious and mysterious ways to deeds of violence and crookedness after the fall of night. They called themselves the "White Circle Gang." "Spike" Gavin was Morgan's right hand man.

It so pleased Fate that Bob Gilmore, in escaping again his foster Father's house and the arm of the law by a risky fight on motorcycle while the bullets of the pursuing officers clipped the air about him, should swing from his vehicle of escape into a moving box car occupied by a part of Morgan's men. There were a dozen of the worst of the lot, "Spike" leading, bent on dynamiting the express car safe.

The crooks resented Bob's uninvited presence. His watch chain and tie pin and other evidences of affluence awoke cunning greed among them. They sprang at him all at once.

Bob threw them off as they came, his long days on the Athletic Club mat giving him advantage over the crude and unorganized affronts of superior numbers. They went hurling in all directions. Some of them lay doubled up on the floor. Others came back at him with cut faces and bleeding knuckles.

Gradually, under their continual pummeling, Bob was forced to the wall. He redoubled his blows. They were telling on the men, when he went down silent under the butt of a gun concealed in the hairy fist of "Spike."

Fortunately Bob had slipped John Gilmore's confession and his ring into his money belt. The bandits quickly stripped him of coat, vest and apparent valuables. In the fight that ensued for possession of his belongings, the crook called "Shorty"—having succeeded in donning vest and coat—was shoved out of the car door. A few hours later he was found dead beside the tracks.

"Spike's" men flung themselves at Bob with even greater vigor when they discovered he had regained consciousness. They edged him to the door. Time after time they bent him back till only his legs were in the car, his body balanced rigidly backwards at a dangerous angle. Training saved him here. But superior training could not hold out forever. At length the thieves knocked his feet out from under him and he tumbled in a senseless heap on the adjoining track.

Bob was startled out of his stunned condition by the sound of a train grinding down the tracks. He looked about him. A south-bound express came whirling round the bend not thirty feet away. He tried to spring up, but his right foot was caught, binding him to the rails.

The engineer threw on the brakes. The lunging engine leaped in response, and the whole train quivered. But it was too late. The engineer closed his eyes as the wheels

Bob was forced to the wall. He redoubled his blows. They were telling on the men, who went hurtling in all directions.



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ARTS AND SCIENCES
HOLLYWOOD, - CALIFORNIA

closed over the spot where Bob had lain. When the huge drive wheels were silent he jumped from the cab and ran to the front, shuddering already in anticipation of what he should find.

A debonair young man without coat, vest or hat greeted him from the cowcatcher. A last powerful twist had wrenched his foot free. Bob had thrown himself up from the rails just as the towering engine plunged upon him. He had secured a hold on the iron rod above the cowcatcher and was saved from death.

Bob cut off through the fields to avoid embarrassing questions, and the train rolled on. Nearby he encountered a ragged scarecrow. The torn coat and battered hat reminded him of his own dilapidated condition, rent and disheveled as his clothes were from the excitement of the past twenty-four hours. Apologizing profusely, he removed the clothes from the broom stick form and put them on himself. Then he returned to the tracks to await another freight.

Bob Gilmore had never felt so much alone in his life as he did the next morning when he sat down to a light breakfast at a lunch wagon in the slums, not far from the railroad yards where he had slipped in, unheralded, to New York.

The question "Who am I?" troubled his thoughts. His entire world was upset.

There was a certain adventure in having it upset, of course. But there was humiliation in knowing that he had lived so long on the charity—for so it seemed to Bob—of a man he despised as he did John Gilmore.

He was nothing more just then than any of the broken bits of human driftwood who sat beside him, whining because their portions were too small, or slacking up their coffee with disgusting noises. His clothes were just as bad as theirs. He had no home. He had not the vaguest memory of his own mother. He had not even money—as he found to his surprise when he came to pay the bill.

In the midst of his altercations with the exacting lunch-cart owner, who was not disposed to extend him credit, Bob heard screams from across the street. Scuttling the belligerent lunchman out of the way with an effective though harmless blow, he rushed over the way.

A very attractive young woman, gowned expensively after the mode, was having difficulty with a rowdy who was trying to prevent her from entering her automobile. The wretched tenement woman whom she had come to help stood frightened and helpless against the door sill. There was no policeman in sight.

Bob flung the creature aside. His interference, however, was only a signal to other sodden loungers about the streets. They shambled to the support of their cronic. The outraged lunch wagoner joined them. Bob found himself surrounded. He leaped to them violently. They cried and spat and cursed as he whipped them about, and called to their comrades to "pitch in." If it had not been for the tardy arrival of a policeman, the row might have ended disastrously for both Bob and the girl.

As it was, the policeman forced off the rowdies, and laughed at the gesticulating lunchdealer.

Bob promised the fellow that he would pay him some day when he could. Then he turned to help the girl into her car. He asked permission to escort her out of danger. She invited him into the seat beside her, and they drove away.

Now, this was not the first time that Bob Gilmore had found himself beside a pretty girl. Nor was it the first time that Nell Morgan, daughter of Henry Morgan, secret head of the "White Circle Gang" of crooks, had ever driven a handsome man through the streets.

But whether or not it was the character of the circumstances under which they had met, or something deeper and more subtle than that, they each were very keenly conscious of the other as the neat runabout threaded its way through the crowded streets.

There were many reasons why Bob Gilmore did not wish to become interested in any young lady just then. There were many reasons why it would be necessary for him to keep his identity to himself. He pulled his shabby hat down farther over his eyes, and answered the girl's questions with monosyllables.

She drove slowly and by an unnecessary



Bob had drawn himself up from the rails just as the towering engine plunged upon him. He had secured a hold on the iron rod above the cowcatcher, and was thus saved from death.

ily long route, looking at Bob frequently out of puzzled blue eyes, as if to divine the secret of so handsome and apparently well bred a young man in such tattered and nondescript clothes.

His well-set-up form, his carefully kept hands, his cultivated voice which she caught only in snatches interested her maddeningly. She never had seen a man in her own set that she felt so instinctively drawn towards. Yet—had she no pride? She was working among the poor and needy of the slums to do good, not to become intrigued by a passing poor young man who awakened her sentiment.

At length Bob reminded her that they had left the zone in which she might find danger lurking. It piqued her that he should have noticed it before she did. She stopped, and as he closed the door, she offered him money for his aid.

Immediately afterwards she was sorry for what she had done. Bob lifted his eyes from the ground and looked straight into hers.

"Thank you," he said simply, shaking his head. "You are very kind."

For some mysterious reason she felt particularly uncomfortable. All her rules and regulations for the treatment of slum subjects failed her. Her gentian-blue eyes dropped in confusion and she fumbled with her brakes to hide her embarrassment.

"Thank you for what you have done," she said at length. "I hope—" she added rather lamely,—"I hope that I shall meet you again some time."

(Continued on page 131)

The Midnight Man

NARRATED, by permission, from the motion picture serial by James W. Horne and Kenneth B. Clarke, as produced by Universal with the following cast:

- | | |
|--------------|--------------------|
| Bob Gilmore | James Corbett |
| Nell | Kathleen O'Connor |
| Morgan | Joseph W. Girard |
| John Gilmore | Frank Jona-on |
| Arnold | Joseph Singleton |
| Ramah | Orral Humphrey |
| Martha | Georgie Woodthorpe |
| Hargreaves | William Sauter |
| Spike | Noble Johnson |

At the right, you can at last see why they chased Eliza Prevost across the ice. Who wouldn't? In the center, Uncle Tom Turpin is about to suffer heavily at the hands and blacksnake of Legree Conklin. At the bottom we notice, among other things, that Teddy, noblest roamer of them all, is now impersonating a pack of bleed-hounds.



UNCLE TOM'S CABIN
HERE
NOW



Turpinizing Uncle Tom

EVERYTHING'S a guffaw that comes to the grist-mill of Eddie Cline, the Sennett director. After paraphrasing "East Lynne," with its muzzle-loading, flint-lock sentimentalities, he naturally turned to "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which has diverted more Americans than any other play, not even excepting "Ben Hur." He put in everything that goes with the "Tom show" of the last two decades in rural districts—the grand free street-parade where everybody doubles in brass, the "living pictures," and the concert. Although he scarcely followed the literal outlines of Mrs. Stowe's quite well-known narrative, he used its big situations as the abutments for his comicalities, and, in the language of vaudeville, turned gravity into "gravy."

Fat Boy, (Ring Bearer) —Tight Pants—

By
ROBERT M.
YOST, JR.



Dave Butler is twenty-four years old and physically the biggest thing in pictures.

Unfortunately, the lovely red velvet trousers Dave Butler wore at that wedding, long ago, wouldn't stretch. And so—

AS a London reporter would say in describing the capture of the Kaiser or the sinking of the grand fleet—"an untoward occurrence" marked or marred the solemnity of a stately wedding in San Francisco, twenty years ago.

It had been a very carefully planned affair with all the ceremony that in those days placed San Francisco in the front ranks of the romantic cities of the world. It was a church wedding and one of San Francisco's most beautiful girls was to be married to a man who now occupies a position as one of the country's greatest theatrical producers.

Enter our hero—

Three years of age and very serious, two words described him fully from head to toe—fat boy.

Some Eastern relatives had sent him his first pair of pants from New York. They were composed of red velvet and had been purchased along the lines of the rather slender and spiritual three year olds of the metropolis. They arrived a few minutes before the wedding and our hero's little dress was hurriedly changed and the red pants rushed on him. He had been placed in the doorway of the ante room.

His name was and is David Butler and on that warm beautiful day he had been named as the ring bearer.

There you have a situation upon which to base a great drama—fat boy, (ring bearer)—and tight pants! The wedding procession wandered down the aisle as most processions do after they get started. Everyone approached the altar.

That is, everyone but the ring bearer. He remained in the doorway just where he had been placed. It was his first public appearance. He realized that he was making a mess of it, but the day was warm and the red velvet snuggled closer and closer to this plump little three year old and he could not move a foot. Signals reached him, urging him to bring forth the ring but like the boy on the burning deck, whence all but him had fled, little David stood pat.

Finally his father marched back and lifting the ring bearer, bore him carefully down the aisle and deposited him where he could do the most good and the wedding resumed where it had left off.

Dave Butler is now twenty-four years old and is rapidly becoming a very interesting figure in motion pictures. Physically he is the biggest thing in pictures. He is built like a Broadway crossing cop and has the smile of a soubrette.

If it had been this David who met the well known heavy-weight Goliath, there would have been no stone throwing episode to record. Goliath would have gotten a wollop on the nose.

Dave first appeared on the stage in boy parts. He was

nine years old when he was featured with Bert Lytell and Louis Bennison and Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon in such plays as "The Pit," "Sherlock Holmes" and others. Then he co-starred with his famous father, Fred J. Butler in "Shore Acres."

Then one morning, Dave's voice broke and his salary stopped. He tried going to school—a military academy—and became one of the most active young giants of San Francisco. Then his father sent him to the University. When Dave found he had to study (*Concluded on page 113*)



ABOVE is shown a tense moment in the finals of the jacks tournament at the Griffith studio. All comers have been eliminated in the preliminaries. Lillian Gish was disposed of in the third round and now Dorothy and Dave Butler are battling desperately for the final honors, with Dave's gun trying to intimidate her. See the concluding episodes at the Hoozit theatre next week.

Peculiarities

By
CHARLES MCMURDY



WILLIAM HART'S hair grows so rapidly that he is obliged to get it cut every month.

CHARLES RAY is very fond of food, and seldom sits down to a meal without some of it on the table.



IT is said that "Fatty" Arbuckle never gets into bed without first taking off all his clothes and donning his *robe de nuit*.



NAZIMOVA tires easily, and after ten or twelve hours' work in front of the camera she is obliged to stop and rest.



IT is not generally known that Douglas Fairbanks once believed in Santa Claus.

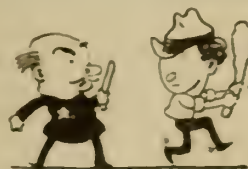
NORMA Talmadge always eats breakfast soon after arising.



BRYANT WASH-
BURN never ties his necktie without first putting on his collar.



LILLIAN GISH seldom sleeps more than eight or nine hours



HARRY CAREY believes that it is bad luck to strike a policeman.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN has an intense aversion for snakes, and dislikes to handle them.



"SMILING" BILL
PARSONS never wears his hat when in bed.



SO delicate are David Wark Griffith's musical sensibilities that he is unpleasantly affected by the sound of a rusty saw being filed.

GEORGE M. COHAN always brushes his teeth upon arising, using a brush made especially for that purpose.

I AM writing these lines, in the early days of July, in the middle of a great religious gathering, in the middle of America, representing all parts of America. And, for that matter, all parts of the world.

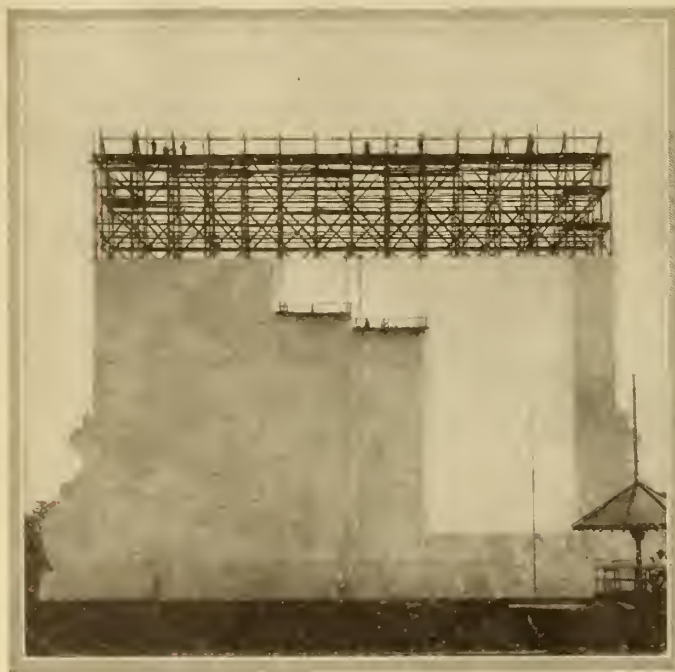
Religious festivities, as you know, are of two natures: the formal, dignified, splendid if somewhat cold worship of God in the grand manner of the cultural ages; and the primitive, emotional appeals to heart and senses. Thus we might have set opposite to each other the Catholic Church and the Salvation Army, or the Episcopalian and the "Holy Roller," or the Emerson Universalist and the African Baptist.

But my setting resembles nothing great or small, elegant or inelegant, passionate or dispassionate, that has ever been seen in Christian worship.

At my back is a huge, tented motion-picture show—not a gliding series of religious thoughts, but a real show of commercial film in comedy, drama, travel and news that suffers five complete rotations a day. In front of me is a huge East Indian Pageant, with four hundred living actors. Directly below my windows winds a quaint Korean wedding procession. At my door two camels, with Bedouin drivers, wait for passengers. High above, I hear the crashing roar of an army airplane, going round and round. At a little distance, from a grove, comes the sonority of a trombone choir—fifty sliding brasses. Far to the right are two more motion picture shows; far to the left, two more. In the huge auditorium yonder ex-President Taft is speaking. In these buildings before you inhabitants of all the islands of the sea are to be seen in living pictographs of their lives at home. From that clump of trees come the outcries and laughter of children, and the creak of a merry-go-round and the flash of lightning cars upon a "Ferris" wheel. That great open space, now untenanted, is a nightly arena for the seating of 75,000 people, and the thing rising into the sky with its prodigious bridge-like backing and bracing is the mightiest picture-screen ever conceived—a screen upon which stalk men vaster than twenty Goliaths. And all around us are pictures, pictures, pictures, pictures; some of them painted, some of them modeled, some of them filmed, some of them done by living images. But the picture is the prevailing note, the motive, the master-key, the tone of this great whole.

This is a kaleidoscope of the world.

It is the first centenary celebration of the Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the scene is the State Fair



Ground at Columbus, the executive city of the inland commonwealth, Ohio.

As I have indicated, this is on record as the unique affair among all recorded religious gatherings.

And who made it so?

Dr. S. Earl Taylor, General Secretary of the Methodist Mis-

Let There

By

JULIAN JOHNSON

sions. Dr. Christian F. Reisner, pastor of Grace Methodist Church at 104th Street and Amsterdam Avenue, New York City; Dr. C. C. Marshall, pastor of St. James Methodist Church at Madison Avenue and 126th Street, New York City—and other men of a common purpose and the same belief.

And what is it that has marked these men, now, among the thousands of clergymen in their denomination?

An invincible, unshakable conviction that *The Motion Picture* has dawned upon the Twentieth Century not to be a time-killer, a trifling amusement, a scientific toy, but the Universal Ruler of Hearts, the Arbiter of Conscience, the great Bringer of Brotherhood, the Promulgator of Friendship and Understanding, the International Diplomat of Christian Peace.

This great Centenary Celebration is in fact nothing but a Moving Picture, since for the first time all the sectarian means of evangelism have been cast to the winds. Don't tell them about it, they argue; let them see it. Don't write out rhetorical descriptions of what has been; show in real life what is doing.

Scheduled to last between June twenty-third and the thir-

This great open space is a nightly arena, seating 75,000 people, and the thing rising into the sky with its prodigious bridge-like backing and bracing is the mightiest picture-screen ever conceived—a screen upon which stalk men vaster than twenty Goliaths. The screen measures 136 feet high by 146 wide.



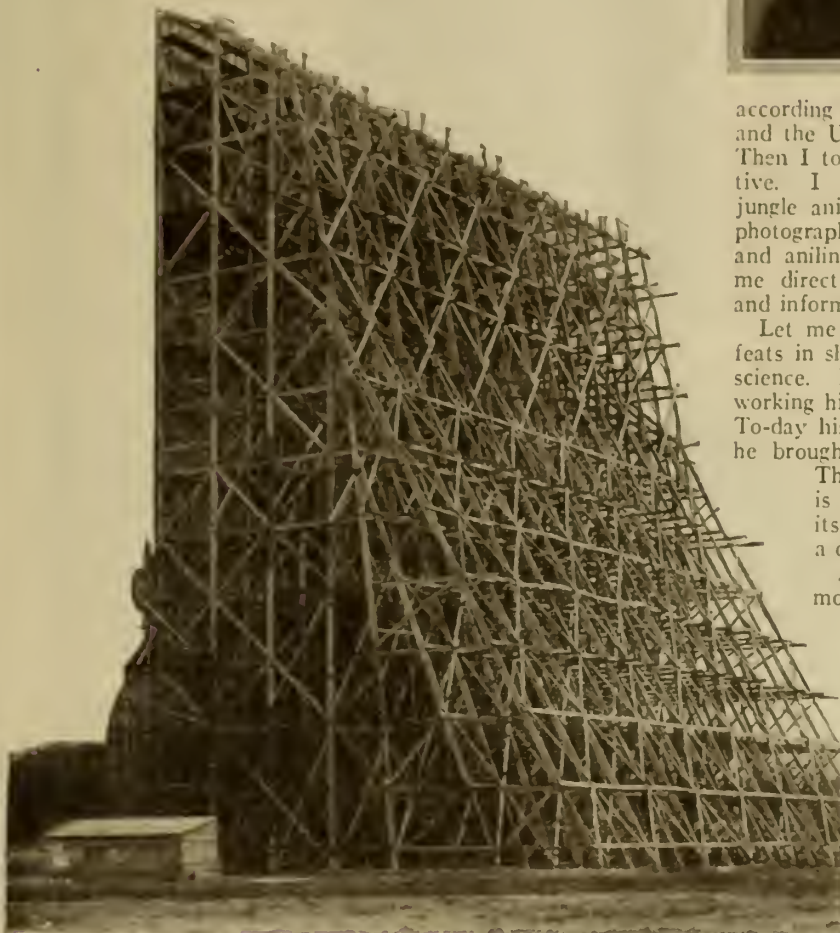
teenth of July, this international churchly pageant is a continuous optic review. Griffith has been here, profoundly impressed and profoundly impressing. Zukor, Brady, Irwin, Hesse, Powers—these are scheduled to appear next week, and have already placed their room-reservations in over-crowded Columbus' chief hotel. As I said, this is one of the first days of July, magazine press-dates are inviolate, and the whole of the great convention program will have been made history before these lines reach PHOTOPLAY'S readers.

Let me tell you something about Taylor, the Centenary's Director-General. He is easily the most aggressive, business-like force in Methodism over the world. And he is the most fiery and uncompromising champion of the Motion Picture in all Christendom. It is his dream to see every church in the land not only equipped with a motion picture machine, but an intelligent, up-to-date factor in the regular movie's distribution and presentation.

First of all, Taylor, despite his theological training and degree, is not and never has been a preacher. He is a big, vital man of affairs in the early years of maturity. He was born in Iowa—raised in Iowa. When he went to college he became

Be Light!

International Methodism, congregated in Ohio, takes the greatest religious step of the Twentieth Century in its adoption of the Motion Picture as a civilizer and evangel.



DR. S. EARL TAYLOR is General Secretary of the Methodist Missions, and the Centenary's Director-General. He has never been a preacher but is a vital man of Methodism's business affairs. He is in the early years of maturity. His hobbies have chiefly included prehistoric implements, the camera, color photography, and Methodism.

according to the theories of photographers in Germany, France and the United States. Then I dabbled in color photography. Then I took up the telefoto lens and the problem of perspective. I photographed in telefoto fashion everything from jungle animals to the moon. Then I studied the coloring of photographs and slides for lectures—Japanese paintings in oil, and anilines in England. It was still photography which led me directly into motion photography, the greatest scientific and informing gift of the present day."

Let me interpolate here, to tell of Dr. Taylor's remarkable feats in slides and transparencies for lectures on travel and in science. He began by drawing the shades of his office and working his colors in the wash-basin over an incandescent bulb. To-day his own library of science and travel—much of which he brought to Columbus—contains more than 70,000 slides.

The church picture organization, under his direction, is headed by Professor Warner of Columbia, has upon its palette eighty colors, and is producing 600 slides a day. Dr. Taylor himself invented the panorama slide.

And what is Dr. Taylor's consummate wish for the motion picture in his church—to promote sectarianism, to win "members," to establish a hidebound orthodoxy and promulgate the tenets of a creed?

Listen to him again for a moment—his voice rang with earnestness as he uttered these words:

"It is within the province of America's church organizations to save America from her greatest weaknesses. One of these is the tendency to forget real home life, to crowd into narrow space, layer upon layer, in the cities.

"As I said, I want to see the day when every

Athletic Instructor. He began his work in uphill fashion, and, for his first effort, raised only a few hundreds of dollars—considerably less than a thousand—to carry on Christianity by new and untried methods. How he has succeeded in putting his methods over with other people is illustrated by the fact that the Centenary fund—this fund of to-day, of which the Columbus pictorial exposition is the sign-visible—totals more than \$162,000,000! When—but let's let him tell it:

"I became a man with a hobby, and then I realized that one hobby is dangerous. It makes a man a crank. I got other hobbies. My first was prehistoric implements; I acquired a collection varying from the primitive tools of the Algonquin and Iroquois to the demoniac knives with which the Aztec priests of sacrifice cut the hearts from their living victims. Then I specialized, in my trips around the world, in flowers and trees. I learned the flora of different countries, and where the best peaches, plums, cherries, and apples were to be found, and how fruits of other lands could be best adapted to ours, and ours to theirs. My third hobby—and I guess this will be my last, for it is certainly my biggest—was the camera. First I studied plates, and the problems of different emulsions and coatings

DR. CHRISTIAN F. REISNER, pastor of the Grace Methodist Church in New York City, has been using motion pictures in his church for five years. Beginning with Kalem's "From the Manger to the Cross," he is now using the regular films of every manufacturer, carefully selected, of course



church will have its motion picture machine—and when the church, because it is non-commercial in its essence, will be the real community center, showing the people, once more, *how to live*.

"We have forgotten so many things in this country in our rush to material success! I would like to show every American rural community how community life in rural England is carried on. I want to show an England of homes, where, indeed, there is progress, but where there is also some leisure and artistic repose and genuine home atmosphere.

"Again, what do we know of home decoration? In taste the Japanese beats us hands down. The motion picture must show the actual process of making an humble home, however isolated, artistic.

"In flowers, and landscape gardening, in the laying out of farms and country places, the aid of motion photography, in color films and black-and-white, would be incomparable.

"There are the problems of sanitation, and right living for winter and summer.

"Homes for laboring men, and the actual exhibition of a maintained home for persons in very moderate means—again the motion picture is the best possible exponent of these things."

Dr. Marshall, in his church in New York city, has made

The Grace Methodist Church in New York City, which stands at 104th street and Amsterdam avenue. The sign on the church, a blazing herald at night, reads: "This may be your church."



a unique discovery. He says: "I found that the motion picture does not supplant the usual religious services, nor even the sermon. It only augments their value. In other words, I found that sermons were demanded with my picture shows on Sunday nights, and not picture shows without sermons, nor sermons without pictures. Each helped the other."

Dr. Reisner, in his church, has been using the motion picture for five years. His most successful early picture was the Kalem "From the Manger to the Cross," and now he is using the regular films of every manufacturer—of course making a careful selection of subjects.

As I write these lines there are twenty picture shows—of films and slides; either picture shows alone, or pictures illustrating lectures—in simultaneous operation on these grounds!

The great screen at the grounds is a huge scientific triumph in itself. Its picture-space is 136 feet high by 146 feet wide, and only electrician Rich, at the outset, believed that a light could be gained intense enough to make that gigantic projection without immediately melting all the emulsion from the plates or instantaneously igniting celluloid.

So far, the only perfect success has been achieved with plates, and these have been made large enough—seven by five inches in size—to distribute the light. The motion picture itself has not been thrown to the full size of the screen, though a picture forty feet square is regularly cast on this mighty white area, and in the great auditorium another huge picture is thrown nightly from a distance of 225 feet. The slides, as you can readily see by a little figuring, present a surface of thirty-five square inches to this torrent of illumination, while the film surface is less than an inch square.

Two 100-ampere arcs are used, with specially-made soft, silver-tipped carbons. Then comes the genius of Chief Electrician Rich—the man who vows, to-day, that before next week is out he will throw a real motion picture to the full extent of this vast white wall. Rich has saved the emulsion on his plates by forced draft. Four big blowers, run by electric power, force a continual, high-pressure blast of cold air over the lighted area in the machine itself; a gale equally distributed between the plates and the condensers.

And this was not tried out in Columbus, but on West Twenty-third Street, New York City, early in the month of June. Night after night dwellers across Gra-

mercy Park were vaguely disturbed by vast human phantoms rising in strange procession on the side of a twenty-story skyscraper—rising—pausing—disappearing. It was Rich, in a building a quarter of a mile away, testing his mighty lights for the Columbus screen!

Let me quote today's programme in the big churchly motion picture theatre just behind me: an industrial film, "From Cloth to Suit;" a two-reel comedy, "One Born Every Minute;" "Treasure Island"—the well-known five-reeler; Pathe News; a travelogue, "Our Egypt in the Southwest;" a travelogue, "In Old India;" a picture parable, "The Spirit of Labor;" a travelogue, "The Land of Silence;" the Chapin Lincoln Cycle; a Sidney Drew comedy, "The Amateur Liars."

And there is more that I could write—of the heroic missionary in India, for instance, Andrew Linzell, who made upon his meager salary a five-reel feature on the life of Jesus Christ.





Witzel

Question: Why is Bebe wringing out her suit when she never even gets it wet?

Answer: Perhaps she was caught out in the rain.

A Bebe Grown Up

Call her Miss Daniels now—she's left the old aquarium.



THE lioness of all the Daniels caused a real roar in the film colony when she packed her wardrobe trunk—not forgetting to toss in her trick stockings—and deserted her dressing-don at the Rolin-Pathe studios to go over to Lasky's, there to appear as one of the principal embellishments in "Male and Female (He Created Them)." Note: this is a re-christened, Cecil DeMilled and Jennie MacPhersoned "Admirable Crichton." Bebe will be a Barrie illustration of the capricious girl. And hereafter Harold Lloyd will go on his celluloid trail without the luscious little brunette. In the last few film months Bebe Daniels has shot up amazingly—both as to dramatic and physical stature. A pretty child when we first saw her, she has grown to be a beautiful woman, in the California sunshine and the Lloyd comedies. These two youngsters set a new standard in comedy; good clean fun it was. One of their last together was "Just Neighbors."

SOMEONE might say facetiously that Rex Beach went into pictures with the same bright hope that lured him to Alaska some years ago. If this is true, then Mr. Beach has undoubtedly learned that the northern gold-rush had nothing on the gold-rush of 'nineteen, which is chasing him from a comfortable country study to a California film studio, there to supervise, personally, the production of his novels.

Mr. Beach has found, too, that being a best-seller on half the world's library shelves is nothing like being a best-seller on the screen. He started in the picture game to learn the business and he's learning it from continuity to cooper-hewitts, and in the accomplishment, expending more honest sweat and undergoing far more mental agony than he ever experienced in the northwest.

How, on that boiling hot day in the new Goldwyn offices on Fifth Avenue, New York—the smell of paint was still fresh and Mr. Beach had the look of a man who has hastily assumed both a welcoming smile and a discarded coat—how he must have longed for Alaska!

But first suppose we go 'way back and find out all about Beach who, with the physical breadth of a prize-fighter or a ball-player and the mental outlook of an editor, college professor, and business man, has laid aside a much-cherished idea for a new novel to take off his coat, roll up his sleeves, and go to it as the President of the Eminent Authors' Corporation—which sounds imposing but means hard work. He is the first author to personally supervise his works in the filming—and when we say personally supervise we mean that he goes to his offices in the Goldwyn building every day, that he is going west to work with the director and players in the Goldwyn studios in Culver City, that he sits in stuffy little projection rooms and actually cuts his own stuff; and that he sees red and swears over sub-titles. He's an author, but gosh, how he does work!

Rex Beach—born in Atwood, Michigan—has that unbeatable spirit of adventure which has discovered new continents, helped science along, and written good books ever since anybody can remember. Columbus had it; Ben Franklin had it; Robert Louis Stevenson had it. Rex Beach has it—and, with his literary ingenuity, he has put into his printed pages all that he found in his wanderings—and, living in a later age, he has gone a step farther and put it onto moving strips of celluloid. Alaska is his locale—for the particular reason that he discovered Alaska, as far as fiction is concerned. Ever hear how he came to write about it?

He didn't "pitch" his first fiction in the northwest because he felt the "call" that he later wrote about; because he dreamed of gold rushes and picturesque (?) gold miners and real-life kaylaurels. He was to have been a lawyer, rivaling in that respect many of our younger leading men who also studied for the legal bar, except that Beach didn't stick to it as long as they did. Instead, he says, he does his lying on paper. He wasn't cut out for a lawyer—but he had to do something. It was about the time that adventurous—and hard-up—spirits were

He Rolled Up

and pitched in. Now Rex Beach, in the picture game, is working harder than he ever did in the old Alaska days.

going to Alaska—for gold. A newspaper friend of his said to him one day, "Funny, Beach, about Alaska. There ought to be some atmosphere up there, but there isn't. None. Bret Harte's California was picturesque; there's nothing picturesque about Alaska."

For some reason or other Beach resented his aspersions on Alaska's artistic possibilities; or perhaps he wanted to find out for himself. He followed the silver horde. And he has never credited his newspaper friend with much judgment since.

In Alaska he traveled with the pack; worked like a dog—and never had any luck. He got color, plenty of it, and disproved his friend's theories many times. But he never found any gold. Instead, he came across a man who was writing pretty poor stories and getting ten dollars a piece for them. Beach thought it over, decided he could write better stories, threw down his pick for a pencil and went to it. Deserted the old hard life for one of shameful ease. Wrote just a plain story; it didn't take him long. But he wrote the northwest as it was, or as he saw it. He happened to be the first man to find fiction material up there, unless we except Jack London. He wrote his story and sold it; wrote others. And there you have the beginnings of Rex Beach.

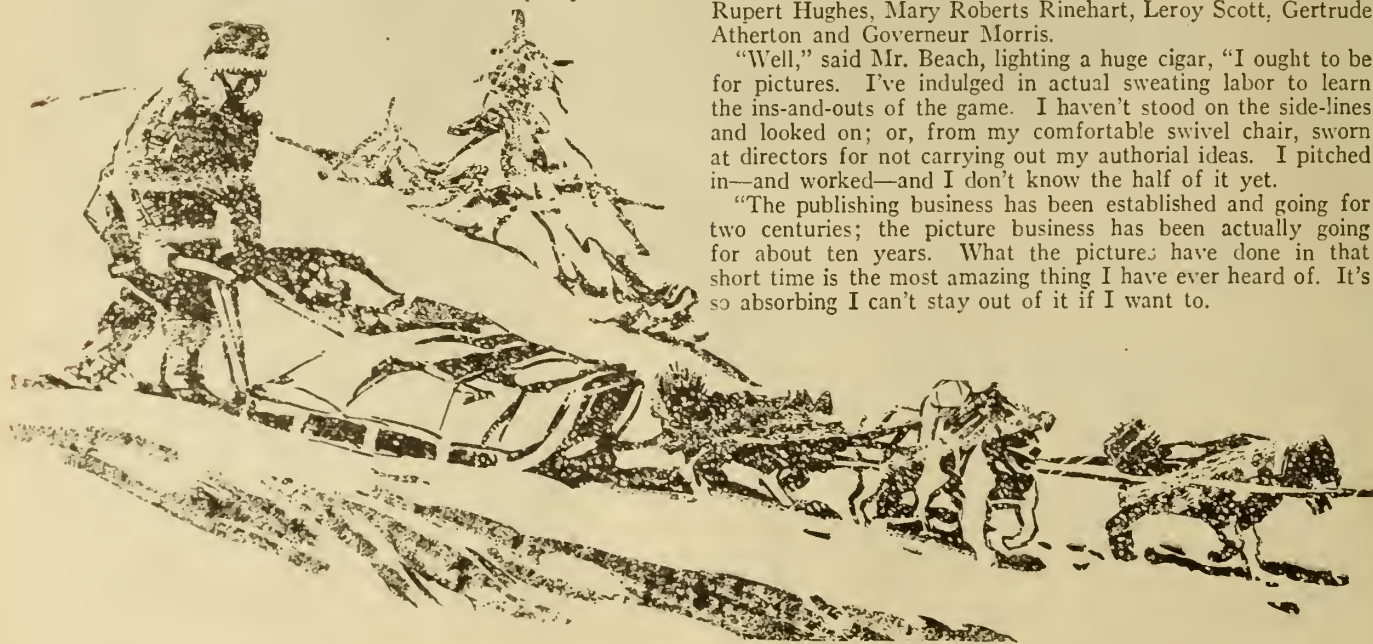
Today he is a wealthy man. He has a beautiful country place on the Hudson, so beautiful, he admits, that he hasn't got used to it yet and finds it hard to get down to real work when he can look out the window. He works harder today than he ever did up north, and for fear he might get rusty or something he took up pictures. His only care today is that he is being continually limited by a faithful public to the northwestern stuff that made him famous.

His first short stories soon found a following, which, like the stomach-ache of the little boy who ate the green apples, grew and grew. A publishing-house asked him if he didn't have material for a novel. He wrote "The Spoilers." That was his first book and it was his first motion picture, of consequence.

Beach has a "picture personality" as surely as Chaplin, or Hart, or Fairbanks. He has everything the screen demands—I think the word "punch" was first used, in pictures, to describe a Rex Beach photo-adaptation, wasn't it? He is perhaps the most typically American of all our writers; American without being blatant about it. And so he is in charge of this new corporation of which Samuel Goldwyn is the financial father and which is screening the works of, besides Beach, Rupert Hughes, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Leroy Scott, Gertrude Atherton and Gouverneur Morris.

"Well," said Mr. Beach, lighting a huge cigar, "I ought to be for pictures. I've indulged in actual sweating labor to learn the ins-and-outs of the game. I haven't stood on the side-lines and looked on; or, from my comfortable swivel chair, sworn at directors for not carrying out my authorial ideas. I pitched in—and worked—and I don't know the half of it yet.

"The publishing business has been established and going for two centuries; the picture business has been actually going for about ten years. What the pictures have done in that short time is the most amazing thing I have ever heard of. It's so absorbing I can't stay out of it if I want to.



His Sleeves

By
DELIGHT
EVANS

*Drawings
by Ben Cohen*



Why they call him Rex I don't know. He's a Hercu'les with light blue eyes, a strong chin and a jackedempsey handclasp



"I don't see why, if the public follows a writer's stuff in a magazine, they won't follow the same stuff to the screen. Providing it is so well done that it reflects the same personality that got them in the magazine. A good many stories have been disappointing on the screen. The fans recognize old dramatic situations and at once declare, 'Old stuff'—and go home. And 'It's so different from the story'—how many times have you heard that? That's because, of course, the story was colored with the author's personality, or descriptions—his 'style;' and the reason it didn't get across on the screen was, obviously, that the author had nothing to do with its transcription. That is why, too, we have this company. We're going to try to put ourselves over on the screen.

"Don't get me wrong. We are all of us here to learn. We are writers and we are not actors, or directors, or camera-men. We are going to keep up our own department and let efficient people attend to theirs—but we're going to co-operate. We are not going to dip our digits into everybody else's pastry; but we will see that ours is looked after.

"I'm working harder today on this new thing than I ever did in Alaska, panning gold or writing my first stories. They were rotten, but they improved—anyway, they sold. Same with these pictures. Mistakes will happen, especially in a film company; but as long as we understand each other what's the difference? Something good is bound to come out of it."

"The Silver Horde," on which he is working this summer, is to be his biggest optic effort to date. "The Crimson Gardenia," a late Beach release, was really re-written for film purposes. With the exception of a few episodes, Beach wrote it entirely for the screen. Because, he said, he realized that as it stood it was good magazine material—but not good screen material.

"Continuity!" he snorted; "that's work! And titles—my God!"

Beach, at forty-two, has completed a dozen novels and is at work on another right now, between pictures. This is to be his best attempt—he says the new one always is. But in this he is writing a story of New York—of the conservation of

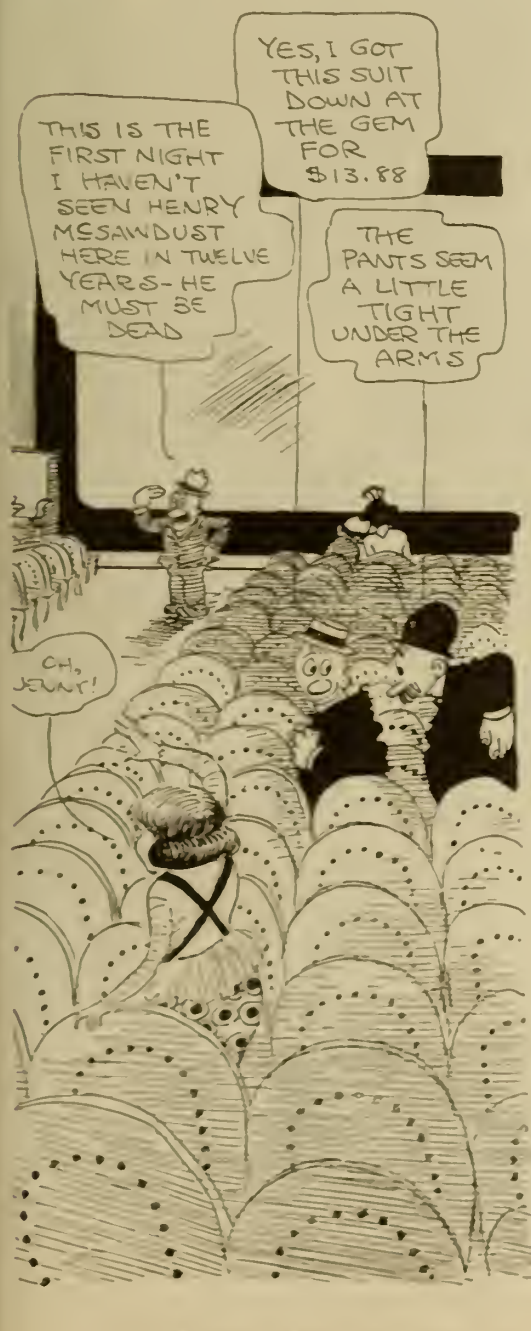
7:30 P. M. IN A NEIGHBORHOOD MOVIE



youth; of the industrial and social, not political, effects of the war on America in general and Manhattan in particular. He knows New York better even than he knows Alaska, and he has a new story to tell if the people who read him will only let him tell it and not send him to Alaska to tell the same story over and over again.

He doesn't care to write about Europe—"Why should I, when there's an America with material to draw from? I have always written about places I know well: New York, Panama, Cuba, the northwest—except once. I wished to pitch the first location of a story in Sicily. I have never been to Sicily. But I bought every book I could find on it. Books of travel, of geography, and geology. Books on the foliage of Sicily. I spent more time on that brief Sicilian episode than on whole chapters in other stories pitched on my own beat. My reward was that a critic compared my description of Sicilian scenery to something (Concluded on page 112)

By R. L. Goldberg



The Husbands of Sylvia Simplex

By ARABELLA BOONE

I Couldn't
Marry Francis.
He was one
Of these Strong Men,
With
Wavy Hair,
And a Good Kind Face.
He was Only
A Factory-Hand,
When I First Met him,—
But I knew
He wasn't
A Factory-Hand at all,
But the Son
Of Old Grimes, of the Street.
He was Only Showing
His Father
That he was a Real Man,
After All.
I Knew
That Francis
Would be Very Kind to Me,
But in the Sub-titles
He'd Call Me "Little Woman,"
And Expect me to Remember
How Many Lumps of Sugar
He Took
In his Coffee.
He had
Such High Ideals
Nobody could Possibly
Live Up to Them.
I Didn't Try.

There was
J. Wright Costigan,
The Cave-Man
Who
Was Always Fighting for me.
If the Chauffeur
Missed a Bump
On the Way Home,
Costigan
Caught him by the Collar,
And Beat him Up.
The World wasn't Safe
For Waiters
When Costigan
Went Out to Dine.
He was Built
Like a young-greek-god—
He Knew It.
He
Was Always Telling You
To Feel his Muscle.
Then I Met
Denton Fielding.
Dear Athletic Denton—
Sometimes
I Wished
He would Jump
And Trip.
He Just Loved
To Leap Fences.
And when he Came to See Me,
He Never
Came In at the Door,
But Always
Climbed Blithely
Up the Front of the House,
Entering
By the Window.
When I Repulsed him,
He Said Morbidly,
"Who Knows, Someday,
But What
I Might
Fall, and
Break my Neck?"
"Ah," I Murmured,
"Who Knows?"

Then the Boy
Came Into My Life—
Charles Richmond—isn't that
A Lovely Name?
One of these
Child-Men, with
A Hurt Expression.
The World
Had been Cruel to him;
He'd Never Really
Been Understood.
Then—the War.
The Boy
Bought an Extra,
And Read It,
And there was
A Corking Close-Up
Of his Exalted Features.
He Looked into my Eyes,
And Said, "I'm Going."
And Kissed Me Hastily,
And Went Right Out,
And Enlisted.
In No Time at All,
His Father Forgave him,
He Became an
Intelligence Officer,
In Washington.
And now he's back
Unscarred. But
War seemed to
Harden Him.
We drifted apart.

But in the Meantime,
I'd Met
The Philanderer—
Norbert King. I Almost
Fell for Norbert.
I was Rebellious.
I Went with him
To a Road-House.
Norbert
Drank Too Much,
And Lurched Towards Me.
I Tried to Scream, but
He Only Sneered,
"Scream, da-mn you!
There's Nobody
To Hear You."
And I
Was Just Wondering
If the Rip in my Gown
Would Show on the Screen,
When
The Door Burst Open.
A Blow Felled Norbert,
And Strong Arms Caught Me
In their Embrace.
Ah—I was Rescued.
By Earle, the Ideal Husband.
You Know Why
I Married him.
I was So Young—
A Mere Child.
I Longed for Freedom
And Earle
Was Kind; he
Understood Me.
And I Married him.
And the Last Caption,
After the Rescue,
Reads: "I Have Waited."
And then I Tumbled
Into his Outstretched Arms.

(But in Real Life
Sylvia Simplex
Has Never Married.
Nobody
Ever Asked her)

Enid Markey is columbused
in an entirely new role
"Up in Mabel's Room."

By

ARABELLA BOONE

WE left her on that beach at Waikiki. It was on the sands, and Enid wore a grass skirt and lots of hair. Eyes—Enid's. Willard Mack was there, too. And he and we said "Aloha Oe"—and then the lights went up.

We found her again. "Up in Mabel's Room." An entirely new Enid. The same hair and the same eyes—but, suddenly, a Voice. Of course Miss Markey has done a lot of things in a dramatic way since "Aloha Oe" for Ince-Triangle—not only has she found her voice, but a new confidence in herself.

Here, she says, we have the Reason. The reason for the budding-forth of this little film ingenue into a sparkling farceuse in a New York hit. "I have changed," she spoke seriously, opening her wide eyes wider—not for the purpose of impressing me, but because she was pulling the make-up from her long lashes—"I have decided to develop the Ego. One never gets any place so long as one is truthful about oneself. They used to ask me how I liked myself in pictures and I used to say, quite frankly, 'I think I'm perfectly awful in that one.' I did, really. So I think, now, that I am very good indeed as *Geraldine*, in 'Up in Mabel's Room.'"

We were up in Enid's dressing room in the Eltinge Theater: Enid kept descending and scaling the tiny flight of stairs to and from the stage where the company was rehearsing a new actress for a part in the play. I caught alluring glimpses of one blonde, Hazel Dawn, and flashes of another, Evelyn Gosnell. There were Johnny Cumberland and Walter Jones and Lucy Cotton—but I always came back to Enid.

As the wife of comedian John Cumberland in the Woods farce that, like Tennyson's brook, has been running on, and on, Enid Markey has scored a hit—and it is the first definite hit of her career. It is also her first real part on the speaking stage, which speaks pretty well for the ex Ince lustrous brunne.

It's been almost a year since she has done anything at all

Below—a scene from "Shell 43," the thrilling war-film, in which she was support for H. B. Warner.



Re-discover



"I think I am very good indeed as *Geraldine* in 'Up in the Ego.' This scene shows her with John Cum-

ing an Ingenue



before the camera, except to pose for stills at the photographer's. And she is homesick—homesick for California and the film folks, homesick for the studios and for location jaunts, homesick—

"Every chance I get I go to a movie theater and watch a picture. I see all my old friends and then I go home and cry."

She is an actress, every minute, while she's on the stage—back of the lights, or under them. But she has not, as yet, been able to submerge Enid the girl in Enid the actress. She will, when she is a little older and has had a few more years on the stage. But I wish you could see her right now.

She is one of these utterly charming and utterly inconsistent women. She started out to bob her heavy, glossy black hair, got half way, changed her mind, and hid the scissors.



With Willard Mack in the old familiar Ince-Triangle picture, "Aloha Oe."

She has a contract with A. H. Woods which has still another year to run. Next season may see her as a dramatic actress—she hopes so; but it is even more probable that she will have a sort of Madge Kennedy part in some farce which will run a year on Broadway and revolve about a bed. She has, in "Up in Mabel's Room," the chance of a lifetime to imitate Madge Kennedy or Francine Larrimore—Miss Larrimore, playing now in "Scandal," is the Constance Talmadge of the legit.—and she does neither. She is a new sort of ingenue; she is charming, but perverse. You would like to "spank her until she glows."

Enid's mother came in—she has always been with Enid ever since, as a little girl with long black braids and very wide brown eyes—Enid trotted away from school one day and announced her intention to study roles instead of arithmetic. Her mother has been with her, and for her, and has followed the Markey path up and down the long state of California,

(Continued on page 129)

Mabel's Room." (You see, Enid Markey has decided to develop berland in that farce playing at the Eltinge Theatre in New York.

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."

NEW YORK Said,
"Hello, Lew!"
And all the Misses Knickerbocker
Stopped to Powder their Noses.
Cody came out of the West
To Vamp New York.
After Having Humbled
All Hearts out Los Angeles Way.
He Now Holds
The Transcontinental Record.
In all the Towns
He Passed Through
On the Way,
Mothers Said
To their Daughters,
"No, dear—
Stay in Today.
Lew Cody's in Town."
I Figured
That So Many Girls
Were Bound to Be
Disappointed,
I'd Better See him,
And Sort of Impress him,
By Proxy.
He Came Up
To PHOTOPLAY
After Me,
To Take Me to Lunch—
And the Blonde
At the Switchboard
Got Three Wrong Numbers—
And Almost Fired.
Several Stenographers
Fainted.
He was Too Good to be True.
I had an Idea
He was French,
All the Time—
Did you?
His Name is Really
Coté.
Men call him
The Canuck—and
Men like him,
By the Way.
He's a he-Home-wrecker.
Heart-smashing
Made Pleasant.
Is the Sign
This Celluloid Devil
Ought to Wear.
He Doesn't
Tap his Cigarette
On his Cuff—
But Otherwise,
He is Very Artistic.
He Makes Girls Wish
They Only Had Homes
To Wreck.
But he's Not
A Marrying Man.
"I'm Going to Try
Not to Get Married—
On the Screen,"
Said Mr. Cody—

"That's the Part I
Have to Play—
A Pleasant Devil,
Who Loves Life—
And Ladies—
But Always Manages
To Evade
The Performance
Of the Binding Words.
Off-screen?
Ah!
That is,
Indeed,
Another Story.
I Have Not,
However,
Been Married
For Two Years Now."
The Last Mrs. Cody
Was Dorothy Dalton.
I Think he May
Change his Mind
About Remaining
A Bachelor
To the Last Reel—
He Says

He Wants to Get
A Leading Woman
Who Can Speak French—
"It is Ever so Much More Satisfactory
To Make Screen Love
To a Lady
In French.
I Have Found
That I Get Better Results
That Way."
He will have
A New Leading Woman
For Every Picture—
He Says he's Doing that
To Save the Answer Man
A Lot of Trouble
Answering Matrimonial Questions.
He will have, if he
Can Get them,
A French Director, and
A French Cameraman.
"I Enjoyed my work
For Monsieur Tourneur—
His Staff
Is All-French."
Speaking of the French—
Up Came Louis Gasnier—
Who is Cody's Manager,
And
His Very Good Friend.
He Got Real Enthusiastic
When Lew Signed the Contract
With his Company, so
He Gave Lew
A Marmon Car.
"Ah yes—
Cody, he ees
A Good Star.
But
His Real Name
Is Louis Joseph."
Nobody
Would Ever Think
Of Calling him
Louis Joseph—
In Fact,
Lew
Looked Kind of Uncomfortable,
And Changed the Subject.
He Said
I Hadn't Better
Tell You
That I Spent
A Rainy Afternoon
With Lew Cody—
And we Didn't Play Cards.
I Shook Hands with
Him, and his manager.
They
Were Going Back to the Coast
The Next Day,
To Begin Work.
On the New Pictures.



Evans

His name is really Cote

The pictures are not always like the posters. The label says "Poison" but the bottle often contains lemon pop. These two pictures were taken by a photographer in Chicago's celebrated Loop.



"The Fire Flingers" had no appeal whatever of a questionable nature. It was simply a corking good story which had received the approbation of thousands of magazine readers

That Sly, Dishonest Sign

A protest against misleading advertising—censorship rejected as being too dangerous—news of The Better Photoplay League of America.

By JANET PRIEST

"Don't think, however, that there's anything salacious about the film. It's really mild. The 'Adults Only' sign is just a 'come-on.' The policeman who sat next me went to sleep."

—Mae Tinee in the *Chicago Tribune*.

THE equivalent of this comment, made by *The Tribune's* film expert on "The Eternal Magdalene" as shown at a Chicago "Loop" theater, is echoed by hosts of spectators, on coming out of theaters where the advertising is lurid and unwholesome. The pictures are not like the ads.

The label says "Poison," but the bottle contains lemon pop.

As it so happens, "The Eternal Magdalene," to the mystification of many, was given a "pink permit" in Chicago, the local censor board considering its subject-matter beyond the correct understanding of children. In this case the theater was within its rights. But there have been numerous instances where films in no way restricted to any type of audience have been falsely advertised as forbidden to children, so Miss Tinee can scarcely be blamed for her observation.

A swing to the other side of the pendulum is represented by this wording, used on a three-sheet in another "Loop" theater: "Theda Bara in 'Salome,' the Woman with No Law, No Morals, No Mercy. EVERY PERSON ADMITTED." The censors had so trimmed the film that they did not believe it could injure the morals of anyone, no matter how young, consequently it was being shown without a "pink." Yet the bill-board gave the impression that the exhibitors were flying directly in the face of decency and authority, by showing such a picture.

People are daily becoming familiar with these tricks of certain exhibitors. Before long these men will have to find some new means of attracting business—or else resort to the time-honored usage of standard weights and measures. Any dealer who continues to misrepresent his goods is merely digging his own business grave.

Picture "fans," don't let them fool you! When you see ads. and bill-boards like these, just wait a second before you pass your money into the glass enclosure and watch your ticket bob out of the automatic feeder. The chances are several to one you are not going to be regaled with any such examples of human corruption as the bill-boards would lead you to expect. When you see a sign, "Persons under 21 positively not admitted," ask yourself whether a local board has really made such a ruling, or whether it is only what Miss Tinee picturesquely terms a "come-on," put up with intent to deceive.

The best people in the world will sometimes succumb to idle curiosity. But after they have been misled a few times by advertising that, shall we say, prevaricates?—they will simply laugh at themselves for having been so gullible.

Of the two pictures indicated by the accompanying photographs, "The Fire Flingers" had no appeal whatever of a questionable nature. It was just a corking good story which had received the approbation of thousands of readers in the *Saturday Evening Post*. Now if there has ever been anything of a questionable appeal in the *Saturday Evening Post*, I have failed to see it. (This is an absolutely free ad. for the *Post*.) The other film, "The Auction of Souls," is a propaganda picture of Turkish atrocities in Armenia, said to be an authentic chronicle, intended to demand our helpful attention as a nation. The ad. gives an impression wholly at variance with the sincere nature of the film.

That excellent feature production, "Bolshevism on Trial," is an earnest effort to show the bad logic and utter impracticability of the doctrines of the "Reds." Its advertising, however, contains a large bill-board of the worst possible taste, entitled, "The Bolshevik leader seizes what he desires." Also, a card included in the lobby display, captioned "Their idea of freedom was license," shows feminine undress in a suggestive way which someone must have sat up nights to concoct. In this case the

fault is not that of the exhibitor. It is "paper" which goes with the picture, and the blame for it must be placed squarely at the door of the producer. In recent years, there have been very few such exhibitions from legitimate manufacturers. Julian Johnson, in his critique of the production in *PHOTOPLAY*, said, "I must condemn, unreservedly, the cheap, nasty bill-board advertising which misrepresents the play."

One "Loop" theater used as a three-sheet, to advertise Mae Murray in "The Delicious Little Devil," the following: "See What Happened to a Girl Dancer in a Fast Roadhouse." There were a few scenes in "The Delicious Little Devil" to which some of the professional film-erasers took exception and which they deleted, but nothing shown was sensational enough to justify the three-sheet.

The newspaper ads. for "The End of the Road," when shown at another "Loop" theater usually playing "legitimate" attractions, read: "The most daring story of sex relations ever told." Now "The End of the Road" is a so-called health film, made and originally shown by the United States government, and any such exploitation misrepresents it completely. "The most

sensational story of free love ever filmed," read the newspaper ad. of a St. Paul theater in connection with "The One Woman." The picture by no means gave the impression contained in the advertising.

Chicago has come in for some pretty hard raps on account of the film conditions of its famed "Loop." Thomas Furness, a well-known exhibitor of the Northwest, writes: "There is a demand from the exhibitors—not as a whole, and possibly not twenty per cent—for what we call strong titles, and they always welcome something suggestive in the picture. This gives them an opportunity to exploit the picture along lines which are certainly a detriment to the entire industry, and nowhere that I know has it been carried to such an extent as within the Loop in Chicago. Honestly one feels ashamed the last two years to look around

some of the principal streets and note the sensational banners, catchy lines, etc., and then remember that he is an exhibitor of moving pictures. I feel that both the exhibitor and the producer are much to blame."

Rose Tapley hit the nail squarely on the head when she said, in a recent lecture, "As a matter of fact there are not many sensational films used in Chicago, but their advertisements and names would give the public the impression they were going to be shocked." Well, picture-patrons, don't let them fool you! Dollars to doughnuts you're not going to be shocked. The ad. is simply a false alarm.

Some of the lithograph magnates are reported to be inveighing against any proposed censoring of posters, on the ground that it would stifle art. *PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE* has never been an advocate of censorship. Poster sense, rather than poster censorship, is the solution. But certainly none of this misleading advertising has even a bowing acquaintance with art. There is nothing artistic, nothing intelligent, about it;—nothing but a bald appeal to the lowest instincts. Misleading advertising is poor business policy; it's out of date. The American public is not nearly so willing to be humbugged to-day as the late P. T. Barnum is said to have considered it.

Wicked pictures are few, but salacious advertising is far-

(Continued on page 113)

If You Want Better Pictures

ORGANIZE a Branch of The Better Photoplay League of America, the national clearing-house of the Better Film movement. James R. Quirk is the president.

You will need as many as ten persons of standing in the community to start a branch and you can add to this number as the branch progresses.

Call your meeting. Have someone make a motion that you organize a branch of The Better Photoplay League of America, for the purpose of furthering the cause of better films. After the motion is seconded and carried, elect your officers—a chairman, two vice-chairmen, and a secretary. As there are no dues unless your branch unanimously votes to have them, you will not need a treasurer.

Constitution and by-laws will be supplied you free of charge by The Better Photoplay League of America, 350 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill., as soon as you send in the names of your officers and ten original members.

Send two cents in postage for the handbook,
"Hints and Helps in Obtaining Better Films."

His Foot on the Soft Pedal

By
FREEMAN
HENDERSON

Our modest Music Master, Alec B. Francis, plays the silent drama and strikes the right chord.

SAINT-SAENS behind the Klieggs; Beethoven in grease paint; Chopin before the camera—

Not an hallucination, but a reality, speaking of Alec B. Francis. As I wandered over one of the big glass stages of the Goldwyn studio in Culver City I stumbled into yards and yards of electric wires, switch boxes and disused sets. The stenographer at the studio entrance had told me with the usual stenographic hauteur that I should perhaps see Mr. Francis "somewhere on the lot."

Just so. In the rear of a cinematic reproduction of one of those Alaskan bar rooms that Rex Beach has made famous, there was a piano. Not one of the Chickerway kind, but just a piano—an instrument that had been over the top, a veteran of studio wars, its keys stripped of their ivory, its oak case scratched and scarred.

The stage, empty but for a handful of carpenters who were "striking" a set, tearing it to pieces with shrieks from the boards as they were ripped apart, reverberated with the colorful strains of a Debussy futurism. The player was a middle-aged gentleman in plain, very plain street attire, sans makeup, a briar pipe between his lips.

He played delightfully. Perfect production. I thought, good tone, vivid shading. He stopped, ending with a Debussy crash of dissonant harmony.

He declares that he would like to compose music, and that in the depths of his heart is a secret longing to live alone in a rose-covered bungalow with his piano and his pipe.

Yes, yes, his pipe. From what I gathered from studio co-workers the long-stemmed briarwood never leaves his mouth except when its owner is working before the camera. At the piano he puffed it intermittently. Later in the day when I spied him reading a newspaper it was still emitting little blue rings of smoke, and when we drove home in his car it kept on smoking away all the way to town.

To be a musician was once the ambition of Alec Francis—not necessarily to concertize, but to be able to concertize. He began his career as a lawyer in an office where there were forty "clarks" as he called the clerks. He says that he didn't like parchment and a high stool, while he was tremendously absorbed with affairs of the stage.



Mr. Francis has been the best of fathers to Mae Marsh, performing that pleasant histrionic duty in "Spotlight Sadie," the last Marsh-Goldwyn.

His theatrical debut was made in the English provinces, as a detective in a play by J. H. Darnley.

"Incidentally," he recalled, "it was my duty to ring up the curtain, play property boy and attend to all the baggage for the recompense of one pound, one shilling a week. I lasted in this jack-of-all-trades capacity for three weeks, when the author took a fancy to my work and made me the juvenile. Since then he always looked after my well-being, and at length I accompanied him and a company to London."

There he did 500 nights in the Darnley company, and was "picked" by Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Kendall for their tour. He remained on the stage, playing alternately on tour, in stock, at the head of his own company, and in repertoire for a number of years, playing everything from "Hamlet" to "Cyrano de Bergerac."

The army, with its resultant life of excitement, had always beckoned to Francis, and he joined with the British forces. After a term of service in Britannia proper, he was transferred to the Royal Horse Artillery in India, where he remained four years.

And then, America! Since his arrival some years ago, Alec B. Francis has done practically every manner of work, having both nursed during the Spanish-American War, and farmed at varied intervals; played on the

stage, in musical comedy where he sang baritone roles, and later in moving pictures.

He began his screen career seven years ago with the old Vitagraph company, playing a principal part with Maurice Costello in "Twa Highland Laddies."

With the inception and growth of the Eclair company Mr. Francis first acted there and later directed. Following this engagement and a short return to the stage he was featured in World pictures, in such plays as "Alias Jimmy Valentine" with Robert Warwick, "The Man of the Hour" and "The Wishing Ring." Later, with Maurice Tourneur, he did "The Pit," when, at the organization of the Goldwyn company, he was signed on a long-term contract, and has played in almost every release since, from "Polly of the Circus" and "The Cinderella Man" with Mae Marsh, to "When Doctors Disagree" with Mabel Normand, and "Lord and Lady Algy" with Tom Moore.



Admission— 15 Tin Cans

IN the copper mining districts of Montana old tin cans are converted into copper. In Nebraska, R. E. Falkenberg, the manager of the Majestic theatre has found a way to convert old cans into silver. For ten years the women's club of Lexington, Nebraska, has conducted a spring clean-up campaign called "Tin Can Week." To help this good work, for each string of fifteen cans, Mr. Falkenberg gives a child one ticket of admittance. In gratitude for this co-operation, the women behind the movement boost for the Majestic theater



Everything Nautical Except Mal de Mer

THE briny deep invention revealed below would have been more appreciated during the days of submarines. Imagine the feeling of security it would give one to travel across the ocean right inside one's own studio! The large picture below was taken during the arranging of shipboard scenes for "April Folly." Marion Davies, the picture's star, is standing, totally ignoring the canvas ocean behind her, while seated nonchalantly on what appears to be a boot-black's stool is Conway Tearle, her leading man, watching Pete P'rops maneuver a bathtub filled with water and mirror to promote the effect of flashing sunlight on the water. During the taking of the scene, the effect of boat-motion was given by having the stage on rockers. Director Robert Leonard, with tinger pointed, is holding a lemon handy in case of seasickness.



Swim and Be Beautiful

VERY difficult to do, you say? Once in the water a while a girl's face is as barren of powder as a Norwegian fish-maid's. But the truly modern bathing suit has its water-proof pocket in which can be carried and used ad lib a powder puff. Bessie Love is the demonstratee.

Moving New York to California

COAST to coast aerial service not yet being established, it was impossible for Earle Williams to get to New York to take exterior scenes showing Broadway and Wall street, to be a part of his new picture, "The Hornet's Nest." Consequently, the busiest corner of Temple and Spring streets, Los Angeles, was appropriated and a typical New York subway kiosk put up. The picture at the left was posed at the proper angle to reveal the subterfuge. The kiosk is seen to be but half a shell, set on the curb. That's the Federal building behind.



Robert Warwick in Berlin

THE clipping below is from the *Berliner Tageblatt*, showing a movie theatre advertisement, announcing Robert Warwick in "The Man of the Hour." What is peculiar about this is the fact that at the same time Mr. Warwick was appearing in Berlin in this picture, he was detailed there, in person, on Pershing's staff. This reproduction was made from the copy of the paper which Major Warwick brought back with him.





How Art Titles Are Made

DID you ever wonder how they made the decorative titles used in many photoplays? The above picture is of the Thomas H. Ince art-title department, showing a staff of artists at work on the backgrounds of art titles, designed in harmony with the atmosphere of the scenes to which the title relates. The actual reading matter is lettered onto the finished painting.

Tickled by a Bear

IN the large oval on the opposite page is a scene from The Pathe serial, "The Great Gamble." Charles Hutchinson was supposed to enact a very dramatic fight with a ferocious bear, but at the most critical moment of the struggle, the bear tickled him in the ribs and he could not restrain a laugh. The photograph was made from the film thus disqualified.



Mary Pickford's Adopted "Grandmother"

WHILE staying at Santa Cruz taking scenes for "M'Liss," Mary Pickford met Mrs. Josephine Clifford McCrackin and heard from her own lips how she had worked since 1900 to have the famous redwoods preserved. As a result of her work, in 1902 the state of California purchased thirty-eight hundred acres of redwood forest which was named California Redwood Park, and thus the basin of majestic trees was saved. Mrs. McCrackin, who is 80 years old, came to "interview" Miss Pickford during her stay at Santa Cruz and later formally announced that she had adopted Mary as her granddaughter.

Stronger Than Onions

By
ALFRED
A. COHN

—was the lure of the drama to James Cruze. And just that much stronger than the stage was the lure of the screen.

If there's any one thing that gets the, so to say, goat of the biographer of celebrities cinematic, it's to be told that "there's no story in So-and-So."

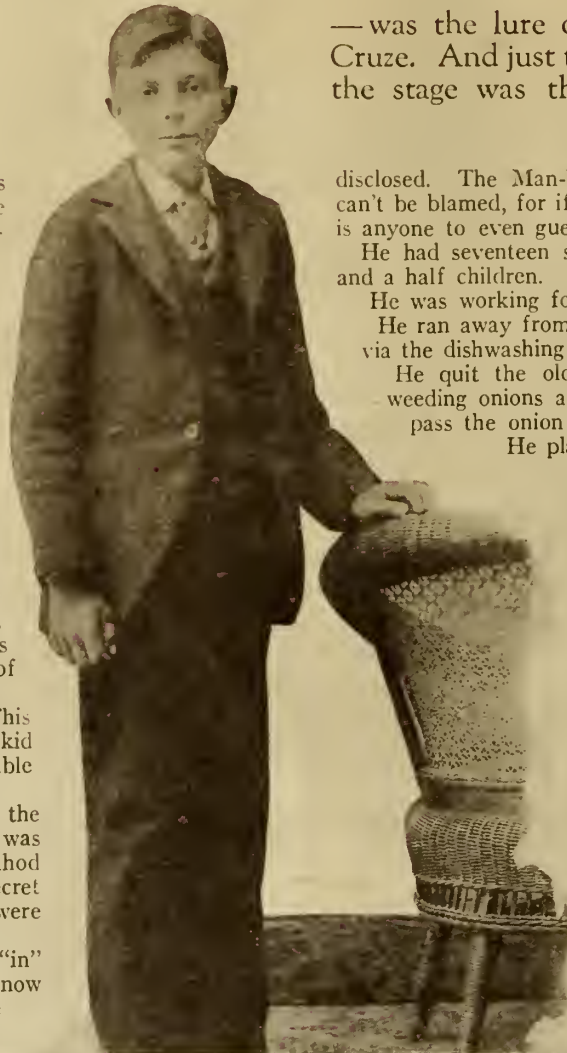
And that's just what the Man-Who-Writes-Nice-Things-That-Are-Sometimes-True-About-Famous-Player-Lasky-Plays-and-Playsers told this particular chronicler when the latter inquired concerning a story about Jimmie Cruze.

"He just won't talk about himself; he'll run away if we try to get a picture of him at work—just im-poss-ible" was the specific and emphatic complaint of the aforementioned person. "He's the most modest party on the Lasky lot, or he's got something to hide," was the parting shot. Then as a sort of after thought:

"Why not try him yourself?" This with something of the tone of one kid daring another to perform an impossible feat.

These few pages are proof that the impossible was accomplished; Jimmie was really interviewed—of course the method employed will have to remain a secret but neither hypnotism nor narcotics were used. And the result:

Well, instead of one story being "in" James Cruze, once actor and now director, a half dozen or more were



disclosed. The Man-Who-Writes-etc. at the Lasky studio can't be blamed, for if a man won't talk about himself, how is anyone to even guess that.

He had seventeen sisters—was the only boy in a dozen and a half children.

He was working for a living at the tender age of seven. He ran away from home at fifteen and became an actor via the dishwashing route.

He quit the old homestead because he got sick of weeding onions at 25 cents a day and watching trains pass the onion patch every few hours.

He played the lead in "David Garrick" before he was out of his teens, as well as all the chief Shakespearean roles.

He married Marguerite Snow before a motion picture camera, the first actual wedding so recorded.

Any good press agent could write an encyclopedia if given these facts and although a story could be written about each of these incidents, they will be touched upon briefly, leaving the elaborations for the Man-Who-etc. at the Lasky studio, where Jimmie is busy directing Wallie Reid.

"It was onions that did it," said Mr. Cruze retrospectively, after the anesthetic was administered. "I've never talked about it before. I

This picture was taken when he was ten—about the time that the onion patch first began losing its holding power.



The wedding of Jimmie Cruze and Marguerite Snow was the first ever performed on a motion picture stage. And the minister was so fussed he nearly forgot his "lines." The panel above shows Mr. Cruze, little Julie, and Marguerite Snow-Cruze.

Photography
by Stagg

Julie Cruise—remarkably resembling both
celebrated parents—is to appear in Photo-
play Magazine's screen supplement soon.
You'll see it in your favorite theatre.



felt very keenly about those onions. If you have never weeded onions, you don't know what real work is. They've got to be thinned, you know and—

"Well, I was fifteen then and every day a freight train would crawl up alongside that onion patch a few miles out from Ogden, Utah—the name of the homeburg was Five Points—and I'd wish each time that I was on it going away from there.

"And one day I got my nerve together and without saying a word to anyone, climbed into a box car that was attached to a train heading toward the setting sun.

"Eventually, I landed in San Francisco and my first position there was as a dishwasher in a cafe that could hardly be called first class. Of course my ambition was to be an actor even before I left home and washing dishes was only a means to that end. But the emoluments could hardly have been termed generous so I shipped to Alaska. I came back with \$1100 in the bank roll—not romantically wrested from the earth, nor spectacularly won over the roulette wheel—just worked for, and worked hard for, in a fishery. Fish and onions are in the same category with me.

"Of course I went to dramatic school then and wound up finally on the stage. I played the whole gamut of repertoire shows, beginning with the title role in 'David Garrick' with Billy Banks traveling stock company at the age of sixteen. Also played the male lead for Belasco in 'The Heart of Maryland' for a while. Then came the pictures and I have been with them continuously since 1908—played with Thanouser for years and I guess you know the rest."

Just about every fan knows that Jimmie Cruze is the husband of pretty Marguerite Snow, but until this is read, they have not known that their wedding was photographed on the stage of the old Thanouser studio in Boyle Heights, Los Angeles. Everybody in the company attended except Flo LaBadie who could not be located in time. (The wedding scene, taken six years ago last January 28 will be shown in a forthcoming Screen Supplement of Photoplay Magazine at the leading theaters, as well as some scenes following the birth of little Julie Cruze and the Cruze family today.)

The wedding as described by "Peggy" Snow Cruze was "almost a comedy." The minister, obtained from a mission nearby, was terribly fussed about getting in the movies. He even forgot his "lines" and had to be prompted by the late Mrs. Lucius Henderson who stood behind him. "She had to nudge him several times" says "Peggy," "when he got to the 'love honor and obey' and the 'I do' part of the program."

Later the company returned to New Rochelle, N. Y., where Mr. and Mrs. Cruze, with the late Miss LaBadie played the leading roles in "The Million Dollar Mystery" serial and other productions of note for that day.

Several years ago Mr. Cruze came west to play character parts at Lasky's and it wasn't long before he was handling the megaphone himself. Now he has charge of all of Wallace Reid's productions and the association seems to be one of mutual satisfaction.

And—such is life!—they say he has an onion patch in his side yard!

O H,
I Don't Know!
You Needn't
Pity Me.
I May
Work in the Movies,
My Life May Be
Just one Howling Close-up
After Another—but
I Was Born Right into it,
You Might Say.
And Really,
I Couldn't Do Anything Else.
I Have a Little
Professional Vanity, too;
I Know
They Couldn't
Get Along Without Me.
I am Necessary
To Almost every Picture
The Shop-girl Plot—
The Problem Play—
The Domestic Drama—
The Sex Thriller—
The Mackennett—
There Must be a Child—
Why, I Pull 'em Through!
But you're Right—
It's Hard Work.
My Father
Is the Villain—
You Know I
Rather Like my Father—
He Left the Lady
Who—the Sub-titles Explain—
I—my Maternal Parent,—
But he's a Good Sort; and
I Wish he'd Come Back.
I Don't Like the Way
I'm Hurl'd About By Uncertain Arms—
The Death Scene Today
Is the Silliest I Ever Saw—
The Lady who Plays my Mother—
And who Used
To Play Second Leads in Stock,
In Milwaukee—
All the Time
She was Supposed
To be Breathing her Last,
Was Really
Telling the Director
How Little She Cared
For his Directing,
And all the While she was Dying
I Was Supposed
To Be Asleep;



Bolshevism of a Baby

By DELIGHT EVANS

But I Wasn't,
Really; and
When the Director
Wasn't Looking, I
Opened one Eye
Right at the Camera; and
Somebody Wrote
A "Why-do-they-do-it" to Photoplay Mag-
azine About it.
Goodness Me—
Surely A Baby
Has a Chance
To Live his Own Life!
I'm Not Going to Play
The Unexpurgated Offspring
In Every Picture
If I Can't Have a Bit,
Once in a While.
Fat Chance I Have, though—
What with The Mother
That doesn't Want me,
Or the Mother who Deserts Me,—
(And I Grow Up Later, and
Some Rich Widow
Adopts Me—but
That doesn't Do Me any Good)

And—worst of All—
The Mother-who
Wanted-me-all-the-Time.
That's—
I Wish, once in a While,
They'd Give Me
A Mother
Who Understands
How to Hold Babies.
I'll Never
Make an Actor
If they Hold Me
So it Tickles.
In Revenge,
I Begin to Cry
Every Time anyone
Picks Me up.
But I Steal all the
Heroine's Scenes—
The Women in the Audience
Always Sniffle and exclaim,
"Oh what a Dear Child!"
They Make Me Sick.

I Always
Run away with the Picture.
Now the Director wants to Take
A Close-up of Me.
Laughing.
I Don't Feel like Laughing.
I'm Hungry.
They've Rehearsed this Scene
Three Times—
I should Like to Know
Why I Have
To Go without Lunch,
Simply because
A Star doesn't Know How
To Register Grief.
If he Doesn't Hurry, I know
What I'm Going to Do—
I'm Going to Sleep.
They won't Dare
Wake Me, because
They Have
A Good Many Visitors
At the Studio Today,
Who think it's Awful, Anyway,
For a Baby
To Have to Work in Pictures.
They Don't Know the Half of it.
It's Ruining my
Disposition; but just the
Same,
I'll Bet I'm another
Francis X. Bushman
When I Grow Up.

Sweet Sixteen —Plus!

Not many of our camera youngsters possess, like Clara Horton, the dignity of an emotional actress.

By
TRUMAN B. HANDY



The blonde baby in both pictures is, of course, Clara. In the days of tasseled shoes, she posed for artists; they said she was a picture type. Glancing at Miss Horton, hair-up, we'll say she hasn't changed much—only now she is photographed as a Rex Beach heroine.

IT took Rex Beach to discover latent talents in pretty little Clara Horton, to take her from the ranks of ingenues and to give her her first real opportunity before the camera. Not that Miss Horton had not acted before she met the novelist. Not at all; she has been one of the children who have grown up with the cinema, whose development has been graduated with that of the photoplay, but whose skirts went down and her hair up only a short two years ago.

When I first saw Miss Horton *en scene* Reginald Barker and she were standing in a Nome hotel lobby—at the Goldwyn studio of course—and Mr. Barker was arranging the windsor tie Miss Horton wore. She was dressed simply, wearing a pair of heavy doe-skin hiking boots, corduroy walking skirt, grey flannel miner's shirt and a vari-colored mackinaw. Starting at the floor and

allowing your gaze to move upward, you at once thought of a mature woman. But the head of light, blonde, curly hair and the two eyes—black pools in a white face—at once proclaimed her a mere slip of a girl.

According to a certain actor who has been acquainted with little Miss Clara for a number of years, the occasion of her first ankle-length skirts was something of an ordeal for everyone concerned. In the first place, he said that she looked very uncomfortable, very miserable, and in the second place, Miss Horton was observed to shed large quantities of salty tears when she thought persons on the set were looking at her.

And even now if she is apprehensive about a bit of stage business she looks for a few moments as if she is about to cry. In Rex Beach's "Star of the North" at the Goldwyn studio she, the only woman in the cast, was surrounded by several hundred men. She would be consoled by them, amused by them, and advised by them. And when it was all over she would sit down at a table with them and play a mysterious game called "rummy," in which her opponents would always allow her to beat them.

Miss Horton "broke into pictures" while she, as a four-years-old tot was waiting for a Bensonhurst car in Brooklyn. She had posed for a number of artists as a baby, although it had never occurred to her mother that the baby was a picture "type" until that day in Brooklyn when a bystander saw her and told her mother that she would "look well in the movies."
(Concluded on page 122)





Mr. Jemima, below, having such a fearful time extricating coffee from the graniteware pan, is Robert Andersen, a dramatic actor at Universal's studio. Do not ask why this popular star is obliged to make his own breakfast—perhaps he, too, was caught in the recent culinary uprising.

When Do We Eat?

ACCORDING to the story in August called "Where Do We Eat," picture people don't have any difficulty, in the studios, or on location, answering that important question—it's their home life that suffers. Because the cooks went on a strike in Hollywood. It is not known just what the strike is all about but rumors declare the culinary union became peeved one day when Lillian Gish decided to make her own biscuits. (Demonstration above.) Marguerite Clark lost her cook in the resultant insurrection and she had just bought a chicken for Sunday dinner. We hope the recipe tells Miss Clark how to get rid of the fowl's legs.



A Stage-Struck Director



Paul Scardon, who began professional life as a circus contortionist, is still bent on acting every so often.

By
R. W.
BAREMORE

PERHAPS you don't realize it, but motion picture directors often have just as unusual lives and just as interesting careers as the players themselves. In many instances the men "behind the scenes" have more unusual stories to tell than those who appear before the public.

Take for example the case of Paul Scardon, the man who has handled the megaphone for the majority of the Harry T. Morey features.

Scardon was born in Australia and he broke into theatricals there, but not of course in the motion picture business, for the movies were an unheard of thing during his early youth. What he did was to appear on the vaudeville circuits in a contortion act, all dolled up in spangled tights that made him look weird and uncanny and doing stunts that the "stunniest" of our present day film players couldn't put over in a million years, and was billed as "The Human Paradox, the Boneless Wonder." It meant nothing to young Paul to curl both legs around his head, while comfortably seated on a small table and to walk on his hands, while in this bent up position, down a plank extending from the table to the stage floor.

That sure was some beginning for a motion picture director. He made a success of it and considers that he gained a composure while playing this act in vaudeville which has stood him in good stead many a time since.

Just to go back a bit further than even this initial vaudeville appearance we offer photographic evidence that the army lost a great soldier when Paul Scardon decided on a theatrical career.

Scardon has never quite been able to cure himself of this stage-struck dis-



ease. Even to this day he feels that he must act every so often. When the feeling becomes too strong he just hops into a role in one of the pictures he is making.

After graduating from vaudeville Scardon took up dramatic work and played a number of engagements in Australia and in America played in support of such stars of the speaking stage as Nance O'Neill, Kyrle Bellew, E. H. Sothern and Mrs. Fiske, having known the gamut from contortion to Shakespeare. Altogether he spent some twelve years on the speaking stage and then drifted into the "movies," joining the old Majestic-Reliance company as a character actor.

However Scardon could never quite forget his early desire to be a soldier.

That's one reason why he always had a longing to play the role of a great general in the drama. He had his opportunity in the role of General Grant. That he played it well we have no doubt and that he looked the part we know for here's a nice little photograph to prove it.

Although it was not due to his early desire to fight battles that Paul Scardon eventually became a motion picture director, of course there is every reason to believe that he has fought and won many battles on the studio floor with cranky actresses and actors. But what really made Scardon a director was his ability to handle people, his expert technical knowledge of motion picture making, his keen understanding of the drama and his unquestionable knack of bringing out the high lights of even the most ordinary story and making of it a real drama, without the assistance of a menagerie.



At top — Scardon as a contortionist in an Australian circus. Directly above — in the role of "General Grant."



A typical photographic unit ready to start for sites of action, consisting of a motion picture photographer—usually a lieutenant—a still photographer, and a helper. These are the chaps who made the war safe for posterity.

WHEN the Civil War came along photography was still in short dresses. It hadn't ventured out any farther than the front gate. As a result there was only one man to cover the great quarrel. He was supposed to be at all the battles and to record the day's stirring events along the whole line.

Thus Brady handled it alone and came out quite a hero, but when the last armed situation came along it took just 472 officers and men to record it. The job was too big for one man. He just simply couldn't attend all the battles. It took fifty motion picture photographers to film the last war. This was for the American army alone. The British army had its photographic staff and the French army had its Section Photographique et Cinematographique de l'Armée Française, as it was called by those who had it handy. Each army formulated and carried out its own photographic plans. Those of the Americans were the most pretentious of all.

Our motion picture work was done from Paris. It was thought at first that portable developing outfits could be used for rushing motion pictures through, but field equipment did not come up to expectations. It did not pan out. It was all right for still photography and for observation photographs where speed was the one essential, but when it came to the handling of motion pictures it didn't strike twelve. In fact, it struck just a quarter after eight. Still pictures made from an aeroplane to show the location of enemy guns and developed in the field were a success, but not motion pictures. As soon as the needed number of still plates were exposed the aeroplane headed for home. A motorcycle was waiting. Bending over, the photographer passed the plates to the driver on the motorcycle who gave it the gas. A developer waiting on dark room wagon steps seized the plates and dropped them in the

hypo, with the result that fifteen minutes after a picture was taken over the enemy lines a print was in the hands of the fire direction officer. The battery would open up and the incident would be closed. It was fast work.

But in the case of motion pictures speed was not such a requisite. The cinematograph division could take things more calmly.

The task of photographing the war was handled by units. A unit consisted of three men—a motion picture photographer who was usually a lieutenant; a still photographer, usually a sergeant of the first class, with enough exceptions to the rule to make it interesting; and a helper. The helper was just a plain buck. Thus equipped the photographic unit started out from Paris in a medium-priced Detroit car with the radiator turned in the general direction of the front. The big excitement was on—the photographic unit was headed for the unknown. Those were the big days. A fellow started off in the morning and never knew whether he was going to come back with something in his camera or something in his duodenum.

A good many didn't come back at all. There was the case of Lt. Ralph Estep. A shell pinched him off near Sedan. And there was Corporal Daniel J. Sheehan who got struck by a gas shell and when he came to he was in Germany. He was a haggard specimen when he got back to the laboratory in January. But that is a part of war. You've got to expect some rifts in the lute. Going to war isn't dressing up (or undressing) and going to the seashore. It is not lolling in the lap of luxury and having food brought around on a silver tray. No indeed. It has a good many bumps in it—war has—isn't that right, boys? We'll say it is.

But even when you got to the front it wasn't all peaches and cream—not by a good many bushels and a few pecks of

Handing It Down to Posterity

Getting a war over with is one thing; preserving it for future generations is quite another. However, the motion picture camera carefully pickled it and this tells how it was done.

By
HOMER CROY



skimmed milk. All those who had peaches and cream take one pace forward—We thought not. Peaches in France were practically an unknown product. Except in Paris! Oh, you boy! Do you remember the corner of Avenue de l'Opera and Boulevard des Italiens? Don't hit him, boys—deep down he has a kind heart.

It was not easy to film the war. They have a way of doing most of their fighting at night. No difference how much influence you may have with the general he won't put it off till a clear day.

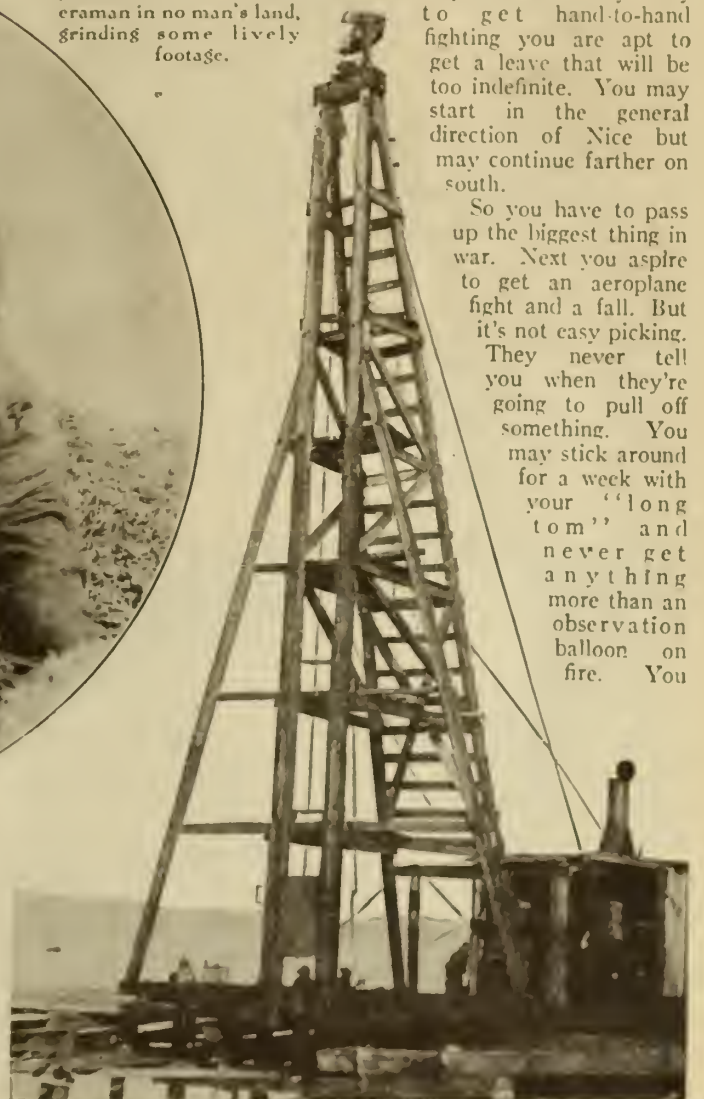
You are now at the front; the day is sunshiny. Filming pictures now looks as simple as taking candy from a young and surfeited child. But it isn't. No, stranger, no. Far from it. Your ambition is to get a motion picture of war's

biggest photographic thrill—infantry fighting. That is the Eldorado of every war photographer—to show the two sides coming together in No Man's Land. But it isn't done. The boys go over at dawn, most'y, when you couldn't get a clothes-line on a wide open diaphragm. You've got to have light for a motion picture. Even if the boys postponed it till noon the chances are you wouldn't come back with much. You've got that camera to take with you wherever you go—and when you're packing a motion picture camera across a chewed-up terrain you're just about as busy as a one-armed man carrying a trunk up a back stairs. All your hands are needed and if you had a colored boy along you would find him quite helpful. You're too loaded to carry a gun. All you can pack is a side-arm—and a sidearm is small punkins alongside a saw-tooth bayonet. You have never missed Broadway so much in your life. You'd give your next month's pay check to be back at an automat. Take it from one who has read much on the subject—don't loiter in No Man's Land when all you've got between you and heaven is a one-barreled pistol. If you linger too long you may be confronted suddenly by a large gate you never saw before—and the person answering it may know St. Peter only by reputation. You may be in a place you never before counted on and the only people you will know will be some M. P.'s.

It simply can't be done: photographing the biggest thrill in modern war—close-ups of bayonet fighting. You'd better depend on getting some German prisoners coming back—you're more apt to get to go to Nice on your leave. If you try to get hand-to-hand fighting you are apt to get a leave that will be too indefinite. You may start in the general direction of Nice but may continue farther on south.

So you have to pass up the biggest thing in war. Next you aspire to get an aeroplane fight and a fall. But it's not easy picking. They never tell you when they're going to pull off something. You may stick around for a week with your "long tom" and never get anything more than an observation balloon on fire. You

Getting Chateau-Thierry ready for the school histories—that is, getting it ready for the educational projection room. A cameraman in no man's land, grinding some lively footage.



Putting Brest on the map. This army photographer was forced to climb to the top of this barge-tower to get views of the famous French point.

get an airflight only by chance. And then when you do see two men come together and crank her up and one of them drops and your heart clinbs up in your blouse pocket you find out after a couple of minutes that he was just doing a feint. Heavens—the miles of motion picture film that has been wasted on tail-spins! Even if the enemy plane is shot down and you happen to have it in your finder, you are not a made man. In fact, they haven't yet got the steel work up. They're still working on the blue prints. It'll be a long time before the TO RENT sign appears on the sidewalk. Even if you get twenty feet of the plane coming down, the machine is sure to land half a mile away. Grab up your camera and tripod and run as fast as you can. When it comes to running with a camera and tripod, few men are deers. They are more apt to

be in the snapping-turtle class. A motion picture camera is not light and airy. The man who designed it later turned his attention to perfecting the steam hoist. But run as you may ten thousand people will be there ahead of you. In they'll push and crowd till you can't get an exposure without a hundred faces gawking in the picture.

Infantry fighting is best; air work is next and third is a tank in action. Tanks are picturesque; they fill the screen; they look like something, but good tank pictures are few and far between. You can get them deploying and practising but to get a tank going over the top—ah, that is another matter! One photographer had the idea that he would get inside a tank, point his lens out the porthole and get the real stuff. He got

(Continued on page 132)

Mary Liberty on Location

Or, scraping the skyscrapers
with a picture machine.

M. BARTHOLDI'S celebrated daughter, the statuesque Franco-American resident of New York harbor shown at the right, has often had her beautiful features and enlightening arm wound into our photoplays and news-reels, but here is a first view of her back—and will Kitty Gordon, holder of all lovely-back championships to date, please accept this as a challenge? Below, a breath-taking plane visit to the canyons of lower Broadway.

Through the struts of the machine one could shout a greeting to people in those windows. Previously no one has dared fly so low and so close to lower Manhattan's mighty piles of steel and stone, from whose communicating valleys vicious air-currents rise constantly. Such flying two years ago would have meant sure death.



Above, Lieut. Earl Carroll, U. S. A., who carried the crank camera through the daring negotiations exemplified in these pictures. The insignia of the squirrel reaching for the nut in the pilot's seat seems accordingly well chosen. Mr. Carroll is the author of several photoplays and musical comedies; his most conspicuous success in the latter field being "So Long Letty."



"I'd rather not tell my age, if you don't mind."

From Four to Twelve



A daughter of the Press interviewed a son of the Screen—until someone mentioned ice cream.



GEORGE BEBAN, the Italian moving picture star, is a very interesting person to meet, but I can assure you his little son, George Beban, Jr., is even more so. He is a handsome little fellow of four and one

half. He was dressed in light green, sailor pants, yellow blouse, and lavender tie. He wore a black velvet sailor tam, small black slippers and white socks.

Our youthful actor proudly announces the fact that *he* is not going to be an actor—not much. He is going to be a soldier, and you may well believe that if he is as persistent when he grows up as now, he will certainly be whatever he chooses.

The first thing I asked him was, "Do you like the movies?" I was nearly knocked off my chair, so emphatic was his reply. "NO," shouted this remarkable little chap. I was rather taken aback for a minute by this unexpected answer, but I managed to get up courage to question him further as to his likes and dislikes, hoping for a better result. I ventured to ask, "Why is it that you do not like the movies?" "They make me work too hard," he astonished me by saying. "Well then, what *do* you like, and what *are* you going to be?" quoth I, noticing that he was growing impatient, and thinking that I had better let him do the talking. It was then that he informed me that his great ambition was to become a "sojer." This made

By
HARRIETT O. PARSONS

HARRIETT O. PARSONS is the twelve-year-old daughter of Louella Parsons, motion picture editor of the *New York Morning Telegraph*, and she has always felt that she could write all around her mother when it came to interviews. So when little George Beban Junior came to New York with his mother, Harriett went to see him and this is her impression of him, printed exactly as she wrote it. She started out to write a serious, thoughtful personality study and got along all right until her interviewee mentioned ice cream. Harriett, only a kid herself, fell from her dignified literary perch with the first soda.

me laugh, because his clothes remarkably resembled a sailor's togs, and I had naturally imagined that his fancy ran to the Navy.

It seems that "Bob White," as our young soldier calls himself, ventured into the Hollywood parade ground where numerous squads were drilling, and taking his place beside the soldiers, marched up and down with them. But this adventure was almost brought to an end, for the captain of the squad discovered young Beban, and informed him that he was not wanted. He repeated this performance until he had been fired out of every squad on the parade ground, and then he returned to the first. As I remarked before, Bob White is a persistent little chap, and the soldiers soon saw that he was not to be gotten rid of easily, so they settled the matter by making him their mascot and allowing him to remain. He now knows every order and goes through the drill like a veteran. (He proved this to me by going through the whole routine for me.)

Not long ago he visited a high school in California. The teacher stood him up on the desk and said, "Now, dear, won't you say a nice verse for the children?" Out of a clear sky as this request came, Bob White was prepared to meet any emergency, so he drew himself up to his full height and said:

"Kaiser Bill went up the hill to take a peek at France.
Kaiser Bill came down the hill with a bullet in his pants."

(Continued on page 133)



NO drama of the stage has excelled "Broken Blossoms" in sheer emotional force, and the Griffith photoplay has in addition a perfection of pictorial composition hardly equalled in any footlight essay. This is the ultimate moment in which Lucy (Lillian Gish) awaits the hand which is to drag her to death through the broken door.

C L O S E - U P S

EDITORIAL EXPRESSION AND TIMELY COMMENT

Picture by Picture. The ultimate consumer is not interested, except in moments of mechanical curiosity, in the ways and means by which pictures come to him. He has two definite picture interests—an interest in the people who make the pictures, and an interest in the pictures themselves. The routes of trade and the squabbles of trade are far trails and battles in which he and his kin have no part.

However, every "fan" ought to be interested in the extraordinary revolution in picture distribution just now, for it directly affects him.

Once upon a time the neighborhood exhibitor was bound to a program by which he got an occasional good picture, hidden like the slice of bacon in a club sandwich, and a large number of other pictures not so good. And there were the occasional special releases, free for every one to take—at a price. The matter of selling each picture singly is not a new thing, either. But it was like a fire which sputters and smoulders among the outer, scattering wisps of a haystack for many minutes—here a blaze, there a spark, there a lot of blue smoke—until finally some tendril of flame, with fuel and draft just right, ignites the base of the stack and a great, uncontrollable, roaring blaze leaps high into the air. The little flame of single picture selling hit the bottom of the haystack of national distribution less than ninety days ago, and today the whole heap is aglow.

In the present conflagration it is hard to tell just where the fire started. The originally energetic Fred Warren, of Hodkinson's, and formerly of Goldwyn's, did as much as anybody to spread the sparks around. The system of First National is based upon single picture selling. Selznick took single selling as a slogan. The vast distributing organization of the Paramount and Arcraft systems is now devoted to it. And there are others.

To the fan, all the agitation means just this: that his exhibitor can now choose, picture by picture, the photoplays his audience wants. The chances of any neighborhood in America to see the best pictures made—mark that we do not

say "good pictures all the time," for really fine photoplays are not factory products, any more than books or dramas—let us repeat: the chances of any neighborhood in America to see the best pictures made is in exact ratio to the intelligence and selective ability of that neighborhood's exhibitor. Never was there such need for clean-minded, intelligent men in the exhibiting end of the motion picture business, for their power over production has become almost autocratic, and if their selection were of a uniform grade there would be no more unclean subjects filmed, no more slipshod productions,

no more mere trash accepted in scenarios. The manufacturers couldn't afford it, for they would simply be throwing all unworthy output away; nobody would buy it.

We are hardly such cheerful optimists, however, that we hail single selling as the millenium of photoplay making, or even as the definite end of distribution of poor pictures by manufacturers. The people who see pictures, have, whether they know it or not, won a tremendous victory. Now let the people keep the fruits of that victory by discriminating patronage, a frank expression of their likes and dislikes in person as well as by their attendance, and watch to see that the mercantile spirit causes no slipsback into an out-of-date regime.

We are glad, and we are peaceful, but this is no time to Chinafy ourselves under the sunshine of our new gifts. Remember that there are seldom contracts that can't be broken, and that despite all the talk, all the promises, all the propaganda, poor pictures and inferior stories will still be floating over the country if the exhibitors and their patrons permit. Business is business, whether the desk is occupied by a government or a filmmaker. The manufacturers have done a great thing in their turn to a standard of single selling that places every photoplay upon its own merits, independent of programme or star-affiliation. It is up to the supreme court of the industry, the exhibitors and patrons, to make this system as much a success in practice as it is in trade-paper advertising. What we need to match the manufacturers' big forward move is



"BULL" Montana and "Spike" Robinson, those lovely wild-flowers of the screen, were seated in a Hollywood photoplay theatre. They are the Damon and Pythias of filmland—or, better yet, the Tom and Jerry of the business, as they are seldom separated.

The scene was a weekly showing the American Marines in action. The picture "irised out" on the Marine emblem—the famous globe and anchor, and the motto, "Semper Fidelis."

"You're a wop," quoth Spike to Bull; "what do them two wop words mean?"

"It means in English 'treat 'em rough,'" returned Bull, with gracious ease.

a keener audience-conscience in this country. Those districts that are apathetically satisfied with trash will continue to get trash, however altruistic the new system may be. That's the law of supply and demand.



Frank Tinney's Hope. In the recent all-star "Gambol" of The Lambs in New York—this celebrated profes-

sional club makes merry with a public frolic in May or June of each year—Mr. Willie Collier and Mr. Frank Tinney could not refrain from a comment on the characteristic "art" of Miss Bara.

Mr. Collier: "Who is your favorite movie actress?"

Mr. Tinney: "I never had such a favorite as Theda Bara. She always saves her honor."

Mr. Collier: "She certainly does, Frank. She's a wonderful actress."

Mr. Tinney: "I've seen her twenty-seven times now, and she's saved her honor every time so far."

Mr. Collier: "She always just does save it so far."

Mr. Tinney: "I'm going to keep right on going to see her."



Hints for Reformers. The professional reformer—the man who hitched his wagon to the great national revulsion against alcohol because it gave him a job, a chance to rebuild his neighbors according to his own blue-prints—need not be out of a job just because the saloon is one with Nineveh and Potsdam.

The infernal cigarette and that more respectably-clad iniquity, the cigar, are of course on his list for early attention. We suggest that he add tea and coffee, insidious stimulants, immediately. Next he can take up the waste of time. Motion pictures waste time dreadfully; further, the lighter subjects of picturedom incline to frivolity, and one should not view life as a frivol-matter. Baseball is a waste of the precious hours of men right in the prime of their business careers. Recesses ought to be abolished at school because school hours are short enough at best. Vacations are absurd, because they are not productive of anything except sunburn and large appetites. Music has probably caused many a promising citizen to idle away his capital years—out with it. Shaving is a sin because it is a perversion of nature—if Nature intended men to be naturally a la Gillette why didn't she make them that way? Reading, except in proper texts for mental improvement, is an extravagant and dissolute habit; further, novels should be prohibited by law because, being fiction, they may set people to telling lies.

These are only a few early hints to practical, persistent professionals. If the reformers will correct the world thus far, this bureau of sug-

gestion will meanwhile be at work on other suggestions for mundane improvement. We ask no fee—only credit.



Militarism Not Wanted. There is a most extraordinary

reaction everywhere against the "war story." This has extended even to the dramatic stories of the Civil War, some of them masterpieces of drama, fiction and production. The public, assert the exhibitors, simply does not want to see a uniform.

All of which is a hopeful sign, and a natural one, rather than the expression of any possible ingratitude to our heroic young men—and young women, too—who went across so recently to fight and serve and save. The Anglo-Saxon peoples are not only conscious expressors of sentiments against militarism, and the symbols of militarism, but strongly show the same feelings in their unconscious, instinctive selections of amusement and recreation. We had a mighty task before us in the subjugation of military anarchy, and, to fight fire with its own elements, we assumed the military guise in a tremendous and awe-inspiring way. The job is done, and in our discard of even the trappings and the suits of swordly power we are not only getting back to peace, but to the ways of peace, and the ways of ordinary life and labor.



Needed: A Film Library. Let us quote from a pamphlet prepared by the Social Centers committee of The People's Institute, of New York City:

"There is more need for a public library of films than there ever was for a public library of books, and for the following reasons: the book is an individual property; it can be read in solitude; the individual can purchase it if he wants it. But the motion picture is essentially a collective commodity. The individual can have a desired motion picture only on condition that a large number of other people want the same picture at the same time. This fact makes it peculiarly out of the question to leave motion pictures entirely to the exploitation of unlimited commercialism.

"The public film library, dealing with a sufficiently large number of schools, churches and other agencies, would be able to draw on the world's supply for whatever film it wanted, and to ransack the film output of the last ten years."

It may be said that such a library has already been established, for historical purposes, by Edgar R. Harlan, curator of the State Historical Department of Iowa.

So many institutions are now writing the New York Library to ask about films of civic interest that for the purposes of this study the Municipal Reference Library has collected much data of this sort, which it is gladly sharing with city officials, civic organizations and municipal reference libraries in other cities.

The Westerners

Jim lashed his horses into a run. Bullets flew about him and the buckboard careened madly, safely passing the danger zone.



"Girls aint so good as dogs," said little Dennis. But he couldn't appreciate Molly as Cheyenne Harry did.

By

GERTRUDE K. SMITH

FOR Cheyenne Harry life was becoming monotonous at Copper Creek. It was the same old round of working his claim by day and trying to find a little sport by night at the Little Nugget. Now a devil-may-care time-waster, Harry had once been a tenderfoot from Philadelphia. A love for adventure had taken him with the gold rush to the Black Hill of Dakota.

Like all the other gold-crazed seekers, Harry cared little for the rights of the Indians. Pah-sep-pah, they called the Black Hills, the home of their god, Gitche-Manitou. By them that soil was held sacred and even to touch foot on it except in ceremony was a sacrilege. True, solemn treaties had been made by the white man with the Indians not to desecrate his land, but gold breaks promises, and the Indians saw their sacred Pah-sep-pah entered by the white man in a lustful search for gold.

"Can't you do something to liven this town up?" was Harry's greeting to Mike Lafond, who was one day announced as the new owner of the Little Nugget. Lafond owned a string of saloons and dance halls in the Black Hills. A half-breed, with the vices of both races and the virtues of neither, he amassed wealth by catering to the vices of men.

"Say, I'm going to make a live joint out of this place," Lafond promised. "Going to open up a dance hall, and I'm going to bring my daughter to town. Say, boys, wait until you see my daughter! She's been going to school over at the Spotted Tail Reservation. Her name's Molly—Molly Lafond, and she'll make you stand up and take notice."

Just how much notice Harry was to take of Molly Lafond that happy-go-lucky individual was destined to learn soon. Always having obeyed his own impulses, a thing he could not tolerate was a restraining hand. It wasn't that he held any grudge against Jim Buckley,—good old Jim Buckley, leading citizen of Copper Creek,—but if he wanted a little fun with the old bartender who didn't appreciate Harry's somewhat rough humor, he didn't want interference on the part of anyone.

Therefore, when Buckley dragged Cheyenne Harry off the struggling man, a fight was in keeping with his mood. A flash, and two men faced each other with drawn guns. The door between them suddenly banged open and a girl stood before

them. A stranger she was, with soft dark curls hanging over her shoulders, big trusting brown eyes and a womanliness about her no man present had ever seen before in that rough country.

From one to the other the big eyes turned. Slowly, and with somewhat sad eyes holding his, she approached big Jim. Taking his gun from his limp hand, she placed it in its holster and then turned to Harry. That young man was experiencing strange emotions. He was actually ashamed of himself—ashamed to be caught turning a gun on another man! Ashamed to face those searching eyes! Never in all his harem-scarum life had he ever been ashamed. He had one never-failing remedy for all difficult situations—his smile, but it brought only a slight answer to the girl's red lips.

Back into the holster slipped Harry's gun.

"My daughter," introduced Lafond.

"You boys need someone to make you stand around," said Molly gayly, as she perched herself on the bar. "Aren't you glad I came? Why doesn't someone say so?"

But the "boys" were tongue-tied with admiration and bashfulness.

"Hey, Jim," they voted. "You make a speech!"

And Jim Buckley, afraid of nothing in the world or out of it except women, took off his hat, shifted from one big foot to the other and tried.

"Er—er—beau-teous member of your sect. we—er—we—"

Embarrassment entirely overcame him.

"Here, I'll show you how to welcome a lady," volunteered Harry. Doffing his hat, swinging it at arm's length, he bowed deeply and not without grace. Deliberately approaching the unsuspecting girl, he quickly grabbed her tight in his arms and kissed her.

Right then and there Cheyenne Harry got acquainted with a new species of the so-called weaker sex. Eyes bright and lips slightly smiling, Molly slowly slid from her seat and stood, straight and strong, in front of the boy. Her right arm swung up and out. Smack, slap! against his left cheek. Smack, slap! Her left hand smartly smote the other cheek.

She had strength, this young slip of a girl whom he could have carried off under one arm, but behind those slaps was all

the anger of a fiery will. His hands flew to his smarting face. With a third movement hers had relieved him of his gun.

"I'll return it when you say you're sorry," she told him.

Morning brought new conquests for the bright-eyed Molly. By a swiftly running stream she met Dennis and his canine pal, Peter. As a dog Peter was not much, but to the boy he was the smartest thing on four legs in the world and only slightly dearer to him than his gun.

"Me and him go hunting every morning," he told Molly.

Dennis was the only child in Copper Creek. With several front teeth missing, a generous sprinkling of freckles on his snub nose, ragged clothes and a knowledge far beyond his seven years, Dennis struck deep to Molly's tender heart, but her natural maternal instinct warned her that sympathy or any display of affection was not Dennis' style. "Oh, I'm a good hunter," she declared enthusiastically. "May I go with you?"

Dennis rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "I dunno. Girls ain't much good," he observed, "but I'll try you out. Come on."

Cheyenne Harry was hunting also, but not with a gun. He was looking for Molly and found her out on the sage-covered hills with Dennis. Harry had spent most of the night in blackguarding himself for all kinds of a fool. Here was the sweetest little girl he'd ever seen and he got in bad at the very start.

Repentant, he asked for his gun. Turning her back toward him, she lifted the skirt of her dress and took the gun from a pocket pinned between the folds of her petticoat. Somehow it was quite easy to forget Dennis, who tried to tell Harry to go get a girl of his own and leave his girl alone.

When Molly left him to see Harry's claim, Dennis sighed and decided losing your girl was worth crying over. No, it wasn't either. "Bah, what's a girl anyhow!" he grimaced. Grimaces are so necessary a part of a small boy's vocabulary.

Lafond had not been in Copper Creek long before he found in Jim Buckley an old enemy. Would Buckley recognize him? Covertly his hand stroked his beard, which concealed an ugly scar caused by having been struck by Buckley with a gun. Would he remember after all these fifteen years?

It was not until Buckley first saw Molly that memory seemed to stir within him. Surely there was something familiar about her face—those eyes one could never forget, and what was there about Lafond that reminded him of—of—of what?

Feeling he must be avenged, Lafond plans Buckley's ruin. He suggests to the miners that they pool their money for a stamp-mill. "It'll pay you back in a short time," he said. And Buckley being the trusted citizen, the miners turned seventeen thousand dollars over to him for the mill. Accompanied by Lafond, who claimed he also had business in Rapid City, Buckley converted the cash into a check and mailed it with an order to a Chicago machinery firm. But Lafond covertly substituted another envelope for the original and the one that Buckley put into the letter-box was empty, while the check reposed in Lafond's pocket.

Molly had been in Copper Creek several days before she saw the old scientist. She and Dennis, on all fours, and Peter had crawled through the underbrush and dirt in search of game. A squirrel threw the hunters into a panic. Molly grabbed Peter and Dennis took aim. Dennis fired! Peter slipped through Molly's hands!

"Ain't that just like a girl!" grumbled the disappointed boy as Peter pawed at a hole down which the squirrel had disappeared. "Letting the dog go and scare the game!"

"Who's that?" asked Molly as a white-haired old man seemed to appear from nowhere. In his hand he held the handle and rim of a magnifying glass. Dennis' bullet had gone through the glass, with which he had been inspecting a specimen.

"Oh, that's only that nutty old bug hunter who lives with Jim Buckley," said the boy.

With far-away eyes that seemed to be trying to remember something, Professor Welch, whose memory had fled many years ago, looked deeply into the girl's. Had they ever seen each other before? It was a violent tug of her skirt by Dennis that diverted her attention.

The stamp-mill was a long time coming and the miners grew restless. Acting upon Lafond's suggestion, they wrote to Chicago to find out what had happened.

Molly soon had the whole town at her feet. Chief among her admirers, and standing first place in her affections, was Cheyenne Harry, but he drank too much, she thought.

"If you want to stand well with me, you'll have to stop drinking," she told him one night at the Little Nugget.

"No one can dictate to me what I ought to do," he retorted hotly, his jaw thrust out aggressively, and just to show her



Little Dennis' dog, wasn't dead after all. Turning to the girl and Cheyenne Harry, Dennis said: "Bah! Girls ain't so much good as dogs!"

who was boss he ordered some more whiskey.

But he never drank it. Snatching the glass from his hand, Molly dashed it to the floor. His hands clenched tight. So did Molly's. One of his fists was raised as if to strike her. Taut and straight, her eyes looking straight and defiantly into his, she stood before him. His arm fell, and a smile broke slowly over the face of each.

"Gimme a lemon pop!" he ordered to the amazement of the group who had watched the clash of wills.

Then came the day of the opening of the dance hall. In spite of Harry's plea that Molly should not attend, she put on her simple white frock, tied a ribbon in her dark curls and went.

When she entered, the Little Nugget was crowded with miners, who had been relieved of their guns at the door, and over-painted and under-dressed women. Molly did not like it and wished she had stayed home, but pride forbade any action that might lead Harry to suspect she cared how much he flirted with that brazen Bismark Annie.

Greatly to his annoyance, Molly had seen Annie recognize him that afternoon, had seen her throw her arms around his neck and kiss him, and now, to-night, when she entered the dance hall Annie— Oh, well, he told Mollie not to come!

He appealed to Lafond. "Any man who would let his daugh-

ter mix with this crowd is a low-lived skunk." at which Lafond gave a sinister smile.

"I know what I'm doing," he said. "You let her alone!"

The evening had well advanced when Tim Murphy came in with a letter from the Chicago firm saying the order had not been received. Buckley called on Lafond as a witness.

"Sure, I

"I'm going to Rapid City to-morrow, and when I come back somebody's going to clean dirt," he promised, as he went out on Roy's young arm.

The next morning Dennis, on his way to Molly's house to get her to go hunting, saw men hiding behind the corners of buildings with guns drawn.

"There ain't no man can get away with my money, Buckley or no. Shoot to kill!" Dennis overheard.

His little mind did some rapid thinking. Casually he sauntered out into the middle of the street and then broke into a hippety-hop, Peter his faithful follower. The boy, his gun and dog, were a familiar sight to the men and no suspicion lurked in their minds of his intention. Once out of sight, the lad glanced cautiously behind him and then started on a fast run. Stopping Jim in his buckboard, he told what he had seen and heard.

"Take my gun, you'll need it, Jim," he generously offered.

"Thanks, kid. You're a white man," said Jim, refusing the offer. Then he lashed his horses into a run. Turning the corner brought him within range of the guns. Bullets flew about him and the buckboard careened madly, safely passing the danger zone.

Realizing he would have to pull up that side of the great bend, the men followed. Lafond about to mount and join the chase, was reminded of another wicked plan at the sight of Molly in her doorway.

"Get back to the dance hall where you belong," he ordered. "That's what I raised you for and it's time you knew it."

Molly never remembered seeing him before without his beard. The scar on his cheek was hideous and repulsive. All his evilness stood revealed. It was as though a mask had been removed, as indeed it had, for Mike Lafond had arrived at the moment of revenge he had long planned.

Molly was not a coward, and she would not be bullied.

"What do you mean? How dare you?" she defied him.

He struck her with his riding whip and was about to strike again when Professor Welch entered. He had found a photograph in his trunk—memory was struggling for release.

Lafond's long, strong fingers buried themselves in the old man's soft neck. Looking into the face of his tormentor memory returned with a rush. Once upon a time he had looked into that same scarred face, those same strong fingers choked the breath from him. Only then that man was an Indian and under one arm was a screaming child, his little daughter.

The gun Lafond pulled on the professor suddenly dropped from his hand and blood spurted from a wound in his wrist. It was Dennis. Infuriated, Lafond

brutally kicked the boy and threw Peter, who had jumped at his throat, to the ground. Harry heard the shot. Stepping over Dennis and the dog lying in the doorway, he rushed into the room.

The enraged Lafond fought madly. He must be avenged. He hurled a chair at Harry. It missed, crashing into the wall, bringing down a shelf—revenge! Ah,

if he could only reach that gun—he strained—he had it—his hand was held in a vise—twisted—twisted—the gun dropped! On the other side of the room was the knife—nearer, slowly, slyly nearer, and then he had it.

A flash of pain shot through Harry's shoulder, he grew dizzy, toppled and fell into the arms of Molly, who was watching.

Lafond rushed from the house, mounted his horse and took a short cut through a gulch, cutting off Buckley. Leaving his horse, he hid in the brush and jumped onto the back of the buckboard when Buckley came by.



remember your mailing something, but how do I know a check was in it?" he replied.

Then Jim Buckley knew that Lafond had plotted against him and that he would have to get proof of his innocence, but before he could turn to leave someone hit him. In a flash he was fighting madly. He was conscious that someone had come to his rescue, but who it was he didn't know until he found Harry bending over him and helping him to his feet while Molly, a gun in her hand, was herding the crowd of men and girls into a corner.

The Westerners

"The half-breed," muttered Buckley, when he saw the scar and remembered how he had given it to him when he drove the half-breed from camp, fifteen years before, for insulting the wife of Professor Welch.

Buckley was at a great disadvantage in the ensuing struggle. With Lafond on his back strangling him, he dropped the reins and the frightened horses plunged wildly around the sharp curves of the mountain road. Buckley anticipated the dash over the precipice. Exerting superhuman effort, he freed himself and jumped to safety, but Lafond went, with horses and buckboard, tumbling over the cliff.

When Buckley reached him, his old enemy was dead and in his pocket he found the check for the stamp mill, placed there only that morning by the vengeful Lafond.

When he returned to the camp, his innocence having been proven to the satisfaction of the miners and the check in their hands, he found Harry; and wilfull, elusive, utterly adorable Molly had capitulated and promised to marry him. Molly, herself, had found double happiness, for she had learned that

NARRATED, by permission, from the Great Author's picture, adapted from Stewart Edward White's novel of the same name, and produced with the following cast:

Cheyenne Harry.....Roy Stewart
Prue Welch } Mildred Manning
Molly Lafond }
Michael Lafond.....Robert McKim
Jim Buckley.....Wilfred Lucas
Prof. Welch.....Graham Pettie
Little Molly.....Mary Jane Irving
Dennis.....Frankie Lee
Bismark Annie.....Dorothy Hagar

the old man she had been attracted to from the start was her real father. Having heard from him of all Buckley's kindnesses to him and to her mother, whom Lafond had killed, she bestowed a kiss upon his leathery cheek, to the mixed consternation and joy of the woman-shy man.

Only Dennis was sad. Peter was dead! "Oh, mister, can't you do something for him?" she appealed to the professor.

Tears streamed shamelessly and unheeded down the small freckled face. His world was empty. Molly had decided to be Harry's girl for keeps, and Peter was dead. And then, lo! A pink tongue shot out and licked the salt tears off his master's face. A tail wagged happily. Peter wasn't dead!

Sunshine that follows rain was never more dazzling than the radiant smile that beamed through Dennis' tears. Picking his faithful little pal up in his arms, Dennis left the house, turning at the door for one last look at the girl who, once his, was now radiantly happy in the arms of another.

"Bah!" he grimaced. "Girls ain't so much good as dogs."



A Movie Music-Maker's Grand Opera

"**THE LEGEND**," by Joseph Carl Breil, received its premiere performance at the Metropolitan Opera house in New York City last spring, presented with as appropriate a cast as could be assembled by the greatest operatic organization in the world. You will remember Mr. Breil as the man who wrote the music for "The Birth of a Nation" and "Intolerance." In the scene above Paul Althouse, distinguished American dramatic tenor, stands at the left. In the center is Rosa Ponselle, the great young soprano found in vaudeville this year. At the right is the basso, Louis d'Angelo.

A Pair of Queens

The Late Mary Stuart of the Scots, reincarnated Anita—and several kings.

By
ADELA
ROGERS-ST. JOHNS

DO you believe in reincarnation?

Sometimes I do and sometimes I don't. It is my positive opinion that I've met Ananias in the flesh, likewise Mother Eve and the apple. Then again I feel confident that I was never a tadpole, or even a fish.

However, this is one of the times when I do.

Because when Anita Stewart walked slowly down the broad staircase into her French gilt and pink satin drawing room, her round slenderness molded in a severe gown of black velvet and her curls bunched against her neck like Tokay grapes, I began immediately and in the strangest fashion to think about Mary Stuart.

And though our talk rambled from dogs to servants and from pictures to husbands, I continued to think of that enchanting queen whose charms cost her her head a few hundred years ago.

A scientific and sensible psychologist would probably say that Anita Stewart's soft graciousness, her rare charm, and the fact that, to me, in spite of it she isn't the least beautiful, had met my imagined conception of Mary of Scotland. Or that it was because Mary Stuart always

Photograph
by [unclear]

Mrs. "Rudie" Cameron, in the garden of the Cameron home in Hollywood. The dog's name is *Chiquet*.



At the left, Miss Stewart on location. Louis B. Mayer at her right, and Director "Micky" Neilan at her left.



Of course, everyone remembers what a sensation there was when Anita Stewart, who ranks indisputably among the ten great picture stars, quavered out the admission while on the witness
(Continued on page 118)

seemed to me the original of the smart woman who is too smart to let you know how smart she is? Or that I'd like my worst enemy to play poker with either one of them? I've decided it's reincarnation.

I suppose that most people connect the fair Anita definitely with her screen personality. That is a mistake. I have never met an actress who so entirely disassociates herself from her roles, who in person was so utterly unlike my conception of her. Whether as the brilliant, extravagant heroine of "Virtuous Wives," the adolescent, elusive "Girl Phillipa" or the daring, baffling, bright-eyed "Mary Regan," this actress possesses a startling, unusual, highly developed femininity. She has an enormous amount of sex appeal, of emphasis upon her womanliness.

While, as a person, I found her much younger than she appears on the screen, a trifle reserved, slow of speech, gentle of manner, with only hints of *diablerie* and allure peeping forth. As Mrs. "Rudie" Cameron, she is as entirely divorced from any of her acting versions as they are from each other.

And now we are getting around to the point. For it was really to get a glimpse of Mrs. "Rudie" Cameron—and Mr. "Rudie" Cameron for that matter—that I went to Hollywood.

We had hardly settled in such a love of a drawing room, with a white polar bear staring me out of countenance and Anita in a big rose velvet chair that was as becoming to her as a pink sunbonnet to a pretty baby, when in blew—there is no other word for it—a breath of California mountain air, a ferocious looking police dog, and a breezy, energetic young man who I correctly assumed to be The Husband of Anita Stewart. (But allow me to say that there is nothing of the Prince Consort about *that* young man. Somebody may do a lot of things to him in his life, but nobody will ever make Mister Anita Stewart out of the "G. M." of the Anita Stewart Production Company.)

Anita was just in the middle of saying that "moving picture actresses should make the best wives in the world" and Mr. Cameron straddled a high straight chair beside her and prepared to agree or disagree as the case might be.



"Clover's Rebellion" was the title of this old Vitagraph picture, featuring "Rudie" and Anita—long, long ago.



Miss Stewart and her husband as they appear in the Photoplay Magazine Screen Supplement.

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ARTS AND SCIENCES
HOLLYWOOD, - CALIFORNIA

A Review
of the New Pictures

The Shadow Stage

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By
JULIAN JOHNSON



Gambling forms the mainspring behind the wheels and hands of "The Avalanche", Elsie Ferguson's latest Artcraft, taken originally from Gertrude Atherton's story.

I HAVE never in my life seen a film of finer, more cautious fabrication than "Sunnyside," the latest Chaplin exhibition. Perhaps the extreme caution with which it is developed killed the spontaneity, for the truth is that despite moments of really exalted artistry, and a few big laughs, "Sunnyside" is not a first-class Chaplin offering, when judged by his recent standards. Charlie as a farm-hand, kicked not from pillar to post, but from bed-post to bed-post, is the subject of the pantomime. The funniest and most original moment is that in which, catapulting off a culvert, he alights on his sphere of reflection, and, instead of the traditional concussive vision of stars, flowers or little birds, beholds a bright bevy of half-nude dancing girls prancing for his delectation—said orgy of delirium continuing until he discovers himself being fished from the ditch by an unpoetic rake inserted in his prosaic waistband. Bringing the cow in to milk her, bringing the hen in to lay an egg in the frying-pan, imitating the city feller's trick cane by putting a candle in the end of his own, donning the hoofy elegance of the Strand by raveling a pair of woolen socks into spats—a few of the trifling quaintnesses of the essay. Miss Purviance plays a suburban damsel who is very extensively rural, indeed. Mr. Chaplin had unexploited possibilities in fowl and bovine closeups which he overlooked. I expected them, in fact, because he seldom overlooks anything. But as I said, or endeavored to say—whether this film is as funny as its predecessors or whether it isn't, it will entertain everywhere, and it is worthy the attention of everybody who takes his brains to the picture show, for it is a serious, brainy effort. In the dancing girl episode we have what: a mere moment of legs and nonsense? Not at all! What we get is a perfectly staged and really exquisite burlesque of the "classic" craze—a genuine production, about a hundred feet long. The Chaplin spirit of jest slumbered a moment, perhaps, but his artistry, his determination to put forth first-class work, shines forth as strong as ever.

THE AVALANCHE—Artcraft

The play of baleful inheritance hath many twists and turns. Most often it has been a heritage of strong drink, but now that strong drink has ceased to rage we shall have to turn to other things—like gambling, let us say, which forms the mainspring behind the wheels and hands of "The Avalanche," Elsie Ferguson's latest Artcraft manifestation. The story originally was Gertrude Atherton's, and it comes to the screen in a fair scenario considerably bettered by the direction and the exceedingly good acting. Chicita, a Spanish woman of numerous husbands, has a daughter, whom she wills out of the hectic

life which is her own; this girl, placed in a convent, eventually chafes at restraint, and through the good-humored indulgence of her guardian, comes to New York, where she marries a man of good family. The mother's business of chance has also brought her to New York—with another spouse—and, presently, the younger woman ventures to the gambling house and becomes quickly enmeshed in the toils of the professional certainly pleasantly called "Fortune." She goes from debt to debt, and, threatened with exposure, is engaged in a violent altercation with the gambler-husband of Chicita when that individual trips, falls from the top of a stairway, and is killed. Chicita substitutes herself for her daughter, and, during the gloomy following investigation kills herself in her cell while Helene—the daughter—is properly chastened, and, we presume, gambles no more. Not highly original as to plot, but, nevertheless, moving, and with characters superbly differentiated by Miss Ferguson. Her portrait of Chicita as a sort of dancing gypsy during the early scenes lamentably reminds us of Farrar by its inferiority, but as Chicita matures Miss Ferguson grows better—grows more cold and elegant and quietly tragic—while Helene, as an opposite, is a marvelous bit of dewy girlhood. In both characters Miss Ferguson is wonderfully and sumptuously gowned. Lumsden Hare is excellent as Helene's husband, while Warner Oland is a heavier scowler than necessary, as Delano, the last husband of the Spanish woman. This is the best piece of George Fitzmaurice's direction I have ever seen. Why is Eastern Famous Players photography marred by such grayness and such bad tone on interior light-



"Yvonne from Paris" presents Mary Miles Minter in an appealing role of a French girl.



"When Doctors Disagree" presents Mabel Normand in a long-heralded comedy.



Arctcraft's production of "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" is a competent production of Hall Caine's story.

ing? Is the West the only place in which they have perfected the science of illumination?

BETTER TIMES—Robertson-Cole

"The Turn of the Road" put everybody on the watch for King Vidor's next essay in the sunshine business. Here it is: "Better Times." The name reflects the spirit of Vidor's dramatic idea, which is not so much a dramatic idea as a will to present a lot of the simple, homely truths of life in highly realistic narrative form. "Better Times" has neither the rather spiritual power nor the original force of "The Turn of the Road," but it is a charming tale, with a most unusual selection of characters, and is presented with a miniaturist's fidelity to the little things of every-day existence. Nancy Scroggs is the feminine interest-in-chief, and Nancy is the daughter of Ezra, the lackadaisical proprietor of a run-down resort hotel. The only thing really interesting that comes into it is Peter Van Tyne, and when Peter goes out of it—leaving behind him a mysterious message asserting "Rose has announced your engagement"—Nancy pines backward into that realm of fancy which is her only solace. Meanwhile her father gambles away the sudden prosperity inaugurated by the juxtaposition of Nancy and Peter, and departs a world which he did not ornament. Nancy, in the city, gets up an imaginary correspondence with Spike McCauley, a baseball hero, and lo!—Spike turns out to be Peter, whose "engagement" was a Cubs contract. It is in his crocheting of this old-fashioned sampler that Mr. Vidor is illuminating; he shows an almost Dickensque facility for the little lights and shadows of existence. Zasu Pitts, an ingenue whose brains match her eccentricity, plays Nancy as none of the plaster-cast young ladies could have played her. David Butler is somewhat behind Miss Pitts as Peter, but still is in the picture, and the rest of the cast matches these new-type selections.

THE SPARK DIVINE—Vitagraph

That Alice Joyce is Vitagraph's star of stars is evident by the care they take in her productions, and their evident pains to procure for her sound, appealing and well-fitting stories. I cannot agree that "The Spark Divine" is a well-fitting or even an especially human or probable story, but it is nevertheless a tale which, as a combination of problem, narrative, argument and interpretation is worth an hour's observation. It is a creditable production, carefully and painstakingly made, and when producers are careful and painstaking—when they do the best they can, in other words, as Vitagraph seems to be doing with Alice Joyce—it behooves the commentary onlooker to be full of patience and encouragement. Here Miss Joyce is set to interpreting Marcia Jardine, a daughter of the new-rich Van Arsdales. The narrator goes well behind the scenes for her reasons, for she shows Marcia as a baby, Marcia growing up, and finally Marcia as the wife of Robert Jardine, a husband very convenient for the family's business reasons. The thesis would, perhaps, have worked out much more perfectly in a novel, for words would have shown less draggily than does the picture Marcia, in her artificial surroundings, losing all contact with and love for life, until she asks in a cold way concerning her new-born baby, "Must I touch it?" It is a kidnapping of this baby—arranged to produce an awakening—which does awaken the mother love and unleash the warm blood in Marcia's veins. The few dramatic episodes are well handled, and Miss Joyce gives as sincere and interesting a portrayal of Marcia as you could well imagine, but, as I have said, it is not a pre-eminently good screen story. William Carlton, Jr., plays Jardine, the young husband. Tom Terriss directed.

SECRET SERVICE—Paramount

First off I want to say that this is the first play of military mystery I have ever seen in which the "mystery" became sensible to the audience. Captain Thorne does not fool with a lot of papers and orders and plots. Instead, you understand from the first that his whole purpose in the Confederate lines is to telegraph over the Davis wires in Richmond an apparently authentic order which will withdraw a whole Southern division from the line at the exact moment of the Northern attack upon that spot. This clear simplicity of purpose does much to make the play a breathless and exciting one. As a celluloid transformation of a great stage success this is the best of efforts,

and the only thing that I missed—memories of the halcyon days of William Gillette!—was the agonizing silence in that telegraph office, with only the clicking of a sounder to mark the passage of an episode so dramatic that one fairly expected shrieks and deafening explosions. A perfect cast, and the best directing that Hugh Ford has ever done in his long pictorial service. The familiar plot does not need recounting here; a mention of the cast will recall to every playgoer's mind the moments of the staunch old melodrama which, somehow, is intensely American with scarcely a tinge of sectional partisanship. Major Warwick plays the dual role of Major Dumont and Captain Thorne, C. S. A. Theodore Roberts plays General Randolph. Howard and Wilfred Varney are played, respectively, by Raymond Hatton and Casson Ferguson. Robert Caine gives the most sympathetic single performance of the piece, as Henry Dumont. Irving Cummings depicts the suave, steely Benton Arrelsford, of the Confederate Secret Service. Wanda Hawley is Edith, the little Virginienne, and Edythe Chapman depicts her mother. Somehow, the camera is less kind to Major Warwick than it has ever been, but his performance is manly, forceful, and full of a reserve of power.

YANKEE DOODLE IN BERLIN—Sennett

Whether Sennettry becomes a little watery strung out to five long reels, or whether there is too much fooling and too little plot, I leave for soberer diagnosticians than I to decide. I am usually in such a carnival of yelps at one of Mack's manifestations that I forget all analysis. And yet this picture, crammed full of the regular hokum, disappointed me. I won't put in the stock line that it needed a story; I'll say instead that it needed a little common-sense attention to detail, and a little less coarseness in one particular. This is a war-time hokus-pokus on the Hohenzollerns, but without delving more than skin-deep into monarchical affairs and Potsdam facts, the makers certainly might have honored our intelligences more while sacrificing not a bit of their travesty. It is a high crime to compare comedians' efforts, I know, but I cannot but remember that when Mr. Chaplin felt called upon to say something about the war he chose that very ticklish subject, the American doughboy, and, for the purposes of his masque, perfected a paraphrase of camouflage that startled even the scientific. There is no such artistry shown here, there is exhibited no will to really take off in laughter really true things; the whole thing is thin as tissue paper and superficial as a yellow-journal headline. The only two performances of note are Bothwell Browne's very creditable and inoffensive female impersonation, and hard-working Ford Sterling's replica of a well but not favorably known sojourner in Amerongen. Mr. Browne enacts an American aviator detailed to secure important information in Berlin. He flies to the enemy's country, and, remembering "his college days"—of course that was the easiest of the old ones to pull—dons a damsel's garb, and tricks successively Hans und Fritz, their officers, the generals, the string-bean Kronprinz, and Gott's partner, Wilhelm II. I regret that into his fantastic fracas the playmaker felt obliged to pull a georgemunroeish burlesque of the German empress; not that I am for the empress, but vulgar acrobacy by a gray-haired woman does not strike me in any event as funny or necessary. There is so much eise that he could have done. In no place does the sketch rise to anything that compliments the intelligence of the beholder, as did—throw your eggs at the reviewer now, please—Mr. Chaplin's "Shoulder Arms." Of course this affair was never intended for peace-times. It was a catchpenny strababout for war days. The Sennett Follies bring their frolicking legs across the screen line anon, and Marie Prevost plays something that faintly resembles a part now and then. With what nature has done we have no complaint; nor with what Mr. Browne and Mr. Sterling have done, but the rest will add nothing to comedy history nor win any converts to the screen.

OUTCASTS OF POKER FLAT—Universal

This deep, vivid annal of reality by Bret Harte has long awaited screen portrayal. It gets it, and gets it magnificently, despite some inexplicable minor defects, at the hands of a Universal battalion directed by Jack Ford. You remember that "Outcasts" was a real tragedy, do you not? The Gambler, and the boy he adopted and cherished, and the girl who loved him and whom he endeavored with all his power to force into a love for the boy, the Gambler's deliberate alienation of



"The Bishop's Emeralds" marks the return of Virginia Pearson, in a melodrama reminiscent of a Drury Lane thriller.



Universal has given Bret Harte's story, "Outcasts of Poker Flat", the screen portrayal it has long awaited.



"The Lone Star Ranger" is a somewhat conventional Western story by Zane Grey, headed by William Farnum.



"The Spark Divine", features Alice Joyce in a portrayal both sincere and interesting.



"Better Times" is a charming tale with a most unusual selection of characters, featuring Zasu Pitts and David Butler.



"Some Bride" is—well, when you have mentioned the star, Viola Dana, you have summarized the whole picture.

the community from himself to further his vicarious matrimonial ends, their flight into the wilderness, the final end in the snow-shrouded mountain cabin . . . Well, having made this story accurately and factfully, Universal evidently grew frightened at its sombre motive, and tacked on a little parable, fore and aft, to lighten things up. The parable does not ring true, but in the fine depiction of the main event you can easily forget this. The two remarkable things in the picture are Harry Carey's rise to real acting power—he will remind you of Bill Hart at his very best—as gambler John Oakhurst; and director Ford's marvellous river locations and absolutely incomparable photography upon them. This photography is an absolute optic symphony. In addition to striking a new note in location, it hits the new pace in perfection of photographic detail. In the same measure that this stuff is unusually good, his snow-storm, and his apparently unnecessary miniatures of the blizzarded cabin are unusually bad. However, the credits in the scales bring up the debits with a bang. Gloria Hope is a perfectly typed young woman to play the quaintly clad juvenesses of Argonaut days.

THE WOMAN THOU GAVEST ME—Arcraft

Hall Caine's story about a Scotch hate, a Scotch determination and love's finish to both the hate and the determination is pretty close to life; so close, in fact, that an incompetent production could make it easily both unclean and unpleasant, while a competent production—and the Arcraft offering is competent in every particular—only serves to emphasize the story's sincerity and reality. Katherine MacDonald plays Mary MacNeill, daughter of the stern Daniel, who, imposed upon by Lord Rea in his humble youth, determines to be revenged upon Rea's ghost in his prosperous later days by a union of their houses. Thus the unwilling Mary is married to the profligate young Rea, while her heart is really a passionate possession of Martin Conrad, an explorer of Arctic and Antarctic. The break between Rea and his immaculate wife, the foreordained though unlicensed union of Mary and Martin, the apparent loss of Martin's ship in the frozen South, and the utter despair of Mary—which is ended, we must confess, a bit too opportunely are the mileposts of a sincere and enthralling story. But as we have indicated, so much depended upon the production! Hugh Ford, directing, has done another magnificent piece of work, and the cool but perfect beauty of Miss MacDonald is put against a perfect Rea, as played by Jack Holt; Milton Sills' very fine Martin Conrad; the implacable old MacNeill of Theodore Roberts, and Alma Lier, mistress of young Rea, finely shown by Fritzi Brunette. "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" is one of the clauses making the world safe for active photography.

THE CRIMSON GARDENIA—Goldwyn

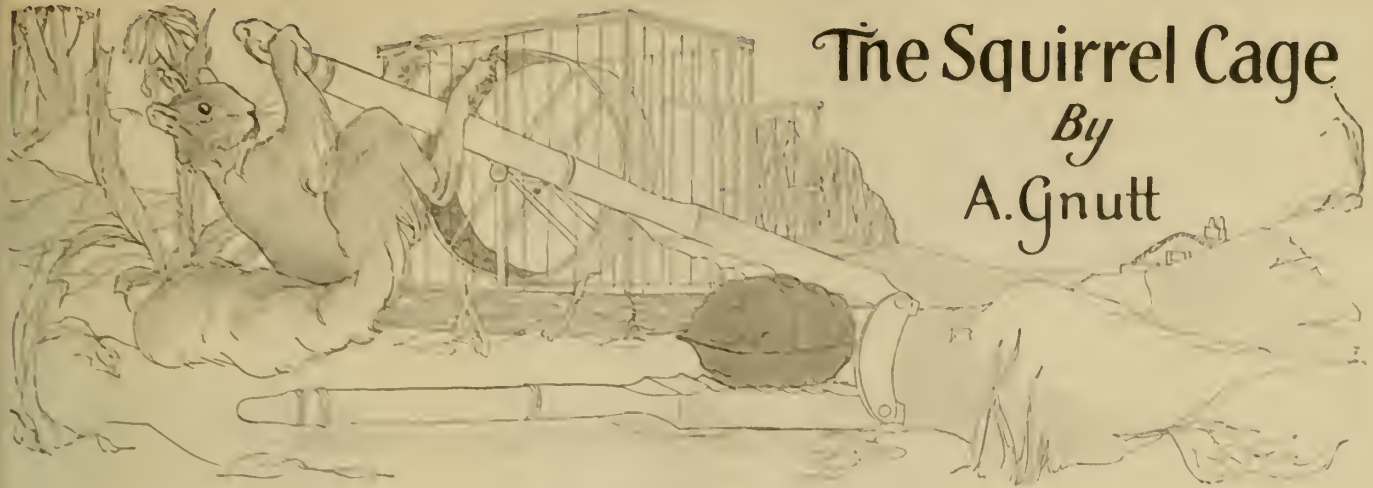
At press-time last month I had a bare three lines or so to make a general comment on this Rex Beach story. Now let me say more in detail that the story is saved from the uttermost conventionalities of mere melodrama by a very fine twist exactly at its finish and the remarkably fine though highly eccentric characterization vouchsafed by Tully Marshall. If you have seen this play you will remember—and if you haven't this is to inform you—that at the moment hero Tom Moore is endangered in the old counterfeiter's house he slips a book under the telephone receiver, thereby opening the line, and begins to stress certain words for the hearing of anyone who may be listening in at Central. From that moment we have a four scene complex possible only to the motion picture—namely the surprise and ensuing fright of the at-first-irritated "nummer" young lady; the scene in the room of danger itself; the scene at the police station, which the telephone girl plugs in directly; and the scene of the raiding squad approaching in their automobile. And at the close, romantic little Central—a veritable Peeping Tom o' the ears—finally calling back, when she heard the honey words shut off, to ask quaintly: "What did she say?" Thus did Mr. Beach, or his scenarioist, or both of them, uplift and glorify a most ordinary little adventure.

HEARTS AND FLOWERS—Sennett

After walloping the unworthy "Yankee Doodle in Berlin," not exactly a pleasure but anyway a satisfaction, it is both a pleasure and a satisfaction to commend for your attention
(Continued on page 116)

The Squirrel Cage

By
A. Gnuttt



Motto—
"I am Gilbert, the filbert,
The Colonel of the Nuts."
Kathleen Clifford.

IT all depends on who wears the crown. Starting as a French revolutionary, Jean Baptiste Bernadotte finished his career as King Charles of Sweden. It became court gossip after he assumed the throne that no one ever saw Charles bare-armed. The mystery was solved after his death, for on his right forearm was tattooed the red cap of liberty and the motto "Death to Kings."

THE government printing office established a record in printing the peace treaty within 20 hours. Sixteen large rolls of print paper, 22 inches wide and weighing 9,600 pounds, were used. The type alone weighed 1,300 pounds. The treaty covered 64 pages in the Congressional Record.

WHEN inclined to complain about the slowness of the train carrying you on your summer vacation remember the remark made by old King Riald about travel in England two hundred years ago: "The roads are much better, and the use of the stage wagons is such that you travel as much as if it were in a summer day, as if it were a winter day, as if it were a hot day, as if it were a cold day, as if it were a wet day, as if it were a dry day, as if it were a day from Hell." An up-to-date airplane can fly fifty miles in less than twenty minutes.

WALTER ELLIS, a church member in England, hasn't missed being in duty for 1,000 consecutive Sundays.

A LOCOMOTIVE gives four feet for every revolution of its driving wheels, says London Times. If an engine's drivers are six feet in circumference and it is traveling at 60 miles an hour, there will be 800 feet a minute. When there are more than 18 pairs a second the train can't distinguish them separately.

WE always were punk in mathematics. Anna A. Kuzler of New York City takes exception to our remarks about the math and genius ideas printed in the July Science Case. She contends that Johann Widman first found them in his arithmetic published in Leipzig in 1490. Well, we're the punk in math, we never argue with the ladies. Besides, it's not warm. An interesting point in her letter refers to the papers of 1790 B. C., in which a man was represented by a pair of legs walking forward and abstraction by a pair walking backward. Thanks, Anna. Write again. Same to A. S. K. of Fort Tex, for his reference to the use of the sign by marks.

DENTISTRY should be a flourishing profession in socialism. An ordinary garden full of socialist teeth. What a swell party a fellow could have with all those teeth acting at the same time.

SAMUEL GOMPERS, president of the American Federation of Labor, was born in the East-end of London. His father was a cigar maker. When Samuel was thirteen he

came to this country and soon engaged in the same work. Curiously enough, Rose Pastor Stokes made cigarettes in East-End where she was born. She later came to the United States where she married a millionaire. Both of these former inhabitants of London's tobacco district have large followings in their social work.

"TAKING some of the pictures down as hot weather approaches will help to make the house look cooler," says The Chicago Daily News. That's all right for the house but if YOU want to look cooler replace the pictures with chunks of ice. (Do it, though, while your wife is on her vacation.)

WONDER what Harriett Beecher Stowe would do could she see Sennett's burlesque on her immortal classic, "Uncle Tom's Cabin"? She'd most likely laugh.

HENRY FORD has been having the law on The Chicago Tribune all summer trying to collect a million dollars from the Tribune

into pennies, there would be a pile big enough to keep 3,567 hurdy-gurdy monkeys busy picking up for 9,371 hours." Verify that yourself.

WHAT'S in a name? Ask Mr. R. E. Morse of Chicago who was fined \$200 and costs for driving an automobile while intoxicated.

MAJOR GEORGE PITCHER, who for a number of years was in charge of the reference room of Hearst's Chicago newspapers, is a physician. He served as a surgeon in the Spanish-American War and went out again in 1917. Recently he was called back for service and expects to make it his life work. Meeting an Irish friend he told him of his plans and remarked that at last he had a job for life. "Be aisy, George," he replied, "you may not live that long."

ALVIN C. YORK, second elder in the Church of Christ and Christian Union, Pail Mall, Fentress

York killed twenty Germans, captured 132 prisoners, including a major and three lieutenants and put 35 machine guns out of business on Oct. 8, 1918. This was the greatest individual feat of the great war. The next time Germany gets fresh we'll just send York and the first elder over to settle their hash.

TERRY RAMSAYE says that Peg Woffington was the first actress to employ a press agent. If Terry will only tell who will be the last one we will thank him.

BET you can't find a word to rhyme with "month."

BY the way, the first correct answer to our question as to what was wrong with our statue of Eros came in the shape of a poem from Modesto, Calif. There was no name or address accompanying the missive which follows:

What is wrong here? Simply this: They've tied the "bow" in Cupid's fist In such a way that should he shoot He'd get the arrow on the snout!

In other words, fair Eros' bow Is mounted wrong-side-to, you know; A fact which now appeals to me As rank eugenics' 'spinning'!

And if the postman reaches you Before his nineteenth recent hour And hasn't let this be a nutt Kindly remit one English nut.

THE number of dogs in England last decreased by a million during the war, according to London Tid-Bits. Yet by it.

IT is perfectly all right, declares Margaret Fisher, to kiss anyone except your rich aunt.

SPAKING of kissing, did you read that funny one in the paper wherein it was asserted that drinking near-beer was just about like kissing one's wife?

IT is said the Australian government is seriously considering a suggestion to send aviators above clouds that refuse to hold water and drop salt on them. If it succeeded this would liberate the clouds and produce rain. When a boy we tried to catch a bird that was



Photography International News

William the ex-kaiser has perhaps received no more unique punishment for his staple and fancy crimes than that accorded him by Drummer B. M. Strayer who came home recently with the Thirteenth Engineers. On his drum he had painted a very good though somewhat idealistic likeness of the kaiser, so that each time he hit the drum he hit the enemy.

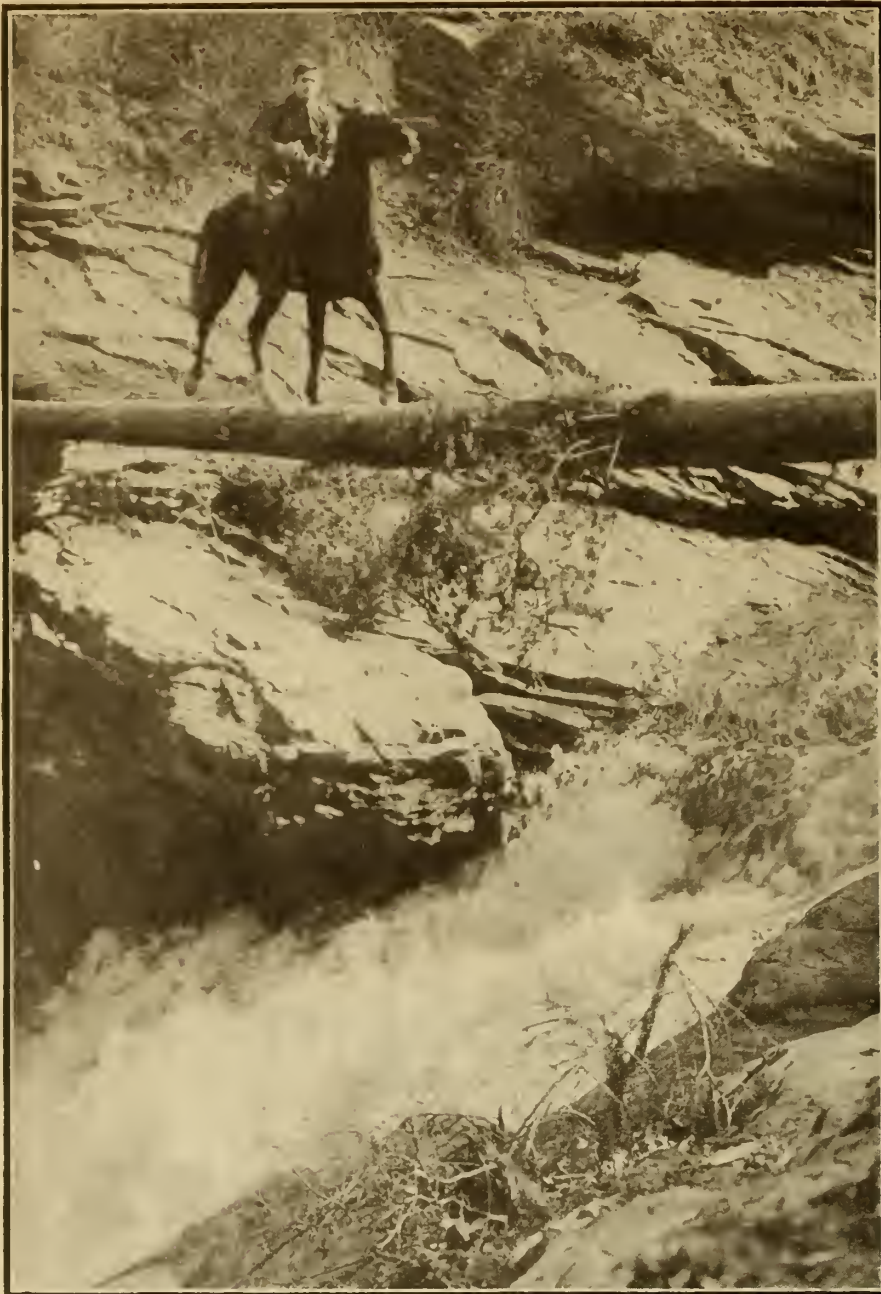
because it called him an anarchist. We wouldn't guarantee it, but if anybody called us a Bolshevik we'd have his hide.

A BOLSHIEVIK is a guy who doesn't believe that the world is made up of what you don't want and can't get. Then the case of a girl and waiting for somebody to bring it to her.

OUR Good-looking Answer Man was figuring on his cuff. Finally he lifted his eyes and said: "If all of the million dollar smiles" which the movie press agents boast about were converted

Stu

Charles Hutchison, of
gerous than petting
studied your arith-



According to Hutchison, riding a horse across a fallen tree that bridges a chasm is merely a matter of confidence in yourself—and the horse.



By GEORGE

natural hankering for the binomial theorem—a motorcycle speed demon who toys with quadratic equations—a boxer who is as familiar with the Newtonian laws as he is with the Rules of the Marquis of Queensberry—a wrestler and strong man who makes a pet of the nebular hypothesis; then combine all this in one personality, and you have Charles Hutchison.

Briefly, Mr. Hutchison puts to practical use the mathematical and scientific knowledge he gained while matriculating at the Western University of Pennsylvania. The foregoing somewhat exaggerated statement of his case is merely by

TO the list of natural affinities, such as Romeo and Juliet, ham and eggs, springtime and poets, and the like, now add mathematics and muscle, science and "stunts."

Heretofore it has made no difference whether a motion picture star was even on speaking terms with a repeating decimal so long as he could act or accomplish feats of physical prowess commonly known as "stunts." But now comes a young man who turns this situation inside out. Strictly speaking, he is a "stunt" man, although his ability as a dramatic actor has won high recognition, and he plots his nerve-racking leaps and dives and jumps and swings and what-not by the infallible laws of mathematics and the hard and fast rules of physics.

Charles Hutchison, now appearing on the screen in the Western Photoplays serial, "The Great Gamble," a Pathe release, is the scientific "stunt" man and mathematical athlete who gives the lie to the statement that brains and brawn do not mix.

Imagine a daring trapeze performer to whom logarithmic tables are as common as any other kind of household furniture—a bridge jumper with a



nts!

Pathe, says they're no more dan-
the family cat — provided you've
metic lesson before trying them.

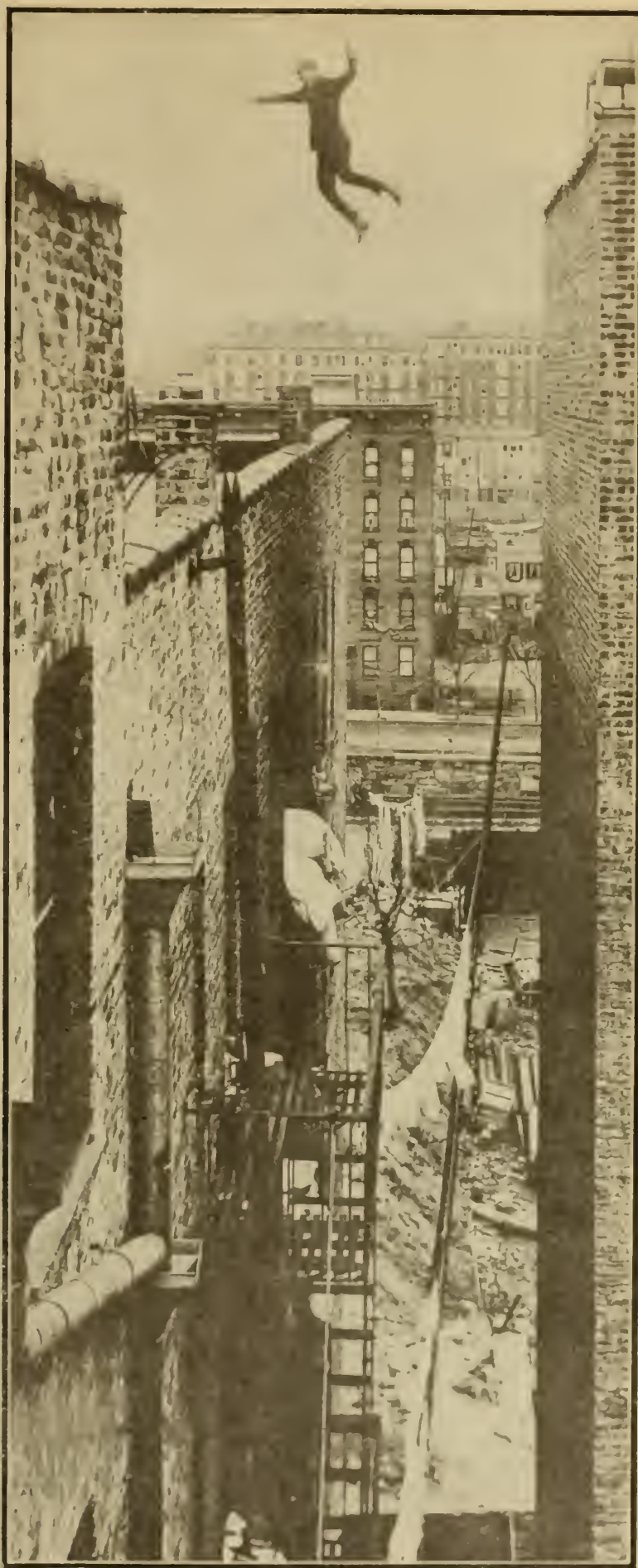


ARTHUR GRAY

way of saying what he says himself—that when-
ever he is called upon to do a "stunt" before the
camera, he figures it all out on as nearly a scientific
basis as is possible, and then "goes to it."

"The doing of 'stunts' for pictures does not mean
taking chances," Mr. Hutchison explained, while
waiting in his dressing room to be called to a set.
"As a matter of fact, I never take chances. By that
I mean that I know in advance exactly what I can
do and have given full consideration to the possibili-
ties of injuring myself. I won't attempt a thing I
find I can't do, and I have never used a 'double.' If
the script calls for a long jump or a high dive, I
practice until I can do the trick, and I don't try until
I am sure.

"I don't know whether I deserve the title 'scien-



Showing the "stunt man" in the midst of his jump from roof to roof,
over a fourteen-foot gap, with a drop of twelve feet to the second roof.
The ground is eighty feet below. Jumping from the wings of an
aeroplane (shown at the left) is easier than it looks, declares Hutchi-
son, but it means the quickest sort of action.

The beginning of his dive from the top of a 125-foot grain elevator. He is shown just straightening out his body preparatory to hitting the water with the wedge formed by his hands.

tific stunt man' or not, but it is true that I figure out my 'stunts,' whenever it is possible, by the natural laws which govern moving bodies. The average 'stunt' man probably does the same thing intuitively.

"There are several factors that enter into successful 'stunt' work. In the first place, physical strength is necessary. This must be developed and kept up to its highest point by constant and systematic exercise so arranged as to prevent over-development, for a man who is muscle-bound is badly handicapped when it comes to action. Proper training is of equal importance. This means no late hours and no intoxicants. The 'stunt' man must be in perfect trim all the time, mentally and physically, and his nervous system must be as correctly attuned as it is possible for him to get it. Nothing else is really necessary,—physical strength, mental alertness and steady nerves are all that is required.

"The matter of courage, or bravery, or daring, or whatever you choose to call it, will take care of itself. When you get right down to the facts in the case, it isn't nerve or daring that is required in diving from a tremendous height or leaping across a deep precipice where the slightest mistake in judgment will kill the performer or maim him for life. It's self-confidence, — the quality of knowing yourself, knowing what you can do, knowing that you are physically and nervously in condition to do it.

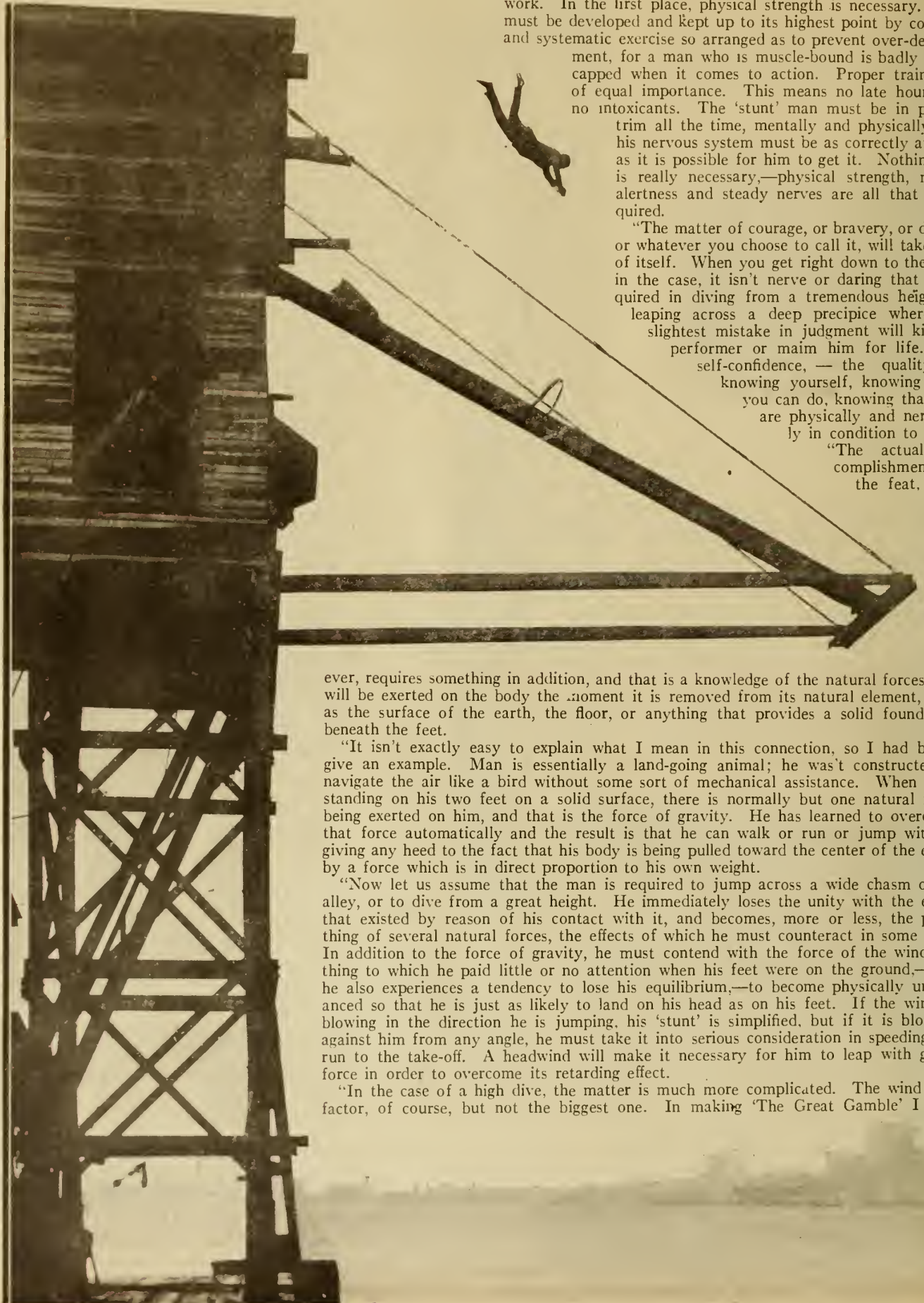
"The actual accomplishment of the feat, how-

ever, requires something in addition, and that is a knowledge of the natural forces that will be exerted on the body the moment it is removed from its natural element, such as the surface of the earth, the floor, or anything that provides a solid foundation beneath the feet.

"It isn't exactly easy to explain what I mean in this connection, so I had better give an example. Man is essentially a land-going animal; he wasn't constructed to navigate the air like a bird without some sort of mechanical assistance. When he is standing on his two feet on a solid surface, there is normally but one natural force being exerted on him, and that is the force of gravity. He has learned to overcome that force automatically and the result is that he can walk or run or jump without giving any heed to the fact that his body is being pulled toward the center of the earth by a force which is in direct proportion to his own weight.

"Now let us assume that the man is required to jump across a wide chasm or an alley, or to dive from a great height. He immediately loses the unity with the earth that existed by reason of his contact with it, and becomes, more or less, the plaything of several natural forces, the effects of which he must counteract in some way. In addition to the force of gravity, he must contend with the force of the wind,—a thing to which he paid little or no attention when his feet were on the ground,—and he also experiences a tendency to lose his equilibrium,—to become physically unbalanced so that he is just as likely to land on his head as on his feet. If the wind is blowing in the direction he is jumping, his 'stunt' is simplified, but if it is blowing against him from any angle, he must take it into serious consideration in speeding his run to the take-off. A headwind will make it necessary for him to leap with great force in order to overcome its retarding effect.

"In the case of a high dive, the matter is much more complicated. The wind is a factor, of course, but not the biggest one. In making 'The Great Gamble' I was



called on to dive from the top of a grain elevator, 125 feet high, into a river. I had never negotiated a dive of that magnitude before, but I had a general idea of the difficulties to be encountered. The main problem was how to keep the body in a straight up and down position so that the outstretched arms would hit the water first and act as a sort of wedge and protector for the head and shoulders. To dive from such a height and strike the water on the stomach or back or side would probably knock a man unconscious, and that would have spoiled the effect. When I made the jump and found myself in the air, it was necessary for me to call into play a number of ordinarily unused muscles in order to keep from turning over. By this means I was able to retain a straight up and down position until within a few feet of the water, when I turned slightly. It was not enough to spoil the effect, for it is not noticeable in the film, but it was enough to give me an idea of what would have happened had I not been able to use the muscles necessary to keep my balance."

These are only two of many "stunts" Mr. Hutchison performs in "The Great Gamble" but they serve as examples to explain the Hutchison theory of straight chance-taking as against self-confidence. In addition to the high dive to which he referred, he jumped from a roof across a fourteen-foot alley to a roof twelve feet lower and eighty feet from the ground; he drove a motorcycle at seventy miles an hour across a bridge and leaped a twenty-five-foot gap in the center; he swung himself around the corner of a building on a single rope and into a window fifty feet from the ground; he climbed to the roof of a seven-story apartment house by placing his shoulders against the wall and his feet against the wall of another building four feet distant and working his way to the top, and he jumped from the wing of a hydroplane into the ocean seventy feet below. All of these feats were accomplished without the use of safety devices or a "double" and, according to his theory, he was not taking chances for the reason that he knew he could do them and had his plan all worked out in advance.

(Continued on page 131)



Hutchison climbed to the roof of an apartment house by bracing his body horizontally between two walls, working himself up. The circle below shows his start of the crawl; the top circle, when he was half way up; and the panel at the right affords a view of the building walls — with Hutchison just arriving at the top.



It does seem as though the motorcycle opens up a new field for "stunt men." Here Mr. Hutchison is shown as he ripped through a gate at sixty miles per hour

Moonshine and Shadow

THE shadow stretched its gaunt length over the sunny slopes of the mountain and across the fragrant laurel bushes until it almost enveloped the figures of two women seated on a rock which overhung the cañon. Their heads were bent so closely over a letter that they seemed unconscious of its presence although there was a hint of its sombre touch in the lined, plaintive face of the older woman. The other's face, however, was all sunshine and dimples—hardly a woman's face at all for in her simple homespun of the mountaineer folk and with her curls tossed about by the summer breeze she seemed the very symbol of elusive, transitory girlhood.

"Do hurry and read it, mom," she was pleading. "You're so slow. And there's something else in the envelope. I can feel it. It's pasteboard."

The older woman adjusted her old-fashioned "specs" and bent closer over the letter; it was that rarest of rare events, a message from the great maelstrom of danger and delight which they knew as New York. She spelled out in her painful drawling uncertainty:

"After all these years and after all we have both suffered, I feel that it is time we both should be together again as we were in the old days. I have a home now in the city—not pretentious, but with room enough for you and your dear little daughter, until you can find a nest of your own.

"How long ago it seems since we were children together, romping over your wonderful mountains. We never dreamed then of the years ahead of us. My boy has grown almost to a man and you have lived through your bitter tragedy. My heart goes out to you in your suffering, dear girlhood friend. I can only hope that you will write at once and tell me you are coming to let me help you forget.

"As ever, lovingly yours,

"LUCY ASHFORD."

The letter dropped from the mother's hand but the quick eyes of Cynthia had caught something else.

"It's a postscript, Mom," she cried. "You missed something." And she read aloud in her high, girlish treble: "P. S. I am enclosing a photograph of my boy, Phillip. They say he looks like his mother. I believe he has my eyes."

Cynthia snatched up the envelope, tore out the "piece of pasteboard" and then nearly fell off the rock as the bright, handsome face of Anna's son laughed back at her from the photograph.

"Mom, darling, isn't he grand," she cried, throwing her young arms over the slim stooped shoulders of her smiling mother. "If those are his mother's eyes, she must have been like the princess in the fairy tale. When do we start, Mom? I'm going right into the cabin to pack the old hair-trunk."

The mother laid a thin restraining hand on the girl's impetuous arms which were fairly rocking in their eagerness to start for the journey.

"It's a long, long trail, honey," she said softly, "and it means leaving everything I have known for twenty years."



How two young people blotted out the misery bequeathed them by the late J. Barleycorn

By

DOROTHY ALLISON

"But there's nothing left," exclaimed the girl with the unconscious brutality of youth.

"There are memories, dear," the other answered, and, instantly sobered, the child slipped her hand into that of her mother, and the two sat silently gazing into the cañon far beneath. Long after her mother had left, the girl mused on. These memories, called up by the mother's rebuke, seemed to be alive down there in the mountain mist.

It had been the old story, so cruelly common to those who have bent all their energies toward the worship of alcohol in the shrines they have built in the secret places of the mountains. Cynthia's father and her two brothers had been moonshiners, guarding their still in the ravine with the ferocity of tigers and boasting that the Government would never take them alive. And they made good their threat, for when the two revenue officers tracked them down in the mountain passes, they had fought like demons until the

revenue men could give no quarter but were forced to shoot them down under the very eyes of the desperate wife and the terrified child.

"I've deserved it all, mother," the old mountaineer had gasped as he lay dying with his head on his wife's lap. "It was moonshine that did it. I made it and I taught the boys to drink it. It's done for me. But I'm leaving with my boots on," and with a final effort to push back the shadow descending upon him, so died the mountain tiger whose boast had been that the revenue men should never take him alive.

These thoughts surged through the mind of Cynthia until the silence grew too painful for her young hopefulness and she ran after her mother.

"Aren't we the stupid things," she cried, "sitting here, brooding over the past, with New York waiting for us? There won't be any shadows there. Mom; we're leaving them all behind."

So it happened that a few weeks later, one very scared young girl and her equally bewildered mother stood, helplessly clutching their baggage in the tumult of Grand Central Station. It seemed to them that all New York had burst through the doors of that vast hall and was struggling to find its way through to the din outside.

Suddenly, through the confusion of strangers' faces, Cynthia glimpsed one which brought back a hidden memory. It was the eager, peering face of a young man who was evidently searching for some one. Cynthia caught her mother's arm with an excited grasp.

"Look, Mom, the man standing by the clock," she cried. "It's the boy in the photograph Anna sent us. It's Phillip."

Phillip it was and he recognized the strangers at the same moment and came rushing forward with the smile that had flashed out of Cynthia's picture. There was an excited tumult of greetings and then a sudden shyness fell upon the young people who stood gazing at each other as if lost in new discoveries. Cynthia's mother finally broke the silence.

"If we're not going to stay here all night," she said, "I reckon you'd better take us wherever we're going, Phillip. Your mother might want to see us."

Moonshine and Shadow

NARRATED, by permission from the scenario by J. Stuart Blackton and Stanley Olmstead, produced by The J. Stuart Blackton Feature Pictures Inc., with the following cast:
 Cynthia..... Sylvia Breamer
 Cynthia's Mother..... Margaret Barry
 Cynthia's Father..... Robert Milasch
 Phillip Ashford..... Robert Gordon
 Mrs. Ashford..... Julia Swayne Gordon
 Eddie Cassidy..... Eddie Dunn
 Lefty Jones..... Lefty Alexander
 Mickey and Nora Jones.....
 Charles and Violet Blackton
 Roger Hampton..... Louis Dean

The two laughed and blushed and Phillip guided his guests through the confusion of the station to the elevated which seemed a perilous achievement in ascent even to the two mountaineers. The trip was finished in safety, however, and brought them before a row of pleasant, comfortable apartment houses in the upper Bronx.

"This is home," announced Phillip proudly. "And there's mother waving at us from the window."

The greeting between the two girlhood friends was tinged with sadness. But this was not noticed in the happy chatter of the girl and boy, who were touring the apartment with shouts of joy—Cynthia delighted by its novelty and Phillip amused at her wonder.

Mrs. Ashford was also charmed by the naïvete of her young guest, but it was obvious that she wanted the young people out of the way so that she could talk freely to her old friend.

"Suppose you take Cynthia for a walk, Phil," she suggested, "and on your way you might stop at the laundry. For some reason Leity hasn't brought the week's wash."

After they



Long after her mother had left, the girl mused on. Those memories, she felt, called up by the mother's rebuke, seemed to be alive down there in the mountain mist.

had gone, the two old friends sat in silence for a few minutes, a silence which was broken by the mountain woman's soft drawl.

"It's a bit of peaceful heaven here, Lucy," she said. "They do say that the mountains are God's country. But there is more contentment for me in your crowded city than in the country where I have left such misery behind me. Your life seems so sunny here"

Mrs. Ashford's mouth twisted in an ironic smile. "You haven't been here long enough to see the shadows, Anna," she

replied. "But there is one, as dark as any you have left behind you. It still haunts me through the father of my child."

"Mr. Ashford—your husband," the other gasped. "But he is dead."

Her friend shook her head, hardly trusting herself to speak. "He is dead to his former decent life and all our hopes," she said in a strangled voice. "But what is left of him still hangs about this house, appearing suddenly after months of forgetfulness to shatter my peaceful life with my son. It is money that he wants—money to buy more of the poison that has

brought him to this state. And I give it to him rather than have Phillip know that this crazed, drunken creature is his father."

The mountain woman was mute with pity and horror. Here, then—in this gentle home full of young life and gayety—was the same shadow that had overhung her mountain hut and blotted out her happiness.

Meanwhile Phillip and Cynthia had found their way through the busy, noisy streets to the little laundry kept by Lefty Jones and his fat, good-natured mother. Usually the place was filled with good-cheer and a lively racket from the two youngsters Nora and Mickey Jones, but on this occasion, wails which were anything but joyous were coming from the little family within the tiny shop.

"It's a shame, darlint, that's what it is," Mrs. Jones was crooning to the little boy who was sobbing his heart out in her arms. "But stop your howling now and it's a fine dill pickle you'll be getting at dinner. Bad cess to the rum-hounds. They don't even spare the innocent children."

Phillip entered in the midst of this tumult and sympathetically inquired the cause. The answers came in a rush of hysterical language from Mrs. Jones, Lefty the older son and the two little Jones' evidently the chief sufferers. It appears that "their old man" had sent them down to "Mike's place" for "a can of suds." This had happened before but not without vigorous protest from Ma and Lefty and Lefty's friend Eddie, whose one desire was to get on the police force. The old man's drunken violence had been too much for them, however, and the two toddlers had started out after the brew that they had already learned to loathe as the cause of all their misery.

In the crowded, noisy saloon some drunken loafer had offered to pay for Pa Jones' beer if Nora would give him a kiss. Little Mickey, in rushing to protect his sister, had been tripped up by another practical joker which explained the swelling bump on his forehead. The two children had fled sobbing for home to be comforted by Ma's righteous indignation.

"It's de same story every night," Lefty told his visitors.

"When it ain't de kids, it's de old man who gets soused and beats dem up. Dere ain't nutting I kin do till I git my growth. Den I teach de old man where he gets off at, see?"

Solaced and silenced by the half tragic, half grotesque little scene, Phillip and Cynthia left the laundry for home. Like her mother, Cynthia had learned in her first day in the city that the shadow of intoxication was not confined to the moonshiner's stills on her lonely mountains.

But after this first, depressing impression of city life, followed days of eager delight in her new environment. Phillip had found her a position in his own office, as assistant to Roger Hampton, his official "boss." Hampton was the usual combination of strength, suavity, sensuality and hardness, a powerfully built man with a forceful mouth and steely eyes—in short, the average man about town. The only genuine trait that his intimates had been able to discover was his affection for his invalid daughter, Elise, who believed him to be the noblest and tenderest man in the world.

His shrewd eyes at once caught the dawning love between Cynthia and Phillip and when the young man came to him and shyly hinted at his engagement "as soon as I can make good, sir," he greeted him with all enthusiasm and cordiality.

"You're a lucky dog, my boy," said the boss, slapping him on the back in the customary, congratulatory manner. "She's the prettiest girl I've seen in this jaded city since I came here. How about a little party to-night—just you two to celebrate? I'll send over a few quarts of Mumm just to make it really festive."

So it came about that Phillip and Cynthia found themselves seated at a small table in the midst of the most ornate and dazzling cafe on Broadway. Cynthia was too polite to voice her thought but to herself she admitted that she hated it all—



the blinding light, the twanging of the jazz band and the incredible girls in the cabaret which made her blush and avoid Phillip's eye.

Moreover, Phillip himself worried her. He kept the waiter constantly refilling his glass with the strange, bubbling liquid, and his conversation was growing louder and less coherent with every glass. Finally she ventured a remonstrance.

"But dear, we must drink it all," he insisted. "The boss sent it and he'd be peevish if he thought we didn't enjoy it. Besides he's just doubled my salary."

While, behind a bower of palms, "the boss" and two of his club members sat enjoying the scene and laughing at Hampton's latest device for disposing of the fiance of the girl he was determined to possess.

Finally Cynthia could bear it no longer. She rose to go before the ices were served and Phillip followed her, protesting

Cynthia began to realize her helplessness in appealing to any better impulse in Hampton. . . . Finally when his arm encircled her shoulder, she rushed for the door—and found it locked!



"Now if you happen to be thirsty still," the voice was saying, "right over there is Jim Flynn's place. He buys the best stuff and doesn't know there is a closing law."

Phillip tottered toward his mysterious friend, who guided him to an all-night dive on the water front. As they entered the bar-room, a group in the corner looked up with sudden interest.

"Who's the old soak?" one of them whispered.

"That's old Ashford," the other answered. "Used to be a big figure on Wall Street. Went crooked with drink. Ought to be in Sing Sing at this minute."

"And who's the young chap with him?" his friend insisted.

The other sat up with a start. "It's Hampton's secretary—the guy he told us to frame," he hissed. "That's our man, Chick my boy, that's our man."

A little group had gathered at the bar laughing at Phillip's maudlin boasts. He was temporarily out of funds, he told them thickly, but he had a friend, his employer, who was good for any amount.

"Jesh watch—jesh watch me raise five hundred," he mumbled. "Anybody got five hundred? I'll jesh write check for five hundred. Hampton's name on it. Ol' Hampton he won't care. 'Help yourself boy,' he says to me, 'help yourself.' Tell him about it tomorrow. Good joke on ol' Hampton."

One of the men gravely held out a roll of bills and Phillip with an attempt at equal dignity, scrawled his employer's name to a check. No sooner had the transaction been made, however, than he collapsed in the arms of the shadow who stood behind him.

"Take me home, old pal, take me home," he muttered. "But first give me back check—no good—no good!"

But the shadow half guided, half carried him to the door and his cries for the evidence which he had forged against himself were lost in the insane ravings of his drink-crazed mind.

All through the night the three women had watched and waited, starting nervously at every sound. Toward morning the apartment bell rang sharply and Mrs. Ashford ran to the door to admit Lefty who was supporting Phillip in his arms. Eddy followed close behind.

"We was comin' up for de wash," the boy explained, "and we found him like a dead man asleep in the alley way. He's coming to now, he'll be all right in a minute."

Phillip's recovery brought such agonies of remorse and shame that it seemed kinder to let him sleep. His first thought was for Cynthia. But as his terror-stricken eyes met hers, she could only turn her face away with no answering look of forgiveness. Painfully she held out a tiny, glistening object and dropped it into his hand. It was the ring he had given her the night before.

But another and sure calamity followed close on the heels of this blow. Before Phillip had reached complete consciousness of his act, a letter from Hampton brought home to him the seriousness of his position.

"Dear Sir:" the note began, "Subjoined is an itemized account of the use of your drawing account privilege in which you have drawn more than twice the amount of your commissions to the firm. There is also a more serious matter which I am holding back for further investigation. Your services in my office will naturally be no longer required."

"A more serious matter." The words seemed to dance in

(Continued on page 128)

brokenly. But as they neared his own door, some realization of the state which he had reached penetrated his alcohol-deadened senses.

"Won't go in jes' yet," he told the girl with a feeble attempt at dignity. "Take walk round block. Beautiful block. All moonlight." And with a sweeping grandiloquent gesture intended to express the glory of cement sidewalks under the moon, he was gone, leaving Cynthia to find her way, sobbing, up the stair.

As Phillip walked unsteadily through one of the by-streets, a shadow seemed to detach itself from the gloom of the alley and glided after him. Suddenly it spoke to him in a reedy, insinuating voice.



With Dorothy Gish in "I'll Get Him Yet!"

A Wealthy Manufacturer's Son

Poor Richard Barthelmess is the bruised boy of celluloid—he's a premier juvenile who wants to do characters.

By
DELIGHT
EVANS

I WAS breakfasting with Barthelmess. I made the appointment before I knew he had a moustache.

You don't know that he has a moustache. You'll go to see him in his new Griffith picture all unsuspecting; you'll watch and wait for him, like the girl in the popular song; you'll see him,—with the moustache. Why are moustaches?

Of course I am not saying that Mr. Barthelmess, upon receiving instructions from David Wark Griffith to grow a moustache for a new picture—should have struck an attitude and cried, gesturing with his free hand, "I will not grow a moustache"—and lost his job. Juveniles have to eat, though some of them don't look it. I'm not blaming Richard; I'm merely warning you.

Screen people sometimes neglect breakfast and combine it with late lunch. Interviewers always do this. However, it was with no thought of brunch—(i. e.: breakfast-and-luncheon)—that I approached him in the lobby of his hotel, about one-thirty. "Mr. Barthelmess?" I said with that rising inflection. We shook hands.

You may have thought it would be embarrassing for me to meet him after Julian Johnson's "Symbol" Impression of him in the July issue. It was. Barthelmess hadn't read it yet, and so didn't know that he was the symbol of my juvenescent ideal. But I didn't know that he hadn't read it yet. We ate in silence.

After a while, however, he broke down. He was worried; he was worried because a newspaperman had printed something about him—"You see," he said, "I—there was Johnny Hines, too, and some others—we were coming home from the theatre the other evening and ran across a policeman kicking a—a dog. A very nice dog—for no other reason than that it was in his way. The dog, besides, was lost. So I said to the policeman, 'Don't do that' and he said 'Who are you?' and I—I told him. I



Richard Barthelmess, until then a premier juvenile of possibilities, suddenly showed himself as an actor of some subtlety as *Cheng Huan*, the visionary chinaman, in D. W. Griffith's "Broken Blossoms."



Richard takes his work seriously but he is no more a demi-god than the boy on your block. He's twenty-two or three—but he wishes he were older.

would have spent the night in the cooler if a man on one of the papers hadn't happened along. He got me out of the scrape—but into his paper—"

It was darn near spoiling Dick's vacation. He brightened up a little, though, when I mentioned his Chink in "Broken Blossoms."

"Isn't that a fine part? I'd rather have a line of parts like Cheng Huan—characters—than my own company. Playing wealthy manufacturers' sons!" If a juvenile can snort, then Richard snorted.

"I'll tell you," he said in a stage whisper, "I'll murder the next director who gives me another wealthy manufacturer's son

play. I'll murder him!" Two maiden ladies at an adjacent table looked up uneasily. "I'm sick of it, sick," he went on and he looked hurt. You have seen him look hurt, on the screen. Imagine seeing him look hurt, across the table from you. "I've played 'em so long—seems to me I've never done anything else in my life."

We walked into the lobby again and sat down. "Do you think it makes me look any older?" he asked. The moustache.

"No," I said boldly. He won't play opposite Dorothy Gish any more—at least for a while. Griffith wants him for his own company. Richard spoke of Ralph Graves, Dorothy's new leading man, and Bobby Harron—"both corking chaps."

Barthelmess is the head of his small family—his mother and himself. His mother lives in New York and he was going back to the coast without her. He said, "I wish I had somebody out there to sew my buttons on for me, and pour my tea. It's a bit tough, living around at hotels, especially in California—working all the time—I'll tell you, an actor misses a lot. Sometimes I—"

Just then a very pretty girl came up—a stellar blonde, still in her teens—"Oh Richard," she said—"we've been looking for you. You must come out to the house tomorrow—mother's expecting you."

Close on her dainty heels came Johnny Hines. "Barthelmess—don't forget to meet me at six,"—and he rushed off.

"Yes, I get pretty lonesome. People think—"

"Mr. Barthelmess! Mr. Barthelmess!"

"Just a minute until I answer this call," he apologized.

His minute was the length of several women's. Three people stopped him on the way. We got settled again and he began to talk about film work in general.

"It's not easy but I do like it," he said, "and there's a lot more money in pictures than the stage. It just happened that I'm in pictures, anyway. Last season I almost accepted the juvenile lead in 'Friendly Enemies'—and I'd been playing that part yet if I'd taken it—the play is still running. I went into films instead, have played several dozen parts, and now I'm with Griffith. I don't want to pose as a juvenile. It must take an awful lot of nerve for a chap to set himself up as a

perfect type of screen hero. If he is—and I'm not—all right. But I want to win my spurs by some real acting."

"Hey, Barthelme!" It was Earle Foxe. "When are you going back to the coast?"

"Early next week. Tomorrow night?—why, sorry, old chap, afraid I can't make it. You see I'm all tied up until I leave."

"This is my vacation, you know," he told me, "and of course it just happens that I'm seeing all my friends whom I haven't seen for some months—but you should see me in California. I'm like a lost dog—work like a dog, too. Nothing to do out there BUT work."

"In Griffith's new picture—the one we're making now—I'll do an outlaw; a young Spaniard, picturesque chap, with a sash and all that. That's where this blamed moustache comes in."

I sank back, relieved. He didn't like the moustache! I forgave him for everything. But it was a close shave. Or perhaps I should say it will be when Richard finishes this new picture, and enjoys a heavy date with his barber.

"Nobody paid much attention to me before I went with Dorothy's company, although I've been playing on and off in pictures for a long time. I was with Nazimova in 'War Brides' and with Marguerite Clark in several pictures. I was working all the time but they didn't see me. The best thing for a man to do in pictures is to make a series with a well-known star. Then he begins to get the letters and appreciation. Trouble is, though, somebody usually comes along and wants to star *him*. Then the fans who made him a star turn

around and begin to look for someone else to write letters about. It's a great life."

Richard takes his work seriously; but he is no more a demigod than the boy on your block, the boy you played tennis with and danced with and flirted with. He's pretty young—twenty-two or three, I think—but he wishes he were older. He'd rather do "The Man Who Came Back" or "Turn to the Right" or another part like the Chink, with his name in small type on the program, than to be starred in a series of home-made special productions.

You have followed his professional career—in fact, I think you know that he was born in Hartford, Conn., that his mother was a well-known actress, Caroline Harris; that he went to school at Trinity College. He was in stock, on the stage, for five years. His screen work—beginning with Madame Alla and continuing as leading man for half a dozen stars, lastly Dorothy Gish and now Lillian, in "Broken Blossoms." For the present, at least, he continues with Griffith.

I saw him again, wandering down a Long Island road one sunny Sunday morning with the young lady mentioned above. Again, rushing to keep an appointment with her. Don't write and ask the Answer Man if he's married—he isn't married. Or engaged. But he thinks all ladies are lovely.

Just one thing more: his eyes are all that they are cracked up to be. That's the favorite feminine eulogy about Barthelme, you know: "He has the nicest eyes!" Even his leading women and interviewers say that about him. It must be true.



A ONE-RING RINGLING

THE Ringlings have very little on Russell when it comes to circuses. Of course Bill's is a sort of family affair; he raises all these performers in his own garden at Montecito, California—Santa Barbara's millionaire suburb—(what's a millionaire colony without a picture star?) Here, we see Russell in the first ring with his trained shetlands, his St. Bernard, and—the other canine. Will Mr. Russell kindly tell us the name of the uppermost animal? We don't want to pull a boner and say "just dog" because it might have been raised a pet.



Eyes are attracted by moving objects. Eyes follow each motion your hands make. People are appraising you — appraising you by the appearance of your nails. Be sure they are well groomed

Does it make you nervous to have people look at your nails?

YOU cannot get through a single hour without being judged by the appearance of your nails.

Look at them! Are they discolored? Is the cuticle overgrown, cracked or uneven? If so, you do not understand the proper care of your nails.

Busy women the country over are keeping their hands always well groomed by giving them just a few minutes care by the Cutex method once or twice a week.

Remember that the most important part of a manicure is the care of the cuticle. *Never* cut it. Specialists agree that cutting is responsible for a great deal of the ragged, ugly cuticle one sees.

Remove the surplus cuticle safely, gently with Cutex, the liquid cuticle remover.

Follow the manicuring directions under the illustrations. You will be surprised to find how charming one Cutex manicure makes your hands. You will be amazed, too, to discover how much it adds to your poise, your ease of manner, to have beautiful nails.

A complete little manicure set for twenty cents

For twenty cents you can give yourself six or more of the most perfect manicures you have ever had — can make your nails lovelier than you have ever before seen them. Mail the coupon and two dimes today. After your first Cutex manicure you will realize how easy it is to add this new charm, how astonishingly it increases your general attractiveness.

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REMOVE OVERGROWN CUTICLE

Gently work around each nail base pushing back the cuticle with an orange stick wrapped with a bit of cotton and moistened with Cutex. Wash the hands pushing back the cuticle as you dry



NOW WHITEN THE NAIL TIPS

Apply a little Cutex Nail White directly from the tube underneath each nail. Spread evenly and remove any surplus Nail White with the orange stick



TO HAVE BRILLIANT NAILS

Put a little Cutex Nail Polish on the palm of the hand and rub the nails briskly over it. We specially recommend our new Powder Polish in the attractive ivory like tube



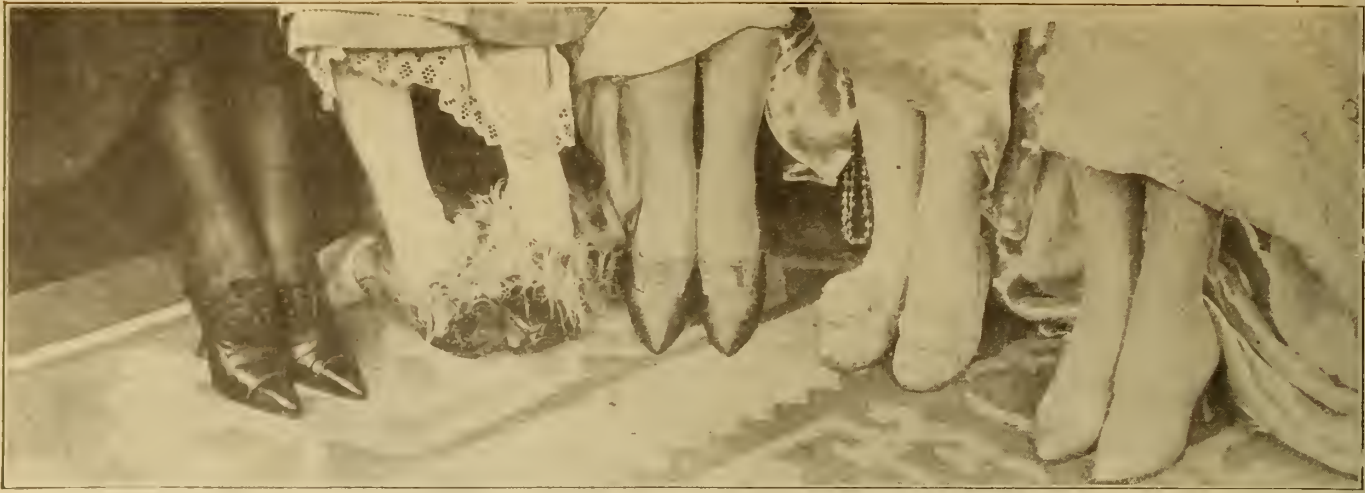
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The intriguing assortment of footgear and the shimmering ankle expanses belong, individually, to the five leading ladies—five—in "The Admirable Crichton"—the Barrie play which Cecil DeMille has converted to celluloid. Left to right—Julia Faye, our own little vampette; the careless pigeon toes are Lila Lee's, Gloria Swanson's are the buckled slippers and the hosiery ad. to match; at her left, Bebe Daniels, who left Harold Lloyd for Lasky's; and the openwork arguments on the extreme right are Mildred Reardon's—Mildred, like Bebe, used to be a comedienne. Something seems to tell us that the "The Admirable Crichton"—Tom Meighan is Crichton, by the way—is sure, just sure, to succeed.

Plays and Players

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

By CAL YORK

MARY MILES MINTER has signed a three and a half years' contract with the Realart company, a corporation presided over by Arthur S. Kane. Behind Mr. Kane is Adolph Zukor, of Paramount and Arcraft. When Miss Minter and her mother, Mrs. Shelby, arrived in New York from a long picture sojourn in Santa Barbara, they were not definitely headed in any direction. The American Film Company, long the little blonde's employers, are in the highly unique position of abandoning their quest for her further services on the ground that she was too expensive a proposition for them to make any money on—only to see other concerns frantically eager to offer her much more money than they themselves were willing to give her. And many firms were in on the Minter figuring. One made three rising offers before the Zukor gait got too swift, and the lowest was much in excess of the American company's former salary to her. It is alleged that she will, for the term of her three-year contract, receive \$1,300,000. The pictures are to be divided into four groups of five; for the first five \$50,000 each; for the second five \$60,000 each; and the third five, \$70,000 each; and for the last five, \$80,000 each. But the most interesting part is that this contract is alleged to concern itself with the star's intimate life and mode of living. She is not to become a "public figure" except in the ways that the Zukor evangelists direct. She can be interviewed seldom, if ever—except as a part of the said evangelism. She must be seen very little in public, if at all. She is to be a real "home body" with an existence only in her work. *And she must not marry!*

CONSTANCE BINNEY is to be starred. By Realart, the same company which has Mary Miles Minter under its managerial wing. The little Binney—the Plymouth Rock Chicken of the leading essay in this month's Magazine—has been seen heretofore on the screen as a featured player. Her first stellar vehicle, "Erstwhile Susan," a popular legitimate play.

JUST as this department goes to press, there's a rumor that Bill Russell has signed with Fox. In fact, it is a very likely rumor, more than tinged with probability. The rugged William has been occupied making many Americans for the past year; then he came east to look over the field and form a new affiliation.

THE two newest candidates for screen honors are Mary Marsh Arms and Richard Stanbury Bushman. The former made her very first appearance on Friday, the thirteenth of June, at the Lying-in Hospital in New York—weight seven pounds. Her father is Louis Lee Arms, sporting editor of the New York *Tribune*. The child fulfilled all prayers and predictions by being a girl—and a blue-eyed girl at that. Mae Marsh has been the subject of many new contract rumors, but Mae Herself isn't worrying about business; she's too busy admiring this wonderful child of hers.

The Bushman baby was born at the Bushman home on Riverside Drive. He had his name all picked out for him beforehand; and in this case, too, the new arrival pleased everybody as to sex, eyes, and disposition. Beverly Bayne-Bushman is said to have been responsible for the selection of the name; and Richard

Stanbury Bushman does seem to augur rather well for a future film hero.

THERE has been nothing more interesting in the month's events than the signing of Pearl White by the William Fox organization. This means the passing of *Pathe's Pearl*, for Miss White has declared herself against the serial. She is to come into her own at last, as an actress of ability. Fox is not to present her in outré thrillers, but in real plays, all adapted from well-known books and stage successes. Not that the Pathe company, Miss White's sponsors these many seasons, does not recognize an actress and know real plays. It does—but Pearl White has been the greatest serial queen that ever lived, and earned for herself and Pathe several fortunes. She has a city and a country home, many motors, an army of servants, and now she is to have adequate and appropriate vehicles. The first of the White series of eight productions was partially filmed at her own country place at Bayside, Long Island.

ELSIE JANIS, immediately upon her return to these shores from England and France, signed a year's contract with Selznick. She hasn't done anything in the films since her Morosco pictures, several years ago—no—wait a minute—she posed for the *PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE SCREEN SUPPLEMENT* camera man, with her mother, at their home; you'll see it soon. Selznick at first had a war story for her to act in, but apparently changed their minds. By the way, the same company secured Owen Moore's signature to a year's contract. Moore is coming east to work at the big Selznick studios in
(Continued on page 102).



19 Flavors

In a Single Soup

A VAN CAMP SOUP requires as high as 19 savory ingredients. And some soups consume up to 23 hours in the making. Our culinary experts have spent years in perfecting a single Van Camp Soup. Hundreds of blends were compared.

You get more than a ready-made soup in Van Camp's. You get a superlative soup—the best soup of that kind ever served, in homes or hotels, in France or America.

It Won the Prize in Paris

Most Van Camp Soups are based on famous Parisian recipes that won prizes in Paris. A noted chef from the Hotel Ritz in Paris brought them to our kitchens. Then our scientific cooks—men with college training—give them multiplied delights.

They studied ingredients and fixed standards for them. They compared countless blends and methods. Then, when they attained the utmost, every detail of the process was fixed in a formula. And the Van Camp chefs forever follow that formula exactly.

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Now hostesses who know them serve Van Camp's Soups at every formal dinner—better soups than Paris ever served.

Van Camp's Soups are the guest soups. But they are also the every-day soups. They cost no more than ordinary, ever-ready soups.

You owe yourself a trial of these Van Camp blends.

VAN CAMP'S Soups

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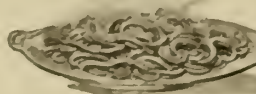
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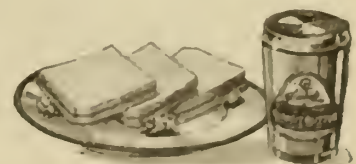
Van Camp's Pork and Beans

A perfect dish baked with a perfect sauce. Our culinary experts spent four years to perfect it, and \$100,000.



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A world-famed Italian recipe perfected by our experts in this scientific way. This is the supreme Spaghetti.



Van Camp's Peanut Butter

Made with blended peanuts with every skin, every bitter germ removed. A new-style peanut dainty.

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 100)

Manhattan, which will also harbor the activities of Eugene O'Brien, Elaine Hammerstein, and Olive Thomas.

VIOLET MERSEREAU, who has been off-screen a good many months, is to come back as the star in "Love Wins," a production by a new firm. It may be mentioned that when Universal made a complete trek West its trek was not complete after all, for Miss Mersereau held a contract saying that she was to work in and about New York, and nowhere else. So she finished her contract there.

METRO asked Marguerite Snow to take a vacation from her housewifely duties as Mrs. James Cruze. So she is playing the feminine lead in a picture opposite Hale Hamilton.

ALMA JONES, wife of the lately deceased screen idol, Harold Lockwood, furnished the month's social note and a grand surprise for all her friends by marrying "Spike" Robinson, the Hollywood pugilistic actor and erstwhile trainer of the acrobatic Mr. Fairbanks.

MAE MURRAY will be the featured player in the Famous Players-Lasky production of "On With the Dance." Mae started her film career with this company, before she was ever a delicious little devil for Universal. Many have been the rumors about this little blonde—domestic rumors about a contemplated retirement, dramatic rumors about a return to the stage—and it develops that there is something in the latter; she is to make an appearance on the legitimate in the fall.

YOU have been hearing for a long time about the projected all-star screen production of "Peter Ibbetson," with



To Houdini, one rose and one smile, from Gloria Swanson. The handcuff king is making a new serial at the Lasky studios, and Gloria, the gorgeous DeMille centerpiece, works there, too.

John, Ethel, and Lionel Barrymore. This would seem to be off for the present, for John has slipped off to Santa Barbara,

where he will spend the summer. Yet about the same time Famous Players-Lasky announced that they had purchased the screen rights to "The Copperhead," Augustus Thomas' play, and that they would make an early-fall production of it, with Lionel in his original title role.

CHARLES CHAPLIN, JR., born on July 7th, lived only through the cloudburst of congratulatory telegrams to his father and his mother, Mildred Harris Chaplin. The little fellow, whom the whole world had accepted with such hospitality, died just seventy hours after his birth.

SHORTLY before the arrival of her son, it was rumored in Hollywood that Mrs. Chaplin had planned to resume her screen work in the fall and that she had been given a \$100,000 bonus by Louis Mayer to sign a very lucrative contract, but this was not generally credited. Then there was talk about Husband Charlie objecting, he being a millionaire; and that he knew nothing about the contract until it had been signed. It developed that there was some truth in the latter as negotiations were conducted without the participation of the world's funniest man.

FRED STONE is going to show 'em. Last year he made his celluloid debut under adverse conditions, the worst of them being an agreement to do three five-reel features in nine weeks. Lack of preparation, both in stories used as well as personality for his screen advent, precluded him from doing his best work, according to Stone, and now he is taking plenty of time. His first story, "Billy Jim," a Jackson Gregory story of the
(Continued on page 104)



Mrs. Sidney Drew, lady megaphonist, directing her first picture since the death of her husband. Mrs. Drew, still Polly, is now the sister of a frivolous bachelor brother—and she is instructing him, here—in the person of Donald McBride—in the gentle art of holding a young lady's hand—the young lady being Nell Tracy, a newcomer. The straw-hatted and moustached man with the wicked lean on the other side of the pillar is ex-Lieutenant Hartley McVey, back from France—Lucille McVey-Drew's brother. He isn't in the picture.



“The pretties, the dainties, the flimsies”

“La, la, my dear, their washing is an art. It requires wisdom, genius and discretion fine as the clothes are fine.”

HOW did women ever keep their fine things dainty before they learned of Lux? In those old days—when cake soap was rubbed right on to fine fabrics, and particles of soap became firmly wedged between the delicate threads!

Today, you can cleanse these things yourself—keep them new with Lux. Lux comes in delicate white flakes—pure and transparent. They melt the instant they touch hot water and whisk up into the richest, foamiest suds that gently free the dirt! For silks or colored fabrics

you simply add cold water to make the suds lukewarm.

No ruinous rubbing of cake soap on fine fabrics. You just squeeze the delicate suds through the garments again and again. Then rinse in three lukewarm waters.

Launder your loveliest things in bubbling Lux suds. You will say you never dreamed your finest, frailest things could be cleansed with such delicacy!

Lux won't hurt anything pure water alone won't injure.

Your grocer, druggist or department store has Lux. — Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

“The Valley of the Moon”
John London—The
MacMillan Company

NO SUDS SO WONDERFUL AS LUX FOR DAINTY THINGS!

You can wash these things
yourself with Lux

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| Washable Satin | Sweaters |
| Washable Taffeta | Silk Underwear |
| Voiles | Silk Stockings |
| Organdies | Silk Gloves |

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LUX



Plays and Players

(Continued from page 102)

West, is being filmed, for the most part at Lake Louise, British Columbia, in the heart of the Canadian Rockies. The production is being made independently by Mr. Stone with Frank Borzage as director and Andrew Callaghan as manager of the company.

THEY better hadn't say "water stuff" to Tom Meighan for a while at least. In the leading role of Cecil DeMille's screen version of "The Admirable Crichton," Tom was shipwrecked off the rocky coast of Santa Cruz Island somewhere between Hollywood and Honolulu with a heavy loss of epidermis before he was rescued from the swirling waters of the Pacific. Then the sun and salt air caused an epidemic of facial blisters with Tom the leading victim. Then came the scenes in which the only apparel worn was constructed from goat skins and portions of his anatomy not hitherto affected underwent some scorching that made life miserable the rest of the time.

A NEW male star is to illumine the film heavens before long in the husband of a well known screen personage. He is Bernard Durning, the handsome young husband of that very young luminary Shirley Mason. "Bernie" had about six years experience with Edison and Metro in the directorial end of the game at which he was perfectly willing to remain, but the magnates declared that he was too good looking to be a director and drafted him for the actorial side. His first stellar appearance will take place in the visualization of Charles Neville Buck's "When Bearcat Went Dry."

HAVING completed what will perhaps rank as her greatest film subject, "In Old Kentucky," Anita Stewart has started on a big vacation which is expected to last well into the fall. Accompanied by her manager-husband Rudolph Cameron, the First National star will take a yacht cruise on the Atlantic and maybe a few aeroplane tours, as Rudie used to pilot an over-water boat for Secretary Daniel. "In Old Kentucky," a version of the old stage melodrama by Charles Dazey, for the film rights of which the latter received \$30,000 plus some royalties, was directed by Marshall Neilan. Director "Mickey" is now engaged on the first of his own productions with pretty little Margery Daw as the star. It will be known as "The Eternal Three," the visualization of a Randall Parrish novel. Miss Stewart's next production is to be "The Yellow Typhoon," adapted from the story by Harold McGrath.

NAZIMOVA, in her recent trip to New York, brought back to Los Angeles with her a series of celluloid frogs and toads, which she toys with as she takes the regular Saturday nighter. In addition, she discovered a new brand of perfumed cigarettes, together with a protégé, who used to be known at the World as Jeanne Acker,

EARLE WILLIAMS has been doing lead stuff in a Los Angeles court in the breach-of-promise suit brought by Roma Raymond, an actress, and just finished, with a verdict of \$50,000 in her favor. Miss Raymond filed her first charges against Williams almost immediately after the star's marriage in the East to a capitalist's daughter. Williams, whom Miss Raymond charges with having misrepresented to her when he was at Vitagraph in the East, claims that he does not know her. She, however, brought a number of witnesses from parts in the East, and has shown a bundle of letters as Exhibit A. Williams refuses to discuss the "matter," although the plaintiff has not hesitated to tell her story to Los Angeles newspapermen. Mrs. Williams has remained at all times placid and confident in her husband, according to reports.



On Sunday afternoon, June fifteenth, on the lawn of the Schenck-Talmadge home in Bayside, Long Island, Anita Loos, the soubrette of screen literature, became Mrs. John Emerson, thus domesticising a long and successful dramatic partnership. Not many people were there—a few good friends of the Emersons: Eugene O'Brien, Merceita Esmonde, Frances Marion, and the Talmadges, en famille: mother Peg, Norma Schenck, and sister Constance

but who now prefers to call herself Jeanne Mendoza. And she is playing at Metro opposite Bert Lytell,—the protégé, of course.

NELL CRAIG who used to be an Essanay star is a recent acquisition at Universal City. She has the lead in a story based on the nationalization of women in Russia, which Paul Powell is directing.

NAOMI CHILDERS is apparently tired of flickering. Wants to go back onto the stage, and it is very probable that she may be launched in a new Broadway vehicle in the Spring by George Tyler. Meanwhile, Miss Childers is at work at Goldwyn, having finished her work in support of Geraldine Farrar.

THE title is out! The stupendous production which Goldwyn provided for the Farrar summer vacation, whose title and details have been jealously kept a secret, is named "Potters' Clay." It is an original story that deals with the Roosians and the Bolsheviks, written by Thompson Buchanan, the Kentucky playwright. Something like ten reels long, with momentous settings by Hugo Ballin after the Bakst style, and with Farrar more willowy than she was when she played Joan.

AND Dustin Farnum may go back on the boards. A playwright in New York who is an old friend of his, has written a vehicle for him. As yet Dusty is undecided whether to keep on catching tuna at Santa Catalina or to occupy his erstwhile berth at the Plaza.

MADGE KENNEDY doesn't want to be separated from friend husband any longer. Long-distance marriages aren't to her liking, she says, and when she left the West for New York fears were entertained that the Goldwyn star would not return. Her husband, Capt. Harold Bolster, is a stock broker in Nassau street, whose business keeps him in N'Yawk. Miss Kennedy has therefore had to be content with telephone calls and a very oc-

(Continued on page 110)



Kathleen Clifford

In "The Angel Child"

In this scene Kathleen, who is apparently quite a problem, is being presented to Lydia Purcells, who will attempt to aid her in the acquisition of those popular traits which have come to constitute polish. If we are not mistaken in Kathleen she'll lead her staid, sober and sedate old sponsor a merry chase and prove the life of the seminary.

Plaza Picture

Long Beach, Calif.

April 19, 1919.

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Kathleen Clifford

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

A clear, colorful complexion is a gift which should be jealously guarded. Many a girl has seen her delicate coloring fade and imperfections mar her charm when by a little correct care daily she might have preserved her attractiveness. Ingram's Milkweed Cream if used regularly will protect your skin and keep it soft, smooth, and healthful. It wards off the bad effects of wind and weather. Keeps the pores thoroughly cleansed and the texture of the skin soft. Alone among all beauty aids it has a positive therapeutic quality and keeps the skin healthful. Get a jar today at your druggist's.

Buy it in either 50c or \$1.00 Size



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Ingram's Velveola Souveraine

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Or, sample of Milkweed Cream, Rouge, or Velveola Souveraine Face Powder mailed free on receipt of postage stamp.

What I Have Overheard Men Say About Women

*As told to Ruth Miller by the
cloak-room girl in a big hotel*



"..... You see, Miss Miller," she said to me, "I'm only a cloak-room girl in this big hotel — just another piece of furniture, most of the guests think. So, of course, the things they say when I'm around the corner are about the same as if I weren't there!

"And I guess the criticisms I've heard men make about women would fill a book or two! They'd be pretty interesting reading for some of those same women who so confidently wait for their men in the lobby.

"The woman with rouge 'an inch thick,' or with gown too low, or with mannerisms too affected, comes in for her share of their free-and-easy criticisms. But there's one woman who gets it harder than any of the others when they once get to talking about her! There's one particular tone of distaste that men reserve for this woman—and after a lot of experience, I've come to recognize it and the little half-jocular expressions that accompany it.

"She's the woman who is quite sure of herself, who is confident that her hairdresser and masseuse and manicure and modiste have done every possible thing to make her beauty and attractiveness complete, but has overlooked a thing that men can't overlook. She's failed to make sure of that perfect daintiness that is impossible when there's the least trace of the odor or moisture of perspiration!

"If she only knew that the men about her notice this lack of daintiness in her! I think your articles that I've seen in the

magazines are going to help a lot. I believe they're going to make women take such care in this matter that men won't have any cause to criticise this old fault in them!"

An old fault—common to most of us

It is a physiological fact that there are very few persons who are not subject to this odor, though seldom conscious of it themselves. The perspiration glands under the arms, though more active than any others, do not always produce excessive and noticeable moisture. But the chemicals of the body do cause noticeable odor, more apparent under the arms than in any other place.

These underarm glands are under very sensitive nervous control. Sudden excitement, an oppressive condition of the weather, embarrassment even, serves as a nervous stimulus sufficient to make them more active. The curve of the arm prevents the rapid evaporation of odor or moisture—and the result is that others become aware of this subtle odor at times when we least suspect it.

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 give it the regular attention that they give

to their hair or teeth or hands. They use Odorono, a toilet lotion specially prepared to correct both perspiration moisture and odor, because excessive moisture of the armpits is due to a local weakness of the sweat glands.

Odorono is antiseptic, perfectly harmless. Its regular use gives absolute assurance of perfect daintiness.

Make it a regular habit!

Use Odorono regularly, just two or three times a week. At night before retiring, pat it on the underarms. Allow it to dry, and then dust on a little talcum. The next morning, bathe the parts with clear water. The underarms will remain sweet and dry and odorless in any weather, in any circumstances! *Daily baths do not lessen its effect.*

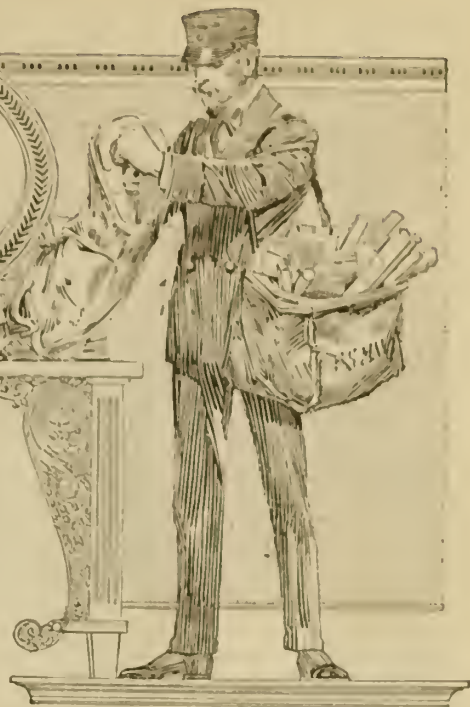
If you are troubled in any unusual way let us help you solve your problem. Write today for our free booklet. You'll find some very interesting information in it about all perspiration troubles!

Men will be interested in reading our booklet, "The Assurance of Perfect Grooming." Address Ruth Miller, The Odorono Co., 515 Blair Avenue, 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 Agencie Americaine, 38 Avenue de L'Opera, Paris. For Switzerland to The Agencie Americaine, 17 Boulevard Helvetique, Geneva. For England to The American Drug Supply Co., 6 Northumberland Ave., London, W. C. 2. For Mexico to H. E. Gerber & Cia, 2a Gante 19, Mexico City, Mexico. For U. S. A. to The Odorono Co., 515 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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.

D.A. G., AKRON, OHIO.—You would like to get Miss Priscilla Dean's picture. Suppose you write to the Exquisite Thief at Universal City, California, and ask her gently for her autographed likeness. Tell her you don't think she is really naughty in real life. I am almost sure that Priscilla will send you one. (If this works, let me know and I'll try the same thing.) Yes, Mrs. Dean has risen amazingly in the last few months; she used to play small parts at U but they recognized her ability and gave her bigger ones and now she's a star. I wonder, though, if they would have boosted her so if they had known what a marvelous member of the light-fingered genus this Wicked Darling was going to turn out to be?

SUSIE BRAGG, WASHINGTON, D. C.—You are positive you will succeed in pictures if only given a chance. Evidently you think you have to live up to your name. Ah well, Susie, I won't advise you. The best thing is to give a girl good advice—and then watch her do as she pleases. Pearl White has joined Fox. She do say she's off the serial stuff for life. Her stories, we understand, will all be adapted from well-known books and plays. I'm for her; she's a pearl of great price—ask the Fox company.

M. S. BERKELEY.—Will you be my little electric fan? he said. And she: "Oh, blow away!" The days are cooler now; but I still see substantial men in striped shirts take off their hats and rub their heads—as if they were not shiny enough as it is. As we were: Wallace Reid's baby is a boy, quite a big boy now—did you see the picture in the August issue? Yep—Bill's mother is a corking actress; I wish she'd come on back—Dorothy Davenport, you know. I saw her mother in a comedy the other evening. Wall's dad is Hal, who is a scenario writer and "idea man" for Universal in their New York offices. He was the King of Melodrama—the author of many popular old stage plays. Jack Holt is with Lasky; he's another family man. There are several little Hols, if I mistake me not. Virginia Lee Corbin was having her own company the last I heard.

CRYSTAL MCD., PINE BLUFF.—Every time I look into your clear eyes—ah, it is hard, indeed, to write of such mundane things as movies. It is perhaps a bit of irony—ch,

wot?—that in order to enjoy you communications further I must work hard answering this one. Yes—write to any photoplayer in care of this Magazine and it will be forwarded. This is a little service we are only too glad to perform for our readers—it is nothing, it only keeps two mail-girls busy from eight till five—Don't mention it.

MILDRED X., SALISBURY, N. C.—So you have heard some awful tales of how the film players conduct themselves on the Sabbath. Well, Mildred, I can't tell you much about that. My good friends the Gishes go to church on Sunday; so do some other picture people I know. I don't think any of the studios keep open, as a rule; however, I must look into this and let you know. But why in samhill do you folks believe all you hear—believe it so readily? I'll supply you with the proverbial grain of salt anytime you say. Some of you need a little reasoning. Warren Kerrigan is playing right along. Last I heard he was at the head of his own company. A late Kerrigan film is "The Best Man." Webster Campbell, with Vitagraph last. Married to Corinne Griffith, with whom he has often appeared on the screen. Theda Bara's dramatic future seems rather unsettled at present; there are so many different rumors—some that she's staying with Fox, others that she is going into vaudeville. She has, I believe, issued her ultimatum against doing any more vamps. Vamps aren't so good, any more. Sweetness and light seems to be the one grand call.

ARTHUR, ROCHESTER.—You say, "My relations think and say that I would make a very good actor, as when I go over there I always make them laugh so much that they nearly break their sides laughing. Even my friends say the same." Poor Charles, poor Roscoe! Mister Sennett might be able to do something for you. However, his object is to entertain his audiences, not to make them break their sides laughing so I would suggest that you use less comical methods. But I wish you would come over here and try it on my relatives. Write to Douglas Fairbanks in Hollywood, California—it will reach him. I won't guarantee that he will read and answer your letter personally; he's a United Artist now and has a heap of other things to do.

ELIZABETH GEORGE, NEW YORK.—Someone

said there are three good ways of communicating anything: telephone, telegraph, or tell a woman. However, my dear, do not think that I doubt your word when you say that, if I will only tell you whom's divorced from whom you won't breath it to a soul. No—I don't doubt you—much. "The Hooded Terror" is a character in "The House of Hate," a Pathe serial. Hoods seem to have taken the place of masks, which are slightly out of vogue. Some new serials of which inkings have come to my desk—via the press-agent's mimeograph—are "The Great Gamble," in which Anne Luther and Charles Hutchison appear; "The Tiger's Trail," with Ruth Roland, who, by the way, has her own serial company for Pathe now, under a newly-signed contract; "The Perils of Thunder Mountain," in which Tony Moreno and Carol Holloway figure. There are—others. By the way—I am unable to discover what relation the Hooded Terror is to the heroine in "The House of Hate"—the synopsis doesn't say: I know this much, though—they don't look alike. Fatty Arbuckle dead? Et tu, Fatty! To Fatty Arbuckle goes Charles Chaplin's record for reported demise. Come to think of it, though—in his last comedy that I saw Roscoe did look a little wan and pale. It made my heart ache. I do not think, however, that he is at death's door; nor yet is the wolf at Fatty's. He makes a nice little salary—something like a little under a million per annum.

P. S. D., FARGO.—"The Poppy Girl's Husband" was indeed a corking picture; Bill Hart was great, wasn't he? Juanita Hansen was the Poppy Girl. Same Juanita who used to stop custard-pies; now she stops the show—but not in slapstick. That reminds me to mention that whenever we have a beautiful young slapstick artiste all trained and ever-thing, along comes somebody to grab her up for drama. I think I'll propose some kind of a law to the effect that the place for a peach is on the beach. Still look at Juanita, and Alice Lake, and Mary Thurman—all ohboy-girls who have gone in for serious stuff—and made good from the ground up. Ain't nature grand? as Ford Sterling remarked when he looked at Phyllis Haver.

GEORGIA C., NASHVILLE.—Marguerite Clark is in California now. Oh, she's about

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

thirty-three or so, I reckon. I never was good at figures—except, of course, the zigfeldian or mackennett kind. I may say, indeed, that I am at the feet of the class—however, Olive Thomas is the wife of Jack Pickford, who has two late pictures made called "In Wrong" and "Bill Apperson's Boy." Ethel Clayton is the widow of the late Joseph Kaufman, a splendid director who was to have conducted his wife through her Lasky pictures. He directed the fine Lubin domestic dramas in which—this is my personal opinion—Ethel Clayton did some of her best work. Miss Clayton is on a vacation just now, I think—but she has many new subjects scheduled for release. Among them a picturization of Kathleen Borris' story, "Mother." Is Dick Barthelmess married? NO!!!

BERNICE I., LOS ANGELES.—Really, is there an organist named C. Sharpe Minor? Subtle, isn't it? I have heard many of "the worlds biggest and finest organs;" they all are. I wish you would write to me again, and at greater length; for a seventeen-year-old you have a lot of good common sense.

LIEUT. R. C., NEW YORK.—Your writing was very intelligible; you say you have had to practice writing with your left hand as you lost your right one,—a hand-grenade accident. I wish you would practice on me; your letter was interesting. A good many things have happened in the two years you have been away, kid—Mary Miles Minter is turned seventeen, the word bolshevik has come to mean anyone who happens to disagree with you, and a dozen more stars have joined the M. O. C. movement. Dick Barthelmess is in California at this writing, working at the Griffith studios in a new picture. Story about Dick in this issue; he isn't married. Dorothy Gish is twenty-

one; she's growing up. I can remember Dorothy when she was just a little girl at Biograph. She and Lillian had a hard time landing their jobs; everybody thought they were too young. Dorothy and Lillian are both happy though unwed. Barthelmess is American but of French descent. Come again, please. I wish you the best of luck.

BEA, OAKLAND.—The obvious is, of course, how be you? We are always obvious; it is so easy to be subtle—nobody ever understands you. So glad you liked the cover of Connie Talmadge, in June. The lovebirds were, indeed, apropos. Constance's latest is "The Temperamental Wife" for First National; John Emerson and Anita Loos wrote it. However, a new Select picture, "Happiness a la Mode" has been released; it is, I think, her last for this concern. Your art section requests have already been complied with. You'd like to know why they never have blonde lady spies. Don't you know—they have to be kept dark. Your life's-greatest-disappointment was when Mary Picford came to your city and you had the 'flu.

CONTINUED-IN-OUR-NEXT, SIXTEEN.—So you look like Katherine MacDonald and you may be coming to Chicago and would like to drop in. Come right along, my office door is marked private, but this doesn't mean you. Bessie Barriscale in "Rose o' Paradise." You say you no sooner begin to like a star than they go get a divorce or something. Mother's calling you to make the frosting on the cake; run along, sweet-sixteen.

THE LIGHTNING RAIDER.—This, friends and readers, is our Mystic Rose in disguise. Dear child—these serials are going to your curly head. You can't get away from them. "What the Movies Did to Me," by the Answer Man, will be the recollections of

a crowded life. The grand-cross eyed expressions of a career which was just one reel after another. My impressions of Mary Thurman; how I felt when I first saw Norma Talmadge in the cart in Vitagraph's "Tale of Two Cities" and begged her, piteously, from my silent seat in the orchestra, to hold my hand. I'll wind up with a poem to Phyllis Haver, blonde siren whose moving pictures have given me long-distance heart-disease. Phyllis seems to be the leading cause of crowding the mails right now. If you thought Lillian Gish was good in "Hearts," wait until you see "Broken Blossoms." No—I won't give you any "criticism" on this; read what Mr. Johnson says in "Shadow Stage."

ETHEL P. R.—You girls make me tired. You don't appreciate an actor's taste in ties; all you care about is how he looks at his leading ladies. Yes indeed; some of our players are two-faced. We only see the side that's turned to the camera. You call the continued pictures "The Modern Arabian Nights." Well, I admit some of them keep me awake. Robert Anderson is with Universal; at U City, Cal. George Beban has his own company; write to him care this Magazine and we will forward it wherever he happens to be at the time. He's in the East at this writing.

BERTHA, BAY GLACE, N. S.—I have heard of meringue, glace (see above.) What is this new dessert? Little Cutie Beautiful, Clarine Seymour, was born in Brooklyn. She was one of "The Two Strange Women" in the story in the August issue of PHOTOPLAY. She isn't married, that I know of. She was a former comedienne for Rolin. All that worries me—is what we'll do when they're all gone. Look at Bebe Daniels deserting me, too, for the
(Continued on page 135)

She is no "Little Eva"



THAT now redoubtable emotionaliste, Miss Dorothy Phillips, did not, like some of our silver-sheet littlevas, "just grow." Perhaps it is only ingenues of the French-pastry school who can perform that feat and get away with it. Dorothy's little-girlhood was very real indeed, as we may see from these photographs of her in-between ages—left, very early; right, at fifteen.





“He Deposits \$500 a Month!”

“See that man at the Receiving Teller’s window? That’s Billy King, Manager for Browning Company. Every month he comes in and deposits \$500. I’ve been watching Billy for a long time—take almost as much interest in him as I do in my own boy.

“Three years ago he started at Browning’s at \$15 a week. Married, had one child, couldn’t save a cent. One day he came in here desperate—wanted to borrow a hundred dollars—wife was sick.

“I said, ‘Billy, I’m going to give you something worth more than a loan—some good advice—and if you’ll follow it I’ll let you have the hundred, too. You don’t want to work for \$15 a week all your life, do you?’ Of course he didn’t. ‘Well,’ I said, ‘there’s a way to climb out of your job to something better. Take up a course with the International Correspondence Schools in the work you want to advance in, and put in some of your evenings getting special training. The Schools will do wonders for you—I know, we’ve got several I. C. S. boys right here in the bank.’

“That very night Billy wrote to Scranton and a few days later he had started studying at home. Why, in a few months he had doubled his salary! Next thing I knew he was put in charge of his department, and two months ago they made him Manager. And he’s making real money. Owns his own home, has quite a little property beside, and he’s a regular at that window every month. It just shows what a man can do in a little spare time.”

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Prove that *you* are that kind of a man! The International Correspondence Schools are ready and anxious to help you prepare for something better if you’ll simply give them the chance. More than two million men and women in the last 28 years have taken the I. C. S. route to more money. Over 100,000 others are getting ready in the same way right now.

Is there any reason why *you* should let others climb over you when you have the same chance they have? Surely the least you can do is to find out just what there is in this proposition for *you*. Here is all we ask: Without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, simply mark and mail this coupon.

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Plays and Players

(Continued from page 104)

casional, very brief, visit from him, together with the constant company of her Australian kaolo bear, Oscar, who, the press agents say, eats lettuce leaves and eucalyptus oil, jumps like a frog, looks like a poll parrot and is very, very—my dear—affectonate.

DAGMAR GODOWSKY, youngest daughter of the world-famous piano virtuoso, has been lured back to the Kliegs and will play the lead opposite Andre de Seguro in a big production of "L'Oracolo," which is to be produced in Italy by the Metropolitan Opera Company. Miss Godowsky isn't particularly new to pictures, having appeared several times with Sessue Hayakawa, Marguerite Clark, and as Mme. Storch in Marie Dressler's "Spy Anna."

AND speaking of society. Sessue Hayakawa has been going in for the heavy stuff lately at his Hollywood residence. The parties are particularly interesting, and

known to break up just in time for the guests to get to the studio for the nine o'clock (a. m.) call. Hayakawa lives in a big English-looking manse up on top of a hill, and his reception hall is all loaded with samurai swords, cherry blossoms and portraits of himself and Tsuru Aoki.

WELL, Mayme, you'd never bleeve it if you hadn't saw him yourself to tell you the truth I didn't bleeve it myself when I seen him first but its the gospule truth s'help muh and you'll see it for yourself when the pitcher comes out and it don't look anything like him at all because he's so terrible hand-ome au natural as they say. What am I chirping about? Why, Lou-Tellegen's beard, of course. Sure thing, he really grew one and is working it out at Goldwyn's dramafactory in Culver City, Cal. But seriously I think that Lou-Tellegen growing a beard is carrying the whiskers idea pretty far.



The Open Door To a Bigger Income —For Women

How often you have said to yourself: "I must have more money; how can I get it." And how many things there are for which you could use more money.

You would be glad to do anything that is congenial, anything that you will be proud to tell your friends about—just so it is something that will give you a bigger income.

Try selling. It is one of the most honored professions in the world, and certainly the most necessary. Selling is real service, and service pays.

An open door and a cordial welcome await any woman who will render a real selling service to her friends and neighbors. And that service will pay you real cash returns, especially when you sell something that every housewife must buy.

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You will help the housewife to solve her greatest buying problem. Every member of the family needs several suits of underwear and many pairs of hose each year.

Women appreciate the pleasure and convenience of selecting hosiery and underwear in the privacy of their own homes. The first order means additional orders because of the splendid wearing quality of World's Star Products.

Use Your Spare Time, Increase Your Income
Only an hour or two a day will enable you to do it, and the more time you devote to the work, the greater your profits will be.

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Another June bride was Mollie King, who changed her name to Mrs. Kenneth Dade Alexander. They were married in Manhattan, where Mollie was born and brought up, and where she won fame behind the footlights. Nellie King, the brunette sister of Mollie, and Mary Miles Minter, acted respectively as maid of honor and bridesmaid.

Plays and Players

(Continued)

A BIG success is often founded on a very little thing in filmland as well as in the outside business world. Something over a year ago, Mary Pickford took a trip up Mount Lowe to make scenes for "Miss." Tom Meighan, the leading man in that picture had been telling Mary about a remarkable book he had been reading and had loaned it to her for the trip. She read it and a few days later met D. W. Griffith at a social gathering. She told him about it; said that there was a great picture in one of the short stories in the volume, but a picture that only Griffith could make. The book was Thomas Burke's "Limehouse Nights," and the story was "The Chink and the Child." The great director-producer made from it "Broken Blossoms," hailed by critics as the most artistic of all screen works.

BY the way, Mary has selected her third and last First National photoplay and is now completing her contract with that concern. The story is John Fox, Jr.'s "The Heart of the Hills." In it Miss Pickford will be seen with a cast which will include A. D. Sears as leading man; Miss Betty Bouton, Jack Gilbert and Harold Goodwin. Sidney Franklin is the director. The heart of the Sierra Nevada mountains has been invaded for the locations. Upon the conclusion of this photoplay, Miss Pickford will start work on her first United Artists production. This will be either "Pollyanna" or "Hop o' My Thumb."

THERE are certain personages in the film industry that lend themselves generously to funny stories based upon their lack of Oxford sheepskins, so to say. One of the new ones is about a director of more or less literacy who was asked by a friend why he didn't produce a railroad photoplay. "Oh, everybody's makin' 'em," was the reply; "even Nazimova." His friend couldn't recall any railroad film in which the celebrated Russian had played and said so. "Can't you read—don't you see 'The Red Lantern' advertised everywhere?" was the sarcastic rejoinder. Bobby Harron likes to tell the one about the exhibitor back in the early days who wanted a suitable war picture for showing on the fourth of July and selected Griffith's first five reeler, "The Battle of the Sexes." The best part of the story, however, according to Bobby, is that the showman, who was the most up-to-date one in his city, got out a couple of rusty cannon to flank his lobby display.

AFTER telling the New York folks that he was going to make pictures in their midst, D. W. Griffith returned to California and was so glad to get back, apparently, that he decided to remain in Hollywood for a while longer. Although his departure is now scheduled for September, studio wise-aces are betting that midwinter will find him shooting California scenery as per usual.

WELL, the famous he-vamp is now vamping on his own. In other words, Lew Cody is being starred in his own production. His first will bear the rather enticing title of "The Delightful Devil," a story by Stephen Fox, *nee* Jules Grinnell Furthman, a writer of note.

OUT in Hollywood they are telling Harry Houdini, the famous escapist, that he will never do as a "illum" hero. Entirely without regard for precedent, Houdini and his wife celebrated their silver wedding anniversary by giving a dinner to the stars and officials of the Lasky studio, where Houdini has been spending a few months escaping from things for the sake of art.



Study His Daily Food Need

The average man needs about 3000 calories of food per day. Most of that need is for energy food. But he also needs some 3½ ounces of protein, to build up and repair.

Figuring these elements only, here is what they cost at this writing in some necessary foods:

Cost of Protein Per Pound		Cost of Energy Per 1000 Calories	
In Quaker Oats . . .	63c	In Quaker Oats . . .	5c
In White Bread . . .	\$1.30	In Round Steak . . .	41c
In Potatoes . . .	1.48	In Veal Cutlets . . .	57c
In Beef about . . .	2.00	In Fish about . . .	60c
In Ham	3.63	In Canned Peas . . .	54c

Ten Times the Cost

Meat and fish foods, per 1000 calories, average ten times Quaker Oats' cost.

So do some vegetables. Squash, for instance, at this writing, costs 15 times as much.

As energy food the oat has an age-old fame.

In protein—the costliest food element—it is richer than any other grain. It stands about equal with beefsteak.

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As an all-round food, well-balanced, the oat is the greatest that grows. As a food for growing children it holds the zenith place.

Other foods are needed. Children must have milk and eggs. Vegetables are necessary.

But start the day with Quaker Oats. Make it your breakfast. It costs but one-half cent per dish.

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Plays and Players

(Continued)

ALTHOUGH several producers are said to have claimed her services, Blanche Sweet is doing her newest photoplay under the auspices of Jesse Hampton whose other stars are H. B. Warner and Bill Desmond. The story is "A Woman of Pleasure," and the blonde Blanche has the earnest support of Wheeler Oakman, Wilfred Lucas, Charles Clary and other well known players.

"EVERYWOMAN" is to be put on the screen by Famous Players-Lasky with a cast that includes nearly all the stars and near-stars of the Lasky studio. "Uncle George" Melford who is directing it selected the cast which is made up partially of the following: *Everywoman*, Violet Heming; *Beauty*, Wanda Hawley; *Youth*, Lila Lee; *Modesty*, Margery Daw; *Conscience*, Margaret Loomis; *Truth*, Kathleen Kerrigan; *Vice*, Marcia Manon; *Nobody*, James Neill; *Wealth*, Theodore Roberts; *Passion*, Irving Cummings; *Flattery*, Raymond Hatton; *Bluff*, Wallace Beery; *Puff*, Tully Marshall. The Hobart play was done for the screen by Will Ritchie.

HAL COOLEY, who used to play in comedies and serials, has graduated into the ranks of the much desired leading men. He is now playing opposite Mabel Normand and will first be seen with that charming comedienne in "Upstairs."

IRVING CUMMINGS is convinced that the stage is not what it used to be. He accepted a long stock engagement at Oakland, Cal., but a few weeks cured him and he returned to Hollywood, hastened to attach his name to a Lasky contract for the period of a year and will endeavor to forget about footlights.

(Continued on page 121)

He Rolled Up His Sleeves

(Concluded from page 53)

of the Beach books, and stories, these have been filmed: "The Spoilers," for Selig, which Colin Campbell directed, and in which Bill Farnum and Tom Santschi staged the first great fight in screen history—Kathlyn Williams was, you remember, *Cherry Melnotte*; "The Barrier," which gave Mitchell Lewis his character of *Poleon*; "The Ne'er Do Well," a story of Panama, in which Wheeler Oakman and, again, Kathlyn Williams appeared; "The Auction Block,"—New York, with Ruby DeRemer as the show-girl; "Heart of the Sunset," a Goldwyn with Anna Nilsson and Herbert Heyes; and "The Crimson Gardenia," the latest Beach release, with Owen Moore.

You may have heard that all authors do not look like the early pictures of Edgar Allen Poe. You'd take Rex Beach—and why they call him Rex I don't know—for anything but a writer. He's a Hercules with light blue eyes, a strong chin, and a jack-dempsey handclasp. He wears nice socks and ties; he has a pleasant grin but he's no ladies' man. Usually he twirls his hat. Rex Beach and Will Rogers are a lot alike; if left to themselves they would go off into the desert somewhere, rejoicing that they had left the film world, the press, and still photographers far, far behind.

Mrs. Beach was waiting for him in the car to take him home after his hard and hot day's work. Mrs. Beach coaxed Will Rogers into the silent drama—he debuted in a Beach story, "Laughin' Bill Hyde." I think that collectively, the Beaches have done a lot for the screen.

That Sly, Dishonest Sign

(Concluded from page 58)

flung and flamboyant. Remember, they haven't the goods described on the label.

That naughty poster is a "story teller." The next time you see one which misrepresents the film it purports to advertise, and makes you ashamed that such things should be flaunted on the streets of your city, tell the manager exactly what you think of him, and refuse further patronage to a man who wilfully persists in giving a good film a bad name. If conditions warrant it, complain to the authorities. No one is compelled to go inside a theatre and look at a photoplay, but you can't help seeing a poster. A vile poster is a public nuisance. In the central portions of a large city, only the local authorities can help much in a matter of this kind, because there is always a floating population to draw from. Your influence and the loss of your patronage, will not accomplish much there, unless you are powerful enough to elect the right sort of city officials or reform the exhibitor. Otherwise you'll just have to stay away from that kind of theatre. However, in any other sort of community, you can at least do your part toward arousing public opinion, and make it unprofitable for your exhibitor if he uses misleading advertising.

Incidentally, why not join The Better Photoplay League of America?

BILLS for state censorship of motion pictures failed to pass in every one of the legislatures in which they were introduced the past year; this in spite of the fact that the secretary of one of the state censor boards wrote urgent letters to influential persons in states where the matter was pending, asking them to support the bill, as he feared he would lose his job. The people wisely decided that censorship was too dangerous a measure to sanction in order to keep one man from losing his job. Perhaps, if he is a clever man, he might get another job.

Also, New York City flatly refused to addle itself with censorship. Many other cities will ratify its judgment. The report of New York's committee on general welfare, Alderman William C. Collins, chairman, read in part: "Your committee does not believe that the administration of the criminal law has broken down, nor that our courts are unable to cope with the evil sought to be remedied by this ordinance.

"The advocates of the proposed ordinance suggest an abandonment of a court proceeding and the substitution of a censorship by the Commissioner of Licenses to determine in advance what pictures may or may not be exhibited. If such legislation as this may be enacted, it can be followed by the censorship of plays, and the author compelled to submit his manuscript, or the censorship of the press, and the news items and editorials

in our daily papers be subjected to the censor's O. K. before publication be allowed.

"If this ordinance became operative and the time should ever come when the censor should through caprice or favoritism, pass unfit and indecent pictures and permit their exhibition, would we not be driven to invoke the courts and call upon them to enforce the penal law already on the statute books, and which we are now asked to put aside as too cumbersome and slow?

"Your committee is opposed to any individual being invested with such power."

This report, in its virility and clearness, requires no further exposition. It speaks for itself.

A MORE complete co-operation with the motion picture industry has recently been instituted by the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. Morris M. Rathbun, of the Chamber's Publications Bureau writes as follows to the executive secretary of The Better Photoplay League.

"A recent canvass indicated that the industry was not carrying as many members in the Chamber in proportion to its size as were other commercial enterprises. Hence it was decided to invite the producers to participate as actively in the work of the Chamber as were other lines of endeavor. This action was construed in some of the stories that appeared in newspapers as following a sudden realization on the part of the Chamber that the industry had been neglected, when in fact it was merely an invitation to the picture makers to take advantage more generously of the opportunity of being affiliated with the leading commercial organization of the Southwest, which section produces approximately 75 per cent of the film made in the United States.

"We are doing all we can to promote the welfare of the legitimate producers who frequently suffer annoyance from undeserved attacks. Our experience is that the intelligent producers, who are ambitious and working toward high ideals, survive and thrive, while the limited number of those who pander to the low tastes are automatically eliminated—through the good sense of the public."

REQUESTS for the handbook, "Hints and Helps in Obtaining Better Films," are coming in from all over the United States, and even from China and Australia. Now that the postage rates have returned to a pre-war status, the booklet will be sent to any address in this country on receipt of two cents in postage, instead of three cents, as formerly.

Interesting items in regard to new branches of The Better Photoplay League of America, and new work of other branches, will be published in next month's issue of PHOTOPLAY.



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Fat Boy, (Ring Bearer) Tight Pants

(Concluded from page 44)

in addition to playing football, he quit, and much to his father's disappointment applied for a job of acting at the Alcazar theater where his father was stage directing.

Two years at the Alcazar and then to the Morosco in Los Angeles where his father is stage director and Dave rapidly developed into a wonderful young character actor as well as a first class stage manager.

Finally David Wark Griffith, after trying out eight men for the part of "M'ieu Beau"

in the production of "The Greatest Thing in Life," found this other David, and young Butler became a motion picture success over night. He played in "The Girl Who Stayed at Home," in "Upstairs and Down," with Olive Thomas; with Mary McLaren; then was co-starred with Za-Su Pitts in "Better Times," after which he returned to the Griffith lot to play opposite Dorothy Gish in a western picture. Butler is creating an unusual line of parts, all his own.



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, unlike, 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.



A Good Joke on Nature

I RECENTLY saw Mary Pickford in "Daddy Long Legs." While at the farm she receives a letter from the publishers dated in September, and yet the orchard where she is standing as she reads it, is full of fruit trees in full bloom.

JOHN E. UNDERWOOD, Summit, N. J.

Perhaps the Bride Baked It

In a William Fox comedy a wedding was going on and the wedding cake was thrown at everybody and lammed against the wall repeatedly—yet it wasn't broken in the least.

C., Graham, Va.

Has Anybody Here Seen Rover?

EUGENE O'BRIEN in "Come Out of the Kitchen" rents the Daingerfield house for "the shooting season." He and his friends arrive with hand baggage, but no guns or dogs are in evidence then or at any time during the picture. Perhaps they rented the house to kill time.

D. C. DODD, Chicago.

Cruelty to Engines

In the Goldwyn picture "Go West, Young Man," Dick is shown beating his way on the blind baggage behind Eng. 8. Next comes a caption telling of the long days and nights he journeyed westward, immediately followed by his arrival at his destination still riding the "blind" behind Eng. 8. To a railroad man it is a matter of no little surprise to learn that in the "West" the same engine pulls a train day and night through valleys and over mountains for a distance of some two thousand miles!

A. NEAL,
New Castle, Colo.

Where the Shimmy Began

In "The Coming of the Law," a fine picture by Tom Mix, we are told that before the territories became states that they were ruled by lawless bands which were the bosses of the different communities. Hence the picture represents a time considerably ancient. Then enters the hero, tenderfoot from the East, who demonstrates the latest dance—the shimmy.

ROBERT R. HAWLEY,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Good Way to Preserve Cactus

WE have noticed in many pictures that people, when receiving flowers, always put them in vases without water.

F. S. and K. V., Westfield, N. J.

Maybe He Traded With the Elevator Man

In "Vera, the Medium," a man entered the elevator in a felt hat and came out wearing a straw hat.

L. U. D., Casper, Wyo.

Going Down!

In "An Accidental Honeymoon," Elaine Hammerstein is ordered to her room by her father. She is shown going upstairs. Yet later, when she is shown escaping, she climbs out of her bedroom window and right onto the lawn.

HELEN E. STRATZ, Providence, R. I.

Didn't You Ever Hear of a Rubber Hat?

In "The Moral Deadline" with June Elvidge, she and her chum were standing on a bridge over a small stream. June carelessly dropped her hat into the water. Our hero, Frank Mayo, fished the hat out of the water for her. Of course the hat was ruined, but no—she appeared in the next scene with it on.

MARY DONEGAN, Nacogdoches, Tex.

A Puzzler for Sam Lloyd

In Madge Kennedy's "Leave It to Susan," train-robbers board a passenger train, whose engine bears the number 260, but when that there engine comes to a halt its number has changed to 1330.

M. M. H., New York.

Nailed to the Earth, P'raps

In the eleventh episode of "The Man of Might," Dick van Brunt pulls up all of the trees—and they had no roots at all. Looks like the worms had eaten them.

DANIEL O'LEARY,
• San Francisco.

Maybe Annie Made 'Em

In "Annie Laurie" the leading man is shipwrecked and drifts to the shores of Scotland. When found, his clothes are all in native garb; yet when this Yankee has had time to dry off he appears in a well tailored pair of trousers, what looks to be a khaki shirt, and a light cloth summer sport hat.

WALDO W. BOSS, Indianola, Pa.

An Unconventional Bishop

In "The Bishop's Emeralds," starring Virginia Pearson, the English Lord Bishop, played by Robert Broderich, appears in conventional long trousers, something no English bishop has ever been seen to wear. In England a bishop is dressed in black knee breeches, cloth gaiters, and a little black apron extending almost to the knees.

MARQUISE CLARA LANZA, New York.



When is a Bathing Girl?

SIX of Mack Sennett's bathing beauties in person accompanied "Yankee Doodle in Berlin" at the showing in Indianapolis recently. There is a regulation there that prohibits singers and dancers from appearing on the stage in costume on the sabbath. Hence, the bathing girls had to leave off their bathing suits and appear before an expectant house clad in their smartest dress-up habiliments.

A Mixed Accommodation

In Griffith's "A Romance of Happy Valley," Dorothy Gish's beloved country boy leaves old Kentucky for Li'l New York. But as the train leaves the station, we very plainly saw on the side of the coach the insignia "A. T. & S. F." Must have been the Government Ownership running a "mixed accommodation extra."

B. W. KOOB, Dakotah, Ia.



The habit of being beautiful



The brilliant, searching rays of the spotlight merely enhance the loveliness of a woman who has formed the habit of being beautiful.

She realizes above all else that her hair is the most striking feature she possesses. She dresses it to bring out her best points—conceal and soften her less attractive ones—and uses its soft, lustrous luxuriance to frame her face in loveliness.

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 86)

"Hearts and Flowers," a comedietta of an orchestra leader and an amorous hat girl. These common nuisances in our eating lives are delineated by Louise Fazenda and Ford Sterling. Miss Fazenda furnishes a rose-wood-headed travesty of a piece with her best previous comicalities, and Mr. Sterling goes more than skin-deep in his drawing of the conceited-ass type of knife-fork symphonist. The bathing girls stop making pictures for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE long enough to furnish several yards of very nice decoration for this gastronomic narrative.

SQUARE-DEAL SANDERSON— Ince-Arteraft

Just because William S. Hart is two things: first of all a fine actor, and second, a master of the *locale* in which he elects to make the majority of his plays, "Square-Deal Sanderson" lifts itself out of the common "Western picture" class and becomes a true and typical story of other days along the frontier, worthy to rank with any yarn of Stewart Edward White or any of the other men who write about the sage and the cactus and know whereof they write. This romantic adventure by Charles Alden Seltzer tells of Square Deal's adventure on a desert morning in which he comes in at the finish of a double shooting, and, in the pocket of a horsethief, finds a letter from the man's sister, supplicating his protection against a distant villain of the usual stripe. Square Deal may be Quixotic, but the villain is certainly no windmill, as subsequent events prove. Impersonating her brother of course gives Sanderson a chance to fall in love with the girl, Mary Bransford, and the finish of the picture is as full of thrills and action as its start. And these passes of fight and n.arder are so invested with real atmosphere that they are more than mere melodrama; they are a living transcript of the days when such things actually happened. Ann Little, as Mary, is as perfectly in this frontier picture as William S. himself.

OTHER MEN'S WIVES— Ince-Paramount

This plot is daring, to say the least, but it is conceivable that such a thing might happen, and, having happened, work out to the conclusion set in this story. Dorothy Dalton plays Cynthia Brock, an orphan of high breeding, aristocratic tastes, and no money, and no means of making money in any quantity sufficient to maintain her in her accustomed manner of living. Her business opportunity comes in the cold-blooded desire of Fenwick Flint to break up the home of James and Viola Gordon—James, a finer sort of powerful man than most powerful men; and Viola, a treacherous little wench held to the conventions of wifehood by conventional fears. The adventure as well as the large price appeals to the Brock girl, and she rushes in with her militant equipment of eyes and flesh and fascination—only to fall in love with Gordon herself when she begins really to know him and, accordingly, she throws up the deal. Here, friends, is the best situation C. Gardner Sullivan has evolved since he kicked out the muse of quality and brought the handmaiden of quantity into his workshop in her stead. It's a big theme—one that a stage dramatist of the very highest type might have evolved a masterpiece out of. To be sure, Mr. Sullivan does not get out of this highly absorbing plot all, or anywhere near all, that it potentially contains, but he does write enough and well enough to make a corking photoplay. In the end, of course, the hes and the shes get the mates they most deserve, and conveniently without any adulterous or otherwise dangerous complications. Miss

Dalton, a genuine emotional actress, performs well as Cynthia, and Forrest Stanley is believable enough as Gordon.

THE BISHOP'S EMERALDS—Pathe

Virginia Pearson returns to the screen, after a considerable absence, in a melodrama of English scene which is reminiscent both of a Drury Lane thriller and "Leah Kleschna." Miss Pearson elects to play the role of a Bishop's wife—the man is a person of title as well as a dignitary of the church—and in this surrounding is faced by her own husband, a thief whom she had really believed dead, and her own daughter, who has secretly married the Bishop's son. This Pandora's box of past infamy she elects not only not to pen herself, but exercises all her strength to prevent her villainous first husband from opening it. He persists, however, for the Bishop, more or less a humanitarian, has condoned the secret marriage of his son with this young commoner, and invites the whole party to week-end at his place. This gives Bannister, the villain, his long-awaited chance to get an easy draw upon the Lord Bishop's famous collection of emeralds. The remaining complications follow directly, and in forceful though somewhat conventional form, upon this wicked preliminary tangle of motives and relationships. The outstanding performances of the piece are Miss Pearson's and Sheldon Lewis's. Miss Pearson as the Bishop's wife depicts succeeding phases of calm happiness, terrible discovery, apprehension, conflict and despair, and Mr. Lewis, as the imperturbable and cold-blooded Bannister, gives as fine a piece of evil acting as was his wont in many a play before the all-devouring serials swallowed him up.

THE SHE WOLF—Sherrill

Miss Texas Guinan's first five-reeler in her new series of Western adventure recounted with a female main interest instead of the customary cowman hero proves indisputably her right in this sphere of action. She can ride, she has a dramatic and commanding personality, a type of beauty that fits well into the rough-and-ready yet not unpicturesque costume of the plains, and a sort of dominating style that enables her to get away with stick-ups and gun-play which would never be convincing if posed by the parlor or boudoir type of young lady. Miss Guinan is the best thing about "The She-Wolf," which has certain lacks both in scenario and direction. What the play lacks is suspense and careful, human upbuilding of theme. What the direction lacks is the highly-necessary note of delicacy, and certain touches of femininity. The story needed just one turn to make it powerful, human and commanding. Miss Guinan is cast as the girl boss of a big cattle ranch. The evil ruler of the adjoining settlement is the proprietor of its gambling hall and dance-shack, the Chinese Mui Fing. Fing is true to the traditions of yellow men like himself in his preference for white girls of tender age. Dud Bigby, one of his liquor-slaves, has a daughter Sallie, whom Fing covets in marriage, and the besotted Dud virtually sells his child to the Celestial in return for what appears to him a permanent and unlimited pass to Fing's booze supplies. The action, in its main sequences, winds about the resolute cowgirl's stoppage of these nuptials, and her forcing of a union of Sallie with the boy she loves. Here the story develops a weakness: the cowgirl is much taken by a Stranger whom she has rescued from Fing's palace of chance—and had this man, instead of another and entirely remote youth, been the real lover of little Sallie, we would have had the elements of a powerful human tale em-



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The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

bodying a struggle of conscience, the final revolt of selfishness and a highly dramatic self-sacrifice. As it is, the She-Wolf's passage-at-arms which results in Sallie's rescue is merely a shooting adventure, quite unrelated to the rather tame union that tops the drama with a double in tead of a single wedding. The author seems to have forgotten that in any locale, even the hardest, the real and rich field of drama is the human heart—not an area of physical fights and flying bullets. But as it is, "The She-Wolf" is an active, picture-que and unu-ual photoplay. It has many magnificent out-door scenes, and directness and swittness throughout. I strongly recommend the insertion of some elements of femininity, at least, in every future Guinan photoplay. If the gunwoman is not shown to be a woman beneath her fighting exterior, if pretty clothes and the little delicacies of a woman's life are not made to appeal to her, and are not, perhaps, a shy and hidden part of her outwardly necessary existence-in-the-rough, we have no contrast heightening her displays of daring and her rushes of action and decision. We will appreciate this bold gunwoman most when we are made aware that the Amazon in chaps is really a tender creature of furbelows and frills masquerading in this hard power by sheer force of circumstance and will. And touches of femininity are necessary, too, for romance. Miss Guinan is ably supported by a fine cast which includes Jack Richardson, Josie Sedgwick, and George Chesbro. Ah Wing, as the wicked Mui Fing, does one of the best pieces of work—indeed it is the best that I have ever seen—that a real Chinaman ever gave the screen. This photoplay is, as I have indicated, unusual.

"The Profiteers" (Pathe) A movie melodrama by Ouida Bergere, of equal lacks in originality and execution. George Fitzmaurice's direction is also very uninspired. The best thing about the piece is the acting of Fanny Ward, but this does not suffice to raise it above mediocrity.

"True-Heart Susie" (Griffith-Artcraft) The quaint tale of a quaint little country girl who waited, and waited, and waited . . . and finally got him when he became a sod-widower. This piece is worth seeing solely because of Mr. Griffith's characteristic lacerity of character and fine humanities. Lillian Gish, Robert Harron and Clarine Seymour are the principals.

"The Lone-Star Ranger" (Fox) I saw this picture just at press time, and I really regret not being able to give it extended comment. It is a somewhat conventional Western story by Zane Grey, but it has been very carefully done, and done, too, by a fine cast headed by William Farnum.

"A Sporting Chance" (American-Pathe) William Russell, in a slapbang adventure that has a touch of real mystery. This boy is a pretty safe bet anywhere for an evening's entertainment. Most of his stories are well above the average.

"Some Bride" (Metro) Viola Dana, and when you've mentioned the brief name of that brief young lady, you have summarized the whole picture. for Luher Reed and June Mathis, the authors of this farce-comedy, wrote her into almost every scene.

"Bare Fisted Gallagher" (Robertson-Cole) Some realistic romance of the mountains and plains, with William Desmond at his smileful and muscleful best. Agnes Vernon and Frank Lanning contribute other excellencies.

"Happiness a la Mode" (Select) When you say that Walter Edwards directed any Constance Talmadge feature that's enough to make me want to see it, for if ever man studied his star's every acting talent to a finish, that man is the conductor of Norma's long young sister. The piece is a humorous

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<p>Pepsodent</p> <p><i>The New-Day Dentifrice</i></p> <p>A scientific tooth paste based on activated pepsin. An efficient film combatant, now endorsed by dentists everywhere and sold by druggists in large tubes. (220)</p>	<p>Ten-Day Tube Free</p> <p>THE PEPSODENT CO. Dept. 620, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. Mail Ten-Day Tube of Pepsodent to</p> <p>Name</p> <p>Address</p>
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The Shadow Stage

(Concluded)

though sympathetic satire on marriage, marries and marries of today.

"Almost Married" (Metro) A story written by E. V. Durling and scenarioized by June Mathis and Luther Reed. The result is a comedy which we can commend by saying that while it is not remarkable, it is a bit different.

"You're Fired!" (Paramount) The merry adventures of Wallace Reid as a young man trying to keep a job without being dispensed with as an incompetent. Quite a jolly affair, what with Wanda Hawley, Theodore Roberts, et al. James Cruze, directing; cast and director make a very tame story palatable.

"A Bachelor's Wife" (American) Mary Miles Minter, in a bit of fluff and smiles and a tangle of gold hair.

"Men, Women and Money" (Paramount) A splendid cast with Lew Cody as a gentleman who is both virile and on the level, and Ethel Clayton as the Saint Patroness of the affair. But why does a wise man like Cosmo Hamilton throw such an air of saccharine sanctimony about his leading lady? Surely he knows better—he wouldn't do it in one of his printed stories.

"Whom the Gods Would Destroy" (First National) If you want to see how much out-of-date war plays have become, see this one, directed by Frank Borzage and really sumptuous in its production. A century, indeed, seems to separate us from Nov. 11 last.

"The Challenge of Chance" (Independent) Mere a chance to show off Jess Willard in fifty-seven varieties of action. That's all.

"Hay Foot, Straw Foot" (Ince-Paramount) An ornate production of a story by that inimitable depicter of the interurbans, Julien Josephson. But it seems to me that Mr. Josephson, in his desire for eccentric principal types, nearly upset the probability of his story. Charles Ray is the starred person.

"The Fear Woman" (Goldwyn) Rather sordid narrative on liquor's baneful hangover from generation to generation, with a stress on sex. Pauline Frederick does as well as she can with the material.

"The City of Comrades" (Goldwyn) A sympathetic featuring of Tom Moore in a

serious part, supported by Seena Owen and a generally good cast. The yarn is Basil King's, and suffers a bit from condensation. However, the main theme is preserved.

"Upside Down" (Triangle) I see no excuse for a silly thing like this, even though it does feature Taylor Holmes. Perhaps if you stood on your head to observe it, it might be funny.

"Gates of Brass" (Pathe) Frank Keenan, in the real life recital of a hard living, though fundamentally human man. This story, while not a perfect vehicle, manifests a world of thought on the part of its author, Kate Corbaley.

"Beauty Proof" (Vitagraph) Harry T. Morey has had better plays, and he has had worse ones. This melodrama of the Northwest Mounted Police is only average programme copy.

"A Girl at Bay" (Vitagraph) A study in criminology, with a fairly sustained interest and suspense, albeit not much novelty, featuring Corinne Griffith.

"Jacques of the Silver North" (Select) Mitchell Lewis, playing his single character study in somewhat gentler fashion than has been his recent habit. The title tells you where it is, and gives you a line on the main personage.

"Destiny" (Universal) A big, pretentious, melodramatic Dorothy Phillips production. But somehow it looked stagey and artificial to me; despite splendid handling and thrilling situations.

"Tangled Threads" (Robertson-Cole) A serious study of married life, with Bessie Barriscale and Henry Kolker in parts which they play so well that they really appear the whole production on their shoulders. In fact, Miss Barriscale is getting too little credit for such histrionic realism as she manifests in most of her contemporary work, while Mr. Kolker, a splendid actor in certain lines, seldom gets so perfectly fitting a part. Nigel Barrie and Thomas Holding, really the two leading men, suffer by comparison. A piece of Howard Hickman's cultured stagecraft.

"Putting it Over" (Paramount) A commonplace, obvious thing, which Bryant Washburn bravely tries to improve.

A Pair of Queens

(Continued from page 82)

stand in her suit against the Vitagraph company, that she had become the bride of her erstwhile leading man, one Rudolph W. B. Cameron.

"And as for my family," said Miss Stewart, in her slow, pretty drawl, "they've never been the same since. They'd a silly notion that I was a sort of angel and the thought that I had run away and secretly married, without even telling mother—"

"Well, how did you happen to do it?" I asked bluntly.

She blushed and glanced up at her husband who was regarding her with a pleased smile.

"Oh, I—well, I didn't intend to. In fact, we hadn't the faintest notion of getting married when we did."

"Did he kidnap you?" I asked, excitedly.

"Not—not exactly. But, when you're very much in love, a man doesn't have to use force to kidnap you. Everything seems different. When I found Rudie was going into the service right away, into the aviation at that, I couldn't let him go without being married. So, on the impulse of the moment, we slipped away and—did it."

"And then," remarked Mr. Cameron, whose Scotch ancestry is plain in the bright dark eyes, the strongly marked nose and cheek bones, and the aggressive, business-like manner, "when you haven't told a thing

like that, the longer it goes, the harder it is. We were just scared. I was plum glad myself when that fool lawyer asked Anita if she was married."

"You know," said I, taking my fairly large supply of nerve in both hands, "you know, I'm possessed of a lively curiosity about famous married people, or married famous people. I always wonder if King George and Queen Mary have their little difference and if the beautiful First Lady calls the President "Woodrow" or has a pet name for him. Now I've got a chance to find out about one famous married couple. Do you ever scrap like other folks?"

Anita threw up both pretty hands. (That's another bit of the reincarnation thing. Her hands are so long, and white and delicate.) "Oh, dreadfully. You should see us. It's a wonder we aren't arrested. He says I talk too much! And then he's such a pig about his dogs. He has three for himself and he won't let me get the white bull terrier I want."

"A bulldog would fight and we'd never have any peace with the rest," declared Husband firmly.

Anita threw me a glance that said plainly, "I hope you see who's the henpecked one in this crowd."

"Well," sighed his wife, "I'm glad I never



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A Pair of Queens

(Continued)

had the habit of falling in love with my leading men. That's something I just took up my mind I'd never do. I've decided a positive rule not to fall in love with my leading men, no matter how handsome they were—and now—"

"Now," interrupted Mr. Cameron with a grim smile, "if she started it she'd soon find herself with a good beating."

"O-oh," cooed my reincarnation of Mary Stuart, opening her big eyes at him the way she must have looked at King Francis a few centuries ago when her dear mama-in-law, Catherine-de Medici got particularly obstreperous. "O-oh, would you, Rudie?"

From the next room, where her energetic young husband had suddenly vanished came a peremptory voice, "Anita, where the deuce is the key to this buffet?"

As sweet as a spring morning, the great movie star called back, "O I'm sorry, dear. It's under the rug." And *sotto voce* to me, "The servants used to patronize it so I keep it locked and the key hidden."

Oh, it was all quite homelike!

And as we sipped long, cold glasses of ginger ale, I decided on another reason I was so sure of the reincarnation theory. Remembering Mary Stuart, with her love of adulation, her love of ease, her love of intrigue and her desire to occupy the center of things, can you imagine anything she'd rather be if she was going to be reincarnated today, that a real, high class cinema queen, like Anita Stewart? The royal queen business isn't what it was, you know.

The Amusement Tax

JOHNNY—if you want to get to the ball game without paying the amusement tax—all you need to do is to wait outside until a ball flies over the fence and then take it in.

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An observation tower on top of a high building.

A grandstand built on private property for the purpose of reviewing a parade, or a baseball game in an adjoining park.

A cave.

A space inclosed by a bathing establishment in which are seats from which to watch the bathing along the beach.

A floating theater operating along a river, anchored or moored for each performance.

The amount paid for a seat in a window to view a parade is subject to the tax. This, the regulations state, would clearly be a rental were it not that the act expressly provides that the "use of seats and tables, reserved or otherwise, and other similar accommodations" is included in the meaning of admissions. "If the whole room were rented," the regulations add, "it is clear that the amount paid for it would not be 'paid for admission.'"

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DAVID GRIFFITH, through Representative Julius Kahn of California, will petition Congress to pass a law making it a criminal offense to plagiarize a motion picture or the name of a motion picture producer. Wait a minute. This action on the part of the premier producer has a lot to do with you, and your opic entertainment. How many times have you been misled into a picture theatre through misrepresentation of the picture that was being shown? How many pictures have you seen—billed in small type—that have purported to be “greater than The Birth of a Nation”—with the title of the Griffith masterpiece in letters three feet high? There have been other, and much more serious offenses, of course; the wonder is that the producers have never before taken action to protect themselves, and their products.

CARMEN PHILLIPS, the brunette vamp of many Paramount and Universal pictures, is with the Jesse Hampton forces. It's a re-engagement; Carmen has reported for work at this studio before.

HERBERT BRENON must pay George Arliss \$23,641 for breach of contract, according to a decision handed down in the New York courts. Brenon, it seems, hired Arliss for a film version of “Faust,” with the distinguished actor of “Disraeli” as “Mephisto,” but repenting of it, never asked Arliss to act. Brenon contended he acted without the authority of Lewis J. Selznick, his business manager at that time; but the court held that the Arliss contract, calling for \$22,500 for five weeks' work, was perfectly valid. Brenon is in England now, directing Marie Doro.

SOME of the picture people have been rather unfortunate in their desires to take a European jaunt. Billy Parsons, he of the latitudinous smirk, had started on his proposed tour with his wife Billie Rhodes and a lot of raw film when he was notified that passports had been denied. Just why the minions of Uncle Sam handed Smiling Bill the so-called “raz” has not been divulged.



An Australian Pugilist

WILLIAM S. HART was referee recently at a fight between a pugilist and an Australian kangaroo. The hopping corbett knocked out the “pug” in four rounds. Mr. Hart is shown here as he was congratulating the animal.

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 112)

BILL HART'S book, "Pinto Ben and Other Stories," has found a wide following. It was written, by the way, in collaboration with Mary Hart, Bill's sister; and includes "Pinto Ben," a poem by Hart, about his pony; an Indian story; and a dog story by Miss Hart closes the book.

PLANS are maturing for the erection of a National Academy of Motion Pictures, in Rochester, New York. It will be a theatre, with a seating capacity of 3,500, for the projection of the best photoplays with an orchestra of one hundred men. George Eastman, president of the Eastman Kodak Company, has endowed the house, and it will be an institution for all forms of motion pictures: direction, photography, exhibition. Lectures will be given. The Academy has been established not for gain, but for the sincere purpose of furthering the art of the photoplay. And Samuel Rothapfel, father of motion picture presentation, is to head the Academy.

ALICE BRADY is mentioned, also, as a prospective Realart star. Miss Brady is resting, now, after an arduous season of "Forever Aiter." She seems to have discarded entirely the idea of going to Europe for her future picture-making. Have you seen "His Bridal Night," the latest Brady release? James Crane supports Mrs. James Crane in it.

FOUR stars survived the change of Metro's policy from program to open booking, Nazimova, Viola Dana, Bert Lytell and May Allison. To start the new plan the Russian star will do a story in an East Indian setting, Miss Dana will have the Morosco play "Please Get Married," Miss Allison will take the leading role in a film version of "Fair and Warmer," and Bert Lytell will play the part in "Lombardi, Lt.," that Leo Carrillo made famous.

FOR the first time since film making has become Southern California's leading industry, the studios broke into politics as a unit during the summer municipal election in Los Angeles. The filmers alleged that the current administration had discriminated against the industry and they vowed to change it. The rival candidate for mayor, M. P. Snyder (The initials however do not stand for Moving Pictures) was endorsed by the film people and they supported him staunchly.

THOMAS H. INCE aspires to be the Sr Thomas Lipton of the air. In other words, he wants to mean as much to aviation as the titled tea merchant meant to the great ocean sport. He has offered a prize of \$50,000 for a flight across the Pacific Ocean, starting at Venice, California, a few miles from his studio. There is also a prize of \$10,000 for the first flight to Honolulu. As yet neither of those soaring birdmen, Cecil B. deMille and Sydney Chaplin, has signified a desire to take the fifty thou from their co-worker in the celluloid art world.

MMARGUERITE CLARK has almost decided to make her permanent home in California. The funny part of it is that Miss Clark has for years refused all sorts of inducements to go to California to make pictures. Then she got married and there was a belated honeymoon out in the land where the orange blossoms smell and aren't made of wax and she made some photoplays for Famous Players and everybody was so nice to her and Friend Husband that she said she'd come back after a run East this fall to look over the style market.



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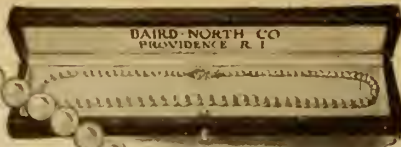
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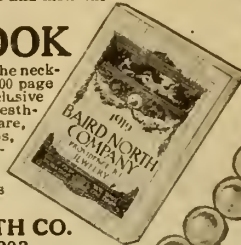
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Real Thrills in Picture-Making

"SPEAKING of real thrills in reel life," remarked Jack Mulhall to the group of stars and stock actors of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation which had gathered in one of the enclosed stages at the Hollywood Studio during a lull in the work, "I had mine while doing a melodrama off San Pedro light near Los Angeles. I was dumped into the water with all my clothes on. A motor boat was standing by to pick me up. But the engine balked just as I went in and couldn't be made to move the boat. I am a pretty good swimmer, but it took all my ability to keep afloat in my clothes until they could get to me with a life preserver."

"My first adventure in films was a hotter one than that," said Raymond Hatton. "I was playing a Russian; a Bolshevik sort of chap, although that name hadn't been coined in those days. It was a night scene and the extra mob, of which I was one, was attired in blouses tucked into baggy trousers, with woolly whiskers where whiskers are usually found growing. In the excitement of the moment I set fire to my own whiskers."

"Say, neighbor! That was SOME thrill. I didn't want to spoil the scene, but on the other hand, I did not enjoy the increasing heat as the flames crept toward my chin; really I did not. At last, fearing my head might be overdone, I ducked behind one of my fellow Bolsheviks and snatched off what remained of the whiskers. For the rest of the scene I was a smooth faced anarchist, and the director never knew the difference."

"Huh! That wasn't a circumstance to a nerve destroying adventure that befell me once," declared Guy Oliver. "I had to go down a cliff on a rope ladder about a hundred feet long. I got along first rate until I was foolish enough to look down. Then I made the horrifying discovery that it was several miles to the bottom of the cliff; that at the bottom there was a solid phalanx of rocks a heap sharper than the average bayonet; that the ladder was rotten; that the cliff was crumbling away under my weight and that the fellows at the top didn't give a darn what happened to me. In fact there were so many different things wrong that I had to stop climbing to think about 'em. Oh, no; I wasn't scared. My heart climbed up into my throat and began beating two hundred to the minute; my head swelled up and floated off my shoulders; my feet became like lumps of ice and my hands were paralyzed. But I wasn't scared."

"If I had been scared I should have fallen off and have been impaled on those bayonets. They hauled the ladder back to the top and I managed to hang on, although I was so weak I couldn't stand when they got me up at last. And all because I was idiot enough to look down. But I wasn't scared—at least not very much."

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A poet's vagrant woes.

I have an income tax to pad,
A flivver to abuse;
A phonograph to make me sad,
Movies to cure the blues—
And that is why I'm very glad
I'm not in 'Omer's shoes!
B-J, in the Chicago Tribune.

MOVY-DOLS

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NO. 4

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A

CHARLIE CHAPLIN HIMSELF

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HIMSELF



THE LID



THE MOUSTACHE



USE
 B
 HEAD

USE
 B
 HEAD

CUT
 DOTTED LINES

IN "SHOULDER ARMS"

USE
 HEAD
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CUT
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B

D1

THE OLD ORIGINAL OUTFIT

PASTE
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 AND
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 HIS CO-STAR
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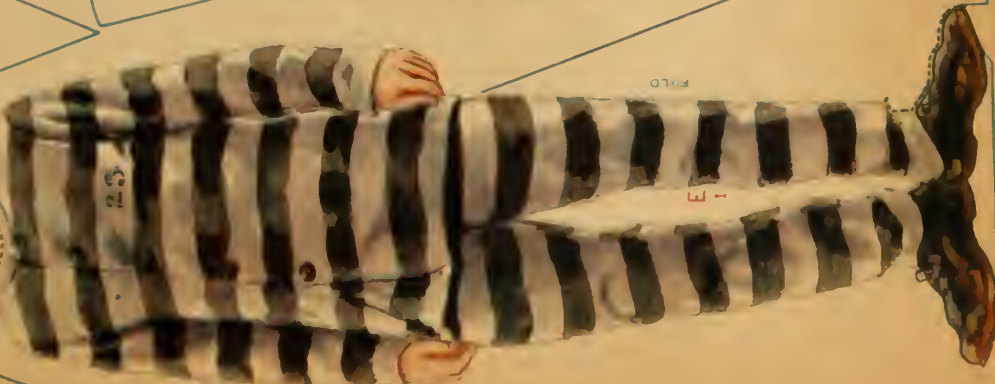
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Compensations

Proving that even the unavailable scenarios often well worth reading, anyway.

By GLADYS S. ARKENBURGH

THE way of the moving picture script reader is hard, but its compensations are many. In view of the recent and somewhat severe criticism of moving picture plays, it may be worth while to note some of these compensations. It is indeed an astonishing fact that though authors of fairly good repute see fit to scoff at screen productions, when they themselves condescend to contribute to the material on which motion



"When he asks her to marry him she faints in his arms."

pictures plays are based they are content to offer work that, to speak frankly, is worse than crude.

Hence these critics of the movies contribute to the manuscript readers' compensation. Other compensations come from the pens of people who live for the movies and long to see their names on the screen. We laugh at both contributors, but in a more kindly way at the second group. Laugh with us.

The following quotation leaves us somewhat dazed.

"The endless prosperity, the potential energy and the unstained beauty of natures of 'The Young Wild West,' conceived into a girl, Rosa. Rosa was born and raised in the mountains of the west in the '70's. Her foster-father was an outcast, her foster-mother was a breacher of a promise of marriage, her foster-sister was an immoral woman, her foster-brother-in-law was a leader of outlaws, and her lover happened to be the son of the man to whom her foster-mother breached the promise of marriage. Among such circumstances of the time, and such handicaps in the conditions, Rosa with her unspeakable daring deeds and acts, won her lover for an eternal love. Far more, she reconciled her lover's father to her foster-mother and she found her real mother and sister from whom she was lost for nearly her whole life"

We feel grateful to the author who offers the following helpful suggestions:

"CAST

"A chauffeur and two other thugs.
"Chauffeurs for autos.
"And here in a fit of anger he killed the dog.

(Don't kill the dog. Use a dummy)."
Perhaps more matrimonial troubles would be avoided if wives would follow the example of this heroine.—"She never told her husband about her experiences with other men, because he was fussy about those sort of things." A great many husbands are.

The noble hero, is of course always brave and self-sacrificing and kind. "Jack first made acquaintance with Mary by saving her from an attack of tramps." Somewhat of a Briareus was another stalwart hero, for, we are told, "with her hands in his, David smoothed her hair."

The following is somewhat involved, but we hope it is all right, if you know what we mean: "She gave the locket and chain to the baby, which was the present of the husband to the wife."

The villain is always with us and sometimes we feel for him, particularly when he is like "Gaston Dantree lying on a bed rambling" or when "his facial features became pale, and he himself seemed haggard." We do not however pity him when "he is always coming home later than usual" or when he is like "Rashdel wearing a sneer as he looked up the track."

To whom the heroine of the following episode would have appealed, had she been Mohammedan or Jewess, we do not know. We fear the outcome, as it is. "He rushed at the girl trying to embrace her, and his brute nature was discernible. She fought with him, and after a severe orleal broke from his grasp. Running across the room, she paused, looking heavenward. She raised her arms and cried: 'I am a Christian Girl. God help me!'"

There is not much hope either for this other young lady. "They are poor, her father is dead and her mother beats her and her employer tries to make love to her." This by the way is the favorite indoor sport of employers—making love to their female employees. No good-looking girl is safe.

But some there are who do not fail. "Caroline Fry has been trained to such strong principles of Christianity that she cannot error even when her social mate calls." We presume a social mate is closely related to one of these dancing partners.

What our young men are coming to, we dread to think. When such reflections as the following come from the public, we fear the worst: "He was unmarried, but at the same time a gentleman." The college boy is badly hit by this: "When she finishes, Lance caresses her. He tells her: 'Yours has been a pure, sweet life.

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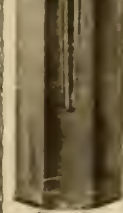
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Compensations

(Continued)

Mine has been spent at College.") At this "Dolores burns with astonishment."

One of our well-known contributors gives us a most satisfying example of feminine indecision. He tells us that "Vera inadvertently rented a furnished flat," and we, contemplating inadvertence combined with furnished flats, fear the worst.

We have all of us heard of the "Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford" type of hero, of the hero who inherits fortunes from hitherto unknown relatives, and the inventor who revolutionizes the industrial world, but "the dentist who becomes rich through no fault of his own" is a new and rare genus, and we would like to know him more intimately.

Then if one should happen to marry a farmer, one is apt to get in the papers and become a sort of public character as it were, like Farmer Jones' cow that has a calf with five legs. At least we must be prepared for such uncomfortable publicity, for one writer tells us that "while on the farm there were four children born, a boy of 19 and a boy and girl of 17 and a girl of 14."

Even the men who "take up marriage" have some hard knocks. There is the hero "whose little daughter is almost no comfort to him and who is turned over to nurses."

To speak of pleasanter things, we are surprised to note that the Cubists have broken into the movies too. One tells us the heroine "attacks the snake from all angles and finally kills it."

We spoke before of the contributors who are always ready with helpful suggestions. For example, one lady tells us that "The Grateful Widow" is intended for a five reel comedy drama." We get the drama, but not the comedy. We have always heard our parents warn our brothers against widows, especially when they are grateful.

Another contributor assures us that "no costumes would be necessary" for his play. No, we are not going to tell you what it is about. And we are not going to produce it.

A small boy of twelve suggests the following rather remarkable cast. Read it carefully:

- George Ormonds.....John Bowers
- Mary Maurtine.....Mary Pickford
- His Brother.....Russel Bassett
- His Father.....Frank Losee
- Her Father.....H. R. Durant
- Her Mother.....Marguerite Clark
- His Mother.....Pauline Fredericks

Wouldn't you just love to be the director?

And here young author gets us all worked up when he says "In part two George asks Mary's father, the doctor and Mary's mother if he can marry Mary." Now, we thought, we are going to have her past exposed. We are disappointed. She is only subject to fainting fits, brought on evidently by indigestion, for she sings in a cabaret. She has not even been educated up to the Winter Garden level yet, for when he asks her to marry him, she faints in his arms.

Speaking of education, as Hermione

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Compensations

(Concluded)

says: "Isn't education wonderful?" One of our contributors evidently thinks so, for he tells us that "Walter was partly educated both in Paris and Heidelberg."

And here, most critical Public, is a gem of a plot. It is also a hint to doctors. At last their underhand work is being discovered. The movie plot is a great enlightener "John, while an infant, was sick, and a scientific doctor and another doctor finds he is growing to be a

obtain his millions, and bad results follows." (The punctuation is ours. Nationality of author unknown. Suspected of being an American.)

A distant relation of Hashimura Toga, sends in what is evidently a very pretty little Japanese fairy story in the original. In Togo-English the, shall we say, artistic effect is somewhat suppressed, but the reading is good. For example: "Appears John, carrying the wounded girl, lays her upon the matted floor and gives her as much emergent treatment as a mere fisherman can. The girl, in painful mood, asks John for pencil and paper in gesticulation. John gives them to her, and the girl writes (cut in) 'Mr. William Smith, Hotel Nippon, Hakone Daddy: I am severely hurt, and is at a fisherman's at Atami. Come immediately Mildred.'

"The girl hands the note to John, gives him gesticular instruction to deliver it. (Don't it?)"

Besides these interesting people, there is the man who has a rare collection of "antics," the girl who "poses for magazine covers," the youth who is "accused by circumstantial evidence of murder" and the unfortunate young lady who goes to sleep on "the floor that has no furniture," and many others whom space does not permit me to mention. One and all they amuse us. Long may they live and may they escape the dreadful fate that seems to threaten. We cannot wish the same to the screen critic who still sends "any little thing" to the scenario department.



"Four children, a boy of 10, and a boy and girl of 17 and a girl of 14."

millionaire. As he grows older, the doctors start to undergrow a criminal undertaking. The doctors are trying to

Si Says:

(Accordin' to James Gabelle)

WILL B. SNARLY, who is as sour as one of his own apples, saw Bushman an' Bayne in "Romeo an' Juliet." He says it is the most perfect love story in the world; for though the couple got married they never lived together.

PROFESSOR AMMI PROSY announced in High School tother day that the world would only last ten million years more. Jethro Smidgins says the producers better arrange to hustle the endings of the serials a little.

BERRY M. AULL, our genial undertaker, while in the city saw Go-Get-'Em Garringer an' enjoyed it immensely. He says he never saw so many funerals in one day in his life.

THE Idolhour gave away a bar of soap to its patrons last night. Zeke Slittergig didn't go. He aint used up the one they gave a year ago, yet.

MRS. GILFIDGEL says that Martin Johnson, who photographs the cannibals of the South Sea Islands, must have been awful brave to have done it, but she just dares him to take a pitcher of her husband when he comes home an' finds that dinner ain't ready.

DOCTOR DOSEM says that Mary Pickford was given an amplitude of lacteal fluid after she recovered from the flu. What the pore girl needed was plenty of milk.



LAST Sunday Elder Berry preached a sermon on hell that terrified everybody. He said it was a place where they had beautiful pitcher plays an' big devils were always gettin' in an' out, steppin' on your toes an' settin' on your hat, an' other devils readin' the titles an' tellin' how much better they could play the part than the bum actors.

IT is said that Priscilla Dean is very fond of waffles. Ma is glad that one player has an appetite. The way players mess at their vittles in the pictures makes her roarin' mad.

SINCE he heard that Margaret Clock was married, Percy Fitzmizgle has started goin' with Lucille Ann Smidgins again.



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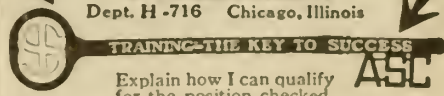
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Moonshine and Shadow

(Concluded from page 95)

writhing flames before Phillips eyes. "It's forgery," he said, turning to his mother as he did when a little child. "They'll get me for it; they'll put me in prison. Oh, mother—mother—save me! You are the only one who can!"

"No, I can," said Cynthia's voice beside him. "He wanted me to come out to dinner with him tonight. I refused but he is coming here anyway. He'll listen to me if I plead with him. I must do it—for the sake of the past."

But when Cynthia found herself seated across the table from her host in the small, private dining-room of one of the up-town hotels, she began to realize her helplessness in appealing to any better impulse in Hampton. He would talk of nothing but the champagne and how its sparkle matched her eyes. When she refused to drink, he grew ugly and taunted her with her love for Phillip. Finally when his arm encircled her shoulder in a maudlin effort to make her drink, her tortured nerves gave way and she hurled the liquor into his face and rushed for the door. It was locked and bolted.

Hampton, choking with rage, advanced closer and closer. "You'll pay for this," he was muttering. "You and your fine sweetheart. He goes to prison tomorrow and as for you—well, you'll pay!"

His hot hands had almost reached her throat when a sudden pounding at the door caused them both to start back and startled Hampton into sobriety.

"Who is it?" he snarled like a tiger balked of his prey.

"Mr. Hampton, Mr. Hampton," the voice went on. "You're wanted at home at once sir. It's bad news, sir, terrible bad news. Your daughter—"

But before the words were spoken, Hampton had dashed out of the room, leaving Cynthia to stumble down the stairs and grope her way home, alone.

Meanwhile, the shadow that had once been Ashford, had forced his way into his wife's apartment with his old demands and threats. Phillip, who had been dozing in another room, heard the sound of low threatening words and then his mother's voice raised in deadly fear. He opened the door noiselessly and stood facing his mother and the man whose shadow had followed him on that fatal night. As the man saw him, his evil mouth twisted into a sneer.

"Here he is," he laughed, "a chip of the old block. Both forgers, father and dear little son. You know I'm your father, don't you, boy? Now give me that money or I'll hasten police action myself."

Phillip, with a sudden movement, sprang for his throat; there was a furious encounter, but the older man shook him off as if he had been a baby. The infuriated madman, reaching behind him, jerked a pistol from his pocket, lifted it and was about to fire when suddenly his hand sank, and he dropped backward to the ground, still clutching the pistol in a vise-like grip.

Phillip gave one glance at the prostrate body and then led his mother tenderly from the room. When he returned, the helpless, fallen figure before him seemed to have more of pathos in it than viciousness. As he stooped to fold the dead, cold hands, of the man who had been his father, he heard the door open slowly, and raising his head looked into terror-stricken eyes of Cynthia.

But the echoes of the tragedy died as even the bitterest tragedies do leaving the little family to grapple with the problem of Phillip's future. Their growing hopes that Hampton would forget the past and give the boy a chance to redeem himself, were dashed to earth one afternoon when a card

was sent up from the apartment-house lobby with a laconic request that Mr. Hampton might see Mrs. Ashford and Cynthia alone.

"It means the end," said Phillip, white-faced and resolute. "I've got to face the music, mother. There is no use pleading with him—he's hard as flint."

But when Hampton entered the living-room and held out his hand to Mrs. Ashford, it was as no flint-like master of the situation, but as a broken and contrite man.

"Don't be frightened," he said softly, as he saw Cynthia was trembling. "There are no officers below. And I couldn't harm you now. The dearest thing in life to me has been snatched from me. While I was drinking in the hotel where I took you, Cynthia, my own little daughter died as the result of a drug given her by a drunken nurse. The curse that I strove to fasten on Phillip has fallen heaviest on me. All I want now is to atone for my criminal folly."

With a shaking hand, he held out a piece of paper. Cynthia opened it and saw that it was the false check, forged by Phillip. Without a word she lifted her eyes to him in gratitude and without a word he left her and their life forever.

When Phillip realized what his release meant to all of them, he turned again to Cynthia with the ring which she had returned in his hand. With a gesture, half stern, half regretful, she refused it, and turned to the door.

"Not yet, Phillip," she told him softly. "Until you win the fight against yourself, I cannot feel that we can face life together."

But their parting was not all sorrowful and as Phillip turned back to the room to begin his lonely struggle, his eyes caught the head-lines of an evening paper.

"Bone Dry Law in Effect at Midnight Tonight," he read, "Machinery Ready to Enforce Prohibition."

Phillip tossed the paper aside with new determination. "With the law behind me, Cynthia," he half whispered, "it will be a winning fight for both of us."

* * * *

Two months afterwards, on a crisp, autumn evening, Lefty and Eddie were parading before the impressive front of Pa Jones' new laundry with all the pomp of landed proprietors. They had just piled the Jones family into a flivver and watched them disappear in a cloud of dust.

"How's dat for a swell flivver," said Lefty proudly. "Out wid de laundry on week days and joy-riding wid de family on Sunday. Oh, boy!—but it's been de grand life since prohibition hit de old man."

"Give a guess who I saw on a bench behind a bush in de park," answered Eddie dreamily. He was about to enter the police force and had a mind above flivvers. "Mr. Phil Ashford and his girl, the classy little dame wid de dimples. I lamped them first, but did they see me? Not if I'd been a bomb and exploded under their feet."

And so Phillip and Cynthia, at last reunited, were oblivious to the trees and grass of the park about them and were only conscious of each other and of the moonlight that flooded the scene like liquid silver.

"We've won out, Phil," Cynthia whispered so softly that he bent his head to catch the words. "Both of us together, for it was my fight as well as yours."

"It was all your fight, dear little girl," Phillip answered, crushing the hand that again wore his ring. "Without you I'd be back there again in the horror of shadows." "There aren't any more shadows," Cynthia protested. "See, dear, the moon has scattered them all. It's moonshine forever over everything."



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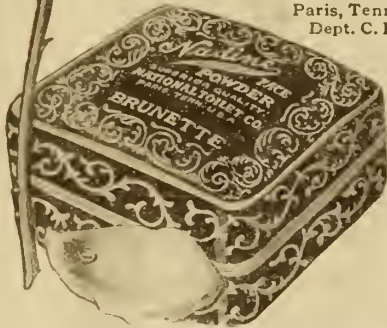
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Re-discovering an Ingenué

(Concluded from page 55)

from picture camp to camp, and finally across the continent on this same path that lead to Broadway. Now Enid and mother have a cosy little apartment on 80th street in New York, and their days are full of work and study and new clothes and meeting old friends and making new ones.

This little Miss Lochinvar came out of the west with a perfectly serious determination to conquer New York. And the amazing thing about it is, *she did*. You and I know her because it has been our duty and pleasure to follow her films—but whoever thought that the little western girl would come to Manhattan where she actually didn't know a soul, and jump right into a part in a Woods success and land firmly on both small feet?

The Ego doesn't seem to matter much, in Enid, personal. A small sailor with red hair and freckles sat in a lower box night after night on his leave in Gotham watching Enid, his former celluloid idol, in the flesh. After one week of it, he sent back a note, some poetry, and flowers. "Please," he concluded his glowing tribute, "please throw convention to the winds and speak to me at the stage-door after the performance." Enid took mother along, after closing the door of convention; and that sailor carried back home with him a large photograph of Enid with a long autograph scrawled all over it. "That," she said to me, "is one of the nicest things I have to remember about my work."

"Jim Grimsby's Boy"—that she did with Frank Keenan—was one of her favorite parts. She was one of Bill Hart's first screen leading women, in such corking Ince dramas as "The Darkening Trail" and "The Devil's Double." She was in "Shell 43," with Warner; in "Civilization." We have mentioned "Aloha Oe."

"And then," said Enid regretfully, "I left Ince. I played in a terrible thing called 'The Curse of Eve; or Mother, I Need You'—of which," laughing, "Julian Johnson said in his Shadow Stage, 'You certainly do, Enid—also a good story.' Then I was with Fox, in several things; one with George Walsh. I've been in a Stage Woman's War Relief Picture since coming east. And that only made me all the more eager to get back. But I don't want to go into anything again that I'm not sure of—I mean by that, I don't want a cheap story; I want something big."

"I should like to do the sort of thing Norma Talmadge does so well. If I could just hit on some characterization. I have had a story in mind for a long time—it's about a girl who, through an hereditary influence, takes dope—and her fight to redeem herself."

You cannot understand velvet-eyed Enid enthusing over a part like that but you can readily appreciate Enid the actress undertaking it. And then, too, she would like to create a new kind of ingenué on the screen. All in all her ambitions are big enough to keep her busy for a long time. Her preparations haven't taken her long—it wasn't half a dozen years ago that she began in a film under the direction of Joe de Grasse, now Dorothy Dalton's dramatic conductor. Then Thomas Ince discovered her. For the rest, she was born, in 1866 in Dillon, Colorado; she was educated in Denver. Then the family went to California and Enid into Burbank stock. Her next brief stage bit was with Nat Goodwin, on tour. Soon after, the films. We forgot to mention that in the Tarzan series "Tarzan" and "The Romance of Tarzan," Enid was responsible for the romance

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For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair.
60c and \$1.00 at druggists.

Here Comes the Groom

(Concluded from page 37)

thing for a young woman without a family to work. I was idle for a time right after we were married. Billy was gone all day and I was quite bored. I don't like to keep house and if I tried to do the cooking I'd soon lose my husband."

After dinner, we ate chocolate creams out of a box so big no one but a newly married husband could have sent it. Mary told me all about her six Scotch cousins who were in the war and we both cried a bit over the youngest one who will never see again; and about her family, which traces its tree back to the Duke of Argyle; and about her high-school days (she is a very recent product of Hollywood High School and absorbed the movie fever at recess).

And then Bill arrived.

It is absolutely necessary to give the event a paragraph all to itself. Now I always agreed with the girls in the good old legit days who thought Bill Desmond was the duckiest leading man that ever romped from *Prince Karl* to the *Virginian*, and I agree with those who admire him still more through the medium of the movie. But at the present entrance his countenance was ornamented with grease paint and feathers and he was all cluttered up with guns and chaps and dirt of various kinds. But it didn't even cause Mary McIvor to hesitate. Fluffy white ruffles and all she rallied round him like a cactus. Nothing was said for some time, yet the air was as full of sound as an Iowa picnic of beards. I might as well have occupied a private cell in the Tombs for all the attention I got.

Friends, with her own lily white fingers she served his dinner. She garnished the roast

beef with pats, adorned the string beans with kisses and served hugs with the baked potatoes. She even cracked ice for the tall glass of dago red he insisted on consuming for fear such delicacies might be confiscated after the day of wrath, July 1st.

Now baked potatoes that have stood from seven to nine are not a thing of joy, and roast beef that has waited that long rather reminds me of the American public before the sinking of the *Lusitania*. But Bill ate it and liked it. He not only said he liked it, he *did* like it.

"We've been married most two months," he said with a sigh of great content. "And do you know, I can't imagine how anybody in the world can be happy that isn't married to my little Mary? What I mean to say is that all other happiness seems stupid beside ours. Why, I even enjoyed the wedding. Never forgot my lines once. Funny thing, now. I've heard of folks that were disillusioned after their marriage. Well, I always knew I'd like being married to Mary, but I never had any idea how much. She's so good to me. Doggone it, a man does like someone to be good to him, and Mary doesn't consider it a bit beneath her dignity to make a fuss over me. Neither do I."

Just then Mary brought in the apple pie. Even if you have stuck with me this far, I know the rest of the journey would be lonely if I told you about the apple pie and the ride home in the moonlight.

Incidentally, Mary was Bill's leading lady herself for a while when he played with Triangle. But they seem to like domestic double harness best.

Plymouth Rock Chicken

(Concluded from page 34)

"Pavlowa has overdeveloped her instep—dreadfully. Notice it the next time you see her dancing."

Somehow, ankles and love are all mixed up in a man's mind, and I asked her, rather flatly—as she drew on her slipper—if she'd ever been in love. She smiled.

"Just a year ago I was terribly in love. I'm surprised, now, that I didn't marry. I wanted to be married. He was a young officer, but when he went to France he only seemed to tell me the things I mustn't do! I hadn't told him the same things. It hurt me to discover that love and liberty aren't associated in a man's mind—as far as the woman is concerned. I only wanted him to have the same unquestioning faith in me that I had in him. I couldn't take orders, so . . . that was the end of it."

"But every girl is looking for a Prince Charming, isn't she? I would think a woman very unnatural who said she planned never to marry, never to fall in love—maybe several times. I am not in love now. I am thinking only about my work now. I shouldn't mind being in love again the least bit. I shouldn't mind if love made me unhappy—a little. But I should care a great deal if love took my personality—robbed me of

. . . myself. I don't mean that selfishly. If I were not myself what would I have worth loving—worth giving?"

We had drifted east as far as the Steinway. I found my hand on a collection of Chopin nocturnes.

"I like Chopin above all composers," she said, placing the collection on the rack. She was playing, now. "So do other people—I guess!" Her eyes were dancing again. The wordless poetry of the tone—Shelley of Poland was reciting itself in perfect cadence from her speaking fingers. But it was Paris of the forties plus Broadway of 1919 that I heard. She was playing that nocturne which is also, and singularly, the melody of "Only Chasing Rainbows!" And her face had dimpled into a frank laugh.

I looked at my watch. It was dinner-time, and time for Fritz to report about her throbbing bobbed head.

So I ambled toward the painting of the long-gone Persian woman, and the door.

And I went out, wondering what golden quatrains Omar would have written about the rose I left behind me. He sang wonderfully, poor tent-maker, about that comparatively insignificant rose in the Sultan's garden!

And Eggs are Expensive

OLD Comedian—Well, if you were such a great Hamlet, why not induce some movie manager to film the tragedy with you in the rôle?

Old Tragedian—It would be sacrilege, my friend—sacrilege! It is the lines that count, sir, the text!

Old Comedian—Perhaps. But the screen would be a protection against the impulses of audiences to throw things!—*Judge*.

The Midnight Man

(Concluded from page 41)

But eyes like the blue fringed-gentain which had curtained at his gaze had done curious things to Bob's heart. It thundered against his side and sent the hot blood pounding through his veins.

"I shall meet you again," he thought to himself, as he watched the car disappear. "But first I shall find out who I am."

* * * *

A few minutes later Bob startled his friend Fred Hargreaves, who had returned home from Washington, by walking in on him in his apartment.

Hargreaves looked at Bob in half horror, as if he were sighting a ghost.

"I thought you were dead," he said, touching Bob with sceptical fingers.

He put a newspaper under Bob's eyes. On the front page were headlines stating that a body of a man with papers in his coat to identify him as Bob Gilmore, of Washington, had been found dead along the tracks between Washington and New York.

"That's queer," said Bob. "The statement seems to be slightly exaggerated." Then a light broke over his face. "It must have been one of the robber gang who stole my coat."

"The newspapers have killed me," he exclaimed after a few minutes of quick thinking. "We'll let Bob Gilmore stay dead. That will put the police off my trail. I have special work to do. I must find out who I am."

Bob Gilmore was not the only person in New York who pondered late into the night over matters of his strange new ring and his own identity.

Before a heavy table of carved wood in an apartment thick with East Indian furnishings, bowed a crafty-eyed Hindu scowling over a picture traced on parchment. His face was cruel. He looked uncomfortable in his American clothes. His name was Ramah Dhin. And the picture was the design of Bob Gilmore's ring.

And in her dainty pink boudoir, clad in negligee of silk which frilled away from a throat as white and velvety as a tea rose, and clung to her rounded young form in delicious softness, Nell Morgan sat in thrilling reminiscence of a stalwart youth in shabby clothes who had played the hero in the slums that day.

(To be continued in the October issue)

Stunts!

(Concluded from page 91)

"The motion picture 'stunt' man of the future will make those of the present day look like amateurs," concluded Mr. Hutchinson. "This will be a natural sequence. Each 'stunt' that is done must be a little better and a little more dangerous than any that precede it, and it is only a matter of time when the limit of unaided human endeavor will be reached.

"When that time comes, the 'stunt' man will have to branch out into the realm of mechanics, and right at present the motorcycle seems to open up a new field. A machine travelling from seventy to one hundred miles an hour offers unlimited possibilities for legitimate thrills, and I am now experimenting along that line."

And it seems reasonable to believe that this man who has reduced motion picture serial thrills to a mere matter of mathematics will discover a way to turn to good account such a fertile device as high-powered machinery in motion.

Puffed Wheat

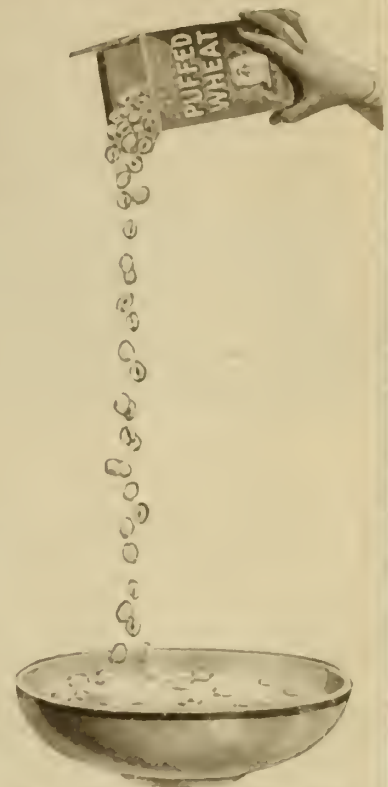
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It supplies whole-wheat nutrition in its most delightful form.



Puffed Rice

For Berries—For
Ice Cream

Puffed Rice is a daintier product, with a taste like toasted nuts.

It is rice grains puffed to airy morsels, thin as tissue. It is a food confection.

Mix it with your berries. Serve with cream and sugar. Use like nut meats on ice cream or in home candy making.

The texture is so fragile that it fairly melts away, but it leaves a wish for more.



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Each 15c—Except in Far West

The Quaker Oats Company

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Handing It Down to Posterity

(Concluded from page 72)

all he wanted. It took three mechanics a week to get his camera in shape again. His picture looked as if it was coming home on the night of June 30th. It simply can't be done. The vibration is too great. A tank shakes the filling out of your teeth and then goes back to see if it didn't overlook some of the amalgam. The next tank picture you see just notice if it wasn't taken in a sheep pasture. Action tank pictures are as scarce as the well-known poultry bicuspid.

You scheme and carry your life on a platter to get a good picture and when you do get a scene it looks as if it had been taken back at Fort Lee. The front simply can't compete with the studio. The best war pictures are made in Los Angeles. There they look like something. You can see men dying in winrows. But in the real thing you never see anybody throw up his hands, stagger and die on the ten yard line. They don't do it. Out on the real Champ de Mars men are loath to oblige.

So, a photographer, putting history away for posterity, has to content himself with what he can get and return with his skin in as unpatched a condition as possible. And when he does get front line stuff it doesn't look like anything. It may be hotter there than the pit of Kiluweah, but it doesn't look it. The air may be as full of bullets as a hayloft full of motes, but you can't see them. They don't show on the film. The scene may look as peaceful as Sunday morning in Watertown, Mass., but as a matter of fact a man's life isn't worth two whoops in Wheeling if he shows his head over a parapet. Hell is tethered outside, but on the film it looks like children's day in Dayton.

War is about the most undramatic thing every staged. It needs a William C. De Mille. Dramatically the war was a failure—it couldn't stand the California competition—but historically it made good. Future

generations will go wild about it. It is all down on the cinema and it is now being stored away in the archives in Washington. The forthcoming student won't have to study it, as we did the Civil War. He'll simply file into the classroom, the teacher will pull down the blinds and the war will unroll before his eyes. He will know every stump and cowstable in the St. Mihiel salient. His old grandfather, who fought with the Marines, won't be able to pull any anachronisms about Belleau Wood. Creighton will know more about it than Grandpa ever did. He'll see how the troops trained, how the ammunition was brought up, how the machine gun nests were cleared and by animated maps how the battle progressed from day to day. All Grandpa will know will be how he helped take a black-berry patch. Son will see it as a whole; Grandpa will see it as uphill fighting against a machine-gun nest.

For this purpose most of the motion pictures of the war were made. During the month of the armistice, when the motion picture department functioned at its maximum, 117,295 feet—22 miles—of negative was made, for be it known that during the short time America was in the Signal Corps made more miles of motion film than either the French or British during the whole time. Only fifteen percent of the film made during the war got to the public. The rest was made for observational and historical purposes. Posterity was being considered. When the film is brought out and Uncle Frank begins telling how he took Hill 304 single handed he is going to have some embarrassing questions to answer.

Posterity is going to know a lot more about the late conflict than we ever did about the wars Barnes specialized in. So be it—and luck to the generations yet in the land of the unborn. It was a great show and it'll be a long time before its glory fades.

Sweet Sixteen Plus

(Concluded from page 67)

A week later Mrs. Horton took her to the old Powers studio in New York, where she played a bit with Fritzi Brunette in a picture. Her presence there attracted the attention of E. T. Arnaud, one of the first motion-picture directors,—a man who but recently distinguished himself with the French army in Flanders,—who engaged her as "the Eclair kid" to play in a series beginning with "Holy City." She remained with the company for six years, toward the end of which she went to Arizona with them. At the expiration of this time, the Eclairites moved their properties West still farther, at length arriving at the old Universal ranch, near Hollywood, where, with her contract about to expire, Miss Horton was signed.

Under her new contract she played in "The Plow Woman" with Mary MacLaren, and as the latter was just beginning her

work before the camera, Miss Horton played four reels to her one. After completing the picture she appeared in a number of plays with the late Sydney Ayres, and later with Henry McRae, when she commenced to arrive at the "gawky" period.

During the awkward age she stayed at home and went to school alternately while her teeth grew and her legs got shorter, and after which delicate but necessary process was consummated, she played in stock at the Morosco Theater in Los Angeles.

Her first really distinctive leading part, however, was in the picturization of "Tom Sawyer" and "Huck and Tom" by Lasky, when Miss Horton played opposite Jack Pickford. It was then that the distressing introduction of long dresses to Clara was made, with the resulting tears and heart-rendings.

Proof

Friend—You say this actress is only 23 years old, and yet I know positively that she has a daughter 24. How do you account for that?

Her Press Agent—It only goes to show how eccentric she really is.—Life.

Philanthropy

AFTER completing a picture, many stars give the dresses worn in the play to the "extra girls." If Theda Bara did that with her "Salome" dresses, some "extra girl" at Fox's is going to accumulate either an awful cold or a bad case of sunburn.—Film Fun.

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From Four to Twelve

(Concluded from page 73)

You can imagine the effect this had on a room full of dignified high school girls. They did not know what to think or whether to laugh or not.

George's father said, "Now Bob, tell us where you get all these naughty verses," hoping that he would reply, "Sonnie," who is, by the way, Bryant Washburn's son and Bob's chum. But alas for his hopes, little Beban, Jr., is entirely too frank to tell anything but the truth and replied, "I hear Dada say them." Of course Dada looked slightly embarrassed, but the deed was done.

George, Jr., also knows some cunning little rhymes, one of which he recited for me. It is as follows:

"I've always been so sorry that my Dada is a king,
It's really most annoying, and hurts like everything.
To have the little girls and boys all want to run away,
For if I am a lion prince I'm a baby anyway."

Along about this time George, Junior began to lose interest. I tried to ask him about his work in "Hearts of Men" and other pictures of his father's that he has been in; but George, Junior, didn't pay any attention to me. Suddenly he said:

"I want some ice-cream!"

He looked as if he really wanted it and would howl if he didn't get it. I didn't know whether to take him out and get him a soda; I didn't know what interviewers do in a case like that. But just then Mr. Beban, Sr., came in and I told him about it and he said he thought it was a darned good idea. So we had several sodas and George's father asked George, Junior, how he liked being interviewed, and George, Junior, said he thought the ice-cream was fine. Mr. Beban said, "And so the infancy is in the picture business!" I'm sure I don't know what he meant by that.

Notes from the Studios

SAM JAZBO, who was borrowed from the Colorless Paint Company to white-wash the wicker furniture used in the sun-porch scenes of "The Drop in the Bucket," is partial to red bandana handkerchiefs, it was learned recently. This passion quite typifies Mr. Jazbo's hobby for strong, virile colors.

BETTY BEEFER, whose sister is a charwoman at the Horrible Film Company, visited the studio one day last week during the filming of "One More Little Drink," and expressed herself as being well-pleased with the sanitary condition of the studio garages.

ENOCH MORATORIUM, one of the printers who worked on the famous novel, "The Heart of a Chicken," is enthusiastic over the news that it is soon to be shown on the screen. "I was just telling the janitor the other evening," declared Mr. Moratorium, "that 'The Heart of a Chicken' would make a splendid picture."

It is an interesting fact that Jimmie O'Breagh, one of the carpenters preparing the stupendous scenery for the super-picture, "Nose of the Mighty," was formerly employed in an obscure little carpenter shop down in Tennessee. No one ever suspected that he would some day attain his present position. "He was not considered," comments his home town paper, "unusually bright, and seemed just an ordinary boy"



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Or, every town has 'em.
A dream of blind youth

NOW, this isn't a cut-and-dried story of the hopes of the hopeless. For, Herbert Shinndig was different—oh!—so different.

Herbert did not shout his ambitions to the world. He held his secret close to his heart, awaiting the day of days—the sunrise of a morning on which he would have saved a certain amount of money from his seven dollars per earned as a clerk in the Gophersburg Drug and Harness Shop.

In the quiet hours of late evening Herbert would carefully draw down all the curtains in his bed-room and then, standing before his mirror, force himself to admit that he was, in embryo, a talented screen actor.

He was forced to acknowledge as his technique improved that he was capable of becoming a greater star than J. Warren Bush-reid or his ilk. Night after night he practised in the seclusion of his bed-room. And he had come to the point where he realized he could register all of the emotions in O. Henry with a few of his own invention.

And then—
"I'm going to the city for a day or so," he informed his mother one December morn-ing. "The boss has given me two days off and I think the outing would do me good." (His plan was to keep silent regarding the real intent of his trip until he had clinched a ninety-nine year contract.)

And because Herbert had been a dutiful son, had worked hard and behaved as befit a member of the Shinndig family, no objec-tions were raised at his announcement.

Herbert rushed over to the Gophersburg First National Bank and Feed Supply House and drew out his aggregate hoardings, con-sisting of fifty-nine dollars and forty-one cents (\$59.41). He bought a new necktie that affected yellow polka-dots over a green background, a leather suitcase for one dollar and fifty-four cents (\$1.54) and a suit of the latest vogue; in fact about five years late.

As the local train wandered through the corn-lands, Herbert's heart sang a little song. He was looking forward to his visit in the big town with more optimism and faith than Columbus had accumulated while crossing the Atlantic.

* * * *

Arriving in the city he asked a cop about the quickest way to the Deplorable Film Company. And for an hour he rode on a street car that carried him out to the open stretches of the suburbs. Alighting from the car, he fairly ran down the narrow walk toward the glistening archway of the Deplorable Film Studios.

Breathlessly, he rammed his way into the revolving door and plunked square against two men. One of these men was well dressed, the other was clad in overalls. "Probably made up for a part," noted Her-berth, then he said, addressing the two:

"How d'ye do! I just came out to see if there wasn't a chance for me here. I believe I am able—"

But got no further. The well dressed man squinted his eyes at Herbert, then turn-ing to his companion said:

"Jim—just about the sort of fellow you're needing—isn't he?"

And the man called Jim gave Herbert a double O in capital letters and then felt his arms and shoulders.

"Pretty husky," he admitted. "Might do. Give him a try-out."

If a man can go to heaven from New

York, then Herbert made the trip and toured all of the principal streets during the next few minutes.

A try-out! Just what he wanted. He knew he would make good in a test. He couldn't fail. Whatever they asked him to do before the camera he would do well.

He followed the man called Jim through devious halls and up and down stairs and finally found himself in a murky room. He observed that the room housed three immense furnaces. A pile of coal lay near at hand, reaching almost to the ceiling.

"A labor picture," thought Herbert. "Well—I ain't scared to tackle a heavy role. We movie actors got to do all sorts of things."

"Here," ordered Jim, handing him a pair of overalls and a blue shirt, "stick these on."

Herbert's heart thrilled. And to show that his sense of makeup was keen, he dived down, rubbed his palm over the floor, and smeared his face with coal dust. Jim stared at him curiously.

"Now the idea is," he began, "to shovel three scoops of coal into each of these here three doors, alternately. Heave to!"

And Herbert took up the shovel. "A bit dark in here, ain't it?" he queried. Jim looked puzzled.

"Ain't s'posed to be a ballroom. Don't need no calcium."

Herbert thought that strange. However, the book he had memorized, describing the need of strong lights for taking pictures, was probably out of date.

He "heaved to" and never did a toreador of an engine pit shovel harder than he. Once he straightened his aching back to ask:

"Where's the camera? Or is this just a re-hearsal?"

At which Jim, who was beginning to believe Herbert was a little batty, frowned.

"Camera? Rehearsal?" he repeated. Then with a chuckle, "You must think you're a movie actor."

Herbert's chest swelled out of all propor-tions.

"Well," he said, struggling to be modest, "I'm not yet, but I can show you I've got the goods."

A great light of understanding broke out on Jim's swarthy face. Then his face broke into a grin.

"Say, sonny," he grinned. "I guess I didn't get you right—upstairs. I thought you was asking for a job firing. This here's the furnace room, where we supply heat for the studio. I need an assistant mighty bad."

For one long agonizing minute Herbert stood there gazing with mouth open at Jim. Jim stood doubled in the throes of a mighty amusement.

Then Herbert ripped off the blue shirt and overalls, donned his own garb and without lifting his face, aimed heavily for the stair-way.

Out of the studio he ran, color fusing over his smutty face. And he didn't stop until he struck the car line.

* * * *

The next morning as Herbert left the house for his regular duties at the Gophers-burg Drug and Harness Shop, his mother kissed him at the door.

"Son," she asked pleasantly. "Did you find it cold in New York?"

"Yes, ma," he answered, jamming his hat over his ears, "it was right chilly."

Questions and Answers
(Continued from page 108)

High-brows. I always counted on you so, Bebe. Grace Cunard's latest is another serial, her forte—not Ford, Francis is otherwise engaged—called "Elmo the Mighty," in which Miss Cunard is co-starred with Elmo Lincoln. Eddie Polo has gone to Europe to make "The Thirteenth Hour," or something like that, still another chapter thriller. Peggy O'Dare, lately Aarup, is his leading woman. Yes; Polo is married.

HELAINÉ, SEATTLE.—If I'm ever in Seattle I'll surely let you know and come and sample that lemon-cream pie. You say you'll make me one of the family. Does that mean I may have another piece of pie? Please don't be so hard on the actresses you don't like. Remember the tastes differ, stars change their companies, and that I prefer meringue on my lemon-cream pie. Intolerance is usually a lazy, disinclination to follow the other fellow's point of view. I am not lazy.

ELEANOR S., NEW YORK CITY.—Of course I like Chicago. I live in Chicago; I work in Chicago. Every arm-chair foodery, every loop tunnel devoted to motion pictures knows me. Chicago needs me, Eleanor. I don't think people have forgotten Harold Lockwood. His personality was too impressive to pass. Besides, his pictures are still being shown. His widow, Alma Jones-Lockwood, married Spike Robinson, well-known pugilistic actor, during the month of June. I am not sure that Lockwood's son is named Harold Junior, after him; but I believe so. Pearl White is not married, all rumors to the contrary. etc., etc.

ROSE, DETROIT.—So you know everything about plays and players, studios, their private lives, etc. Here—take my job. I have been in charge of this department for some years now, and I don't know the half of it yet. Discounting facetiousness, one can never really learn all there is about pictures; something is always happening, new phases of interest, new players— It is the most absorbing game in the world. I do not mean to be sarcastic; Forgive me, he said, reaching to open another letter.

GERTRUDE C., LONG BEACH.—An advertisement for a roof picture theatre reads: "Come up to the roof; zero in entertainment." The heat doesn't bother me, but you should see my collar. Ella Hall isn't dead; she has not been playing on the screen for some time now, however, as she is pretty well occupied playing mother to Emory Johnson, Jr. Yes—same Johnson who played with Mary Pickford in "Johanna Enlists." Other answered above Thanks.

EVY, NEW ORLEANS.—Some of you modern eyes tote a whole basketful of apples. So you live on Elysian Fields Avenue? These inspired real-estate men. I often look at the sunset; that's nothing to be ashamed of. But I don't have to go to the country. There's nothing more charming than a flaming sun dipping behind a sky-scraper. I am not fond of the bright lights, except to read by. May Allison, Metro, Hollywood; Mae Murray, Famous Players-Lasky, New York; June Caprice, Capellani studios, Fort Lee, New Jersey. She and Creighton Hale co-star in "Oh, Boy!" which Mr. Capellani directed and which is released through the Pathe people. Your letter to Miss Roland was duly forwarded. Sidney Drew is dead. Mrs. Drew has not retired from the screen, she is directing and acting in a new series of comedies, still for Paramount, as I understand it. Harold McBride will play her—Polly's—brother



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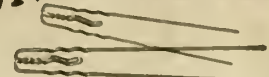
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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

MIDDIE, NEW ROCHELLE.—There is nothing, absolutely nothing, Bolshevik about me. I don't even pronounce it correctly. Besides, long hair isn't always a sign of bolsh tendencies; look at Little Lord Fauntleroy. Another thing I wish to set you right in: never try to put out an old flame; you might burn your fingers. "Xavier" isn't a new name; I have heard it appended to many others besides Francis. You wish to call attention to the why-do-they-do-it criticizing Mabel Normand for knowing how to swim when she was raised only a tenement child. (Personally I'd never criticize Mabel for anything like that.) "Doesn't the w. d. t. d. i Editor know that they have swimming pools for the poor?" I'll tell him; it's something he ought to know.

PUCHINELLA, PORTLAND.—Yes, I am a dreamer; I admit it. The great delight in being a dreamer is that nobody ever pays any attention to you except to say "Dream on." A good many popular songs have been written about us, however. I thought "Mickey" lived up to its press-agenting; I saw it—twice. Mabel's my favorite comedienne, anyway. I don't mind telling her so. I don't know that Natalie, youngest of the Talmadges, was one of the audience in "East Lynne—with Variations." So Ruth Clifford used to be your school-teacher *about ten years ago*? How about it, Ruth? Dorothy Dane is with Christie Comedies, Hollywood, Cal. Mrs. Frank Bennett (Billie West that was) isn't playing now. She's in her twenties somewhere, I presume. Perhaps I do.

C. SCHOEPPF, STRASBOURG, FRANCE.—A penny for my thoughts? I'm not a profiteer. However, here's something for you to think on: your Shirley Mason, admittedly one of our sweetest and fleetest ingenues, may be reached care the Lasky studios in Hollywood, California. Your notepaper is very pretty, but I don't use blue, thank you. So PHOTOPLAY is popular in Strasbourg.

BANTAM FROM ALABAMA, II.—I should say you aren't a stranger if you've been a member of the PHOTOPLAY family for four years. I hope we may keep you with us for four times four years—and then some more. Harrison Ford has been married, but not to Constance Talmadge, who, you say, is your "special favorite." And I presume you have extra-special favorites, extra-extras, and marshmallow sundaes. You are one of my favorite squab sisters, Genevieve.

JEANETTE B., PITTSBURGH.—The screen has not yet come to the boudoir biology period. Our farces might, any of them, be adaptations of the Children's Mother Goose. And it is better so. That was Willard Mack in Triangle's old "Aloha Oe." He is, besides being the husband of our Polly Frederick, a dramatist of considerable note. He has had something to do with a good many recent Goldwyns; he was the heavy in "The Woman on the Index," which convinced me that playwrighting was Willard's long suit. One of Miss Frederick's new ones is "The Fear Woman."

KAY L., UNION HILL.—The Union Hill Kay Laurel, are you? Yes, Charles Ray is married; his wife is a non-professional. New pictures of Ray coming; watch out for them. Charlie is twenty-eight. The ladies like that hunted look of his. He looks hungry, to me; and knowing this isn't so, as he has just signed a new and profitable Ince contract, I know, too, that he must be a good actor.

THE MYSTIC ROSE.—Well—and how are we this month, little-green-ink? You never ask me anything but my silent sympathy in your moments of heroine-worship. You are the funniest correspondent I have—you have never waxed enthusiastic over a man; it is always Pearl White, Mary, or Nazimova who holds your attention. Answer Men are so made that they are able to withstand all verbal barrages but don't think you tax my patience.

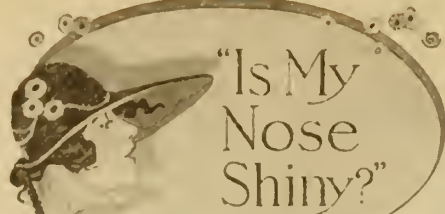
PAULINE FROM BAZINE.—I am very much attached to all you Kansans in that city even though you do sound like a furniture polish. I love the cornflake advertisement that says something like this: "Flavor in each shapely flake." Fatty Arbuckle was born in your state, in 1887. He directs his own comedies. Allan Forrest was with American last, in Santa Barbara, opposite Mary Miles Minter. He has secured a divorce from Ann Little. Fay Tincher is with Christie, Los Angeles.

KENTUCKIAN, LOUISVILLE.—I like to be called down, bawled out or whatever that was you gave me. However next time, if you don't mind I shall take my Turkish bath in the usual way. Jane's name is pronounced No-vak—with the a as in mock and the accent evenly distributed, I believe, although with a slight difference in favor of the first syllable. Knowing this, now, you will undoubtedly pronounce Novak to the surprise and pleasure of all your friends. We have a great deal of information about Elsie Ferguson. What is it you would like to know about her?

E. M., NORTH ENGLISH, IA.—The provinces are all writing in this month. You remind me, by the way, of the old—oh, very old joke about the little boy who, when his instructor asked him the Latin for left, replied "Spinster." He knew it was something like that. Well, anyway, let us not be facetious, or fortune might turn in our favor. Harry Carey will send you his picture but will he tell you his age? Write direct to Selznick for Olive Thomas' picture, enclosing a quarter. Bill Desmond is married to Mary McIvor. You wonder who is my favorite actress. I wonder, myself.

FREDERIC S., NEWPORT.—Why, Frederic, do you write to motion picture actresses in the study periods? I wonder if you are really being educated at your college or if you're merely attending? I haven't the heart to deny you the address of the blonde Talmadge—she's at the Talmadge studios and her manager is Joseph Schenck who also manages—and married—sister Norma. The Talmadge girls all live with their mother, who is known to the picture colony as "Peg." A very wise and witty woman, Mrs. Talmadge. If you write her youngest a hot letter you'll probably hear from her—no, she won't kill you; she'll kid you. Elsie Ferguson, Arcraft; Mary Pickford, Pickford studios, Hollywood; Nazimova, May Allison, Metro, Hollywood; Billie Burke, Famous Players, New York; Marguerite Clark, Lasky studios, Hollywood.

FRANCES, PHILADELPHIA.—Two's company; three's a crowd, and a few more fill the courtroom. I'm sure Dorothy Gish will send you her picture when she gets around to it. She works very hard—sometimes from nine in the morning till nine at night. "Nugget Nell," a burlesque on the western heroine, is her latest. Ralph Graves is her leading man.



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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

MRS. BERNICE K., PORTLAND, OREGON.—I should always be very glad, really, to help you to get into pictures if I could, but there is no way I could possibly secure for you a position as an actress. Isn't there some other field you care to turn your talents to? If you were living in California, or New York where all the studios are located, I should advise you to apply for extra parts, but I do not know of any studios in your city. I am very sorry indeed not to be able to help you. Write to me again and let me know what you have decided to do.

ESTHER E., SASK., CANADA.—I do not mean to be flippant. I am really quite serious-minded—but I do not wear glasses. Would you like me better if I did? If so, why? Mabel Normand isn't married; she has never been married that I have heard. She is with Goldwyn now, on the coast, working in the Culver City studios. "When Doctors Disagree" is one of her latest releases. Pauline Frederick is the wife of Willard Mack. She is at Culver City, too; Mack is in New York now, I think, where he is to appear in one of his own plays. I heard too that Mrs. Polly-Mack was to appear next season on the stage in Willard's play "Lady Tony." Elsie Ferguson is said to be contemplating a return to the so-called legit. Mae Murray and Doris Kenyon are other stage candidates. Mary Pickford and Eugene O'Brien in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." O'Brien is a Selznick star now; I hear that they have bought "Blind Youth" for him—the play in which Lou-Tellegen starred in the noisies. Haven't the name of Harrison Ford's wife. He isn't married now.

M. A., AKRON.—Clara Horton—there is a story about her in this issue, by the way—was with Goldwyn last. Story will tell you everything else you wish to know about her. Jack Pickford question answered elsewhere. Robert Gordon, whom you haven't seen since "Huck and Tom," has done many things since then; he has been in the army, he has been released, and is now a J. Stuart Blackton star; latest is "Moonshine and Shadows," fiction version of which is running in this issue of PHOTOPLAY. He is married to Alma Francis. Sylvia Brearer is leading woman in the Blackton pictures; the Blackton kiddies, Violet and Charles, also appear. There is a J. Stuart Blackton, Junior—he was a corporal, and since returning from overseas has been affiliated with his father's film company. "Zantippe" is pronounced in three syllables, I believe. Margery Daw has been Douglas Fairbanks' leading lady in many of the later Fairbanks films; but at the completion of her Fairbanks engagement she will join Marshall Neilan's new company, to appear under that director's personal supervision. Margery is a sweet child, she is only about eighteen.

THE GOLDEN TRIPLET FAN, THE BRONX.—I have been to the Bronx—not for a long time, though. The middle-west has held me for some years. My dear little personified question-mark, don't you like slapstick? I may say it is not slapstick which intrigues me, but the embellishments thereof. Betty Compton is no longer a comedienne; she went into drama via the serial route and has stayed there ever since. Yes, I like Christie comedies; good, clean fun they are, most of them. But if I see any more so-called funnies in which a husband gets provoked at his wife and in the next apartment a wife gets provoked at her husband, and complications ensue, I'm going to come just in time for the feature picture.

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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

MILDRED CAINE, LE ROY, ILL.—Mrs. Vernon Castle is now Mrs. Robert Tremen. Her theatrical title, or nom du cinema, is Irene Castle. A late Castle film, for Famous Players-Lasky, is "The Firing Line." Pearl White's last Pathe serial is "In Secret." Grace Cunard, U City; other information on Cunard given elsewhere. Miss Little isn't married any more; she was Mrs. Allan Forrest but secured a divorce. How old is Ann? In her early twenties, I think. She plays with Bill Hart in a forthcoming Hart release. First time this little girl and the mighty westerner have appeared together. Ann is some rider, you know. Address her, Lasky studios; she is only "loaned" to the Hart Company for this one picture. Grace Cunard is married to Joe Moore, youngest of the Clan. "Little Miss Hoover" was the final title given to "The Golden Bird," which appeared in fiction form in PHOTOPLAY under the latter title, and in which Marguerite Clark and Eugene O'Brien had the leading roles.

MRS. VERNON N. CHAUNCEY, THOMASVILLE, GA.—You had just finished reading the educational films feature, "Putting Sugar on the Pill" in the July issue and you say you're glad your two baby girls will live in the age of sugar-coated education. Myrtle Stedman is the lady you mean; she was married to Marshall Stedman, but they are divorced. Myrtle has been called the girl with the sweet contralto eyebrows. Will you write to me again soon?

OLD HICKORY, QUEBEC.—Robert Warwick isn't over there now. He's a Major in the Reserves but he is back in pictures, playing for Famous Players-Lasky. His first new film was "Secret Service," from the stage play by William Gillette. Wanda Hawley was his leading woman. Let's see, what has Wanda been in lately? Well—"You're Fired," with Wally Reid, contained the little blonde as a principal embellishment; she was also in "For Better, For Worse." Now she's the screen "Peg o' My Heart." Earle Foxe was in "Panthea," with Norma Talmadge. He's in New York now. Francis X. Bushman hasn't been connected with Metro for a long time. The latest reports about him are that he is to go to France to make pictures. I hardly credit this, however. There is a new little Bushman, you know—Richard Stansbury, several months' old son of Francis and Beverly Bayne-Bushman. The Bushmans have a country place, but they also keep an apartment in town, on Riverside Drive. Reports of his going on the stage haven't panned out; the Morosco deal fell through.

HAZEL Y., LITTLE ROCK.—Little girl, I won't say that your mother is wrong because she objects to your spending all your time going to movies and reading PHOTOPLAY. At thirteen there are a good many things to see, and to learn. I think, however, that you might take your mother on some of your movie excursions and convince her that there is instruction as well as entertainment in the films. Good music, too, is a big item in favor of photodromes; most of our theatres have good orchestras which really play the best from Brahms to Beethoven. I am inclined to disagree that, simply because they cannot always procure the best of interpreters, picture houses should not give the best in music. At least people can familiarize themselves with the great composers. Tom Meighan, Lasky, Hollywood; Eugene O'Brien, Selznick, New York; Tom Mix, Fox, Hollywood; George Walsh, Fox also; Fannie Ward is in England now, and the others are given elsewhere.



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Questions and Answers

(Concluded)

ELLA M., LOUISVILLE.—Thanhouser is no more; it is one with Lubin, Kalem, and Essanay. The Cruzes, James and Peggy Snow, Flo LaBadie, who met her death in a motor accident several years ago, the Benham kids, and later, Frederick Warde, Muriel Ostriche, Gladys Leslie, Gladys Hulette,—were all players at the old Thanhouser. Miss Hulette is married to William Parke, Jr She was on the stage the last I heard. Thank you for your appreciative letter.

MARIETTA M., GREENVILLE, TEXAS.—You say you hesitated writing to me because you like me and I might give you a sarcastic answer and then you would owe it to yourself to stop liking me. I am sure if I answered you sarcastically—in other words, if I were a literary cave-man—you would like me all the better. Nazimova is a Russian; married to Charles Bryant, who is her leading man. She has a sister who is, I believe, a writer.

Movies in Paris

Editor of PHOTOPLAY:

A short time ago, when the writer was ambling goggle-eyed about Paris, on "leave," if you please, he thought he would have to do the real thing and go to the Opera.

But, on the way to that opera, the writer passed the Gaumont Theatre. The poster outside advertised "Marguerite Clark" in something or other. In an instant the Opera and all its attractions went up in smoke, and in its place came a surge of really frightful homesickness—an irresistible desire to see some real home-folks, in some civilized American scenery, and houses, steam radiators, real food, and so on.

So I turned and walked right in and saw Marguerite in the something or other—though there were difficulties first, because one was bound to be quite dumbfounded over the immensity of that vast theatre, and next one was likely to forget the picture because of the rage into which those Parisian ushers persistently drive free Americans. Yes, certainly. They—the ushers, male and female—lead you to your place and then stand like Impatience on a Monument right in front of you.

They stand and they stand, and, after a while, you ask them what's the matter.

"Service, m'sieu," is all the satisfaction you get, though an outstretched claw makes it clear. And you have to fork up a coin

After that film had flashed its cheery way, there appeared a notice to the effect that Jack Pickford would appear the following week in thing-um-bob. And the very next afternoon, passing a much more modest movie palace, I beheld posters to the effect that Chaplin was doing his darndest therein. And I couldn't resist that appeal either, and saw the egregious Charles.

After this the homesickness was just about gone!

But what struck me was the obvious dominating of the atmosphere by the American movie! It made one feel blamelessly cheery.

There is a moral here, too, somewhere. I can't just put my hand on it, but I feel it is a good one!

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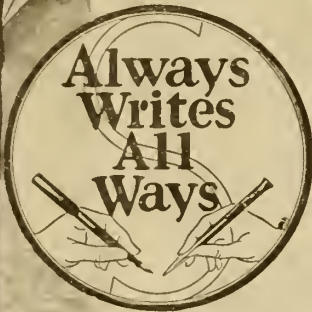
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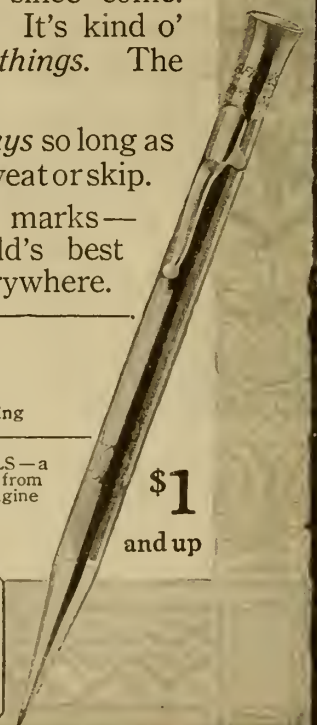
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PHOTOPLAY

Magazine

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20 Cents

*Dorothy
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JAMES R. QUIRK, *Publisher*—JULIAN JOHNSON, *Editor*

VOL. XVI

No. 5

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Next Month

AS this is written, a convention of the most representative men of the motion picture art and industry is being held in Rochester, N. Y., out of which is to mature George Eastman's "National Academy of the Motion Picture Art"—a proposed institution that will make that city the Bayreuth of the silent drama, the seat of an optical Richard Wagner—the headquarters of the great American art.

Mr. Eastman—let us explain—is the gentleman who made Rochester famous as the home of the Kodak, and he produces nearly all of the negative and positive films used. Aside from this occupation, however, Mr. Eastman has dreamed ambitiously for the betterment of the motion picture industry and art. The "Academy" is to materialize these dreams.

We cannot now give details as to Mr. Eastman's plan; in fact, our sole purpose in mentioning it here is to announce that the next issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will contain the story of this convention as it materializes the Academy idea. Now, we may only say that it is planned to work out the remaining problems of the silent drama—including studio lighting, orchestration, the mechanism of the camera, tinting of film and the actual study of photoplay construction. Mr. Eastman's dream also includes an "ideal theatre," wherein are to be studied out the most entirely satisfactory program combinations possible.

Next month, then—the story of this great ambition.

* * *

DO you remember the pictures you see—good or bad? Do you take any pleasure in cataloguing them in your mind, and—from time to time—determining which is the best picture—and whom the best actor?

Such a task is Julian Johnson's, who is now preparing his summary of the year's acting. This is to appear in November PHOTOPLAY, and will be his fourth annual review.

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A Reader's Letter

Fort McPherson, Ga.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY,

Dear Sir:—Before coming into Uncle Sammy's army, I was hitting about .030 as a movie fan, but I've seen and enjoyed so many pictures during the past year that I'm now a dyed-in-the-wool, regular, sure-enough fan.

Very often in recent releases, inexcusable errors have been made, but I believe that constructive criticism is, and will always be, helpful in improving the art in picture making. That is why I'm writing these few rambling lines.

I have observed that most stars frown, sigh, elevate the eyebrows or wanly smile in every close-up, whether the scene be from a side-splitting comedy, a tense drama or a heart-gripping tragedy. There is too much over-acting by mediocre actors. Too much pouting, shrugging the shoulders and other meaningless gestures tend to weaken the play and the actor's real, artistic ability as well. Titles are usually too lengthy, frequently too apathetic or absolutely syrupy. There is often far too much padding to get the desired footage.

There is not sufficient attention paid to details. Well-educated people cannot fail to see many inconsistencies in the average photoplay.

In a recent picture a star was type-writing, using the well-known army system of "hunt and peck" with the forefinger of each hand. As a business proposition she'd be a mighty poor investment.

Uneducated people do not write well-worded letters; small children do not speak in polysyllables; all Englishmen do not wear monocles and drop their aitches in speaking; three or four different people in a play do not have the same handwriting; California automobile licenses aren't used when touring England; ships leaving New York harbor don't change their names after they are at sea; lovers don't have matches to start a fire after they have been shipwrecked and have swum to shore; yet all these and myriads of other things have happened in the movies.

A single regiment of Robert Harmons could have licked the whole German army, and Bill Hart could police New York according to pictured exhibitions of their strength and marksmanship. Why picture supermen? Real humans are much more preferable.

Besides closer attention to directing the moving picture industry needs more actors with the native ability of John Barrymore, the humaneness of Charlie Ray, the charm of Constance Talmadge, the dramatic ability of Nazimova or the pep of Dorothy Gish.

An appeal has not yet been made by the producers to people of discriminating taste. Nor is there any apparent effort being made to educate the popular taste such as the phonograph companies have done.

Real, honest, constructive criticism will help the movie game and it should be welcomed and encouraged.

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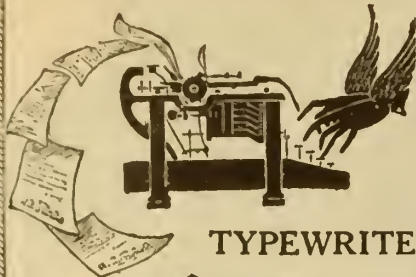
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CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIOS, La Brea and De Longpre Aves., Hollywood, Calif.

CHRISTIE FILM CORP., Sunset Blvd. and Gower St., Los Angeles, Cal.

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., Jesse J. Goldberg, general manager, 310 Times Building, New York City.

GOLDWYN FILM CORP., 469 Fifth Avenue, 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).

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EXHIBITORS-MUTUAL DISTRIBUTING CORP., 1600 Broadway, New York City.

PATHE EXCHANGE, INC., 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 PICTURES CORPORATION (s), 807 East 175th St., New York City.

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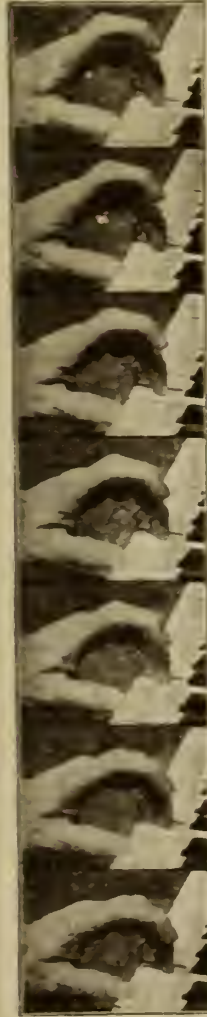
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“We sat before the fire place, Mary and I, with Betty perched on the arm of the big chair. It was our first evening in our own home! There were two glistening tears in Mary’s eyes, yet a smile was on her lips. I knew what she was thinking.

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“Then one night Mary came to me. ‘Jim’, she said, ‘why don’t you go to school again—right here at home? You can put in an hour or two after supper each night while I sew. Learn to do some one thing. You’ll make good—I *know* you will.’

“Well, we talked it over and that very night I wrote to Scranton. A few days later I had taken up a course in the work I was in. It was surprising how rapidly the mysteries of our business became clear to me—took on a new fascination. In a little while an opening came. I was ready for it and was promoted—with an increase. Then I was advanced again. There was money enough to even lay a little aside. So it went.

“And now the fondest dream of all has come true. We have a real home of our own with the little comforts and luxuries Mary had always longed for, a little place, as she says, that ‘Betty can be proud to grow up in.’

“I look back now in pity at those first blind stumbling years. Each evening after supper the doors of opportunity had swung wide and I had passed them by. How grateful I am that Mary helped me to see that night the golden hours that lay within.”

In city, town and country all over America there are men with happy families and prosperous homes because they let the International Correspondence Schools come to them in the hours after supper and prepare them for bigger work at better pay. More than two million men and women in the last 28 years have advanced themselves through spare time study with the I. C. S. Over one hundred thousand right now are turning their evenings to profit. Hundreds are starting every day.

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NERVOUS AMERICANS

By Paul Von Boeckmann

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We are the most "high strung" people on Earth. The average American is a bundle of nerves, ever ready to spring into action, mentally and physically. The restless energy of Americans is proverbial.

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The vast opportunities open to us in every field; our freedom of Government, which prevents no one from reaching the highest goal, economically, politically and socially, is the incentive that has led us to develop our nerves to super-keenness and alertness, for in the present day high tension life a dull and slow nerved person cannot succeed.

Our high nerve tension has not been without its grave dangers and serious consequences. Neurologists agree that we are more subject to nervous disorders than any other nation. Our "Mile a Minute Life" is tearing our nerves to shreds and we are deteriorating into a nation of Neurasthenics.

Since the Nervous System generates the mysterious power we term Nerve Force, that controls and gives life and energy to every muscle, every vital organ, every drop of blood and cell of the body, nerve exhaustion necessarily must result in a long train of ailments and weaknesses.

The noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, says, "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves should be in order."

How often do we hear of people running from doctor to doctor, seeking relief from a mysterious "something-the-matter" with them, though repeated examinations fail to indicate that any particular organ is weak or diseased. In nearly every case it is Nerve Exhaustion—Lack of Nerve Force.

The symptoms of nerve exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows:

FIRST STAGE: Lack of energy and endurance; that "tired feeling," especially in the back and knees.

SECOND STAGE: Nervousness; sleeplessness; irritability; decline in sex force; loss of hair; nervous indigestion; sour stomach; gas in bowels; constipation; irregular heart; poor memory; lack of mental endurance; dizziness; headaches; backaches; neuritis; rheumatism, and other pains.

THIRD STAGE: Serious mental disturbances; fear; undue worry; melancholia; dangerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies, and, in extreme cases, insanity.

If only a few of the symptoms mentioned apply to you, especially those indicating mental instability, you may be sure your nerves are at fault—that you have exhausted your Nerve Force.

Nerve Force is the most precious gift of Nature. It means everything—your happiness, your health, your success in life. You should know all there is to learn about your nerves; how to relax, calm and soothe

your nerves, so that after a severe nerve strain you can rebuild your lost Nerve Force, and keep yourself physically and mentally fit.

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). Bound in elegant cloth and gold cover, 50 cents. Address, Paul von Boeckmann, Studio No. 53, 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 applying the advice given in this 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 is it 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 letters from people who have read the book and were greatly benefited by the teachings set forth therein.

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"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."

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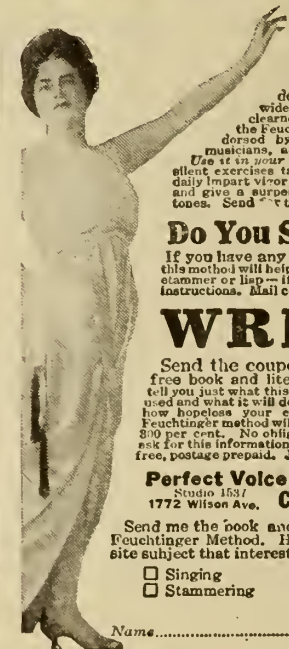
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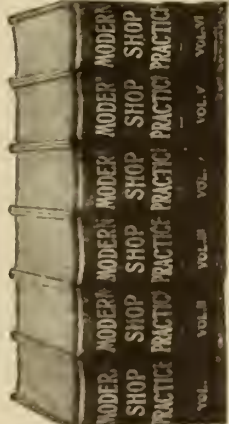
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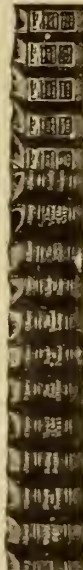
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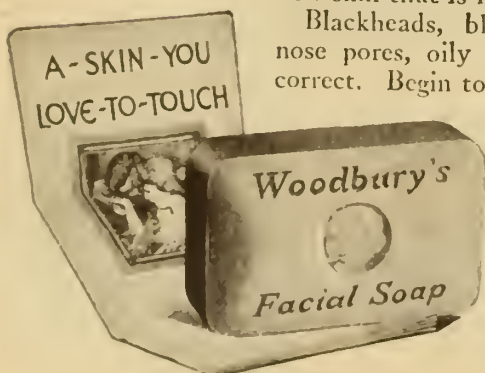
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Hartook

***F**RANK KEENAN has, since "The Coward," his initial picture, provided us with some remarkable characterizations. We can recall "The Crab," "Todd of the Times" and "The Bells," for Pathe. He has his own company.*



Hoover

VIVIAN Martin: sweet sample of debutante America; no girl's dressing-table is well-furnished without a picture of her. Lasky presents her in such plays as "His Official Fiancee," in which Vivian is always conspicuous.



*W*ALLACE MACDONALD—after the war—came back to California to support some of our best-known stars. He has acted lately with Bessie Love. Mac Donald served in the Canadian Artillery; he is not yet thirty.



HARRIETT HAMMOND is one of the loveliest of the California comedy children. Usually she adorns the beaches; but she has been given leads to play of late: she was the chief lure in "Trying It Over," with Charles Murray.

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Lumiere

ROBERT WARWICK, upon his return from distinguished service abroad, played in "Secret Service" and then started work on a picturization of "In Mizzoura." His first film was "The Man of the Hour"—for World.



*M*ARGERY DAW first was heard from when Farrar—then at Lasky's—
took official notice of her talents. She graduated from bits to leads with
"Doug," then joined Marshall Neilan. Margery's real name is House.



LITTLE LOUISE HUFF used to be known as "the Kate Greenaway Girl of the Screen." To her work with Jack Pickford, and her present performances, she has brought the same quaint charm of her Lubin days.



Alfred Cheney Johnston

WE have Australia to thank for Sylvia Breamer—although she has a dash of Italian. She started with Ince, opposite Bill Hart. Now Sylvia is a Blackton star, lately seen in "Moonshine and Shadows" and "Dawn."

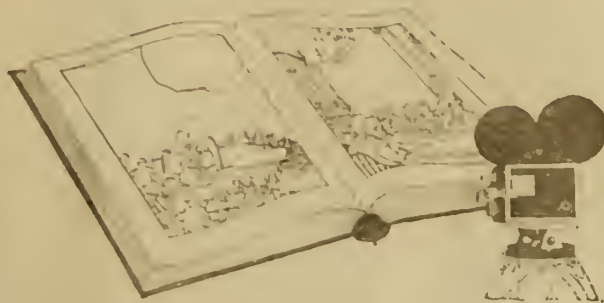
THE WORLD'S LEADING MOVING PICTURE MAGAZINE

PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XVI

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No. 5



The Great Historian

THE greatest historical document in human records will chronicle the influences, events and national reactions of the second and third decades of the Twentieth Century. It will be written in words and sun-printed in film.

It is reasonable to predict that the pictorial copy of this history will be the most vivid in perusal, the most profound and lasting in its effects. The formulation of this history is the great duty and grand privilege of The Motion Picture.

Do not be disturbed by murmurs that the Great War has been inadequately caught by the camera. Even if that were true—which it is not—the Great War was only the outward manifestation of the tremendous human upheaval which caused it: the boil which betrayed the world's bad blood. History has never been and cannot be written in the clamor of immediate events; nobody knows what has really happened until the smoke clears and the dust settles. The third decade of this crowded century has not begun, but in it results will manifest themselves, final settlements will come to the surface, prodigious changes in the lives of all peoples will appear.

The ruling minds of The Motion Picture should realize that the great task of record, explanation and harmonization confronts them now. It did not end with the signing of the Peace Treaty. It only began there, as Meissonier began to paint his stupendous battle-pictures long after Napoleon's last bugle-call had echoed to nothingness in the Belgian plain. The man who makes this picture will be a true historian in that he will largely assemble his materials, adding work already done to explanatory scenes of his own. It is not too early to think of beginning; it will be too early to finish before 1930. Properly executed, it will be the greatest, most enduring and most important Motion Picture ever made. This oncoming task deserves two things: practical and impartial government support, and the controlling attention of a pictorial master mind.

Gloria Swanson after the wreck, in the remnants of her \$3,000 gown, more than slightly damaged by water.

The Cruise Skidblad



I WAS excited! In fact, I had never been so excited in my life. I was aboard the good yacht Skidbladnir (a yacht should be in a museum with a name like that) headed for Santa Cruz Island out in the Pacific Ocean somewhere between Hollywood and Hongkong.

I had dreamed all night of missing the boat and of buffaloes, Indians and deep-sea monsters. But that had nothing to do with my present perturbed state. What I was really so excited over was the fact that I had quite forgotten to bring my very special brand of freckle cream, and didn't dare reveal to anyone the most secret of my beauty secrets by asking for any.

Of course I wanted to look my very best because it was the first time in my life that I'd ever been on a yacht with so many famous people—or so near to one of my screen heroes. Ever since I had first seen Tom Meighan in "Broadway Jones," he had been a favorite of mine. We would look so well together—I thought. His black curls and Irish blue eyes were exactly the setting for my golden locks and soft brown soul. And to be on a yacht with him. Oh joy! oh joy! I had seen so many love scenes enacted on yachts—in the movies.

Without the freckle cream, my heart sank. My fair delicate skin would soon—too soon—take on the aspect of a turkey egg—I mean so far as the spots are concerned—and that always accentuated the retroussé of my nose. Ah, wretched world! No bolshevik ever had a more hopeless outlook.

Just as we passed the lighthouse Gloria Swanson's dog fell overboard. Gloria, by the way, looked perfectly beautiful that morning attired in navy-blue and tan tricollette gown with a blue taffeta cape trimmed in tan angora wool. I had overheard Mr. DeMille warning her to avoid sunburning her "long Swedish nose" which the close fitting oak-leaf brown feather turban that she wore did not protect. I wished that I had a "long Swedish nose."

Gloria was immediately hysterical about the dog. She called on the skipper and Mr. DeMille and Mr. Lasky and everybody to come and help save the tiny Pomeranian. Everybody rushed to the side of the boat. They stopped the boat and then Mr. Meighan came to the rescue as the hero should. Climbing the rail and stretching out over the water as the yacht listed he caught the bedraggled silk bow around the dog's neck and lifted him on deck.

Filming the big panoramic scene of the wreck of the Skidbladnir. At this moment the boats are being lowered. DeMille is standing at the extreme right in the foreground, directing the action—and waiting to see what Neptune is about to do to his yacht.



of the nir

The shadow ship that carried the Admirable Crichton-ites, director DeMille and our reporter to Santa Cruz. The story of a great "location."

By
GENE
COPELAND



The boat turned over a few minutes after the picture below was taken. Above—Tom Meighan has not yet made his appearance from under the chaos of foam and splintering beams.



In the excitement over the dog, none of us had noticed that the sea had been growing very rough. Gloria's pet had absorbed the attention of the entire crew and the company. But as we clustered around the star the yacht gave a sudden lurch that made us all topple over one another. I saw Mr. Meighan put out his hand to steady one of the ladies, and courteously ask her if she didn't think she had better sit down. I longed more for the freckle cream at that moment than any other.

I came to sufficiently to realize that the dizzy sway of the ship was making me feel a little unsteady myself and so I found a place close to Mr. Lasky and Miss Swanson and tried to forget how anxious I was to talk to Mr. Meighan. Miss Swanson was feeling a little upset as a result of the experience with the dog, and Mr. Lasky was doing his best to cheer her.

I'll have to confess I wasn't feeling any too gay myself, and Lila Lee and several of the others looked as if they wished they were back on the Lasky lot. Even the captain admitted he thought we were in for some rough weather—(later on he said "it was the worst storm he had seen in ten years"). I caught the end of a sentence about "sea-legs" and asked him if we were going to have them for lunch, thinking they were doubtless some sea-food remedy against the strange dizzy feeling that was making me feel so wobbly and causing a general languor to possess the

members of the company quite indiscriminately. Mr. Roberts—Theodore, you know—who is of a sailing family, heard me and laughed outright.

The crew were rushing hurriedly up and down the deck tying ropes and getting bags, food and properties and cameras down into the cabin as the waves were now splashing high over the deck and drenching us all. The yacht was tossing furiously, though little Jeanie MacPherson insisted on sitting right on the prow as she said she wanted to get all the thrills she could. She called to Mr. DeMille to join her and as he passed me, in a cuddled heap, he asked me how I was enjoying it and if I was getting any thrills? At that moment a billow walloped me square in the face, washing the little remaining powder from my already speckling cheeks. I rather meekly murmured that I didn't see any reason for Balboa—it was he, wasn't it?—calling it a Pacific Ocean.

From below I heard the negro maids raising their voices a la a Virginia camp meeting in "Brother, Brother," mingled with a few more devout voices (louder, that is) praying that they might be forgiven for traveling on Sunday and that their tribulations be ended. I wondered how they could remember it was Sunday. I was sure they couldn't be as sick as I, for in my wilted condition I had almost forgotten about the freckle cream. As my misty gaze wandered about the deck, I saw Major Ian Hay Beith—you know he wrote those war books—holding Mildred Reardon's swimming head and patting her on the back in a fatherly sort of way as she poured her woes into the sea. Mildred

is Mr. DeMille's new blonde, you know, rescued from the Comedies. The blonde with the lustrous brown eyes for whom he sought to play with Gloria. This sight gave me an idea.

I rushed over to the rail like a Follies girl rushes to the footlights to do her opening song but a sudden lunge of our up-to-now faithful craft sprawled me face flat upon the deck. Then I don't know just what did happen. I made an attempt to rise

Theodore Roberts sacrificed a perfectly good perfecto for the sake of trying to save a crate of chickens, brought along by the commissary.



Below—the camp constructed to care for the troupe during their stay on the "desert island". In the foreground are Tom Meighan and Major Ian Hay Beith, the author.



but slipped down again as the boat listed maddeningly to one side. Things grew hazier than ever and I heard the skipper shouting:

"The engine's filled with water! Everybody stick! Get the women out of the cabins!"

Then quite unexpectedly I felt a strong masculine arm grasping my waist and heard a voice insisting upon helping me up.

"Ah, at last," I thought—"I'm ready to die for my hero's arms are about me." I rolled over to have one gratifying last look and—Shades of Neptune! Not Tom Meighan's, but Doty's eyes, were gazing into mine. Doty is Mr. DeMille's Japanese valet and cook. That was too much for me. My fondest dream

so near to realization and then— Well, then I didn't care whether the boat sank or not. Before my mental capitulation was complete, however, the old engine "kicked over" and the sea grew suddenly calm and we were steering into the harbor where we were to land. The close imminence to death had made us all like brothers and sisters—a sort of family feeling, you know, prevailed. Everyone told everyone else how much more violently the waves had broken over the particular portion of the deck they had occupied and the "if you had been where I was" cry filled the air for some minutes. All of which amounted to nothing more important than that all of us—save the negro maids who had been sick and prayerful in the cabins below—were drenched to the skin. Hair was not so beautifully coiffed as it had been when we embarked for the island. Even the immaculate Gloria's had gone somewhat awry. But no one seemed to worry about how he or she looked—for which I was duly thankful. There was nothing to do but to get ashore and that was speedily done. We women were sent in on the tugs first—which was very gallant of the men who had behaved very much like real battle heroes throughout our perilous cruise.

On the shore we were welcomed by the grips and props of the

(Continued on page 112)



Mildred Reardon, director DeMille's new brown-eyed blonde—as she appeared after the wreck. Sartorial note: Furs are being worn with overalls. However—a fig for fashion on a desert isle!



The gentleman with the flatiron in his hand is Cecil DeMille, and the trousers he is pressing are his own. Reason: water-logged from wreck-directing.

Priscilla Pins Her Hair Back

And the change in coiffure
made Miss Dean a star

By
ADELA ROGERS
ST. JOHNS

*"There was a little girl,
And she had a little curl,
Right in the middle of her forehead—"*

THAT, as Mr. Kipling would say, was in the very beginning.

Then one day the Little Girl discovered that there were at least seven million other little girls with curls right in the middle of their foreheads and all over the rest of their heads and she slicked her curl back, 'way, right straight back.

Whereupon she became famous and rich and Universally admired.

Priscilla Dean had promised to tell me all about this and to otherwise reveal to me the story of her young life. So I put on my shock absorbers and went out to her Hollywood flat to hear all about the evolution of the greatest living female crook on the screen.

Now other actresses have played female burglars, "dips," and swindlers of various kinds, merely as a side line. And these characterizations have been entertaining and we are grateful for them. But Miss Dean has added to picture history a feminine Jesse James as a regular institution with a few ideas of her own thrown in. Since the arrival of this wild cat young person, known variously as the "Silk-Lined Burglar," "The Wicked Darling," "The Exquisite Thief," and so forth, the movies have speeded up like the Atlantic Ocean since an airship flew across it without stopping.

But I had a vague recollection of a Priscilla Dean who was a nice, well behaved, commonplace ingenue leading lady without any apparent tendencies to claw or scratch or bite or cause any one to be afraid of her.

"What happened to you all of a sudden, anyway?" I demanded.

"Put my hair back," said Priscilla, briefly. "The way you do your hair in this world may have more to do with where you do it in the next than you suppose. There are some ways of hairdressing that insure virtue like the ten-foot wall around a convent. There are others that could be patented as grease for the broad way that leadeth to destruction. In my case, it was like this—"

It sounded like a good beginning. Besides, Priscilla had tucked her feet under her, which with a woman is a sure sign that she is going to sit right where she is and talk for quite a spell. So



*The Obscurity
Transformation*

because I was anxious to learn about the creation of this woman of the underworld who is neither vampire nor victim, I resigned myself to losing the sight of Priscilla's ankles. There are some women whose ankles are merely part of their anatomy, but Priscilla's are surely the greatest masterpiece the sculptor-fingers of Nature ever did.

"It was like this," she said, and as she talks there is a flash of white, pointed teeth that make you think of biting into ripe, red strawberries, "I'm a conscientious, hard working woman. But I do not love work for work's sake, nor do I wish to waste my sweetness on a desert air or blush unseen, you know. And I soon decided that being an ingenue with curls in the movies today is like passing your bar examinations. Eh? Oh, either kind. One's a useless talent and the other's an overcrowded profession.

"By temperament, instinct, and inclination, I am neither as sweet as sugar, nor as gentle as a lamb, nor as good as an angel. My father was Irish and



"You can read a woman by her hair. I consider boudoir caps positively indecent. Who can tell anything about a woman's character when she hides her sins or virtues under such things?"

my mother was French and they named me Priscilla at an early age in the hope that it would counteract some of the disposition I indicated in my cradle. Mentally, casting me for nice leading roles was about like trying to make a household pet of a jungle tiger that somebody had been educating on raw meat.

"But I looked at myself in the glass and I had to admit that I looked nice. Nobody would guess from my exterior that the unexpurgated inside edition was unfit for the hall table in a girl's seminary. I wanted to be a tangy, spicy salad with French dressing on life's menu, and I had all the appearance of a gelatin dessert. Why, almost any wife would have left her husband alone with me in the room. And that is probably the most insulting thing a mere woman can do to you.

"I didn't want to be a regulation vamp. It takes real, classic beauty to raise that above the level of slinging hash for a living. And my fairy god-

mother didn't leave any classic beauty lying around loose at my christening. Even my first sweetheart admitted that.

"Anyhow, one day I was thinking about this, as I was getting out of the bathtub. I took just a passing glance at my face. Funny, isn't it, how you can get tired of looking at everybody's face but your own? As I looked, I communed with myself thusly: 'Priscilla, you look different. You do not look as much like other people as usual. In fact, though different, you look quite devilish. What's up?'

"It wasn't that I was surprised at that, knowing what I do about the *inside* of my head, but I couldn't figure what had wrought the magic. Then I realized that it was my hair. I had slicked it straight back, and done it in a knot on top, so it wouldn't get wet. Now, don't think I hadn't ever done this before. I assure you that I had. But I never happened to notice it.



The Coiffure of Fame



Priscilla lives with her mother in Hollywood, but we can't say as to whether the Universal star influenced her parent's coiffure, though it does slightly emulate the junior Dean head-dress. Below—a scene from the "Exquisite Thief."

anyone I'd ever seen before. If you think for a moment you will realize that almost everyone looks like somebody. The habit of noticing at once that your brother's fiancée looks like Fatty Arbuckle or your new stenographer resembles Mary Pickford is born from the fact that we are all rather cast in one mould. I could not for the life of me find one thing about Priscilla Dean that reminded me in the slightest degree of anybody. You may or may not think her pretty, but you have about as much chance of overlooking her as the Germans of overlooking the Stars

"The way a woman's hair is fixed is not merely a physical condition. It is a moral har-binger. If Eve's hair had been neatly pinned in a little bun at the back of her neck with a net over it, we would probably still be living in the Garden of Eden. That's why I consider boudoir caps positively indecent. Who can tell anything about a woman's character when she has her sins or her virtues hidden under one of those things?"

"Well, mine has stayed slicked back ever since."

She grinned. Her very dark, startling bright eyes are set in the most peculiar way on either side of her sensitive, thin nose, and they have a trick of narrowing so that only a glint of light is visible that is very disconcerting. As I watched her, I suddenly came to the realization that she didn't look at all like



and Stripes. There's something back of it that forces your attention.

"When I comprehended the change, I decided I'd rather be the lone, lorn blossom on a prickly pear bush than the pinkest

(Continued on page 113)

If It Had Happened Today

By James Gabelle



SALOME, the famous cabaret artiste who recently got ahead of John Baptist while dancing before Herod at his country seat, has signed a contract with the Hotstuff Studio.



MADAME EVE, formerly residing in Eden, an exclusive suburb, who has been under indictment for the alleged theft of a Ben Davis apple, is soon to start work on a picture entitled "Forbidden Fruit," hoping to profit by the publicity.



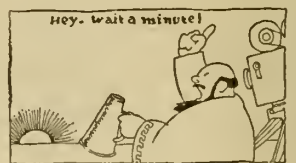
SAMPSON, a local strong man who lately killed an escaped circus lion with his bare hands, has added to his exploits by carrying off the gates of Gaza, a nearby summer resort. A news weekly camera caught the event.

ADMIRAL NOAH, the well known navigator, has been offered \$500,000 for the exclusive film rights on board the Ark.

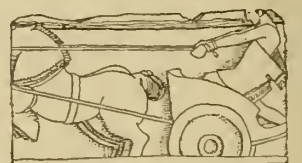
IT is rumored that Methusalem, another well known man about town, has been secured by the Fifty-Fifty Film Co. He will be featured as a juvenile.



RECENTLY evening interrupted the filming of a scene. Joshua the able director for the Pilgrimage Film Co., ordered the sun to stand still until the final clinch was finished. He has been awarded a gold medal by the Daylight Saving Society.



KING JEHU, a well known horseman has been engaged by the Wide-Angle Film Co., to ride against Ben Hur in a series of chariot races taken from scenes in the life of latter.



DR. JONAH, who has lately been occupying a hall-bedroom in the Whale apartments, has just finished directing an under-sea picture.



May Giraci— a Miniature

FOR all her sober eyes, one is positive that May Giraci was born under the sunniest skies in the world. But her charm is none the less Latin because of the fact that she first saw light under the next of sunniest skies—in Los Angeles' little edition of Italy. May is the more modern Latin whose parents came from the old country but who was born in America. It was four years ago that a picture sleuth saw the child playing in the front yard of her little home. He wanted such a child for a picture. That picture was "Little Marie," and May has been in pictures ever since.

With Triangle three years, she played with DeWolf Hopper in "Don Quixote." She has acted with George Beban, Farrar, and Dorothy Dalton. In Cecil DeMille's "For Better, for Worse" she made her real hit. The oval at the right shows her in a scene from this film.





Lieutenant Tom Forman on the steps of the movie theatre he erected at Vancouver Barracks, and his staff of assistants. This theatre was instrumental in offsetting the lowered morale of many of the men there. A matinee and two evening performances were given each day, at five cents the admission.

TOM FORMAN left the Lasky lot over two years ago to take up his stand against the Kaiser. He started in as a buck private in the coast artillery at Fort McArthur, California, and four months ago came back with a silver bar on each shoulder. He says that the war for him, was something of an aesthetic adventure that made him understand both life and men. In his tent when he was a corporal, were a millionaire's son, an Alaskan miner, a Cockney Jew who had never had a square meal in his life before he offered Uncle Sam his services, an American kid just out of high school who had pink cheeks and a nice smile and all that and who taught Tom little nothings about life that Mr. Forman had never before thought of, and a bank clerk and a chauffeur, who gave Mr. Lasky's hero a slant at the way chauffeurs really regard "them folks" that hire them.

And in return Tom told his crowd how the movies are made and about Mary Pickford and Dorothy Gish and Doug Fairbanks.

Back on the Lasky lot, under George Melford's direction in "Told in the Hills," in his make-up and with his erstwhile fellows, Mr. Forman—Tom, I mean—says again and again that there is nothing in the world that gives a clearer insight into human nature than the sight of men under hardship.

"But I don't consider that I saw any hardship," he said, "compared to that which the men in the trenches saw."

Forman is the same chap in real life that he was as the soldier-hero in Cecil B. DeMille's "For Better, For Worse," which was his first after return from service.

He had a somewhat unique career while he was in khaki. When he left the studio he was a buck private. This until January, 1918, when he departed from Fort MacArthur for Camp Kearney, Cal., for an officers' training corps. He



Forman's facial makeup for his role in "For Better, For Worse," created a great deal of talk. The scars look real, don't they?

Rich Men, Poor Men— and Actors

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HOLLYWOOD, - CALIFORNIA

Tom Forman went to war and studied them all, and now he says he has a better right to the last classification.

By
ARABELLA
BOONE

finished there, was sent to Camp Gordon, Ga., where he was first sergeant-instructor of infantry, later commissioned lieutenant, and at length attached there on replacing duty—getting troops ready for service overseas in eight weeks, working from daylight until dark—until early July, when he was assigned to the air service as instructor in infantry tactics and army paper work. After several months' "experience" in this line, the lieutenant was finally transferred to Vancouver Barracks, where he remained until the close of the war.

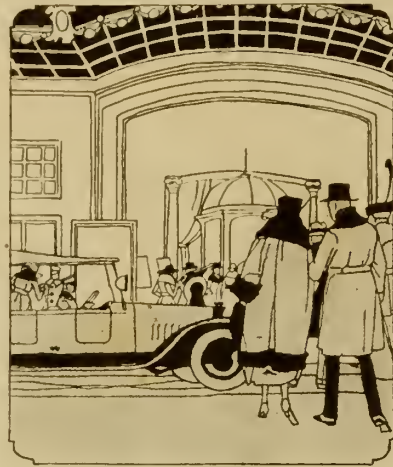
At the Barracks, the men were commencing to lose their morale, becoming homesick, as it were. The commanding officer, Colonel Charles E. Van Way, had a fund at his command, and called Forman into consultation with him regarding the erection of a motion-picture theater. The result was that the officer was given the power of architect, which later materialized into the position of general manager of the house.

Through some particular maneuver he showed first-run Paramounts, which were gotten at a reduced rate from a near-by exchange. A matinee and two evening performances were given each day, five cents admission. All the theatre attaches were soldiers, and each drew from one to two dollars a day pay.

"The affair was a paying proposition," Forman reminisced. "It only goes to show that pictures were one of the greatest influences in sustaining the morale of the soldiers. Without them, the men were homesick, blue. With them, everything went along smoothly. Pictures had a big share in winning the war."



"Many of the actors have seen and suffered, in the war," says Lieut. Forman. "This has given them a deeper insight into human nature. Thus, in that way, war has helped pictures."



The New Community Center

By JULIAN JOHNSON

THE motion picture has been noted as an expression of change, reflecting, perhaps more truly than any other medium, the life, aspirations and sentiments of the day. With the end of the war, and the advent of general reconstruction, the motion picture, its makers and its presentors face more changes, perhaps, than ever before in their history.

One such change seems bound to come to the motion picture house itself. If you stop to consider it, you will realize that this is the most sudden and complete institution of history. The book has been growing in favor for untold centuries. The religious temple, in one form or another, has been known an equally long time. The theatre is an old institution, but, outside large centres of population, it has never made general headway, and the theatre—that is to say, the playhouse of spoken drama—is comparatively rare when its numbers and facilities are compared to the total population.

But the motion picture house has, in a half dozen years, come by scores and hundreds to the cities, and there is no community small enough not to have one, or perhaps more, if it wills.

The man who thinks along sociological lines will tell you that so general and important a thing must, as it grows in influence, expand its service. This is a rational law of progress—nothing else.

The motion picture theatre has come to take the place, in a nation of considerably more than 100,000,000 persons, that the old "meeting-house" held in a nation of less than 10,000,000. It is the one regular spot where the neighbors, or the town's various elements, get together. The "meetinghouse" of other days served for many things beside divine service. Every time

there was community action of any sort, such action was taken within its portals. Within it were born America's aspirations for liberty, her beginnings of literature and forensic sway, her settlements of grave general issues. The modern church has been perhaps too much specialized, too much revered, to take the place of the old "meeting house" as the community center. The theatre never will be the community center.

It is within the power of wide-awake exhibitors to make America's motion picture theatres America's indisputable community centers in the next decade. This rests largely with the exhibitors, let us reiterate. The exhibitor can make himself the factotum of his town—or he can remain a picture-grinder; just as he wills. The people have acquired a community habit of coming to his place. There is no reason why he should not hold art exhibits, baby shows and meetings for general civic and material betterment. This does not apply to the man content to get a hallway fifteen feet wide and ninety-eight feet long to run a "store show" in. It does apply to the enterprising constructor who makes his picture place commodious, artistic, inviting.


Making the picture theatres the community centers of course presupposes some changes in present exhibiting arrangements, but even at that there is many a lobby which could stage an art exhibit or a home food show without the slightest interference with routine patronage.

This is a big, important and interesting question. America needs, must have and will have a new type of community center before long. Will the enterprising exhibitors add this to the triumph of the photoplay—or will they pass up a great opportunity?

John Petticoats

What followed when a rugged lumberman of the Great Northwest inherited a fashionable modiste shop in New Orleans.

By
PAUL
HUBERT
CONLON



The main emotion of "Hardwood" John Haynes upon reading of his strange inheritance was one of alarm.

NORTHWEST America is the breeding place of Might — mighty hills, mighty trees and mighty men.

"Hardwood" John Haynes inherited much of the cheerful recklessness of the turbulent mountain streams. But, his good-natured optimism and his equally good-natured faculty of having his own way made him the popular boss of the best crew of lumberjacks on the holdings of the Seattle Lumber Company.

"Boys, it's quittin' time, and I aim to be the first man back to camp," announced "Hardwood" John to the men who were hard at work felling trees or hauling them into the chutes. "Hardwood" John still had a good deal of boy left in him. Which was probably the reason he dropped astride a log and hurtled recklessly down the chute, from which he plunged into the stream below, swimming to shore and victory with long, easy strokes.

The weekly social event of the bearded hills was the Saturday night ball. There were no women at these dances. But the gay lumberjacks were not to be denied a good time. With much hand-clapping and shuffling of feet they frolicked through the old-fashioned square dance, bowing to each other with exaggerated courtesy. It might be said that "Hardwood" John was the "belle" of the ball. Not only did he lead the activities of the dancers but he shouted instructions to the orchestra—Red Johnson's celebrated fish-keg orchestra.

What these musicians lacked in technique they made up in enthusiasm. Two men pounded loudly on upturned fish-kegs,

one played a jew's-harp, another a mouth-organ, while the fifth performed on a comb. Truly it was an orchestra by courtesy only.

Amid much uproar and cheering, "Hardwood" John consented to cap the fun of the night by showing up the Imperial Russian Ballet with his dancing specialty—an old-fashioned shakedown.

"Hardwood" John made a grand finale by drawing aside a blanket curtain on which was prominently displayed a sign reading "For Men Only." There was a keg of red-eye. In confusion the dance ended while the lumberjacks rushed forward to absorb their "poison."

Mail was uncertain of regular delivery at this out-of-the-way lumber camp, so it was not surprising when the mail man dropped in at the dance with a letter for "Hardwood" John Haynes. The gentleman in question handled the missive gingerly as though he feared it would explode. But perhaps it is best to let the letter explain itself:

"I own a petticoat shop and your granddad says it's all right with him if it is with you."



Holt & Holt, Lawyers,
1512 First National Bank Bldg.,
New Orleans, La.

Sept. 18, 1914.

Mr. John Haynes,
C/o Seattle Lumber Company,
Seattle, Wash.

Sir:

We hereby inform you that under the terms of the will of your grand uncle, Franklin Haynes, recently deceased, you have come into possession of his modiste shop, No. 210 Canal Street, this city.

Might we suggest that you come on to New Orleans at once so as to acquaint yourself more fully as to conditions.

Respectfully,

FREDERICK S. HOLT.

The main emotion of "Hardwood" John Haynes upon reading this startling information was largely one of alarm. He called for assistance. "A grand uncle!" said "Hardwood" John, wonderingly. "They must have thought a heap of him to speak so flatterin' about him." The lumbermen agreed that the deceased must have been considerable of a citizen. However, it remained for Red Johnson, erstwhile leader of the celebrated fish-keg orchestra, to propound the stickler.

"Bein' curious since birth, I'd ask: what's a m-o-d-i-s-t-e-shop?"

This question stumped the crowd. Feeling called upon to explain in some way, "Hardwood" John announced:

"It's a mistake in the spellin'—the fellow who wrote this meant a modest shop, but he couldn't spell *modest*."

This explanation satisfied everybody but the comical Red who gravely asserted that all lawyers could spell. "Hardwood" John allowed that "maybe he was gettin' extra fancy and throwin' in a little French." Of course, everybody knew there are a lot of "Frenchies" in New Orleans, so they admired "Hardwood" John's keenness. The recipient of the letter was encouraged; he ventured:

"That stylish spellin' probably means a carpenter shop or a place where they sell suspenders."

Meantime, Red Johnson had a gorgeous thought.

"Mebbe it's a saloon," he exclaimed excitedly.

"Let's go!" whooped the lumberjacks with enthusiasm, but Hardwood John quelled the excitement by promising that if by rare good luck it happened to be a saloon, he would bring it back.

Once away from the noisy crowd, Hardwood John granted himself sober reflection. A wistful longing for a family—for "folks of his own"—had long been his deepest secret. And he voiced his wistfulness to his friends:

"I sure wish my *grand* uncle hadn't waited until he was dead before he got acquainted with me."

"HARDWOOD" JOHN HAYNES stood in the center of Canal Street, the most bewildered man in all New Orleans. His old-fashioned turkey suit-case made him the cynosure of all eyes. When he had located the office building corresponding with the information in the letter he regained his confidence. He approached the uniformed starter of the elevator, he inquired where he would find the object of his search.

"Fifteenth floor!" was the brisk answer. "Hardwood" John would have started to look for a stairway, but the starter hustled the surprised man into the elevator. Needless to state that this was "Hardwood" John's first experience with an elevator. He was suspicious, but not until the elevator shot suddenly up into space did he give vent to a wild, loud yell of terror. He gripped the grill work of the car frenziedly, his hat fell off and his hair stood straight up.

Yes, this was the same man who rode a log down the chute.

When the car stopped as suddenly at the tenth floor the terrified "Hardwood" John made a wild dash to escape.

"A joke's a joke," he told the amazed operator, "but there's nothin' funny about cold-blooded murder."

He had five floors to go and his fighting blood was aroused. And so "Hardwood" John Haynes decided to find No. 215 Canal Street himself. He forgot the lawyers. He descended the long flights of stairs belligerently with a "come one, come all" attitude.

IT was extremely fitting that in the old French quarter of New Orleans stood the ancient home of "Judge" Clay Emerson Meredith. The "Judge" was a fine old-school Southerner. He was tall and slender and carried himself with military precision. His hair was white. He retained an old-fashioned quaintness in his dress.

A grave crisis had arisen in the peaceful life of the "Judge." He was facing a bitter show-down after months of "crafty deception"—the same concerning keeping bad news from his beloved granddaughter, Caroline, now a senior at a girls' school in Tennessee.

"I didn't think she'd ever have to know, but I reckon I was too hopeful," confided the Judge to Rameses, a white-headed old negro who had served the Meredith household faithfully for fifty years. Rameses' important air had vanished in the face of this tragedy that had befallen his master.

Sorrowfully the old Judge had read and re-read this part of Caroline's letter:

"—and so you'd better send my graduating dress right away, because if it shouldn't get here on time, I'd just die. I've written down the size and everything on another piece of paper, and don't forget it must be white and fluffy."

Judge Clay Emerson Meredith's guilty secret was a vanished bank account, due to an unlucky investment in an Arizona gold mine.

"You done pawned mos' ev'rything now, 'cept yo' watch," announced Rameses dolefully when his master assured him that he would have to get the dress somehow. With the courage of despair the old Judge started out again. In due time he came to the Conti-

mental Modiste Shop. Unknowingly he came upon a great tragedy.

Determined to locate the "place where they sell suspenders or something," "Hardwood" John Haynes had searched Canal Street—not in vain. In fact, about the time "Judge" Clay Emerson Meredith arrived in front of the Continental Modiste Shop to stare hopelessly, despairingly, into its alluring windows filled with feminine finery, "Hardwood" John Haynes was the most surprised and angry man in New Orleans.

John Petticoats

NARRATED by permission from the Arcraft production of that name, written by C. Gardner Sullivan, directed by Lambert Hillyer, and produced with the following cast:

- "Hardwood" John Haynes..... William S. Hart
- "Judge" Clay Emerson Meredith.....Walt Whitman
- Wayne Page.....George Webb
- Caroline Meredith.....Winifred Westover
- Rosalie Andre.....Ethel Shannon
- Rameses.....Andrew Arbuckle

"Hardwood" John also stood in front of the Continental Modiste Shop. Only he was a picture of ludicrous bewilderment. He gripped his old suit-case with painful strength. He was also helpless—stunned by the terrible discovery that this was his shop. He had inherited a "petticoat shop."

Pretty soon "Hardwood" John discovered the pathetic figure of the old Judge

who appeared in the need of sympathy. It was plain to "Hardwood" John that any man who had to look in a petticoat shop ought to feel sad about it. Feeling that he had discovered a companion in misfortune he approached the Judge.

"You ain't part owner of this store, are you?" he asked with quaint seriousness.

At first, the old Judge was indignant, astonished. His dignity was ruffled. But "Hardwood" John's wistful, boyish apology proved infectious. A mutual liking, based on mutual admiration, was born.

"I'm looking for a dress for my granddaughter, but these in the window are mighty expensive," explained the old man.

In awed admiration "Hardwood" John queried:

"Are you goin' in?"

Right here "Hardwood" John conceived a desperate and crafty idea. He had become a hardened citizen himself. Overcoming his extreme nervousness with obvious carelessness he asked the old Judge:

"Got any objections to my goin' in with you?"

Once inside, however, admiration and embarrassment overwhelmed the lumberman. Lady customers were trying on clothes. Too late "Hardwood" John tried to escape. A pretty French salesgirl solicited their wants.

Rosalie Andre was an efficient young person. The cheapest dress she had in what the Judge wanted was ninety dollars. The price sounded the death-knell of the old man's hopes. Realization suddenly came to the sympathetic "Hardwood" John that his friend's pocketbook was not enjoying the best of health. His first impulse was to offer a loan, but the pride

"You and me is goin' to see Wayne Page," said John Haynes. But even in her pitiful plight Rosalie tried to defend her lover.



shining in the old man's eyes stopped him from making an offer.

When outside "Hardwood" John invited him to have a drink, the old Judge vaguely agreed. The drink over, the proud old fellow awoke to the cold fact that he was unable to reciprocate in hospitality. Excusing himself for a moment the Judge attempted to hurry out of the bar to a nearby pawn shop. But, here the dominant nature of the younger man asserted itself and the pair retired to a booth in the place. The gameness of the old man in attempting to pawn his watch to buy a drink in return had made a big hit with the lumberman. In short, he was "Hardwood" John's idea of a first-rate, a-number-one, adopted father.

"I'm lookin' for a place to board," said "Hardwood" John. "I know you're broke. It's nothin' to be ashamed of, but it's sure aggravatin'. Take me in and make me pay you a couple of months in advance. That's nothin' but plain, hard business."

Despite his in-born pride the old man listened with pathetic

In the modiste shop lady customers were trying on clothes. Too late John tried to escape. A pretty French salesgirl solicited his wants.



eagerness. Pride struggled against love. Taking advantage of the old man's evident hesitation "Hardwood" John hastily said: "I'll pay you \$25 a week and here's eight weeks in advance. Give me a receipt." This crafty maneuver won the "Judge" over, and he obeyed mechanically.

"Hardwood" John wisely decided not to let the old man suspect that he was the real owner of the shop in which was the very dress—too much like charity. In possession of the bills the proud old man relieved his conscience by paying for the drinks, but he was forced to admit that there couldn't be dinner at the Meredith home that night for the simple reason that the food supply hadn't been regular of late.

"As friend to friend," said "Hardwood" John enthusiastically. "I'm askin' you to take dinner with me tonight in a regular slam bang restaurant." Judge Meredith's eyes moistened a bit as he laid his hand upon his companion's arm in acquiescence.

After four wonderful days with his adopted "paw" "Hardwood" John was driven into his own store by lack of funds. He took the stairway this time. Walking into the manager's office, "Hardwood" John announced to an astounded manager:

"I'm the owner of this store and I'd like to draw a little of my salary in advance."

The manager stared incredulously but "Hardwood" John produced the proof. In a few hours business was settled. Accidentally, Miss Rosalie Andre happened in on an errand. The manager introduced her to the new boss. They were both surprised and amused when "Hardwood" John pleaded with them not to make it known. When they saw he was in earnest they agreed for they liked the big, awkward man.

"I won't give you away," promised Rosalie, "but what's the matter? Are you shamed of it?"

"Yes'm!" declared "Hardwood" John. "I never figured to be a John Petticoats."

Came the time when Caroline Meredith arrived from a triumphant school career and graduation. Belying her imperious, dark young beauty Caroline greeted her grandfather with such rapturous affection that "Hardwood" John, who watched the scene in the Meredith gardens, forgot his bashfulness. Beyond the peradventure of a doubt, she was a pippin.

"Caroline, this is Mr. Haynes," said the happy old Judge. "He is going to be with us for some time."

He was not exactly her idea of all

that could be desired. And, in his awkward efforts to do something appropriate he made himself feel like a hired man caught in the farmhouse parlor.

Caroline was inclined to be haughty. She inquired of her grandfather where he found him and how long he was going to stay. "Seven weeks and three days, at least," promised the Judge, which remark mystified Caroline even more. When the Judge realized that the embarrassed "Hardwood" John was about to depart, he tried craft and cunning. Blandly he told "Hardwood" John that Caroline had taken quite a fancy to him—wanted him to feel perfectly at home.

Caroline had scarcely settled herself at home when a young gentleman who had had the "good fortune to meet Miss Meredith on a fishing trip near her school" dropped in to visit. A hardworking father in New York always kept Wayne Page plentifully supplied with money so that he wouldn't find it necessary to come home. "Hardwood" John was hereby eliminated from any attention while Caroline went riding with the nice young man in his roadster.

"He's sure got a fancy way of handlin' himself," confided "Hardwood" John to the Judge.

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WHETHER as a setting for the Sennett sun-maidens, a replica of the rock-ribbed coast of Maine, or an idyllic rendezvous for screen lovers, the great Pacific is the best "prop" the film people have. In all its moods it is adaptable but perhaps most exquisite as background for the final fadeout as the sun dips beneath the twilight rim. Photographer Stagg's camera seems to have preserved the audibility of the mighty shoreline.

"A Sweet Gal"



Kay Laurell in her "Follies" costume. Incidentally, the French government ordered twenty thousand copies of this picture for posters.

Manhattan can doubtless improve on the pronunciation, but not on the sentiment of Westchester County's synonym for Kay Laurell.

By DELIGHT EVANS

plexion is one of Kay's chief charms. Mrs. Leslie—the family name is that, you know—looks like an old faded miniature from—say—colonial days. Her mother is the most untheatrical person in the world; and I hear that it was only when Kay began to appear in pictures that she really lent her whole-souled support to her daughter's dramatic leanings.

Kay sent for her mother to come on and keep house for her this summer. And sister Mary, too—and two-year-old niece Mary Eleanor and eight-year old nephew Charles. I hope the children do not remain into the autumn; she has hopelessly spoiled them as it is.

At the time of which I write—midsummer—Kay Laurell-Leslie was concerned not so much with future film plans as with Charles and a new, intractable bicycle she had bought him. Charles—a gentle shy little fellow—couldn't ride; he couldn't make his feet behave. Kay took him up and down, up and down in front of the Italian palace she calls home, in the hot sun, sprinkling her immaculate nose with unborn freckles at every step, her sunny hair falling about her face, her Bendel frock streaked with dirt where she had followed Charles in his innumerable falls—well, acting all in all as a regular aunt that any fellow would be glad to acknowledge. Why, Charles even lets her kiss him!

It has been a rainy day; but Kay had a new car and she



I WAS walking down a village street with Kay Laurell.

She turned into a grocery store, nodding to a clerk as she passed. I waited for her.

"Nice weather, ain't it?" said the clerk. He gazed after Miss Laurell and spat speculatively. "Sweet gal."

That's all I have to say about Kay Laurell. Florenz Ziegfeld, when he engaged her for his Follies, said to the world that she was the perfect type of feminine beauty. The native of Mamaroneck, New York, may be no such connoisseur as the manager of the National Institution, but he may, as we have hinted, know what he likes. Kay is universal because she is simple.

You can imagine her in a crowded world-capital like Paris or Petrograd—ante-bellum period. She was the better one-half of a sister-act which toured the variety theatres of continental capitals. Of course she is at home in New York. But she is not out of place in Mamaroneck—the Mamaroneck where people live all the year round as well as the Mamaroneck of country places. The lovely blonde knows that there is a world outside Manhattan.

Kay is from near Pittsburgh; she was born on a little farm in western Pennsylvania. She has a mother—a real mother, whose hair is now snowy white and whose skin is as soft and white as Kay's—and that milky com-



Her career is the career of a great beauty. And she happens to have a head that is as level as it is well-poised.

Photo by T. M. M. M.

wanted to try it out. She did a dougfairbanks over the front seat and took the chauffeur's place at the wheel. "Is your life insured?" she called back over her shoulder, "if not, Woodlawn is a nice cemetery."

Home: "Shore Acres"—up a winding drive into the grounds that encircled the white house. An Italian palace with pergolas and statues and flowers and shady swings—and many fascinating balconies. And straight up to the door where Mrs. Leslie was waiting. And Charles; and lisping Mary Eleanor.

The ex-queen of the Follies rushed into her mother's arms, smothered Charles in an embrace and imprinted a kiss which he promptly wiped off; gathered up Mary Eleanor and proceeded into the house. A long cold room in white opens off the sun parlor—white stone benches and huge white flower-pots glowing with live color. A step into the library—a room that's been lived in—where Kay's sister Mary was sewing on an intricate piece of embroidery.

Broken bits of records lay about the floor. "Now, see, Kay," said Mrs. Moore reproachfully, "you let Mary Eleanor do as she pleased with the records yesterday and to-day she breaks them to pieces. I'll have to spank her."

"No," said the New Aunt firmly, "I won't let you. The way

to make children behave is not to spank them but to show them the right way.'

"That's not the right way"—Mrs. Moore began—but she surveyed the debris more tolerantly and even smiled at the two gold heads—Kay's and Mary Eleanor's—close together.

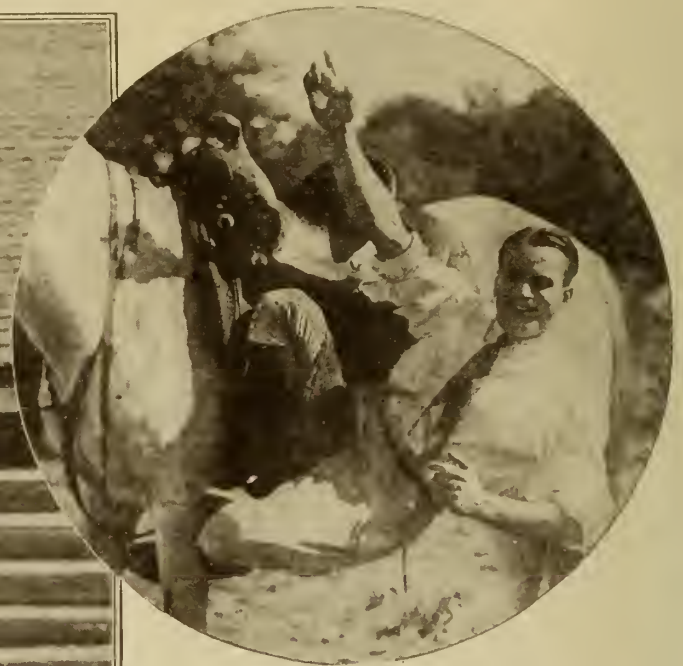
We went up to Kay's room—up a winding stone stair that made me think of the medieval fairy-tales. Her room is low and cool and simply hung—and it has three balconies!

A dressing-table bears a precious weight of monogrammed silver and crystal perfume containers from France and framed photographs—Ann Pennington's, chiefly, and Anna Nilsson's—Kay's best friends.

In this Leslie menage there are Toto, a very black educated maid from Madagascar with whom Kay chatters in French; the housekeeper—and dogs. I forget how many dogs. I remember Lasky, a beautiful decorative Russian wolf-hound, and Erin, an Airedale. Kay liked Russia.

The nicest thing about her, I think, is her keen interest in everything. She has a lovely time at dinner with the folks, teaching Charles to say "please" and "thank you." She likes very large raspberries with sugar and lots of cream. If the little girl from the adjoining estate comes over to play with

(Continued on page 105)



Try This Over on Your Horse

HORSES are not, as might be supposed at first glance, for the purpose of riding—but for trying new stunts on. Such as standing on one's head in the saddle, or doing a delarte under and over the saddle. These movements, Douglas Fairbanks assures us, are quite simple—oh, quite. The only thing about it is, that if you landed on your head it might spoil the picture. Understand: Doug CAN ride—he's ridden a horse ever since he was *that* high; they never bought a hobby-horse for him; he wouldn't have one. But now that stunt riding is one of his film specialties, he does this sort of thing for diversion.

C L O S E - U P S

EDITORIAL EXPRESSION AND TIMELY COMMENT

The New Star. It is much harder to do away with the star system than with the thing itself. As dominant factors of the motion picture business, we may say that the star actor and actress have ended their reigns. They exist, just as they always will exist, but they are not, any more, the mainspring of the industry.

Meanwhile, as they approach the Western horizon, a new star of first magnitude arises in the East.

The author.

Some producers are making the mistake about writers that all producers once made regarding nationally popular players. They are looking to the writers to solve every problem, answer every objection, smooth out every difficulty, and pilot the harassed motion picture, without more ado, straight into the haven of the artistic blessed.

This is as unfair to the writers as it is to the craft of photoplay-making, but it is to be expected. Pendulums have a habit, when released high upon the right, of swinging far over to the left. And the pendulum may be the iron tail of a clock, the "common" people of a great nation, or the technique of an art. Letting go an extreme is always revolutionary; Bolshevism is found in other places than the corrupting carcass of autocracy.

The three necessary human ingredients of photodramatic art are the man who writes the play, the man who directs it, and the man (or woman) who acts it. For months comparatively little has been said about the last two; and a great deal about the first. All of which was to be expected; all of which was perfectly proper. The original notion of the film business was the scheme of an ignoramus—to make a fine picture take a driving director, a few actors, and any contraption whatever in the way of words. This process has been thoroughly discredited, and every manufacturer whose business exists today has either recognized voluntarily, or has been forced to recognize, the truth of Mr. Shakespear's remark: "The Play's the Thing."

There is, however, a radical wing in the author's party which would spill the fruits of victory almost as soon as they have been plucked. These radicals presume the truth of a great many things which are not true at all. Their mis-creed has the following principal points: heretofore, the picture business has been an amalgamation of low-brows making trash exclusively; the chief intent of a director is to be a Czar; the purpose of a scenario-writer is to discard the original book or play and write a script of his own; nobody in pictures knows anything; the players are a collection of nerry, unlettered persons without talent; the manufacturer is, in the very nature of things, the born foe of art and the born betrayer of artists; the author—that is to say, this particular brand of author—is the predestined

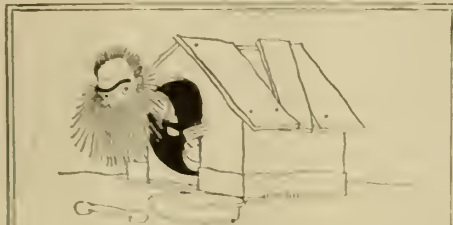
Moses who will lead the poor stumbling motion picture out of a tall grass wilderness and place it, not at the banquet of arts, but where it belongs: outside, in clean, cheap clothes to respectfully 'tend art's front door.

As a matter of fact, the only difference between the human beings in the picture business and the human beings in the literary business is that some are more human, some less human, some a reflection of great opportunities, some a dim shadow of very small opportunities.

If the radical wing of the author's party—just as ignorant of the intricacies of picture-making as the old-time, up-start picture-maker was ignorant of the niceties of literary construction—seeks to control by the rule or

ruin method, rejecting any and everything not formulated in its own inner consciousness, we shall have all the evils of the old star system back in a new form.

More or less, the rule of the theatre must apply to the making of motion pictures. When a dramatist who has devoted his life to a study of stagecraft brings a fine play to rehearsal, he has a right to insist that his fabric go to the public pretty much unaltered. But when a man brings a mere idea to the theatre he is generally content to have it worked upon, and worked over, by stage directors who can show him the



Probably Mr. Barker

THE Rolin film company recently let loose a hurry call for half a hundred extra men. Among the indiscriminate proletariat who answered the summons was one individual who has evidently never known the caress of a razor. Possibly his father made him the subject of an election bet when Bryan won place in his first race. At any rate, determined and belligerent bristles projected from every part of his countenance. Scarcely his eyes were visible.

"I wonder," murmured Harry Polard, "if he's a Boer or a Russian?"
"Neither," answered Harold Lloyd. "He's an Airedale."

places in which he scores bulls-eyes, and the places where he misses the target altogether. Co-operation makes stage success, and always has made it. Co-operation must make motion picture success. No one person, no single set of persons, knows everything.

The author who is too busy, or is too disinclined to study picture craftsmanship himself, and at first hand, has no longer any right to kick about the things they do in the sun-shops when they tackle his stories or plays. When men like Rupert Hughes and Rex Beach—probably as busy and as contractually engaged as any typewriter genii in the world—find time to go to the studios and patiently work out their own picture problems it seems that the disdainful word-painters on the side lines should also get in—or shut up.

?

Seventy-five Per Cent Inefficient Lest the foregoing be construed as a defense of good-story butchery in the common or garden variety of scenario department, let us say, quite frankly, that as a maker of artful and clever picture drama the general craft of the scenario is at least seventy-five per cent inefficient. Certainly not more than one scenario writer in four knows his business. He knows the conventional tricks—yes; he can drag a story along from point to point, from beginning to conclusion, fairly successfully. But can he, does he, get a similitude of life, a replica of dialogue, a genuine suspense, more than an occasional touch of originality? He does not.

His gravest error in the adaptation of stories is a general and entire ignoring of character development. He sees to it that the people—somehow—perform the actual acts of the book or play, but *why* do they do these things? Alas! The *why* seldom concerns him. Those subtleties by which fictional characters leave stage or page and become our objects of sub-conscious friendship, love, admiration or fear seldom concern the maker of script mosaics. He jumps from situation to situation; from action to action, and the most trite and insincere conventionalities replace the human motives that were the real stuff of the original.

But don't, I pray you, put a' all the blame on the scenario writer for this. Goodness knows he has had little enough incentive to real work. He has been paid like a hack, he has had to hurry like a fire-horse, he has been the worm beneath the director's feet, the producer—like-wise the author—have bestowed on him innumerable curses, and not one kindly, constructive thought.

?

The 'Busman's Holiday Recently a motion picture corporation entertained a half-dozen of its star salesmen from the West, at a ten-day party in New York. They dined them, they didn't wine them, and

they sent them everywhere that visitors go. And they were sent in style. Finally the host, feeling that a man continually entertained eventually considers himself a Cook's tourist, turned them loose for an evening—after telling them that the price of the best seats in any of Broadway's sixty great show-shops would be honored in their expense accounts.

Their faces, next morning, still bore the reflection of an evening of unutterable happiness.

"Well, boys," said the home-office captain of the good time, "whaddye see? 'The Follies?' 'Lightnin'?' 'Century Grove?' 'The Nine-o'clock Frolic?'"

"Not on your life!" returned the spokesman. "We took in four picture shows!"

?

Write a Play About Chicago! One of the old stage traditions that survived to fasten itself octopiously upon the movies is that the only American city in which audiences can possibly be interested is New York.

As a matter of fact, New York is less an American city than almost any other you might name. New York is a cosmopolitan city; it reflects the whole world, for in it the whole world meets. Add to this the fact that most of the original stories about New York are written by people who know nothing about New York whatever, and the chapter of mis-spent effort is complete. Is there a story of finance (written usually by one who is still paying instalments on his Ford)? It must be laid in "Wall Street." We have never seen a mention of Pine, Broad, Nassau or lower Broadway in a "financial" screen story—yet they, too, are thoroughfares upon which thrones crash and romances of millions occur daily. Are there "slums"? They must be slums such as are absolutely non-existent in New York. Are there cabarets? They are small-town restaurant entertainments with small resemblance to any metropolitan eating amusement whatever. Is there "society"? Heaven may know what it is, for whatever it is, and wherever it comes from, it isn't New York.

Why doesn't somebody write a story about great, gray, powerful, unkempt but thrilling Chicago? There's your greatest American city, for it is an American city, and all-American, from its monstrous stock-yards, its cavernous grain elevators, its smoky railroads, its noisy "loop," to its miles of North and South side homes, its opulent Sheridan Road, its elegant retreats in Kenilworth, its classic Evanston. Chicago is the heart, the market-place, the intellectual reflection of America as a whole, while New York has become a forum of the world.

Let's have a real story, by some one who knows it and loves it and understands it, of real American life in the vast city by Lake Michigan. Better one such than all the phoney conventionalities about an imaginary New York that have ever been filmed!



The Squirrel Cage

By
A. Gnuitt

Motto:
Squirrels may come and squirrels may go,
But A. Gnuitt's A. Gnuitt for all that.

IT is always about this time of the year that beach censors are shocked because of the brevity of the girl's bathing suits. Some people don't know the difference between a shock and a thrill.

WHO will fix the price of money? It now takes twelve eggs to buy eighty-seven cents.—*Life*. It takes an electrician an hour to earn 87 cents and a hen 12 days. Therefore, an electrician's labor is worth 288 times as much as a hen's. We're glad we got that out of our system.

SINCE July 1 we have not been greatly interested in corn but for those who are we wish to state that its cultivation was attributed to Ceres by the Egyptians, drilled by them 2439 B. C.

LORD CURZON says that a statesman is a politician who has succeeded and a politician is a man who has tried to be a statesman and failed.

WE TRY to be polite at all times but we know our limitations. For instance, "Former President Taft is the politest man I know," said a senator. "I have known him to rise in a street car and offer his seat to three ladies."

W. F. BEATTY, president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, says that a man is worth \$2.50 a day from his shoulders down, but from his shoulders up there should be no limit to his earning capacity.

TWO French scientists recently exhibited sets of undergarments made entirely, bottoms and all, out of saw wood. They treated the dried, flattened cards with acetone to get their raw materials. If you get hairy while in France, eat your under-shirt in an emergency.

FOR eighty-six years the time-ball at Greenwich observatory dropped every-day at one o'clock. It was made of wood and leather and was recently put out of action to be replaced by one of aluminum.

AT the time this is written the Prince of Wales is planning to visit this country. So we ask now: Why is the Prince of Wales like a fifteen shilling? Because he only needs a crown to be a sovereign. As a joke that is good enough for our English clinion.

IT is said that the better a man becomes at an activity the worse he becomes as a sailor. Strive—an aviator should be above becoming seasick.

LONDON eats 1,000,000 loaves of bread a day.

WHEN five and ten pound notes are turned into the Bank of England they are never issued again. They are retired for 305 weeks and then burned. The burning takes place every Friday afternoon.

THE Prince of Wales is said to be a great fisher.

A 1910, the Iowa Supreme Court has decreed that a man cannot be a father in his court as long as he has a wife and two children.

THE Department of Agriculture reports that this is a poor year for grasshoppers. And if the reformers put a ban on tobacco, next year'll probably see an end of the little fellow.

WE ARISE at this point and take off our hat to Miss Mary Cunningham of Elgin, Ill. She has worked fifty-one years continuously for a watch firm there. She is 66 years old and started with the concern on June 25, 1868. Does any reader of THE SQUIRREL CAGE know of another person with as long a record?

THE King and Queen of England have their own motion picture entertainment—conducted in a private little theatre right in Buckingham Palace.

DON'T throw away your pearls. A string of fifty-two which sold for \$577.50 in 1863 recently brought \$7,500 in London. At that rate they will be worth \$97,500 in 1975.

BEING interested in nut-crackers we journeyed over to Toledo and saw the Dempsey-Willard contest. We made our usual waiver of one English walnut on Dempsey. We consider him the world's greatest nut-cracker. He cracked Jess sixty-two times in three rounds, mostly on the coco.

ROSA LIND asks whether the initial "A." in A. Gnuitt stands for almond or acorn. Neither, Rosa. It stands for "absolutus," a Latin word from which we derive the following meaning: "loosed from any limitation or condition; uncontrolled; unrestricted; unconditional."

IN Kansas City an enterprising exhibitor has built a "baby carriage garage." Thus, a parent can attend a performance, feeling that her perambulator will not be stolen from the sidewalk or lobby—the usual parking place.

OUR dare has been accepted by "Kernel" Joseph Murray of Germantown, Pa. He sends in a limerick using the name of Sir Jamsjee Jeejeebhoy in the first line, as follows:

*Sir Jamsjee Jeejeebhoy, knighted
For good deeds and wrongs he
righted,
Might once have been king,
Except for one thing:
His name—there was no one could
write it.*

WILLIAM Ballantyne—write down his name, down, O historians!—is the first "stowaway" of the seas of the air. He and a cat hid among the rigging of the R-34 and thus came to America. Now is the time for some modern Stevenson to concoct immortal romances of sky-high pirate islands. Come on—Edgar Rice Burroughs.

AFTER several unsuccessful attempts to draw her husband into conversation in a restaurant, the wife discovered that the cause of his abstraction was a beautiful girl dressed in black and seated at a nearby table.

"An attractive widow," observed the wife coolly.

"Yes, indeed, a very attractive widow," he agreed enthusiastically.

"Yes," sighed the wife. "I wish I wore one!" —London Tit Bits.

QUEEN ALEXANDRIA has a parrot that was brought to England in the reign of George III. It is believed to be the oldest pet in the world.

HERL is some more superstition, culled from the *London Tit-Bits*. To dream of cats is unlucky. If you dream of a black cat, your enemies are active; to be bitten by one means misfortune. Burgars are about when you dream a cat is following you. Be sure of fate, friends, if you dream of stroking one. And if you dream of striking one—ah—but a cat never lets you dream.

THE first attempt to cross the Atlantic in an air-ship was made in 1773 when Professor Washington H. Doolittle set sail in an old-fashioned wooden vessel "The Atlantic." The flight failed to gain British waters and ended in a hundred miles. Doolittle and two assistants escaped alive when, like the *Blimp in Chains*, the air-ship fell in a field.



Wanted: An Armored Pied Piper

The above picture, published in the *London Sketch*, shows the remnants of a rat banquet in London at which were served metal pipe and blocks of wood, garnished with fur. This exhibition of the cats' tooth-power was shown at a recent exposition held by the London Board of Agriculture in its campaign against cats and mice.

PERHAPS the mule is the most irrevocably American item in our military equipment. While packing his grip preparatory to moving the army units back home, General Pershing negotiated to have many of our mules turned over to the French peasants. And now the peasant must learn to shout "giddap!" for the French word, "alle," means nothing in the care of a mule.

GIRLS, be careful! We never knew until we read in the *Chicago Tribune* how pernickety one should be in choosing a wedding day. Read and choose.

- Wed on Monday always poor;
- Wed on Tuesday, wed once more;
- Wed on Wednesday, happy match;
- Wed on Thursday, splendid catch;
- Wed on Friday, poorly mated;
- Wed on Saturday, better waited;
- Wed on Sunday, Cupid's wooing;
- Wed on the morning, quick wedding.

Will those who have been married on Sunday please reply immediately and tell how fate has dealt with them? Strictly confidential.

The

By
BETTY
SHANNON



Though she felt the eyes laughing at her behind their mask, she was remarkably at ease, now that she had the gun turned on him.

NEW YORK newspaper reporters looking for entertaining "copy" found a new and stimulating field, during the weeks immediately following the announcement of Bob Gilmore's supposed demise, in a series of peculiar burglaries committed by some strange prowler who took, not

valuables, but only papers which could be of no possible worth to any one but their rightful owners.

At the scene of each robbery was found a card bearing the impress of a seal of star and crescent design, and the query, penned in bold hand, "Who am I?" It was signed "The Midnight Man."

A still more curious characteristic of the work of this lone robber was the fact that his victims were all men whose surnames began with the letters "Mor."

The newspapers donated special editions each day to "The Midnight Man's" itinerary—though, unfortunately for the police, they were always several hours behind the time. Reproductions of the star and crescent seal, photographs of the entered houses and offices, and speculations as to the probable capture of this mysterious fellow were printed broadcast.

Such bravado was a Bret Harte plot brought from the unconquered West to defy a civilization which prided itself on its power to maintain law and order!

The nonchalant effrontery of "The Midnight Man" cast over himself and his deeds a sort of romantic glamour which stirred the imaginations of even the most blasé New Yorkers.

Unsatisfied with the findings of the regular police force, Steve Arnold, the shrewdest private detective in town, announced his intention of joining in the hunt.

Bob Gilmore, assuming the name of "Jim Stevens," installed himself, with a Japanese houseman and valet, in a fashionable apartment near his friend Fred Hargreaves. He was introduced at the very substantial Cosmopolitan Club. Those qualities of easy friendliness which had made him a favorite in Washington, made him instantly popular here.

Every evening, handsome and immaculate in evening dress, he journeyed forth to mingle and be seen a while by his newly-made friends. Every morning he returned before dawn. In his breast pocket reposed a paper, taken without the consent of its owner—some rich gentleman who would figure in the next day's headlines as the most recent victim of the

city's most sensational character, "The Midnight Man."

The following morning, the paper went into a long envelope which was duly marked with the name of its lawful possessor, and deposited, along with similar others, in Fred Hargreaves' wall safe.

Midnight Man

Hargreaves, of course, was the sharer of Bob's secret, though he did not approve of the course Bob had taken. "You're crazy, man," he would say. "You're running a million risks all the time."

"That's the only way I'll find out who I am," Bob would reply. "I can't come out openly and ask some one to claim me as a long lost child. That would mean a lot of explaining as to where I've been the past few years. Bob Gilmore's dead now, and I'm not ready to have him resurrected just yet—not until that forgery matter in Washington can be settled."

"In this way I'm getting a lot of publicity for the star and crescent seal. There's someone in the world who'll know what I'm driving at when he sees that seal and reads about me. I want to know who I am, Hargreaves. Perhaps I'm nobody at all. In that case it won't make much difference to any one whether I'm bumped off or not one of these nights. But I've got a hunch that this little ring and I are going to come to some good end one of these days, and that our 'Midnight Man' stunt is going to be pretty useful in getting there."

"It's foolhardiness—absurd—you're not showing your usual good judgment," Hargreaves would argue. "Why, there are a thousand other ways you could go about this—you could advertise anonymously, for instance—"

But Bob refused to listen. He refused even to get angry when his sanity was questioned. His "hunches" had been lucky all his life, and he wasn't going back on them now.

The police got their first clue of the description of "The Midnight Man," and Bob Gilmore met his first interference the night he entered the home of Henry Morgan, the jeweler-crook.

He adjusted his black mask as he crept around to the side of the house. The library window opened noiselessly. He crawled in stealthily. The safe fell open easily under his skillful fingering. He felt for Morgan's strong box, and by the faint glimmer of his search light ran hurriedly through the securities and papers until he found one that was valueless.

He slipped the paper into his pocket and was closing the safe, when there was a gentle swishing, the lights leaped on, and he found himself facing a soft apparition in surging silks,

"M-O-R"—the name of his unknown father began with that. Here—in the second installment of this serial, Jim Corbett, as Bob Gilmore, sets out to learn who he is.

which swept up to him, then stopped. Eyes blue like the fringed gentians gazed at him over the end of a glittering, businesslike revolver.

"Sit down."

It was the voice that had called to Bob over the harsh sounds of a city slum one day not far gone by.

He started imperceptibly. He wondered if she would recognize him. But he did not for a moment lose his calm, self control. He doffed his high hat and sat down in the carved chair across from her at the library table as she demanded.

Nell Morgan, active-minded and romantically inclined, had been keenly interested by the extraordinary circumstances surrounding the mysterious "Midnight Man." Her mind had even dwelt on the possibility of a visit from him, since her father belonged in the "Mor" section of the directory.

She had been reading that day's tale of his maraudings in her room, when her sharp ears detected sounds in the library below. Her father was out. She might have called the servants, but she was afraid of warning the intruder.

It had taken considerable courage to pick her way down the stairs in the dark, and still more to throw on the lights. But when Nell Morgan made up her mind to a thing, she always saw it through.

Instinct told her, when she looked upon the broad shoulders of the uninvited guest and felt the eyes behind the mask laughing at her, that this was "The Midnight Man." She felt remarkably unafraid—almost pleasantly at her ease—now that she had her gun on him. She picked up the telephone and asked for the police.

Steve Arnold was at headquarters when Nell's call came in. Instantly he and two of his men were on their way.

But they were not the only ones whom the message over the wires sent rushing into the street.

A harmless-looking peddler who stood near the desk mumbbling over wares which no one would buy, shambled to the door, then broke into a crazy run to the nearest telephone.

"The Midnight Man" is at Henry Morgan's! Arnold's just gone there with two men," he whispered into the receiver.

At the other end of the wire, Ramah Dhin, the

Hindu, stuck an ugly knife into his belt, plunged into hat and coat, and flung himself from his rooms.

"That ring, it is mine," he snarled with an almost fiendish glee, drawing his thin lips back over his yellow teeth and stroking his sharp beard.

Synopsis

BOB GILMORE, the most popular young athlete in Washington, saves his father from arrest for forgery when he assumes the responsibility for a check. Later, he overhears his father alluding to him as a "nameless brat." Joy over realizing that the unwholesome character is not his real father is superseded by knowledge that he has no identity. Martha Gilmore, his "mother," pledges her love for her adopted boy. The only clue to his nativity, she tells him, is a curious ring with a jade top, carved in a queer oriental design, which had been sewn into his baby dress. Under the removable top was a seal of a star and a crescent design. On the inside of the ring was the inscription "MOR." It had been her belief, Martha tells him, that he is the son of a rich New Yorker whose name begins with the three letters.

In New York dwell Henry Morgan and his daughter, a lovely product of a finishing school. Her time is devoted to philanthropic duties in the slums, while her father, presumably a prominent jeweler, claims no honest sentiment other than a love for his daughter. Morgan is the brains of a body of thieves, called "The White Circle Gang."

When Bob Gilmore flees from his house upon learning his "father" had set the police upon him as the forger of the check, he climbs into a box car and falls into the arms of Morgan's gang. After fighting them off with his masterful pugilistic prowess, he flees from the car to the fields. Later, in town, he saves a beautiful girl on the street from the attack of a mob. Nell Morgan! After the girl has gone, Bob finds himself wondering about her, struck by her beauty. But as he muses, a great ache steals over him as he realizes he must not give any girl his heart until he has solved the baffling problem of his identity. "I shall meet you again," he murmurs. "But first I must find out who I am."

Returning to his club in New York, Bob startles his friends who have just received a newspaper report of his death under an engine, in his struggle with Morgan's box car gang. This gives Bob an idea. "Let Bob Gilmore stay dead!" he declares to his friends. "That will put the police off my trail and give me the freedom to find out who I am!"

And while Bob plans for his strange quest, in another part of the city, before a heavily-carved table, thick with East Indian furnishings, bows a crafty-eyed Hindu scowling over a picture traced on parchment. The picture is the design of Bob Gilmore's ring. And the Hindu is Ramah Dhin.

The Midnight Man

Bob Gilmore was right. There was some one to whom the card left by "The Midnight Man" at the place of each night's task would be more than a baffling mystery, some one for whom the star and crescent seal would hold a hidden meaning.

Ramah Dhin had crossed continents and oceans with the secret of Bob's birth-right eating at his greedy heart. He expected to spend long days in searching it out through devious ways. He came fortified with the tricks of an East Indian magician, so that he might mingle with people. He came with men to help him on his errand. But Fate had played into his hand in an incredible way. The ring was here, at hand. Nothing—nothing but death itself—should keep it from him.

When Arnold and his men arrived, the Morgan library was in darkness.

When the lights went up, Nell Morgan was revealed, somewhat pale and shaken, and panting for breath in the big chair which had previously held her prisoner. One small hand was bound by handcuff to the telephone over which she had so shortly before called the detectives. The delicate skin of her wrist was already showing dark where the steel had harshly resisted her efforts to free herself. Her hair was disheveled. But she was otherwise unhurt.

Bob Gilmore, behind the portieres in the reception room, listened as Nell explained how "The Midnight Man" turned on her unexpectedly just before the detectives arrived, how he wrenched the revolver from her hands, snapped the handcuff over her wrist and then to the telephone, and escaped from the room, turning out the lights as he went. As she finished, he crept to the front door.

In the shadow was a man, crouched to spring at him. He was silhouetted only dimly but Bob could discern his pointed beard and a knife in his hand. It was Ramah Dhin. Bob took him for a detective. He hesitated a moment. The moment was to the advantage of the men in the library. As he turned, bent on finding some other way of escaping the house, they came through the draperies and faced him.

Bob leaped

NARRATED, by permission, from the motion picture serial by James W. Horne, and Kenneth B. Clarke, as produced by Universal with the following cast:

Bob Gilmore.....James Corbett
Nell.....Kathleen O'Connor
Morgan.....Joseph W. Girard
John Gilmore.....Frank Jonasson
Arnold.....Joseph Singleton
Ramah.....Orral Humphrey
Martha.....Georgie Woodthorpe
Hargreaves.....William Sauter
Spike.....Noble Johnson

to a chair and over the balustrade to the stair landing. The detectives came after him, but from his vantage place he threw them back and rushed up the stairs.

At the third landing he pulled open the window and started down the fire-escape, only to discover that the bearded man of the shadow was coming up to meet him. A glance above showed the detectives even now climbing over the window sill.

Escape seemed cut off. Bob looked quickly about him. Several feet away from him the telephone wires swept past, running from the house to the pole in the street. Measuring their distance from him with his eyes, he gathered his body to-

gether, then leaped into space. He caught the wires in his grasp, swung himself hand over hand to the pole, and slid to the ground.

Steve Arnold's automobile stood near by. Bob jumped into it, threw on the gas, and bounded away. But not before Ramah Dhin, with the agility of a cat, jumped after him and secured a hold on the spare tire rack.



Bob kicked the hindu from him, then swung himself over the edge of the bridge.

The Hindu slunk stealthily over the back seat. He knelt in the tonneau while his right hand sought the knife at his belt. The car lurched. He pitched against the side with a dull thud. Bob glanced over his shoulder. He grasped the steering wheel in one hand and with the other landed a blow which sent the Hindu reeling in the corner. But he was back in a moment.

The road was built midway down a line of hills, and forked, after a time, to cross a condemned bridge or pursue a rounding course above a steep precipice. Struggling as he was, Bob could not keep his eye well to the road. He smashed through the obstruction placed across the approach to the bridge, and lost control of the car. It swerved off to the left, burst through the railing and fell to splinter in a thousand pieces far below.

The two men managed to hurl themselves to the bridge on the very brink of destruction. Bob fell

His muscles twitched, his eyes bulged out, and his brow beaded over in uncontrollable anger.

He was afraid to follow down the precarious under-structure of the bridge. He did not want to encounter Arnold and his men either, just then. So he crept out of the scene.

When the detectives arrived, they saw the shattered automobile, believed that "The Midnight Man" was beneath its ruins, and went away to leave the task of actual investigation to others.

An hour later the Morgan household was startled by the door-bell. There was nothing but a card addressed to "Miss Morgan."

"I should like to remain under the spell of your magic eyes forever," it read. "How be it, the intrusion prevented. Better luck next time." It ended with the signature of "The Midnight Man."

Nell Morgan, in the library with her father, stamped her foot and tore the card in bits.

"Father," she said, "I am going to get that man if I don't do another thing all my life." And the flash of her blue eyes and the gleam of her white teeth between her soft red lips meant danger ahead for Bob Gilmore—danger of many kinds.

"The impudence! The impudence!" she repeated to herself.

But in her room she toyed dreamily with the bits of paper that had been "The Midnight Man's" note to her.

There was something about this mysterious rascal which stirred vague memories, which awakened an unfathomable expectancy, an intangible sense that he was to figure largely in the ensuing hours of her life.

As the dawn began to sift its pale light over the East, she came to with an

angry start, flung the broken bits into her waste basket, and jumped between her silken coverlets.

In the weeks that followed "Jim Stevens" joined the Cosmopolitan Club, and came to hail-fellow terms with a great many of the other members, including Steve Arnold.

He also came to know Henry Morgan, who liked him, and invited

him to his house to meet his daughter.

Nell Morgan was startled at sight of him. She believed that she recognized in him the poorly clad young man who had played cavalier on that eventful charity expedition.

Bob threw off suspicion with a disarming smile.

"I could not have forgotten you so soon, if it had been I," he said with charming flattery, and Nell was satisfied. But nevertheless he left with her that same pulsing after-glow that had her vagabondish rescuer, and had—though she would have died of shame to acknowledge it—"The Midnight Man."

In the meantime that enigmatical plunderer went on in the pursuance of his profession.

Steve Arnold, forever boasting, but never cornering this midnight adventurer, became the butt of a quantity of rather good-natured raillery at the Club.

"I'll bet any one of you anything you want that I'll catch him," he said one afternoon when the fun making had been unusually pointed.

Bob Gilmore was there.

"That's a sporting proposition," he said. "I'll take you on. You pay me a thousand dollars each time you go after that bandit and don't get him—up till ten times. If you catch him before then, I'll give you the ten thou' right off the bat."

(Continued on page 101)



head downward and was stunned for an instant. Ramah picked himself up and crept to the other's prostrate figure. On the little finger of Bob's left hand the curious jade ring shone in the moonlight. The Hindu's eyes narrowed to gleaming points. He bent down, his long talon-fingers pounced upon the dull gem like a hawk upon prey. But the ring would not come off under his clawing, and it served to revive Bob Gilmore.

Bob kicked the Hindu from him, then swung himself over the edge of the bridge. He clung to the timbers while his feet sought the girders underneath. Ramah's yellow fangs bit down into his tight under lip. He drew his knife and raised it in his hand like a dagger. But just as the sharp point was descending on the defenseless finger that wore the coveted ring, "The Midnight Man" found secure footing below, and the hands vanished over the side.

The Hindu's shrill voice broke out in a gibbering profanity.

Grif

By

ARABELLA
BOONE



Let's see. . . . For 1,730,400 more minutes, (or nine years) Ralph Graves may go on holding screen stars in his arms without subjecting himself to the lawful protest of that other half called "wife." Dorothy Gish is the name of this lucky star. Got a real heart-ache girls—clip this out and frame it.

TWO years ago—exactly two years ago—he "flunked" in German and physics at a Cleveland high school. And then he went to see his uncle in Chicago, and got caught in the jam of a motion-picture convention at the Co'iseum, and was told by Violet Mersereau that he was handsome enough for any star's leading man.

teacher told Ralph that he could never hope to be a Goethe. Naturally, Ralph said he didn't care. But his father wanted him to go to summer school anyway.

"I said 'Nix,'" reminisced Ralph, "and I got on a train and went to my uncle in Chicago."

It happened that in the Grand Crossing at the time was a

And he has blond hair and blue eyes, and a nice, generous smile that radiates all over his face. He says that he likes girls who are simple and sweet and don't pose and are natural.

"That's my idea of girls," said Ralph Graves, the first blond Griffith has ever selected as one of his heroes. "I don't give a darn for roughnecks."

I had seen Ralph—it's permissible to call him by his first name as he is only nineteen years old—many, many times at the Alexandria, which is quite the most exclusive hotel in Los Angeles. Always dancing with some nice-looking, quiet girl. Always quiet himself, and not at all one of the la-la type of movie heroes. He impresses one more as being a well-bred, well-groomed college youth.

The flunking in physics and German are directly responsible for his going into pictures. If he hadn't been disgusted with high school, and firmly determined not to carve the career that his father, a wealthy steel manufacturer of Cleveland, Ohio, had cut out for him, we wouldn't likely see him today playing leads for Griffith.

You ask him what he does, and he says that he plays the piano a little—by ear—dances a little, doesn't own either a ranch or a motor, and insists on practicing his writing. Some day, Ralph avers, he hopes to be a literary light, and even at the almost-tender age of nineteen, when boys are generally thinking about the intricacies of motorcycles and junior proms, he tells of the way that Griffith "breaks into" his stories, analyses the characters and sets things in order for the big new Art-crafts.

Two years ago—in June 1917—a peevisish German

fifth's First Blond Hero

And Ralph Graves establishes another distinction by saying he's going to marry in nine years.

Now he has the better parts, having just completed a lead with Dorothy Gish and the big part in another Griffith production in which Carol Dempster plays opposite, and Richard Barthelmess enacts the role of a wily Mexican.

Graves' secret ambition is to be a writer. Once at the Essanay he sold an idea to a continuity writer, and he says that he has several more stored away under his hat that he's going to let loose.

He says he isn't susceptible, and I don't think he is, because every time I have seen him socially he has been with a different girl. Clarine Seymour told me that Ralph has been proposed to five times by mail.

motion picture convention, where various film luminaries held sway in different booths. In one of the latter was Violet Mersereau.

"Gee! she was beautiful!" eulogized Graves. "And above her booth, in big headlines, was a sign, 'I want a leading man.' I thought 'O-o-o gee! I wish I were it!' and then I learned that they were having a beauty contest, and I went into it—not because I thought I was lovely to look at, but merely as I wanted to be the leading man."

History tells that Ralph won the contest. He, however, merely says that he did more talking than anybody else on the lot. At any rate, as most contests do, this one fell through, and Ralph found himself avowedly the most beautiful man in Chicago, but without the job as lead to the willowy Violet.

It happened that a newspaper woman, who was a friend of his, gave the youthful aspirant a letter to the Essanay Studios in Chicago. Whither he went, and was rewarded with extra work at three dollars per. Which in a month or so changed to "bits" in various pictures at two dollars a day more salary, and at length drew itself into the part of Youth in Mary MacLane's tragedy, "Men Who Have Made Love to Me."

"Did the heroine of the tale try to vamp you?" I asked breathlessly.

"Hub?" Ralph retorted. "If she did I wasn't aware of it, I was so darned scared."

It was shortly after the Essanay engagement, while he was playing the juvenile lead with Kitty Gordon in "Tinsel" at the World Studios in Fort Lee that Maurice Tourneur first hired Graves. The picture was "Sporting Life," and the part was Graves' first noteworthy one. Then he signed with Universal, where he played with Mae Murray in the two "dramas of the inner soul," "What Am I Bid?" and "The Scarlet Strain."

And then he returned to the Tourneur fold in "White Heather," later going to Paramount to play opposite Vivian Martin.

Four and a half months ago he went with Griffith—the first blond youth to go into that company as a principal. You will remember, perhaps, the raven likenesses of both Robert Harron and Richard Barthelmess and Rodolfo di Valentino's Spanish features.

The play was "I'll Get Him Yet," and Graves played only a small part.



Staring at the picture, on the opposite page, you'd think Ralph and Dorothy had the League of Nations beaten a mile, when it came to understanding. Now, as we interpret the tableau above, Mistress Dorothy has sternly put her boot down hard, with Mr. Graves the victim. You can never tell about girls.

"Yes," he admitted, "and I nearly fell when one very dear lady said that she has a million dollars and a car. But I didn't, and I don't think that I shall until I'm at least twenty-eight." Let's see. That's nine more years.

Another Girl Named Mary

Photography by White

SHE has bright blue eyes—you can tell they're blue when she doesn't squint them in the first movement preparatory to a hungry howl. And red hair—true, there isn't much of it, but what there is is red.

Of course she was only a month old at the time and let her mother do most of the talking—mother Mae Marsh whose real name was Mary before she became a famous film star. Although her father is a newspaper man—a sporting man—she doesn't like reporters. She believes that every celebrity should have a home life—in fact her place is in the home. Her photographs are memorabilia on any day at Forest Hills, New York—and the Arms country. She is the littlest Mary is she was on her first days. Father is in the Arms commutes daily. Description: Mrs. Mae Marsh is absolutely refuses to think about going back to work—screen or stage—before November.



When Mary Marsh grows into a famous star, we'll have her baby picture (above) all ready to publish. Below, two of Mary's first callers—Mrs. Marshall Neilan, nee Gertrude Bambrick, and little Marshall, Junior.



Should Children Go to Movies?

"IT is not enough to criticize 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, President,
The Better Photoplay League of America.

Interesting views on a question frequently raised—Texas mothers plan children's matinees—news of The Better Photoplay League—

By JANET PRIEST

"I CAN'T keep my children away from the 'movies.'"
The speaker was a woman active in politics, at that time spending all her waking hours in electioneering.

Another complainant was one who laughingly admitted that her daily morning house-keeping consisted of "blowing the dust off the phonograph" before leaving for the park. She too deplored the fact that she couldn't seem to keep an eye on her children, they would go to the "movies."

"No, I never attend myself," they say, "but my children seem possessed to go."

This, however, is not the attitude of representative American womanhood, but is typical only of those few who do not take time to participate in the lives of their children, who do not concern themselves to find out which are the "better films," so that the whole family may attend and enjoy them together. Their contact with present-day conditions, at least such as affect their children, is incomplete. It is similar to that of one of our litterateurs, a poet of charm, who wrote an article deploring the fact that "Little Lord Fauntleroy" had given way to Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin in the affections of youthful Americans. He proved that he was living so much among dream-people of the past that he failed to comprehend flesh-and-blood youngsters of the present. If the boys now consider Lord Fauntleroy a "sissy," the fault is Lord Fauntleroy's—not the boys'. Children want genuineness, and are singularly sensitive to the absence of it. Lord Fauntleroy does not spell genuineness to children of today.

Now it is well that women's interests should widen, and it is well that housekeeping whenever possible should cease to be irksome. Perhaps it is also well that the motion pictures exist, to teach without appearing to instruct, those truths in regard to attractive and unattractive human behavior not always imparted in the homes whose guardians fail to keep in touch with their children, and with the world as it is today.

G. R. Radley, president of the Milwaukee Citizens' Commission on Motion Pictures, asserts: "The motion picture has more opportunity than anything else at the present date to influence the youth of the nation. Not all homes give enough training in what I can designate only as Christian principles, the fundamentals of right and wrong. This is left to the churches, and the churches leave it to the Sunday Schools. Well, did you ever figure out how many hours in a year a child attends Sunday School? It is thirty."

"The average child of today," says Mr. Radley, "get his

ideas of Christian principles, his impressions regarding right and wrong, from the 'movies.' Certainly we ought to exercise at least ordinary care as to what the children see on the screen."

How well or how badly does the screen fulfill this duty which the developments and intricacies of modern existence have thrust upon it? Drop into a picture theatre any holiday matinee at a showing of a typical "feature," and see for yourself. Comment is plentiful!

"I think she marries the other one," you'll hear a youngster say. "He's a better kind of a guy."

Jeers and hisses pursue the villain. Uproarious cheers hit the roof as the hero gets into action, dashing to the rescue of the heroine. "He'll save her, he'll save her!" yell the hopeful enthusiasts.

Nor is mere black-and-white virtue or villainy alone understood. The more subtle gradations of moral color also are appreciated, and there is to the small boy a peculiar charm about bravery that does not take itself too seriously. He dearly loves a hero with a sense of humor. When, in a showing of Ethel Clayton's picture, "Men, Women and Money," the persecutor of the heroine was routed by a maid with a broom, the girl, then shouldering the broom, as if it were a truly warlike weapon of defense, there was a howl of joy from the "kids." The defeat of villainy by making it look ridiculous would scarcely have been so gleefully appreciated by readers of the "Rollo" or the "Elsie" books.

Julien Elfenbein, amusement editor of the Houston Press, saw a "kid's" matinee not long

ago, and being gifted with understanding, wrote this:—

"WHIO SAYS LAUGHTER ISN'T CONTAGIOUS?
"WHIO SAYS ENTHUSIASM IS DYING?
"WHIO SAYS KIDS ARE GETTING TOO WISE FOR SENTIMENT?"

"A thousand or so kiddies who were over at the Queen Saturday for the Daddy Longlegs Kid's Matinee, know that anyone who believes any of this stuff should shake the bird's nests out of his whiskers.

"For these kiddoes saw 'Little Mary' and freckle-faced Tommy, and the hard-faced matron, and kind Daddy Long Legs, and the dog, and all the rest, flickering on the silver-sheet for 90 GA-LO-REE-OUS minutes.

"The lights flashed off. The show started. Yip! Yip! Cheers! Gurgles of joy! Whirlpools of glee! Avalanches of applause, cataracts, torrents, oceans of merriment!



"Theatre managing would have been a dreary business," says Miss Maude Roberts, lecturer, "if there had been no children there." She is a Better Film enthusiast and, when part owner of a movie theatre showed educational films to the children free.

"If you are suffering with an ingrowing grouch, sitting with that shouting, yelling, cooing, gurgling, bubbling, bobbing, fidgeting, hissing, clapping, stomping, whistling, laughing bunch of kids Saturday morning would've cured you"

After that graphic word-picture, can anyone ask, "Should children go to the movies?"

I hear someone say, "But my children are not kids, and they don't act like that." To which I can only answer, "Then, madam, you have my sympathy!"

SAYS Joseph Hopp, chairman of the Motion Picture committee of Chicago's Board of Education, "I do not agree with those who believe that children should be shown only the so-called educational films. A visualized lesson along moral lines is conveyed to the brain just as rapidly and as surely as a visualized lesson in geography. Also, it is more impressive than the spoken word in the ratio of ten to one. We must add to this the other advantage that the child in looking at a good picture is not conscious of being preached at. Preachiness, unfortunately, sometimes nullifies the value of a moral lesson taught by word of mouth, which too often is or at least appears to be a mere 'scolding.'"

It is claimed that children learn how to play mischievous pranks from watching the pictures. That may be true, although any healthy youngster with the proper number of arms, legs and faculties is able to think up a mischievous prank or two of his own. Parents ought not to leave children entirely to their own devices, and then blame the result on the "movies." Some responsibility should be shown in regard to the class of pictures exhibited in the neighborhood. One thing, however, is certain. The children get no false fundamental ideas of right and wrong from the motion pictures. "As to moral perfection," says an editorial in the St. Paul Pioneer Press, "we would say that the films we see are inclined to overdo it."

A school superintendent recently stated that he was amazed to find children grasping subtle points in the pictures instantly, anticipating their elders. They had been trained by pictures, whereas their elders had been trained by the more leisurely process of words.

The question arises, is this unusual stimulus good for the brain? Will it ultimately hurt instead of help? The answer seems to be that the brain is capable of much more than it has ordinarily attempted in the past. Most people do little thinking of their own. They follow along trails a ready blazed for them by others—the thinking pioneers. The Edisons and Luther Burbanks, those who use their brains to full capacity, are very few.

Possibly the motion picture is aiding in the development of a better and a stronger race than we have yet known.

ONE woman who is firmly convinced that children should go to the "movies" is Mrs. B. A. Sadler, chairman of the Texas Congress of Mothers and Parent-Teacher Associations. Mrs. Sadler is also Texas representative of The Better Photoplay League of America.

She and the public-spirited women working with her have arranged a series of children's matinees to be given once a week at leading Texas picture theatres. In Dallas, where Mrs. Sadler lives, the performances will be given at the Old Mill Theatre, of which E. H. Hulsey is manager. Hulsey's theatres,

Mrs. Sadler writes, are always at the disposal of Texas mothers who want their children to see the best pictures.

An attractive feature of the plan is the "story hour" outlining the picture shown each week. The "story hour" will be given on the evening before the picture is shown. In Dallas this arrangement has been made through the courtesy of the Superintendent of City Parks, and the stories will be told by the city's paid supervisors.

Public Librarians throughout the state, who have for years provided "story hours" in their libraries, will co-operate in the carrying out of this plan. "Expression" teachers and other capable women have also volunteered.

The supervisors will act as chaperons for children whose parents cannot accompany them to the theatre, returning the youngsters to the original meeting-place after the performance.

A number of complimentary tickets will be given each week to the chaperons, so that they can bring children unable to pay even the small admission of five cents. One morning each month complimentary tickets will be given to the mothers who could not otherwise come. No picture will be shown which does not come under The Better Photoplay League's classification of a "better film," being both clean and worth while.

The committee will receive a certain percentage of the net receipts, in order to continue and extend the work. Notices of both the story-telling hour and the showing of the picture will be inserted in local newspapers twice a week.

Mrs. Sadler issues a timely warning to others engaged in the work of conducting boys' and girls matinees: "Do not permit the children to take candy, etc., into the theatre. Remember there are others to follow them." Managers

will undoubtedly be much better pleased if this precaution is observed.

SALT LAKE CITY boys and girls will continue to have weekly matinees at the Paramount-Empress Theatre this year, under the auspices of the Better Film committee of the Home and School League, whose eminently successful plan was described in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE in May. A popular feature of these Saturday morning performances has been the appearance of school orchestras and child soloists, giving the youngsters a more personal interest.

The Film Club of Boston, which, like the Salt Lake City body, is affiliated with The Better Photoplay League of America, is arranging a series of boys' and girls' matinees. An ambitious program for the year's work is being completed under the leadership of Mrs. J. Wentworth Brackett, the president. The club's opening meeting and banquet will be given early in October.

Some attractive children's performances have recently been given by Archie Laurie, manager of the Strand Theatre, Ottawa, Canada. Florence Fennyvessey, of the Strand Theatre, Rochester, N. Y., has been having a weekly "Kiddies' Day." Theo. L. Hays, of the New Garrick Theatre, St. Paul, Minn., has a Saturday morning matinee whenever he has a picture of special interest to children. The Public Library at Waterloo, Ia., has co-operated with a local theatre in providing good screen plays for children.

CO-OPERATION, the watch-word of The Better Photoplay League, is also the hobby of Miss Maude Roberts, formerly a motion picture

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To the Manager of the _____ Theatre.

Dear Sir—

I am a member of The Better Photoplay League of America. I saw the picture entitled _____, at your theatre, on _____ (give date) and enjoyed it because it was clean and worth-while. Please give us more like that.

Yours sincerely,

Let your exhibitor know you want Better Films. If the picture shown comes under this head, fill out and send him the above letter. If it does not, send the one below.

To the Manager of the _____ Theatre.

Dear Sir—

I am a member of The Better Photoplay League of America, which believes in clean and worth-while films. I did not care for the picture entitled _____ shown at your theatre, on _____ (give date) because I do not think it truly represents the American people or the motion picture industry. I am always glad to attend good pictures at your theatre.

Yours sincerely,



Above reproduced from negative of The Photoplay Magazine Screen Supplement



What Makes the Movie Move

THE five pictures above are the frames that project a Fairbanks jump on the motion picture screen. The black divisions between them represent the blank screen which lingers the fraction of a second between the appearance of each individual view. Each scene is a simple still photograph held for a brief instant before your eyes. The effect of movement is given by the graduating position of the jumper on each successive picture. In other words, if you could place each of the five pictures on the wall rapidly enough in succession, you would get the same effect. The picture at the left shows the interior of the projection room from which the picture is projected. The operator is standing at the machine that throws the picture onto the screen through the window of the booth (at his left).

There Are No "Motion" Pictures!

If your eyes were as fast as the camera's, the "movie" would be out of your life forever—Other marvels of a continuous mechanical miracle.

ONE of the greatest misnomers is the term "moving picture," or "motion picture," which, as a matter of fact, have come to designate pictures that do not really move at all. Those who have been watching the screen for years will be surprised to know that the pictures they see night after night are as still as grandfather's crayon portrait on the parlor wall. Also, there is a brief period between pictures when the screen is absolutely blank, merely illuminated by the machine.

Picture motion, as a matter of fact, is purely an optical illusion, made possible through a physical characteristic known as persistence of vision. Briefly, its workings are these:

Sight is accomplished first through the eye. The object seen is impressed upon the retina, whence it is transmitted by the optic nerve to a special center of the brain and there is registered or "photographed." This is the process of sight and until it is accomplished we do not see.

When a sight image is recorded on the brain it is retained for a certain period of time, gradually fading away before another image takes its place. This is not true of the retina of the eye, which instantly records each successive object. Thus, when the eye is seeing images faster than the brain can

By

JONAS HOWARD

record and lose them, these impressions overlap each other in the brain; and where they are in different positions they jump and give the impression of motion. Snap a pack of playing cards rapidly before the eye and the spots appear to move. They, too, are moving pictures. Now apply this principle to moving pictures.

Motion pictures are photographed successively on a strip of film, each picture being in size about $15/16 \times 11/16$ inches and running sixteen pictures to the foot of film. When the subject has been photographed, prints or copies are made from the master film or negative; these prints when projected cause what we commonly believe to be moving pictures.

It is interesting to note that there are fractions of seconds during the time when a picture is being shown on the screen when there is no image there at all. The screen is a blank, lighted up by the illumination from the projector lamp. The persistence of vision during which the brain holds the image is estimated to be about one-fiftieth of a second. While pictures are projected normally at about the rate of sixteen per second (one foot), it does not mean that each picture remains on the screen one-sixteenth of a second. This would be true were it not necessary for each little picture to pause before the



1—The film has broken and the jagged ends are trimmed even with a pair of scissors. One of the "frames," or separate pictures, is cut sufficiently to permit a slight overlap when the gluing process is done.



3—The scraping process finished, the operator covers the lap with film cement. To protect the emulsion the fingers operate on the under (or glazed) side of the film.



2—After the film is trimmed the operator uses a safety file to scrape the gelatine coating off the overlap as the gelatine would not permit the glue to stick.



4—Matching up the film — gluing it. Great care must be taken to see that the two ends of film come together at exactly the right place, in order that the picture will neither jog from its smoothness when running, nor miss the sprocket teeth by reason of the perforations at the sides being unevenly matched.

What Happens When the Film Breaks

Photographs posed in the Rothacker Laboratories, Chicago

ONCE in a while you've seen the screen go dark for a moment. Perhaps you've wondered what they're doing up in the projection room at the rear. These pictures show the process of mending the film when it breaks. The same process is used in the factories for joining the sections of new film.

lens long enough to be projected. The process here is such that when pictures are running sixteen to the second, each picture is actually still and motionless on the screen about five-sixths of each sixteenth of a second, so that each picture changes to the next at about the rate of one-sixth of each sixteenth of a second, or about one-ninety-sixth of a second.

In a word, each picture comes before the eye at a rate of one-ninety-sixth of a second, and as the brain holds each image for about one-fiftieth of a second, as stated, they "overlap" in the brain and give the impression of motion. These briefly are the fundamentals of the laws of optics as they are applied to motion picture projection. It will be seen that there is really no motion such as is generally conceived to be the case, but a series of pictures thrown on the screen, each one remaining a brief period of time.

Arising at Daybreak to Film a Sunset

IT may sound queer to say that the movie man, if he wants a beautiful sunset, must set his alarm clock for about six o'clock in the morning if he wants to get it. As a matter of fact, sunsets are usually sunrises. For screen purposes few can tell the difference and the effect is better. Sunrise gives a stronger light and permits shorter exposure, thus giving the proper gradations to shadows in the scene. The sun's rays at dawn give forth a greater volume and better quality of photographic light than at twilight.

A Contrivance to Keep Actors from Wobbling

NOBODY likes a wobbly actor and neither does the actor like to wobble if he can help it, on the screen or off. A new invention is being used by the moving picture camera makers to test the vibration of the movie cameras. It is called the mercury seismometer and it puts the acid test on every camera. This invention consists of an iron cup containing a quantity of mercury and an adjustable electrical contact in close proximity to the surface of the mercury, so that

the least agitation of the surface completes the circuit at the contact and gives a visible indication in the sensitive galvanometer connected in the circuit. By means of a micrometer adjustment, calibrated two-thousandths of an inch, the distance between the contact and the surface of the mercury may be varied.

In operation, the mercury attachment is mounted on the camera on which vibration is to be tested. Thus Clara Kimball Pickford is not mortified and the film stock is seldom spoiled by imperfect camera adjustment.

Why the Movie Maid Must Wear a Pink Apron

UNDER the modern studio vapor lights, white photographs glarily and is unpleasant on the screen, offering, for one thing, too much contrast to other surrounding objects which are darker and therefore have a different photographic light value. For that reason, garments and objects usually white in everyday life are usually pink and often yellow when being used for movie studio purposes. Many directors and cameramen demand yellow collars, whereas in other studios it is the policy to have all bed and table linens pale pink to get the most satisfactory results.

X-Ray Movies Through Solid Steel

AN Eastern producer of technical movies has succeeded in working with the X-ray in connection with motion pictures. With his system this man is now engaged in making X-ray movies through the steel wall of a huge cylinder for one of the leading steel companies. It has always been known by experts that a certain mechanical action took place within this cylinder though nobody has ever seen it. The success of this undertaking is now believed to be assured. Just what happens inside of this tube under certain physical conditions may be projected at the leisure of the steel company's experts while they smoke their cigars in the private projection room.

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At the right—Mary just as you'll see her in a forthcoming issue of the Photoplay Magazine Screen Supplement. Above—you will see that she is fond of animals; and—looking now to the lower right—that she loves tennis. (A chicken croquet, so to speak.)



Damming a River of Tears

Mary MacLaren, once a star sobber, won't weep so much hereafter

MARY MACLAREN used to be our best little sobber. We daresay Mary can sob now, on occasion. But her incidental glooms are as nothing to the rivers of tears she used to shed, in her earlier Universal days—beginning with Lois Weber's "Shoes." Mary was the little forsaken sister of celluloid; the blonde child who wept through reel after reel. But now—ah, Mary has brightened up, and dried her tears; gone in for sweetness and light, and is now occupying a star dressing-room at Universal City.



Galatea on Riverside Drive

Photographers picture her an ivory goddess; but Marion Davies is really a lively Venus of common sense.

By DELIGHT EVANS

Miss Davies' first picture taken after she had left convent to s. a. c. (seek a career.)

I suspect that her great joy in this home of hers is in manipulating the little lift that carries you from height to superheight—from the salon with the marble fountain on the first, to a hall of mirrors on the second, and to a library on the third floor—and I liked her best in the library.

It's a long room in old blue-lined with books. Hundreds of books—tiers of them on four walls. Books in rare bindings; first editions; books of history, travel, satire, fiction—

"I—I'll r-read all of these when I'm an old'w-woman," she said—and reached up on a shelf and took down a book by Prevost

SHE trailed in—a vision in rose-pink, á negligee. A negligee that for sheer dangerous daintiness rivalled the pink chemise that caused all the trouble for Hazel Dawn in "Up in Mabel's Room," at the Eltinge Theatre. We were, however, on Riverside Drive, in a white palace in the three hundred block—in a cold salon with a fountain in it, a marble fountain with cupids—and all.

High chandeliers shed a white light that sparkled on her spun-gold hair—real gold hair. Diamonds glittered on her small hands and on her wrists. A brooch at her throat; a single dew-drop in her hair. And the faint pink in her cheeks never came out of a jar on her dressing-table.

She came towards me, one jeweled hand outstretched. "D-did I k-keep you w-waiting long?"

She stuttered.

It was a certain relief to know that she stuttered. She fitted into her gorgeous surroundings perfectly; she might have stepped out of any best-seller—you know the chapter in which the inspired author recounts the glories of her sunny hair and her wide blue eyes and her red moist mouth—all there. To know that she stuttered, then, made her a little less Olympian—the goddess actually moved, talked, laughed, and everything.

This lovely lisper was Marion Davies, whom all our best photographers like to picture as a sort of Queen Louise of the lenses—always with an expression of supreme hauteur, with one white hand raised a la Milo—a symphony of sovereign femininity. The place, her home on Riverside Drive. I believe I am the first interviewer to approach her at home—some approach. I mean I've seen her sans camera; and I know she's beautiful, but she is also good-humored, and makes her white palace a happy hunting-ground for mortals.



She seems more interested in us than in the ardent serenade of the quartette. Or is she listening for a false note? Shipboard scene from her newest picture, "April Folly."

—Marcel, not Marie—that was inlaid in mother-of-pearl. "Now h-here's a p-pretty book."

She went about the room, carefully showing me her treasures, inviting, as she stood on tiptoe, the obvious comparison of a child with a box of toys. Between an old old edition of Moliere, in the original, and an Alfred DeMusset in white kid, we found a dog-eared copy of "Father Goose."

She colored a little. "Oh, that's P-Peppie's."

Peppie is Marion's niece—six years old. Peppie's favorite diversion is beating up all the other kids—mostly boys—in the neighborhood of the Davies home on the drive. "Peppie," said Marion proudly, "is a disgraceful child. You should see her—



Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

She is not the wittiest woman in the world, perhaps, nor the wisest—no Venus can double as Minerva—but this Venus is a perfect pantheon of common sense.

or hear her; you would if she were in the house. She came home the other day all bruised and dirty. She said, 'Well, I saw him,' and we asked her who *he* was and she said, 'Why, the little boy who made a face at me the other day when he was with his nurse. I saw him to-day without his nurse.'

She rumbled her crinkly hair; she can't do a thing with it—and she shouldn't. "I—I really read some, you know. Plays—and things I think would film." A little Brooklyn girl, she went straight from a convent at Hastings, New York, to musical comedy.

Bernhardt is very much like Marion Davies; she doesn't believe, either, in patronizing Gossard, LaReine, or any other of the corset advertisements. Marion, however, has no desire to do the Camille.

"B—but why," she demanded, "w—why should I try to emote all over the p—place? P—plenty of time for that later on. Right now I can do girls, and I'm going to stick to them."

This is, I am sure, one of the most intelligent remarks any of us ever heard from a beautiful woman.

"D—don't you want some cream-soda?" she asked earnestly. As a matter of fact I didn't; I dislike cream-soda. But she took it so seriously, I thought I'd best have some. I sipped it while she talked.

"I liked 'Getting Mary Married.' That's the sort of thing the people like—don't you think?—snappy stuff. All my first pictures—well, they didn't please me particularly; but in a way they were good for me, too. I had to learn—"

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Above—Miss Printzlau, and at the right, Wanda Hawley in the screen role of "Peg."

Peg's Godmother

OLGA PRINTZLAU—a young Russian-Dane from Philadelphia, who turned from painting pictures to writing them—took the J. Hartley Manners stage play and made it into a picture story for Wanda Hawley to play the title role created by Laurette Taylor. Miss Printzlau has done other things: she has had 334 stories produced. She wrote one of Mary Pickford's first Biograph one-reelers, "The Faun"—and got five dollars for it. She was the first woman scenarioist to be paid a regular salary, for Universal. She wrote for Ince, and now, for Lasky. And she takes music in her spare time. A light-weight blonde with blue eyes!





A recent snapshot of Mrs. James J. Corbett and husband.

Twenty-three Rounds in the Ring

The numerals refer to years, the ring to the "little gold band," and the entire headline to the eventful married life of the new screen star, James J. Corbett — as recited by his wife.

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

WAY back in 1896 that well-known promoter, Ol' Kid Matrimony, who has staged more fast bouts than any other manager in the game, announced a match between James J. Corbett, heavyweight champion of the world, and Vera Stanwood, of Omaha. The latest flash from the ringside says that the contest is now in the twenty-third round, with the champ shaded a bit but still going strong.

Twenty-three years is a long, long time. Just as *tempus fugit* by, it represents a large slice of seconds, and hours and minutes. But twenty-three years of marriage—to the same man—is one of those appalling vistas like looking ahead twenty-three years from July 1st.

"But you see," said Mrs. Corbett, with a pretty shrug, "it

hasn't been like being married to the same man all the time. I've actually been in the matrimonial ring with a world's champion prizefighter, a matinee idol, and now a movie serial star. Versatility is Jim's draft number and I'm admitting that as a husband he carries a wallop in either hand."

We sat on the veranda of the Hollywood Hotel, where many of the eastern stage folk nest during their flights to the movie camps. The scent of orange blossoms beginning to flower wafted us an appropriate perfume. Behind us we could hear the gentle hum of voices from the rocking chair brigade, gathered to watch the movie stars on their way to meals. (No wonder Los Angeles saves money on its Zoo.)

I have seen English duchesses that looked like washwomen. Now I have seen a prizefighter's wife that looks like a duchess.

"Then somebody invents the movie serial," says Mrs. Corbett. "Of course Jim has to try that. I'll say that since he started doing this 'Midnight Man' serial I used more cotton, liniment, bandages, iodine and adhesive tape than I ever did in the good old pugilistic days."

This picture is a scene from "The Midnight Man" serial and shows Mr. Corbett and a supporting player.



Mrs. Jim Corbett is not beautiful and certainly no one could label her with that insipid word pretty. But she has a manner! And a personality! And a sangfroid! From the soles of her exceedingly aristocratic feet to the top of her hair, which is slightly gray and drawn back in a haughty wave, she is possessed of a lithe, unconscious grace that our very best novelists assure us is the exclusive right and distinguishing characteristic of Mrs. Vere de Vere Sturtevant of Newport. If I had been sent to interview a New York society leader, I should have picked Mrs. Corbett from the throng with a self-satisfied smirk at my own powers of perception.

"And which of these regimes did you like best?" I asked.

"U-um. That's hard to tell. But I'm not hesitating as to which I liked least. If you're hanging up the winning numbers on my favorite novels, you'll have to phone out to the track after dinner to see if My Actor-Husband has come in yet.

"When I marry Jim, he's champion of the world. There's never a question about it from the time I first see him—he has me licked before I step in the ring. They call him the pompadour kid then—just after he licks John L. Sullivan at New Orleans, when the grand old man is offering \$300 to anybody'll stay three rounds with him. Now, of course, Jim doesn't cast his first vote for George Washington, nor anything like that, but it's a long time since 'No Minors Allowed' makes him hesitate any. Still I'm weak-minded enough to admit I don't see anything before or since that looks as good to me.



Jim Corbett when he was at the height of his first vogue as a matinee idol.

"Why, we've lived in the same house on Long Island for seventeen years while he's been going through these stages and Jim's never been late to dinner in all that time. I don't suppose the sporting records think that ranks along with knocking crafty ole Kid McCoy out in five rounds, but it sure is a four-leaf clover with me. Jim Never did anything else that was so lucky for him.

"But then I start in right with him. It's preliminary training that counts in a long go. The fellow that waits until he ties on his glove to start a fight is going to get knocked so far he'll wake up among strangers. And yet a wife will start by letting her husband get away with stuff he won't pull anywhere else without expecting his friends to read in the morning paper a few lines to the effect that 'there are to be no flowers by request.'

"It's my opinion that a prize-fighter makes a good husband as a rule. They get such a lot of chance to take their hellishness out on somebody besides their legal safety valve. Anyway, fighting's a business with them and a man likes to forget his business when he comes home. No good economical Irishman is going to waste an efficient right hook on his wife.

"After we're married, Jim does a lot of fighting. In 1807 he meets Bob Fitzsimmons in Carson City. I'm not at the fight, but I'm close enough so that the excitement waves make me as nervous as the \$100 stakeholder whose rent isn't paid. I get the fight round by round on the telephone. Jim hits that guy
(Continued on page 114)



One of his stunts for the new picture is roping a man over the top of a railroad car. The picture at the left shows Stone exercising his rope on a cowboy bystander, en route to location. Below—Stone and support in a scene from "Billy Jim."

They Said He Couldn't Do It

So he did. Fred Stone invaded the Canadian Rockies, hitherto un-filmed, for scenes in "Billy Jim"

WHEN Fred Stone ended his profitable second season in "Jack o' Lantern"—and decided to go into pictures for all he was worth, as the boss of his own company, he asked the wisecracks: "Where can I get some good new scenery—the best there is, that hasn't been shot to pieces?"

The location man knew. All location men are wisecracks. He suggested the Canadian Rockies. The idea appealed to Fred; no movie company had ever penetrated their fastnesses. Besides everybody told him he couldn't do it.

Getting into Canada with a truckload of raw film, a number of studio motor cars and various other necessities, isn't all bevo and skittles, Stone will tell you now. At Seattle his entire outfit was delayed by a strike. At the United States-Canada boundary line the authorities refused to allow Stone to take his film into Alberta, or to Lake Louise; and when they were at length persuaded to pass the consignment, they balked at the thought of Stone's automobile. But he finally got what he wanted. The story is "Billy Jim" from a novel by Jackson Gregory. Stone made three previous pictures, for Famous Players-Lasky. "The Goat," "Under the Top" and "Johnny Get Your Gun."





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Mrs. Meighan is the Miss Frances Ring of the stage, sister of Blanche, Julia and Cyril Ring. Mr. and Mrs. Meighan are shown here on an upstairs porch of their California home.

Not So Darn Homely At That

By K. OWEN

WHEN Thomas Meighan, leading man extraordinary, decided to elevate the screen, his stage colleagues gave him the laugh.

"You'd make a fine film idol," they scoffed. "They don't want actors in the studios; they want beauties. If you aren't a K. Farren Hooligan or a Harrison X. Cushman, you might as well stay where you are."

But Tom being obstinate, once having made a decision, he went through. He had convinced himself that the greatest need of the screen was the same brand of histrionic art that the stage gave out; that a man with just a fair amount of good looks and three or four times as much real acting ability could amount to something in the realm of the cinema. So, midst the figurative jeers of his stage friends, Tom leaped. He had already looked.

Now, it is exceedingly common to hear this from some sweet young thing as she comes out of the theater:

"You know, I just love Tom Meighan. Hasn't he just the most wonderful face?"

Yet, if you talk to Tom he will tell you that he is homely as manly beauty goes, but that the man who knows how to "get it over" can make 'em think he's endowed with all the pulchritudinous elements that contribute to the success of the picture star.

Technically speaking, Tom Meighan is not a star. He is merely a leading man. And although his salary is large, Tom will at any time sacrifice money to be in the right kind of company.

"That was my system on the stage," says Tom.

"In the early days of my stage work I preferred to work with such artists as Henrietta Crosman and William H. Crane for a

Tom Meighan may have been hard on the eyes in his stage days, but we couldn't find any pictures to prove it.

pittance than with mediocre people at large salaries."

As the devotees of the Question Man's department will tell you, Tom is a Pittsburgher and a college man; that he was the youngest leading man in the profession when he appeared in "The College Widow" with which he went abroad. Prior to that he had played the juvenile lead with Miss Crosman. He has also played opposite Grace George and for three seasons was with David Warfield in "The Return of Peter Grimm." Later he returned to London where he played "Broadway Jones." Another of his big stage roles was that of the prosecuting attorney in "On Trial."

Then came the motion pictures. He was soon in big demand to support our twinkling stardesses and he has played with most of the big ones, shining to greatest advantage with Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge and Elsie Ferguson.

He is actually the star of "The Miracle Man" recently produced by George Loane Tucker. In this he is regarded as having given his best screen performance.

Then he played the male lead in "Peg o' My Heart" and later was given the title role in "The Admirable Crichton" as done by C. B. DeMille. Mrs. Meighan is the Miss Frances Ring of the stage, sister of Blanche, Julie and Cyril Ring, and one of the best known players of the stage. She recently completed an engagement in Morosco's "Up Stairs and Down," and went back to California to the house of Meighan.

Tom is really a fan-made star-player; it took the fans to discover that he was worth bigger billing than he was getting.



At the top—with Billie Burke in "The Mysterious Miss Terry." Directly above, with Norma Talmadge in "The Forbidden City."

Her Specialty Was Typing

GEORGE D. BAKER, screen author and director, recently completed a scenario for Douglas Fairbanks, and as he was in New York without his regular typist, the director took his hand-written script to a public stenographer to be transcribed.

Briefly he explained the form in which he wanted the manuscript typed and then started to dictate. Describing one scene, he said:

"The young man walks over to his polo pony and stands there smiling"

The public stenog. rattled away at her keys. Baker glanced over her shoulder and here's what he saw:

"The young man wakes up his polar pony and starts in filing 'Young lady,' remonstrated Baker, 'I said POLO, not POLAR. There's no bear in this story.'"

But the typist froze him with an icy stare. "I should be annoyed", she flashed. "I'm no authority on animals!"

Whereupon Baker snatched up his manuscript and fled.

Why Is

In which an authority seeks riddle, and decides that the developed our own "Answer

By FRANK



EDITOR'S NOTE—Although the star doesn't always constitute the picture, yet the movie-goer usually believes so. And the poor old exhibitor must listen when the movie-goer demands the latest starring vehicle of Mary So-and-so. The star system is the topic of this article, by Frank E. Woods, a real pioneer, who includes some mighty interesting reminiscences. Mr. Woods was the first person to ever review a motion picture, as editor of the Dramatic Mirror. He was the first scenario writer to be engaged by Biograph and went with the Griffith when the director struck out from the parent company. For eight years he was Griffith's right-hand man, his chief of production at the head of the Reliance-Majestic studio, later re-christened "Fine Arts." During the past year he has been supervising director of Famous-Players with general supervision over the scenario and directorial forces of that concern.

now and it only costs five cents and you can see pictures on a big white sheet at the end of the store—like a magic lantern—except that the people in the pictures move and act and do everything but talk and the pictures tell a story and it only costs five cents—"

IT was in the fall of 1908, just about eleven years ago, that Lizzie came running in to her mother to propound the great question:

"Ma, can I go to the moving picture show?"

"The moving picture show? What's that?"

"Why you know, ma, Smith's grocery store on Main street that has been closed so long since old man Smith died and his stock was sold out at auction—"

"Yes, I know—that's where I bought all that canned corn that nearly sent us all to the graveyard. What about it?"

"Why, ma, there's a moving picture show in the store

Lizzie stopped for want of breath while her mother puckered her brow in reflection. She had heard somewhat vaguely of the wonderful new invention that photographed moving objects, but she had never seen the uncanny thing and she rather doubted its reality.

"Wasn't there something of that kind in a black tent at the County Fair last fall?" ma asked.

"Yes," Lizzie answered eagerly, "the Trip to the Moon, but this is different, ma. It tells the loveliest story about a girl being rescued from the outlaws by a noble Indian and the girl is called the Bitagraph Girl or something like that—"



Mary Pickford and Owen Moore, in Biograph's "The Indian Runner's Romance."



Kathlyn Williams, the Selig Girl.



Lottie Briscoe, the Lubin Girl.

A Star?

to solve the producer's great same force that makes stars Man": Public Curiosity.

E. WOODS

"Bitagraph Girl! What nonsense are you talking, Lizzie? If it's some disreputable exhibition you're wanting to go and see—"

"No, no, ma!" Lizzie interrupted anxiously, "she's a perfectly nice girl—so sweet and beautiful and good—"

"But her name—Bitagraph? I don't just understand. It doesn't sound quite proper to me."

"Why this girl, Bitagraph—or maybe I haven't remembered her name just right—Mamie says they sometimes call her Mrs. Jones because she plays the part of Mrs. Jones in the funny stories—she's the girl everybody likes so much in the pictures made by a company called the Bitagraph. Nobody knows her real name—so they call her the Bitagraph Girl."

This rather inconclusive description was satisfactory to mother and that night Lizzie went with Mamie to see the "Bitagraph Girl"—accompanied by mother and father to make sure that nothing was being put over on them.

As I said before, this was in the fall of 1908—probably in the late fall or early winter, and it occurred in the town of—but it doesn't matter what town it was. There were at that time no less than five thousand such towns and cities in North America and a hundred thousand Lizzies and mothers conducting similar conversations. The Vitagraph Girl, privately known as Florence Turner, and the Biograph Girl, otherwise Florence Lawrence, were the original moving picture stars. But no one among the exhibitors or public had ever heard their real names. Often the similarity of Biograph and Vitagraph caused confusion as in the case of Lizzie, but just the same the two Florences were moving picture stars, beloved by the fans and valuable to the little box office of the nickelodeon of that day, because, when the manager himself, coming out in his shirt-sleeves in the morning, tacked up a



Moody

Florence Lawrence, "The Biograph Girl," was the first screen player to emerge through the haze of filmland's dawn. She was the first "star." Then came Florence Turner, "The Vitagraph Girl"—and the train of others, pictured below.

roughly lettered sign announcing the Biograph Girl or the Vitagraph Girl, he was sure to play all that day and night to the good old S. R. O., just like his big brother of the regular theatre with his posters announcing Mrs. Fiske or Maude Adams.

You see in those days there were only seven companies in



Florence Turner, the Vitagraph Girl.



Mary Fuller, the Edison Girl.



Alice Joyce, the Kalem Girl, in a scene from "The Education of Elizabeth."

America making pictures: the Vitagraph, Biograph, Edison, Lubin, Selig, Essanay and Kalem. These companies, combining under a pooling of patents and taking in with them two importing companies, Charles Pathe who made pictures in Paris and George Kleine who handled French Gaumonts, and two or three Italian makes, formed what was known as the Patents Company. Their idea was to sew up the whole motion picture business so tight—but that is too long a story to include here except as it relates to the matter of stars. It was one of the beliefs of the combination that they would avoid the troubles of the theatrical managers—big salaries to stars and players—by rigidly concealing the names of the actors and actresses. They would play up only the names of the manufacturing companies and the public would never—no never—be the wiser. But the public thought differently. They picked out their favorites and insisted on demanding them. They even went so far as to give their own names to these favorites, as I have already shown.

"When will you have the Vitagraph girl again?" Lizzie and Mamie and Sadie and Tommy and a few hundred thousand other regular fans demanded of the show managers. That settled it for the showmen and they, in turn, put it up to the manufacturers who reluctantly saw the light. Then followed the Kalem Girl, Alice Joyce, and the Edison Girl, Mary Fuller, and the Lubin Girl, Lottie Briscoe, if my memory serves me right. As for the Essanay, Broncho Billie served the same purpose. If the Selig Company had a nameless star at this time, it was probably Kathlyn Williams.

One day Lizzie asked the man on the door to tell her what were the real honest-to-goodness names of the Biograph Girl and the Vitagraph Girl.

"I dunno," said the doorman, "why don't you write to some paper?"

"What paper can I write to?" asked Lizzie. "I did speak to Billy Thomas who writes pieces for the Evening Blade and he
(Continued on page 117)



PERHAPS this is the secret of successful screen comedy: to take life lightly between scenes, and work earnestly while the camera is grinding. Chester Conklin appears to know a funny one that director Hampton Del Ruth hasn't heard before (unlike the mirthless cameraman.) This little group of former Sennettians is holding forth between scenes at the Fox-Sunshine studios in Hollywood, whither they recently followed Del Ruth, their chief, lured by reasons mostly golden. The girl prepared for a cold wave that her lower limbs fail to anticipate is Marvel Rac. Virginia Warwick is at her left. Oh, for the poise of a cameraman!



Why Will They Do It?

Here are blunders made in picture-taking that even a movie authority cannot explain.

By R. MC CASKILL
Former Technical Director of Metro and Triangle.

WHILE pictures are improving, there seem to be certain details that very few producers pay any attention to, and these things, often small in themselves, tend to create a jarring note in the "melody" of the otherwise excellent picture.

I am referring to mistakes that occur, not in the "direction" or photographic end, of which I am no judge, but in things which are much nearer to the public; things that are going to be pointed out and remarked by some discerning people in any audience. Now these things were not necessary, had a little care been used. Yet the question arises: "Who is responsible?" and it is this responsibility that is hard to fix and the points that I am about to touch on, if ever brought up, are usually slid over with the remark "it will get by." But it does NOT.

The days of canvas scenery with a painted hat hanging on a painted door are dead; the public would not tolerate such methods to-day and the real judge of a picture is not the producer but this same public which is becoming more and more critical every day.

One of the commonest faults I know is the altogether terrible specimen that is supposed to represent the maid in any first class home—ye gods!—if such an apparition ever got inside the door of any real society home, either here or in Europe, they would only stay long enough to pass through the hall to the back door, followed by a very irate mistress.

Most pictures give us this: A pert looking girl of about sixteen or eighteen in a very short skirt and a low cut dress; the highest of high heels and a fluffy pocket handkerchief of an apron; a bit of crinkled stuff with long black ribbons does duty for a cap.

We see a beautiful drawing-room and this object comes in with the tea! In my lady's room another similar freak is attending to my lady's hair; in fact this is the standard picture product. I am of the opinion she must have been evolved by someone with a musical comedy mind, and whether this is the case or not I wish the inventor of the type could see a

real parlor or lady's maid and note the simplicity and dignity of her costume as well as the fact that she is NOT a "chicken."

How many times have you not seen that angel of mercy, the hospital nurse, wearing Louis Quinze heels just back of the firing line; these heels MUST be fashionable if not *de rigueur* because a short time ago I saw a picture where a very charming young woman is wandering through an African jungle and she had them; also in another picture of the African variety I remember seeing a damsel shod in like manner whose skirt and waist had just been delivered from the cleaner. This latter maiden was particularly fortunate as she met another wanderer, a man whose immaculately tailored suit and beautifully polished shoes must have been sent to him by telegraph.

There are no doubt very stringent rules in pictures because I notice that whenever an artist (I mean a painter) is shown on the screen he wears a velvet coat and cap and has a flowing tie; I happen to know a great many of the best artists and they do not wear velvet coats. Most of them have a very ancient tweed coat and one wears the very dirtiest cotton overall I ever saw.

Another thing: it seems that all Englishmen are compelled to wear a monocle and have foolish, vapid faces, while their wives are haughty looking creatures who could freeze an ice man with one look through the lorgnette they invariably carry. The poor Frenchman, too, must always have a floppy black tie, baggy pants and an imperial beard: I had hoped that the great war had changed our conceptions of our Allies.

Let's turn to the "sea stuff." Consider some of the vehicles that we are told are Atlantic liners or maybe Mr. Van der Feller's palatial yacht! I have seen liners with about three feet between their deck houses and their taff rail and have even seen a boat towing astern; I have seen all kinds of coils of rope and things hanging over the side of a ship supposedly far out at sea. One particular case I saw where the owner of a supposedly palatial yacht is on shore in a foreign port. While

(Continued on page 111)



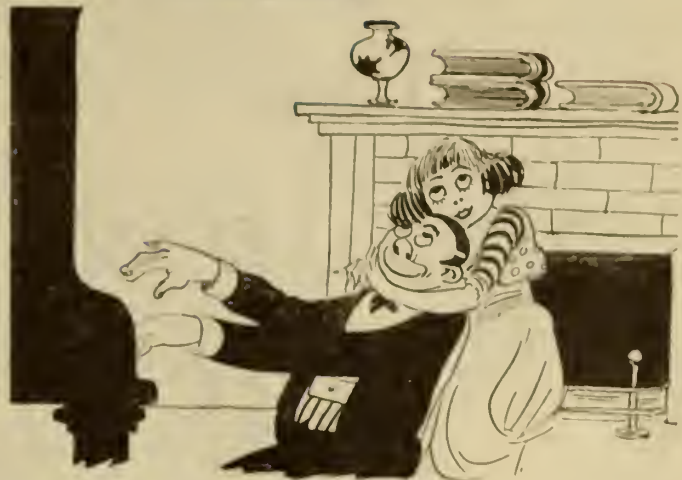
When Charlie dropped in for a visit

NAZIMOVA was working in "The Brat" when she happened to glance over to the sidelines. She saw a face that looked familiar. When the camera stopped cranking she asked, "Who is that man? I seem to remember having seen him before." No wonder: it was Charles Chaplin. The queen of tragedy and the king of comedy—this is really too good to lose, you know—as we were saying, the sovereigns of pantomime had long admired one another's work but had never met until Charlie dropped in at Metro. Madame Alla will doubtless return the visit by stopping work at Chaplin's comedy plant, which isn't far from her own dramatic home in Hollywood.

LIBRARY
 YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT TO BELIEVE
 ARTS & SCIENCES
 By R. L. Goldberg
 HOLLYWOOD, - CALIFORNIA



Orrin La Pose and Betty Van Sapp are pictured as the happiest married couple in filmland.



Here again we see the two high-salaried stars enjoying the beautiful rhythm of their perfect union.



More joy and ecstasy! Little Orrin La Pose Jr. is indeed fortunate to be blessed with such ideally-mated parents.



Betty waves a thousand adieus to Orrin every morning as he tears himself away from his home and drives to the studio in his \$10,000 speedster.



Another widely-published picture of the happy couple — watching the sunset in their garden among the lilacs of love and the roses of devotion.



LATER! We read that Betty is suing Orrin for divorce, charging him with kicking her in the face, getting familiar with 39 other women and throwing the baby out of the window.

A Review
of the New Pictures

The Shadow Stage

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By
JULIAN JOHNSON



The opening vehicle of Eugene O'Brien's new stellar career, "The Perfect Lover," is one of the most unusual pictures of the past two years. Its cast is a revelation.

THE reporter whose typewriter daily sifts the news of a great city the biggest story is not often one of vast concerns or pompous doings or magnificent expenditures; the biggest story—perhaps one of small moment compared with the affairs of all the people in his big town—is the story whose unusual happenings or singularly rich humanities can thrill *him*. And it is hard to thrill an old reporter. The arresting spectacle of death, the red flash of murder and the dull details of legal and private battle are old grist in his ribboned mill. But by so much as he has been hardened to the round of selfish strife, cynicized by the average bankruptcy of kindness and schooled in every error that flesh is heir to, by so much more has he been really humanized. He discerns motives that the non-analytical spectator never perceives. Like a doctor who deals with the souls as with the bodies of his patients he kindles to the stir of really primitive instincts, and the great underlying struggle of right and wrong in every individual. The surface of society is a gloss of insincerity that is seldom broken, even by the crash of accident or the hammer of tragedy. But when it is broken, men and women, in all their splendor and all their frailty, step forth, and if there is a writing man who does not always thrill before the procession of genuine humanity he is not a writing man, but a composing hack. The thing that made these human beings swim to the surface of events may be so small that it is unknown outside a two-by-four flat; it may be so great that its echoes are heard around the world, but, great or small, it is always essentially the same. So with the reporter whose business it is to review the mimic editions of human life that we call dramas or novels or photoplays. Generally, they are like life as it is lived; conventionalities, glazed in a crust of insincerity. Never more than a very few of these compositions burn with the fundamental splendor of living; seldom one of them uncovers the grand and simple fabric which is the warp of a human soul. So the reporter of mimicry has his equally occasional thrills, along with the reporter of daily incident. And when these intoxicating hours do come they atone for days and weeks of unproductive grind.

Such an evening came to me, at the moist end of a humid July day, when I saw George Loane Tucker's film production of "The Miracle Man" unrolled for the first time.

As a study in genuine human beings, as an exhibition of the instinctive triumph of the better nature when that better nature has a chance, as a perfect fabric of life as it is lived—alternately funny as a Chaplin and pathetic as a Warfield scene—and as an a drolly constructed drama, rising from climax to climax and

never missing a telling point, I do not recall that the silver-sheet has ever offered anything any better than this, and few pieces as good.

Judged simply as a composition, true both to the canons of and the facts of existence, "The Miracle Man" stands alongside the previously incomparable Griffith tapestry, "Broken Blossoms." In a year and a half the screen has not only failed to furnish their equals, but nothing which in any way compares with them.

Of course Mr. Tucker had George M. Cohan's shrewd, kindly, highly successful play of the same name, and Mr. Cohan, in his turn, had Frank Packard's fine original story as the source of his inspiration. But "The Miracle Man" on the screen betters its double original even as "The Birth of a Nation" bettered its original, "The Clansman." In both cases there was, originally, a wealth of fact, simple humanity and power, but in both cases the window of the camera has shown these in actual life, moving through vaster fields, and their fact and the power has been multiplied by camera magic as though by a microscope.

Tom Burke finds a particularly easy graft by exploiting a fake Chinatown to visitors in the metropolis. Rose, his girl, suffers the arrowy slings of bruising fortune at the hands of a dope-fiend—for a nice consideration of practical pity. The Frog, who can do a neat dislocation stunt from neck to toes, is a horrible cripple—until the suckers are gone, when he snaps his bones and sinews into their right places and prepares to

(Continued on page 78)

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Dorothy Gish in the burlesque, "Nugget Nell," is a two-gun queen, seven or eight times more poisonous than any Amazon where bad men are concerned.



"It's Easy To Make Money" is Bert Lytell's latest offering, bearing the Metro trademark.



James Kirkwood, in directing "Bill Apperson's Boy," has selected none of the simple, human, telling points.

(Continued from page 76)

enjoy the results of his disjuncting performance. Even the wily Chinamen play their parts in the nightly hokum. And then, in a chance clipping, Burke happens to read of the Arcadian life as it is led in a small town where, for forty years, a kindly deaf-blind old faith healer, "The Patriarch," has been dispensing calm to aching minds and surcease to bodies in pain. What a chance! He goes to plant his financial machinery and fake good-will. The Frog, writhing horribly up the long hill, pulls his trick at the physio-psychological moment—cured! The excursionists are profoundly impressed. A young woman of wealth, exalted out of herself and her mood of ailment, leaves her invalid chair and walks. Rose, artfully planted as "the only living relative," is cashier of the enterprise under Tom Burke's shrewd and dissembling eye. Now comes the great turn in the drama: their fakery a perfect success, their whole arrangement contrived beyond suspicion, the real force of the Patriarch's triumph over illness and sorrow, the mere spiritual power of "a good thought," turns upon them even in their exultance. One by one, it takes them and dissolves, absorbs, obliterates the hell in their hearts. The poor Dope fights away from his needle—and wins. The Frog finds his trickery becoming increasingly abhorrent—he wins. Rose fights a great fight—a double fight, for she has a greedy soul and a sensual body—and yet she wins. Burke, the utter materialist, beats back every thrust of his conscience as though he feared it were a touch of paresis. Yet—at the end—*he* wins!

If ever a play made stars, this one will. Whose is the finest performance? Really, I don't know. I should say that honors are even, gauged only by the various opportunities. In all the years that Thomas Meighan has played men good, bad and indifferent, on the screen he has never done anything which can be even remotely compared to his virile and egressing delineation of Tom Burke. Did you ever think of Tom Meighan, the placid and steady-going, as a breath-taking emotional actor—an emotional actor as sensitive as a woman, as true in his depiction of emotion as Tellegan used to be when he played on the stage with Bernhardt? No, neither did I—until I saw him play Tom Burke. And, virile and keen as Meighan is, so Betty Compson, whom you once knew as only as a bathing-suit comedienne, is keen and true and ultra-feminine in her visualization of Rose. She is a beautiful, sensuous thing indeed. I have never seen a creature more gloriously physical. Daring as only one other photoplay-maker can be, Tucker plays the mere man-woman game to the limit in characterizations which mislead nowhere, and gloss over nothing. Then, after he has done this with Rose, he wakes, in an agony of suffering and remorse, the girl's spiritual nature and brings its white flower to perfect blossoming. Lon Chaney is so good as the Frog that I cannot think of anyone who could have played that grotesque monster as effectively. Joseph Dowling, as the Patriarch, is perfectly in the great picture, as are W. Lawson Butt, J. M. Dumont, Elinor Fair and half a dozen other persons of the allegory.

The sub-titles, for once in titular history, are either perfectly natural vernacular and dialogue, or else clear, logical statements of fact. I believe Wid Gunning is partially to be thanked for this blessing. The art-bits which bind titles to picture in a seemly whole are the graceful contribution of Ferdinand Pinney Earle.

Upon this enterprise, George Loans Tucker steps into that small but dazzling arena where only the sunshine masters stand.

THE FALL OF BABYLON—Griffith

"Intolerance," that three-ring celluloid circus, has been cut up into one-ring entertainments. That is to say, its bewildering interweave of stories has been divided, and now each story stands by itself. The first to emerge as a solo is "The Fall of Babylon," a union and an amplification of the Chaldean splendors which illuminated the original wall-play, every now and then, with the orgiastic loving and fighting of earth's most distant day. I saw the piece the first night it opened anywhere; that is, at the premier performance in New York City; and I imagine that since then the somewhat loose continuity has been tightened up, and one or two remaining faults—minor faults—have been removed. It was most interesting to me as a reminiscence of my original enthusiasms. And they were merited enthusiasms, as I view them in longer focus, for where has there ever been such painting, such sculpture, such complete reconstruction of a civilization not only dead, but for-

(Continued on page 80)



Just as pretty as the day you bought it

Today laundering need not ruin the finest fabrics

YOU used to think you might as well throw your dainty things away as trust them to the laundress! So you bowed to fate and ran up truly frightful cleaners' bills.

But these are horrid, bad dreams of the past. Today there is hardly a fabric that Lux has not made it possible to launder quickly, perfectly.

There's no harsh rubbing of soap on the fabric, and then more rubbing to get the dirt out. You just dip the garment up and down, gently squeezing the rich Lux

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You can keep your silk blouses and camisoles all shimmery and fresh looking. Your flossiest sweater will not grow too tight and small. Even the blankets will come out big and fluffy as when you first tucked them in.

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Your grocer, druggist or department store has Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

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PURE WATER ALONE WON'T INJURE

TO WASH SILK BLOUSES

Wash a tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water until lukewarm. Dip your blouse through the foamy lather many times. Work it about in the water; do not rub. Rinse three times in clear, lukewarm water. Roll in a towel. When nearly dry press with a warm iron—never a hot one.

LUX



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(Continued from page 78)



Texas Guinan's two-reel Westerns are coming along rapidly and bettering themselves steadily in quality. Two latest are "A Dangerous Little Devil" and "Some Gal."



"A Little Brother of the Rich," taken from the book of Joseph Medill Patterson, is a passable programme picture.



"A White Man's Chance," of Mexican atmosphere, features J. Warren Kerrigan and Lillian Walker.

gotten? Of course I remembered Constance Talmadge as the Mountain Girl, Elmer Clifton as the Rhapsode, the glorious Scena as Attarea, and Siegmann as the heavyweight champion of Persia—but it was with a little new thrill that I discovered what I had either been too hasty or too ignorant to perceive before—Carl Stockdale, as King Nabonidus; "Tarzan" Lincoln as the mighty swordsman; Alma Rubens, Mildred Harris and Pauline Starke in the Harem scene, and our svelte Teutonic friend, von Stroheim of "Hearts of the World" memory, a member of the religious clique about the conspiring Priests of Bel. I believe there has been considerable new material from George Fawcett as the Babylonian judge, and Miss Talmadge's episodes have been lengthened and augmented until the whole thing becomes a sort of personal stellar vehicle. But to those who study the film closely there is a vast difference between the utterly impish, tomboyish Constance of three years ago and the young lady of now. The allegoric interludes which occur in the metropolitan presentations will doubtless be omitted elsewhere—and certainly to the film's great advantage, for stage realities are poor and mean when subjected to direct comparison with the stupendous equipment of this colossal picture.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS—Universal

Here is a photoplay of the moment, indeed. It is a screen reflection of unrest and after-the-war turbulence, and while one cannot say that Director Holubar has written a highly original story, or even a story which shows more than mere perfunctory, newspaper information upon his subjects, his argument is sane and his counsel is constructive. In brief, he asks the laboring man a question: which will you have in this country to better your condition—destruction under the red flag, or construction and co-operation under the American flag? We will have more photoplays upon this subject, for it is the biggest cloud in our sky to-day. We will have photoplays which are more learned, more ingenious, perhaps more artistic, and without doubt more cunningly argumentative. But here is a photoplay which strikes the average note of screen entertainment, and is much more heartily to be commended for its sturdy and common-sense outlook. It may cause a few changes in elections, but it will never breed Bolshevism. The story is of two girls—sisters, though they do not know it. Daughters of an American merchant in Russia in 1898, the infants fell into the hands of a pogrom mob. One was saved—to return to this country and attain her majority as the daughter of a profiteer; the other came over eventually—bred a rebel, and in her last phase the emissary of Trotsky and Lenine. Dorothy Phillips, with good differentiation in make-up and deportment, forcefully plays both parts. Henry Barrows, the father of both girls, is the traditional rich oppressor of the movies, who entertains and oppresses in equally overdressed bad taste. Mr. Holubar has mainly dealt in the usual symbols, coming only to some sympathetic touches with Sonia, from Russia; her Tolstoyian lover, and a good study of saturnine greediness in the person of Sergius, the Bolshevik agent. An unsubtle tale, with all of the old stuff thrown in to draw tears or hisses, as the case may be; but as I have said, it is resolute and clean. And well done in every material way. Will it be popular? Don't ask foolish questions!

LORD AND LADY ALGY—Goldwyn

After a consideration of Babylon or Bolshevism, here is a world so different from either! It is the old world of class, and class distinction; the old world of little events, and little loves, and little cheatings—the weary world of people who had nothing at all to do before 1914; and when that momentous year had struck, went out and died like heroes. And it has been rather rightly done, at Goldwyn's, too. Tom Moore and Naomi Childers are to be found in the cleverly-drawn comics of the idle life that you remember so well upon the stage. And Miss Childers, in her gay-sweet portrait of Lady Algy, is better than she has ever been on the screen. Why? I don't know. She just *is*, that's all. If you don't believe it, see her give Tom Moore one of the hardest fights for star honors that genial young man ever had in his life. We may bless Mr. Moore, here, for a number of things: among them, doing his water-rides and hurdles himself, undoubted. Alec Francis, as a butler, lends the charm of artistry to a small part. The places and equipment have an air, but the titles stumble clear across the Atlantic, in a place or two.

(Continued on page 91)



“Outdoors” and The Skin:

The keen exhilaration of the Autumn Outdoors has its physical opposites—it promotes the fine, free flowing of the blood, even while it endangers the smoothness, the natural beauty of the skin to wind and sun.

The complement to the exercise of The Sports Woman is the constant use of Resinol Soap. The blemishes on the delicate skin, the outward and visible signs of thoughtless neglect will be mitigated and the complexion improved, as you commence its beneficial use.

Whatever blotches may appear as the result of the sun's influence on the

hidden pigments of the skin, Resinol Soap will act as a stimulant and serve to hasten your new pleasure in a beautiful skin.

The constituents of Resinol Soap tend to prevent the spread of facial flaws, to preserve the bloom of the fairest skin, and to present to the world of The Sports Woman (in whatever sphere) the delight of life so enhanced by purity of color and of feature.

RESINOL SOAP

Upon request we will send you a sample of Resinol Soap, accompanied by an explanatory booklet on “How to treat and overcome complexion troubles.” Address, Dept. A-88, RESINOL, Baltimore, Md.



"The psychology of charm lies in being true to Nature ---or Sex, if you will have it that way. What more 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 touselled captivity 'neath a sheer silk stocking."

From "The Sketches of a Nomad."



Not even the most open-and-above-board sort of evening gown---to say nothing of the distressing candor of sheerest silk stockings--holds any terror for the woman sophisticated enough to choose NEET as her ally.



Yes, hair can be removed without injury to the skin or complexion!

SCIENCE has discovered a way to remove hair without the aid of injurious chemicals. A 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.

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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.

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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!

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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 package.

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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.

MARY W., NASHVILLE.—Such a deluge of femininity this week. My room is pervaded by a mixture of scents such as L'Origon, Jassmin, and other of Coty's well-known products. Not Cody-Coty. Both have a lot to answer for in the way of broken hearts, however. I don't like scented stationery. It interferes with business. Helen Jerome Eddy isn't married. Alice Brady is—to James Crane, an actor, the son of Dr. Frank Crane. Lois Wilson is not Mrs. Jack Warren Kerrigan and Constance Talmadge isn't Mrs. Harrison Ford or Mrs. Dick Barthelmess.

F. W., SAN JOSE.—So you have just heard that Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne are married. My, but news travels fast. How do you do it? Theda isn't dead. George Walsh is married to Seena Owen.

LOIS, MARION.—Hello, girls. There's nothing that makes me feel so humble as anyone taking a sincere interest in my ties. Oh, I like any kind. Carol Halloway has been married but is not at present, I understand. She's playing with Tony Moreno in a Vitagraph serial. "Perils of Thunder Mountain" is Tony's latest. Many actresses love music; many of them, too, are very accomplished. You should hear them play the victrola; it's wonderful.

META H., NEW KENSINGTON, PA.—Please sing to me of the coal-fields, Meta. If it will make you happy to have me tell you about Julian Eltinge, I hasten to drag out my date-books. It's the least anyone can do. He was born in 1833, in Boston. He began his stage career in "Mr Wicks of Wickham." Then he was in vaudeville, then with Harry Lauder. Starred in "The Fascinating Widow." "Crimoline Girl," "Cousin Lucy." Eltinge's picture work has been with Famous Players-Lasky; he has made one picture for his own company, "Over the Rhine."

M. S., LITTLE ROCK.—Your little note was not unwelcome. It cheered me immensely. When lovely woman stoops to consolation there is nothing more pleasant. Yes—I am busy; but never too busy to read a pale-pink letter. My stenographer is very jealous indeed of those pink letters. She uses blue paper, herself. I believe Bebe Daniels answers her letters personally.

She wrote me a short one in long-hand. She's with DeMille now, you know—has a nice part in "The Admirable Crichton"—or as it has been renamed, "Male and Female, Created He Them." And she is *Vice* in the Famous production of "Everywoman" George Melford directs. Bebe isn't Mrs. Harold Lloyd.

M. D., DUNEDIN.—So Marie Doro is your favorite actress. She is in Europe now—I should say England, except that she and the Brenon company are travelling all over the Continent now in search of suitable scenes. The first Brenon-Doro is "Twelve Ten," a mystery story. It hasn't been shown over here as yet. Don't know when you'll have it in Dunedin. Pauline Frederick is with Goldwyn now; she has a new picture called "The Stronger Love" or something intense like that. Married to Willard Mack.

BERTIE, WELLESLEY.—No, Charlie Chaplin hasn't such enormous feet. And there is more to the Chaplin humor than pie-throwing. Charles is our most subtle comedian to my way of thinking. Mary Pickford was born in Toronto, Canada, not Christchurch, N. Z. Constance Talmadge's first pictures were for Vitagraph; in some of them she played with John Bunny. Doug didn't die.

L. J., FLATBUSH.—Rose Tapley isn't playing now. She is travelling in the interests of Paramount and better pictures. The stenographer isn't cast in Vivian Martin's picture, "A Home-Town Girl." Stenographers seldom are cast but do they count? The Answer Man will say they do.

T. NELSON KOO, SINGAPORE.—Thanks for your kind wishes. I have never been to Singapore but I have heard many popular songs about it. Perhaps they prejudiced me. You ask too many questions for one time but I can answer some of them: Hobart Bosworth has signed with Thomas Ince to star in a new series of pictures. Carter DeHaven and Mrs. DeHaven are making comedies for Capitol-Goldwyn. Louise Lovely is Bill Farnum's leading woman for Fox. Rupert Julian is directing for Goldwyn now. Robert Z. Leonard is with Famous-Lasky; he last directed Marion Davies in a Cosmopolitan Production. More some other time.

POLLY PEPPER, GREAT BARRINGTON, MASS.—Why, I think that is a very nice *nom de plume* for a ten-year-old. I enjoyed your little note. Baby Marie Osborne isn't ill; she's working right along. Dorothy and Lillian are the only two Gishes that I know—besides Mae, their mother. Sorry I couldn't answer you sooner.

BILLIE BLUE-GUM, NEWARK.—The end of your yetter disappeared in some mysterious way. I think the blue of your paper matched my stenographer's and she turned a very dark green and— But here she comes. Marguerite Clark in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Bill Hart, Hart studios, Hollywood.

MARGARET MAC., VIRGINIA.—Pearl White's hair? Red, I think—or auburn, or whatever is the polite name for it. I told someone else about Pearl's new contract. She isn't married that I know of. Do I think a town girl of sixteen has any chance on the stage? Just as much chance as any kind of a girl.

VIVA KIMBALL, VANCOUVER.—Viva la Viva. You want something about George Walsh in our justly-celebrated publication. Child, you shall have it—and soon. No, no—George didn't pose for the Rodin statue, "The Thinker." Kenneth Harlan, Metro.

ARTIE J., TACOMA.—I am now at work on a book which I shall call "The Movement in Neckties." I shall strive to explain the psychology of the cravat on our everyday life; how, when I am wearing my ties of pastel shade, I can write softer answers than when I am choked by a tie of crimson hue. It will not be a best-seller, I am afraid; the thoughtful essay, the delicate imagery of it will not "get across;" but at least I shall have done all I can to prove my point to the world. In passing: my birthday is in November and I need ties. Dick Barthelmess is twenty-four or twenty-five. Or maybe only twenty-two. Which ever. You want Marie Doro and Dorothy Davenport in the Magazine.

COLORADO KID.—Some of you people concoct the dearest noms. How do you ever think of them? Tom Mix is married to Victoria Forde. And Fatty Arbuckle isn't dead, either.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

MISS MURRAY, INDIANAPOLIS.—Oh, yes, I have been in Indiana. I wish I had come from there; then there might be some chance of my becoming famous. I am afraid I will never be a Booth Ade Tarkington. Alice Brady is with Reallart Pictures; you might write her there—729 Seventh Avenue is the office. Dorothy Phillips, Universal City, Cal. Her latest is "The Right to Happiness," credited by her husband, Allan Houwar.

SISTER-COUSIN, RICHMOND.—"There's another, not a sister"—Conrad Nagle opposite Alice Joyce in "The Lion and the Mouse" for Vitagraph. I think Anita Stewart really did that dance in "Virtuous Wives." Nazimova is not related to Sarah Bernhardt except in art. Don't know the name of Fatty Arbuckle's little colored player. Thanks.

RUTH, FALL RIVER.—So you girls would rather read my answers to masculine inquisitives? I can't help it; your own sex holds the record—this month more than any other month since I've been answering questions. Pauline Starke started with Griffith; she was with Triangle, then Tourneur. Now she's the lead in Allan Dwan's picturization of "Soldiers of Fortune."

ELSIE V., CHICAGO.—So you pass the PHOTOPLAY offices every day and stand and gaze up at the windows and wait until someone appears. Then you wonder if it is me. I mean I. Have you ever seen me? I look just like the drawing of me at the head of my column. You think I'm patient. Dear girl, I'm Job Junior. And you say that Chicago is nice but lonesome if you know nobody. I never met him. You don't wish my blonde stenographer any bad luck but you hope she gets married. Then you'll apply. I am very likeable. Eugene O'Brien—Selznick Pictures Corp.

L. M., LOS ANGELES.—No, no, we never—intentionally—hurt anyone's feelings. Not even you people who write us roasts—our roast is right. Earl Williams is not only engaged—he's married. He was also an unwilling participant in a breach-of-promise suit lately. Playing right along for Vitagraph.

LUCILLE-ETTE, COLGATE, OKLA.—Now I know where my tooth-paste comes from. Jack Pickford is in a new one for First National, "Bill Apperson's Boy." It was directed by James Kirkwood—you remember Jim. He is coming back in an Allan Dwan production, "Luck of the Irish." As an actor, that young man in the Twain picturization was Robert Gordon, who is now with J. Stuart Blackton, in "Moonshine and Shadows" and "Dawn." Married to Alma Francis, former musical comedienne.

ELSIE B., HOMERVILLE.—Don't kid me. Which of the Flage sisters are you—Camou or Per-i? I like both girls; nice family, too. Constance Talmadge and Norman Kerry are not contemplating marriage that I know of; both are enjoying, at present, single blessedness. Kerry is not playing with Connie in her new pictures; Wyndham Standing is her new leading man. Temporary, I think.

ADA'S SISTER.—I don't even remember Ada. You want Dorothy Gish to marry Bobby Harron. I'll see what I can do about it right away. I haven't much of a chance with Dorothy anyway; she is always sweet to me in a sisterly way, however. Have you seen "Nugget Nell?" David Butler is her leading man in this. He was also in "A Petal in the Current," a Mary MacLaren-Universal

CHARLES, INDIANAPOLIS.—At last—a man. But don't call me "Ye Olde." No matter how old I look, I don't feel that way. Houdini is with Lasky now, at the studios in Hollywood, bearing Jesse's name on the shingle over the door. Margery Daw isn't married, nor engaged that I have heard. Margery is very young—about eighteen, I believe. She keeps house for her little brother. Her real name is House but she changed it because she liked the nursery rhyme, "See-saw-Margery-Daw." Farrar's protegee. Now Margery is with the Marshall Neilan company. Whew! No, Doug hasn't married again.

MURTH, MACON.—You girls are springing a lot of new names on me this month. Hard for an old man like me to keep up with you and your feminine fads. However, I manage pretty well. Owen Moore is Mary Pickford's husband; I have it on you there, at any rate. I have known that for a long time.



Reprieve

THE great hulk of what had once been a man staggered drunkenly across the room to the side of the wide-eyed girl.

"Your last hour has come!" he hissed, brandishing a knife over his head.

"Not yet!" retorted the girl, suddenly defiant.

"Why?" thundered the villain.

"Because," answered the young thing, "the cameraman isn't ready."

LOTTIE ROSE, WASHINGTON.—So fancy. I see that I shall have to name myself Algeron or something; then I could marry Lady Agnes in the last reel. Niles Welch is no longer with Lasky, I believe; he is with some other players in a new company—a new Big Four including besides Niles Seena Owen, Anna Nilsson, and Mitchell Lewis. Mrs. Welch is Dell Boone; she is in Dorothy Dalton's "Other Men's Wives" and is appearing in pictures right along.

MILDRED W., UNIONVILLE.—That coy little postscript: "You said you liked white paper!" Yes, Mildred, and still do. You want something about Claire Whitney in PHOTOPLAY. You shall have it. She is in Edward Jose's first independent production, "Mothers of Men." Lumsden Hare has the male lead. Remember him—very English and interesting—in Elsie Ferguson's "The Avalanche?" Shower me with snow-white epistles any time you chose.

ELIZABETH B., YOUNGSTOWN.—I never printed anything to my knowledge about Dick Barthelme being engaged. I would have thought about the horde of protesting letters and thought twice and not printed it. There—I know something terrible would happen if I went away and left my stenog. in charge. Barthelme is with Griffith—(Again!)

CLEO MADISON ADMIRER, MCHENRY.—Your favorite comes and goes. Sometimes, I think she's back among us to stay; tuen again I'm not so sure. Yes, that was Cleo in "The Red Serpent." Will look it up for you. Enid Markey is on the stage now in a Woods farce, "Up in Mabel's Room." Hazel Dawn, another ex-filmist, plays Mabel. Enid will be back sometime, she says. Maxine Elliott was the allegorical figure in "The Eternal Magdalene." Marguerite Marsh, Mae's sister, was the heroine.

RED-HEAD, MARSHFIELD.—Creighton Hale was born in Cork, Ireland—and his hair is light—of course. This is 'way over my stenog's head; hope it won't be over yours.

CECIL D.—I am a bit shy of you girls named Cecil. But when you say that this is the most entertaining department in the Magazine what can I say? I can say I agree with you. Girls named Cecil always have delightful eyes, a sense of humor, and a keen perception and appreciation of the best in everything. Mary Mues Minter is not her real name; her real name is Juliet Reilly; her mother's name is Shebby.

ALA BILLY.—Are you one of us? What's the countersign? Curiosity? Pass. I always want to put two u's in curiosity; do you? But curiosity is the same no matter how it's spelled. Ashton Dearnott is married; Harold Lloyd and Kenneth Harlan are not. I'm not sure about Jay Belasco. Speak up, Jay—are you married?

D. D. FAN, WOONSOCKET, R. I.—There is no rest for the weary and the Answer Man. I never get tired—I am past that stage. I live in a sort of coma—answering questions, eating, swearing, sleeping. That's all. Dorothy Dalton isn't married. She was once the wife of our he-vamp, Lew Cody. Yes—Edna Earle's real name is Marguerite Skirvin. She isn't playing now.

PEARSON FAN, NEW YORK.—Dorothy Bernard's husband is A. H. Van Buren. They have a little girl. Miss Bernard's last picture was "Little Women." Remember her with Fox? Virginia Pearson is Mrs. Sheldon Lewis; they live on Riverside Drive in your village, they act together in Miss Pearson's own company—see "The Bishop's Emeralds" and, yes, there will be an early story about them in the Magazine.

FRANCES, MUNCIE.—Ssh. Come closer. Don't send me any more of those soft epistles. The new blonde with the blue black-fringed eyes has a jealous disposition. I like you but don't write me any more. Billie Rhodes used to be a comedienne, for Christie. Now she's acting in drama—one of her latest is "The Blue Bonnet," a Salvation Army story.

TITTER, PEORIA.—What a peeve, what a peeve, angel child! I refuse to be riled this morning. Everyone else in the office is—it's a rainy Monday—and I find that I can be much more irritating by maintaining an impressive and dignified calm. Conway Tearle was indeed our Norma's leading man in "Nancy Lee" which was fictionalized in this paper mirror of the screen—but the title was changed for presentation to "The Way of a Woman." Norman Kerry's latest is "The Dark Star" with Marion Davies.

SALLY SALT.—I know several old salts but only one Sally. Glad to hear from you again. John Bowers was Mabel Normand's leading man in "Sis Hopkins." Bowers has signed for another year with Samuel Goldwyn.

(Continued on page 105)

At Last!
a Stocking that
Prevents Garter Runs

BURSON

FASHIONED HOSE

Are made with a *narrow hem top*, of extra elasticity, that positively prevents garter runs.

You can appreciate what a relief it would be not to have any more garter ravel—and what a saving it would mean in giving longer wear to the stockings. Garter runs are the most annoying, most destructive agent known to hosiery. Now you can avoid them by wearing BURSON HOSE.

Accept no substitute—see that you get the *Narrow Hem Garter Top*—that's what saves you money and darning. You'll find Burson Hose more comfortable too, because of the extra elastic top, because they are knit to shape without seams.

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 and Silk twisted with Fibre

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Olive Thomas makes a tea-party for her tiny step-sister, who came all the way from Pennsylvania to pay aunt Olive a mid-summer visit. Miss Thomas has a country place on Long Island, and whenever she can be spared from film and social duties she spends the time dispensing goodies to this adoring—and adorable blonde baby.

Plays and Players

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

By CAL YORK

DURING the past month the aggressive Motion Picture has not only invaded the house of its dignified old relative, the Drama of the Speaking Stage, but has taken a chief seat at the table, sent its luggage to the spare room, and has begun to order the servants around. Famous Players—that is to say, the Morganish Mr. Zukor—has acquired the theatrical producing interests of Charles Frohman, indeed an important acquisition in itself, but made all-important by a parallel acquirement, according to report, of a 42 per cent. interest in the Theatrical Syndicate.

This means a nation-wide leverage on theatrical production and a scope and breadth of appeal designed to attract the best producing interests and the most facile authorial typewriters in the world. Mr. Zukor will be President of Charles Frohman, Inc. and his picture corporations will draw upon his theatrical attractions for screen material. The arrangement will not be one-sided, for all the resources of the studios which can aid the theatre, either in brains or materials, will be mobilized for that end. Zukor also has extended his organization's activities across the water: he has representatives in London now contracting for the works of English dramatists.

BILL HART—does anyone ever call him William?—has signed a two-years' contract with Famous Players-Lasky. He will make nine pictures. The arrangement means a new financial agreement but outside of that the Hart program remains much the same. He will retain his old organization, working at the same studio under the management of E. H. Allen, in the same type of outdoor picture that has made him a famous film figure.

LOIS WEBER, our lady-director, has also gone to Famous Players. She will make her own productions, assisted by her husband, Phillips Smalley. Mrs. Smalley introduced Mary MacLaren to the screen—you remember "Shoes"; she developed Mildred Harris Chaplin in such films as "Borrowed Clothes" and "For Husbands Only." Her latest work was with Anita Stewart in "A Midnight Romance" and "Mary Regan."

HELEN HOLMES, "the Railroad Girl" of many Kalem serials, has come back after a long absence, in a fifteen-episode thriller. She has the support of Donald Mackenzie, Lieut. Jack Levering, and Floyd Buckley, a "stunt man" who participated in the Houdini serial.

IT'S safe to assume that most girls from twelve to twenty in the United States, Canada, and adjacent islands are familiar with that quaint "Anne" who is the heroine of the delicious chronicles of girlhood, "Anne of Green Gables", "Anne of Avonlea," and "Anne" through a series of four books by L. M. Montgomery. Realart-Zukor has coerced Miss Montgomery into signing the necessary papers and "Anne" will soon dance on the screen in the petite person of Mary Miles Minter. "Anne" has been translated into scenario form by Frances Marion, the literary soldieress of fortune who also writes scripts for Mary Pickford and Marion Davies.

TEXAS GUINAN, the former Winter Garden star who has turned into a female Bill Hart, via a new series of Sherrill pictures, will, at the conclusion of her present series of westerns, be the star of a new type of western serial, part of which will concern the doings of a gun-woman of the plains and part the adventures of that gunwoman in a calmer society.

SINCE Pearl White and Bill Russell went with Fox the humorhounds have been handling that producer everything.
(Continued on page 88)

Little secrets on which Good Looks depend

SO many, many women could be twice as attractive if they only knew how! Just a bit more understanding of the things that should be done makes all the difference between looking dull and looking exquisite.

HOW TO PROTECT THE SKIN FROM COLD, WIND AND DUST

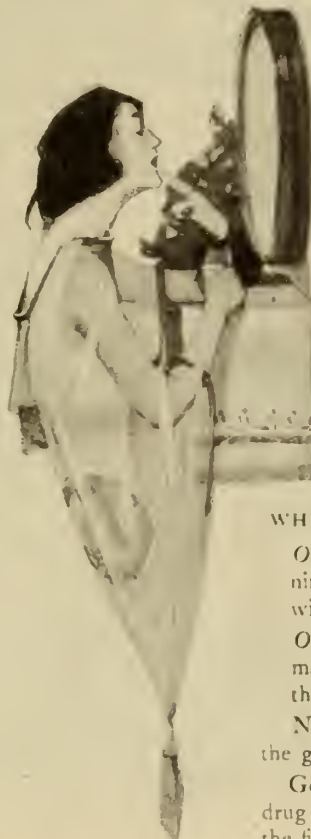
Every "hike," every motor trip you take, your skin pays for. The cold dries it. The wind robs it of all natural oil. The dust flies into the pores and coarsens them. Then, the next day your complexion is flacid, harsh, rough—altogether unlovely!

You can protect your poor skin from this punishment. Before going out, rub a little Pond's Vanishing Cream into your face, neck and hands. At once it disappears. It protects the skin, and it can never come out again in a wretched shine, for it is absolutely greaseless. This will keep your skin soft, smooth, lovely all winter.



HOW TO FRESHEN THE COMPLEXION AND MAKE THE POWDER STAY ON

There are times when you would give all you own to look your very best. Whenever you like, it can be done! Before you powder, take a little bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream on your finger tips. Smooth it lightly over your face. At once the cool, fragrant cream disappears. You can feel the tenseness around eyes and mouth relax. Your skin is smoother, fresher. Now powder your face as usual. *The powder will stay on two or three times as long.* Do this always before powdering. It makes the powder look more natural. It gives your skin a new transparent loveliness, an exquisite softness that make you look your very best. And it will never embarrass you by coming out in a wretched shine!



HOW TO CLEANSER THE PORES AND KEEP THE SKIN CLEAR

For *cleansing*, your skin needs an entirely different cream—a cream with an oil base. Before going to bed or whenever your face has been especially exposed to dust, rub some Pond's Cold Cream into the pores of your skin and wipe it off with a soft cloth. It is amazing how much dirt comes out. You will get a new idea of how important this cold cream cleansing is. The formula for Pond's Cold Cream was especially worked out to supply just the amount of oil required to give it the highest possible cleansing power.

WHY YOUR SKIN NEEDS TWO CREAMS

One without any oil, for daytime and evening needs—Pond's Vanishing Cream. It will not reappear in a shine.

One with an oil base, for cleansing and massage—Pond's Cold Cream. It has just the amount of oil that the skin needs.

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POND'S

Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

One with an oil base and one without any oil

(Continued from page 86)



Here is a great picture of Fred Stone "bulldogging" a wild steer at the Frontier Days Celebration at Cheyenne, Wyo., before 15,000 people. Stone gave a wonderful exhibition of nerve by tackling the steer after getting a fall at the first attempt. The trick is to leap to the animal from horseback and then throw the steer by sheer muscular force. He also rode an "outlaw" in the wild horse race.

The latest is that John Barrymore will leave Famous Players-Lasky to make a series of "specials" for William Fox. Famous however issues an emphatic denial, declaring that Barrymore is under contract with them for an indefinite period. The youngest Barrymore is now vacationing in California.

TOM TERRISS, who has conducted Alice Joyce through her Vitagraph pictures for the past year, has switched to the Corinne Griffith company under the same studio roof. Miss Joyce will, in the future, be directed by Wesley Ruggles—Lieut. Ruggles, returned from France.

EARLY Shame Note: Richard Barthelmess, the meditative young Buddhist of "Broken Blossoms," made his first stage appearance at the age of ten, playing the girl in "The Little Princess." His weekly wage was \$3.50.

BEN TURPIN, the optical counter-irritant, will keep his bifocal eyes at Sennett's studio for another two years. This item may interest many who have read the false reports of his signing with another company.

WILL Julia Marlowe finally bring her beauty and dramatic art to the screen? There was a rumor afloat recently that Mrs. E. H. Sothorn would make a series of Shakespearean production for First National. Her distinguished husband did three pictures for Vitagraph, you may remember, including his well-known "An Enemy to the King," but Mrs. Sothorn has always remained obdurate in her aversion to the movies—at least as far as appearing in them herself is concerned.

EILEEN PERCY, the little English blonde whose film career began in the support of Douglas Fairbanks, will be seen with Major Robert Warwick in a forthcoming release, a picturization of Augustus Thomas' "In Missouri." Miss Percy also has a leading part in a new Pathe serial called "The Third Eye." The very heavy? Warner Oland.

JAMES YOUNG is guiding Elsie Janis through her first Selznick "Everybody's Sweetheart." Young needs no introduction to film followers: he conducted his former wife, Clara Kimball, through the Vitagraph films, and has directed numerous notables for Lasky.

MARGUERITE COURTOT, the slender Franco-American who used to be a picture prominence for Kalem, and who has been off the screen for sometime, is David Powell's leading woman in "The Teeth of the Tiger," for Famous-Lasky. Just before this engagement she was one of Eugene O'Brien's lovees in "The Perfect Lover." And upon completion of her Powell engagement, she will do some serialing.

DO people mean what they say when they promise to retire? Sometimes they do, but promised retirees always have the right to change their minds. This reminds me of a disgruntled press agent who once exploited for David W. Griffith. That director is no more critical of his assistants than he is of himself, but this unfortunate press-agent could seem to do nothing to please him. However, Mr. Griffith finally expressed himself as satisfied and left the publicist and premises. "Satisfied!" grunted the p. a. "he'll only be satisfied when he has a lily in his hand!"

KATHLYN WILLIAMS, perhaps the most celebrated of the old Selig players, will make one of her occasional celluloid appearances with Bessie Barriscale in a picture now under way at the Brunton studios. The indomitable Kathlyn of the "Adventures" was in DeMille's "We Can't Have Everything," in "The Better Wife" with Clara K. Young, and later was the subject of one of those M. O. C. rumors.

SERGEANT ALVIN C. YORK, the heroic mountaineer, has tumbled for the picture lure. He has signed a motion picture contract with a Chicago firm.

A FAIRLY authoritative report says that Samuel Goldwyn is making plans for a New York studio. This increases by an other large unit the important film manufacturing enterprises now preparing for production under the shadow of the home offices. Plans for the studio are now under way, and it is said the structure will cost several hundred thousand—to be located in Central Manhattan. This does not mean, however, the abandonment of the Culver City plant. All of the Goldwyn pictures will be made in California until next spring, and thereafter, if the New York studio has been built according to present plans, photoplays will be produced at both ends of the line.

RUPERT JULIAN, actor and producer, has left Universal for Goldwyn. His latest work was "The Fire Flingers," in which he not only directed but also enacted the dual leading role. He will continue his twin activities at the Culver City studios.

JACK NORWORTH, from the variety stage, will make his picture debut via the chapter route. He has started to work in a serial called "The Crooked Dagger" which will be released by Pathe.

(Continued on page 94)



Octavus Roy Cohen; at the age of twenty-eight—has written four hundred short stories, four novels, a play which is having a successful run in New York—"The Crimson Alibi," written in collaboration with George Broadhurst—and is now embarking on a new career; that of a photoplaywright. Goldwyn has contracted Cohen to write filmplays for five years.

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 80)

THE PERFECT LOVER—Selznick.

Here is one of the most unusual pictures of the past two years, and I'll say that it is the best picture Selznick ever made. Unusual, not because it is a perfect picture, but because it is a truth-telling picture, and truth-telling in love stories is a rare thing. It has been given the advantage of a perfectly magnified cast, all-sufficient material equipment, and very fine direction by Ralph Ince. It is the best work Mr. Ince has done in years—I think. Altogether, it is a most auspicious opening for the new stellar career of Eugene O'Brien.

Compressing the nugget of fact in this optical enterprise we get the following: an ornate young man, properly placed, will never have to pursue women; they will pursue him, in quantities, and if he isn't careful he will face a smashed career.

Brian Lazar, a handsome young artist of great potentialities, makes some small success with paintings in the country, and comes to the city where he immediately finds a patroness in the rich, and—as the caption deily says—"love-starved" Mrs. Byfield, young wife of the middle-aged man. Mrs. Byfield's attentions continue until Mrs. Whitney, also love-starved as we may believe, interferes and endeavors to supplant the first woman in the artist's affection. Failing to do this, she betrays the couple to Mrs. Byfield's husband. The acting and direction—and the latter is especially notable—have been admirably true to life in these sequences. Without cheap melodrama of posturing, people appear to do exactly the things that they would do under these surprising and revelatory circumstances. Back to the story: Lazar then plunges into a wilder way of living than ever. Mavis Morgan, a pretty girl companion, is torn from him by her angry father. Little by little, Lazar's talent fails him. An artist he helped in the direst poverty scornfully passes him in success now. Lazar turns to commercial advertising—and he is even discharged from a commercial art shop because his ideas are too impractical for the sellers of biscuits and tires and leather belting. In the meantime, he has endeavored to right everything by marrying the daughter of the old artist who taught him all his first principles; but this marriage doesn't right things—although, admittedly, it would in the usual movie of artistic existence. At length, desperately seeking help at the hour of his baby's birth, Lazar goes to the artist whom he, in his turn, had assisted. Here he finds not only the artist, but Mrs. Whitney, and she, with the rapier-like vengeance of a scorned cat, gives Lazar a ring to pawn—as a "loan," of course—and he pawns it; then has him arrested as a thief. It is his recital of his entire life, to the arresting detective and the Whitney woman, which makes the story as it unrolls.

Ince's absolute realism has deserted him in only one place. Out-at-the-elbows poverty is never so affecting as patched, neat poverty, and it is the out-at-the-elbows type which Lazar suffers. The tenement scenes, too, seemed a bit overdone in sordidness. Lazar, poor, was not poor as much as he was a hobo—according to appearances. And this is hardly the truth.

The cast is a revelation. O'Brien himself is ideal as Lazar; Lucille Stewart plays Mrs. Byfield; that once adorable La France rosebud, Marguerite Courtot—a rosebud now nearly in full blossom—comes back to the screen after a long absence as a fascinating Eileen, wife of Lazar; and Martha Mansfield is a stunning Mavis Morgan. The surprise of the cast, however, is Mary Boland as the wicked Mrs. Whitney—indeed,

villainesses of any description have not appeared via Miss Boland's talents before.

TEXAS GUINAN Frohman Amusement Corp.

Miss Guinan's two-reel Westerns are coming along rapidly, and are bettering themselves steadily in quality. I have just seen two late products, "A Dangerous Little Devil," and "Some Gal," and in both she plays with an original spirit, and an ease and assurance which she most certainly did not possess when she began these pictures two months ago.

In the first named she is supported by William Bennett, Clifford Smith, Leo Willis and H. M. Budgeon. Her character, as usual, is a girl of the plains in gun and chaps, with the black, short hair curling abundantly under her Stetson hat, and a plentiful equipment of determined mouth and big flashing eyes. In the second picture she has that master of Western villainy, Jack Richardson, and George Chesbro as a leading man. There is a man-woman fight in "Some Gal" that is worth going a long way to see—a regular Toledo affair it is, with Miss Guinan administering a final sleeping portion to Richardson, a bad man of the "crost-the-hor-der type. There are a number of striking scenic shots in both these pictures, and Miss Guinan, in addition to riding like a whirlwind, manages to settle a rope rather neatly about an objectionable character, and do other tricks of the vaquero's trade.

THE BETTER WIFE—Select

A mediocre play, indeed—but wait a minute: Clara Kimball Young does one of the cleverest things that a woman can do on screen or stage—and a brave thing, too: she surrounds herself with beautiful women! When a beautiful woman does that, it shows one of two things; she has a manager who really manages, or she has real common sense. So put down Miss Young as the possessor of brains. In fact, on all sides she supplied herself with an exceptional group of actors, for the cast includes—Besides Kathryn Williams and Lillian Walker, as the lovely ladies chiefly referred to—Nigel Barrie, Irving Cummings, Barbara Tennant, Edward Kimball and little Ben Alexander. Miss Young plays Charmian Page, daughter of an American business man. Visiting in England, she becomes acquainted with Sir Richard and Lady Beverly. Lady Beverly loves her husband no more than she does the family honor, and that's very little, if any. Killed in a motor accident, we soon forget her in watching the unnecessary tortures of Charmian and Sir Richard, who originally put on the agony that novelist Lenore Coffe might have a book, and keep it up that Miss Young may have a feature play.

THE WAY OF A WOMAN—Select

She was a Southern girl. There you are. Tell any vaudeville comedian that, and he would give you the rest of the story in wheezes. This Southern girl was a Lee of Virginia, sub. Her front name was Nancy, and if you put those names together you recall that wise Eugene Walter wrote the original play—and fell for every one of the old southern girl super-titons. Nancy came to New York, and married an allegedly rich man to help the folks back in the cotton and the cane. But her husband died, and left her, as a principal inheritance, a large number of friendships around the Times Square restaurants. (The sub-title says "Bohemian friends," but as that doesn't mean anything in particular, I'm translating)

(Concluded on page 122)



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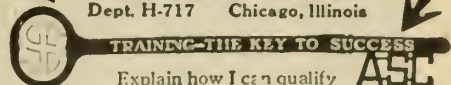
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Why-Do-They Do-It

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.



Making the Candle Burn Longer

IN "The Haunted Bedroom" Enid Bennett leaves the kitchen carrying a candle about four inches long, yet when she enters the bedroom five minutes later, the candle has grown until it is fully a foot in length.

CLEO DANNA.

Kansas City, Mo.

A Sweet Smell

IN "The Lion's Den" the minister says, "When I was a boy, I wanted to be a grocery clerk, and smell the coffee and sugar when I was wrapping them up." ED. L. CHAMBERLIN.

New York.

(1) Yes; (2) No.

HAVE you seen Charles Ray in "The Busher?" Ever hear of pepper trees or eucalyptus trees in Minnesota? E. D. R. Glendale, Calif.

The Editor's Secret Exit, Perhaps

IN "The Haunted Bedroom," Enid enters the office of the editor of the newspaper. The door on the outside has no sign printed on it, yet when Enid is shown on the inside of the office, the words "Managing Editor" appear on the glass, reversed.

Also, in the same picture, they certainly have queer weather. Every night is "dark and stormy" and yet morning is always sunny and bright and dry.

V. D. A.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

The Cow Apparently Cheated

IN Charles Chaplin's "Sunnyside" Charlie brings in a cow to the kitchen and taking his cup of coffee, obtains the milk direct from the cow (eliminating the middleman). Yet when he is shown drinking the coffee it is inky black.

E. P. R.

Plainfield, N. J.

Did You Look for A Rainbow?

WE have considerable change in the Oklahoma weather, but nothing to surpass that depicted in D. W. Griffith's "True Heart Susie." In one scene Bettina is caught in a very heavy rain storm and in discovering she had lost her key, has to take shelter across the street in Susie's home, where we find the bright sun shining in the window, although it is raining across the street.

K. G. K.

Oklahoma City.

A Fastidious Pauper

IN "The New Moon" Norma Talmadge is a peasant in Russia, yet she greets the anarchist chief at the door of her store in a *silk negligée*!

In "Girls" with Marguerite Clark a very unusual thing occurs. Although Miss Clark (Mrs. Williams) is a great little actress—I believe McGraw, of the Giants, would give her a job as pitcher. At the close of the picture Miss Clark throws her peculiar "Anti-man pin cushion" out of the window and right into the trash can without even looking!—

J. R.

New York City.

Only A Harmless Tarantula

In a "thrilling" episode of "The Tiger Trail," starring Ruth

Ro'and, a tarantula was seen, about to bite her arm. The tarantula is not at all dangerous to human life, as recent scientific investigations have proven. And even our reliable old friend Noah Webster says it pains no more than the sting of a wasp. If the directors cannot keep up with science they can at least read the dictionary.

L. V. BARLAMENT.

Green Bay, Wis.



A Queer Medley

In "A Midnight Romance" Jack Holt and Juanita Hansen are seen waltzing while many of the guests at the hotel are one-stepping. Prudence Goodall, New York City

Wooden Indians

IN Norma Talmadge's "Heart of Wetona" the Indians are seen battering down the door of her lover's cabin when the chief comes up, tells them to stop, opens the door and walks in. Besides, there was an open window three feet from the door. H. G. MC. Boston.

Tidy Bullets

IN "The She Wolf" Texas Guinan shoots two men through a window. Yet the glass is still unbroken as both fall wounded.

In "Pretty Smooth" the burglar opens the wall safe by listening to the tumblers drop in less time than it took the lady who opened it with the combination. Why so?

In "The Money Corral" William Hart wins the pistol shoot championship. Later he has a pistol duel with a burglar who is only about two feet away—yet after shooting five or six times he only slightly wounds him in the arm. JAY WALSH.

New York.

You'd Think So

IN "Peggy Does Her Darndest" "The Binkum School of Detectivity" used Metro envelopes.

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Plays and Players

(Continued from page 88)

THAT slender reed, Al St. John, has left his uncle Arbuckle's company to star alone. Famous-Lasky will release his series of comedies for the coming year. St. John has been with Fatty-Roscoe in the round one's Paramount pictures, for a long time.

SAM SOTHERN, brother of E. H., is to make his premier film appearance in Douglas Fairbank's first United Artists production. Though he has been overshadowed by more towering names in his historic

HOBART BOSWORTH, first of the stage players of any repute to woo the mysteries of the camera, has returned to filmland after several years' absence, the last one in vaudeville. Bosworth has signed a contract with Thomas H. Ince and his first starring vehicle is "Behind the Door" by Gouverneur Morris. Jane Novak will be seen opposite to him. Mr. Bosworth deserted the stage for the screen way back in 1909, joining the Selig Company, then the only one operating in California. Ill health



"Jes' plain sody," says Anita Stewart. Director Mickey and his stellar Stewart have a little difference of opinion between scenes. Neilan believes that directors are more in need of refreshment than stars—but do you think the young feminist will share her straw? Never!

histrionic family, Sam Sothern bears a well-known reputation in comedy, a field which was his father's, while E. H. has always confined himself to the drama.

UNIVERSAL believes if you have a good thing, do it over again. A few years ago they took "Loot," the Satevepost serial by Arthur Somers Roche and made it into a fifteen episode serial under the name of "The Gray Ghost." In course of time, people forgot it, or were presumed to have done so and the story was hauled out of the scenario department shelves and turned over to a scenarist who made it into a five-reel feature. Darrel Foss and Ora Carew play the chief roles. William Dowlan did the directing.

had something to do with his desertion of the "speakies" and many of his colleagues of that day still regret the words of reproach they showered upon Hobart at that time for his apostasy. Later he became one of the foremost producers and in the course of time was swallowed up by the interests now known as Famous Players-Lasky.

FLORENCE TURNER makes her return to the screen via the Universal screen. Once the only rival to Mary Pickford in the popularity of screen devotees, Miss Turner went abroad and literally dropped out of sight for four years so far as the American public was concerned. She is directing a series of one reel comedies in which she is also playing the star role.

I just love these
glove fitting Tweedie Boot Tops
They are so distinctive, snappy
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Mabel Normand

Tweedie Boot Tops

NOT posed nor in some costumed character part—but Mabel Normand just as she is—in tailored hat, and gown, and with Tweedie tailored feet and ankles.

Miss Normand, Tweedie clad, is typical of America's best dressed women. They have learned the comfortable, well-garbed feeling which goes with Tweedie's smart, snappy, distinctive fastidiousness.

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St. Louis, Missouri



Courtesy of Goldwyn Studios—Photo by Hoop 1



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Plays and Players

(Continued)

VIOLET MERSEREAU, who has been off-screen for a long time, is to return as the star in "Love Wins," a production by a brand new company. When Universal made their complete trek west it was not complete after all, for Miss Mersereau held a contract with them a provision of which was that she should work in or about New York, and nowhere else. So she finished her contract here.

MRS. HARRY J. EDWARDS has just been granted a decree of divorce from her husband, Harry J. Edwards, a moving picture director. If that conveys nothing to the casual reader it might be elucidated, as it were, that Gladys Brockwell has had another divorce. Miss Brockwell married Edwards while he was being trained to fight for the well known democracy at Camp Lewis, Wash.



Richard Barthelmess and his baby. No, we lied. This is only Dick's small godson, the infant heir of a fortunate friend of his whom Dick has adopted. Barthelmess is still in make-up for Griffith's last Arcraft. The aviating is only for fun.

DAN Cupid also got a wallop when Harry Carey, Universal's Western hero, was sued for divorce by his wife. They had been estranged for some time.

JAMES KIRKWOOD is to don grease-paint for the first time since the old days opposite Mary Pickford. Allen Dwan induced him to toss aside the megaphone in order to enact the lead in "Luck of the Irish" which Dwan is making in Hawaii. He claimed that Jim was the only man in the business who really fitted the part. Anna Q. Nilson is the heroine and Norman Kerry has a good role.

ETHEL CLAYTON wasn't lost in the weird and woolly Orient after all as feared by the Paramount paragrappers. But Ethel's disappearance made good copy until she notified the company that she would report for work on July 20. She merely had neglected to notify anyone when she sailed from Japan to renew her camera work at Lasky studio.

SHE KNOWS—

that super-fluous hair on the under-arms spoils the effect of a smart gown. That is why she uses

X-Bazin The Famous French Depilatory Powder

For Removing Hair Which Made the Sleeveless Gown Possible

Takes but five minutes—leaves the skin white and smooth—will not stimulate later growth. Guaranteed harmless. For sale at drug and department stores, price 50c and \$1.00 in U. S. A. Elsewhere 75c and \$1.50, or we will mail direct if preferred on receipt of price. HALL & RUCKEL, Inc., 223 Washington St., New York

Plays and Players

(Continued)

WHILE the country was paying honor to Captain Eddie Rickenbacker our best fil ace, Doug Fairbanks was trying to lure the famous Hun buster into the movies. The movie star was the foremost among the leading cits of Los Angeles who entertained Capt. Eddie and it did not leak out until sometime after he had departed that Fairbanks was interested in getting the aviator into the films. The plan was to have Fairbanks appear with Capt. Rickenbacker who is said to have rejected the offer because it called for merely a percentage of profits without any definite guarantee.



This man has just made a pie for Geraldine Farrar. She hasn't sampled it yet, but it's safe to say her expression will match his when she does. He keeps the Goldwyn studio happy—he's the chef, is Oaf Bernadotte.

ANOTHER aviator, Lieut. Locklear, who leaped into fame by leaping from one aircraft to another while in flight, listened to some business talk by one of Carl Laemmle's scouts and boarded a train for Universal City where he is starring in an aviation serial.

FRED STONE was the hero of the annual Frontier Days Celebration at Cheyenne the latter part of July, although other notables of stage and screen have attended the great western festivities in other years. Stone was the first who ever actually contested in the trick riding, bronco busting and roping events, competing against the most expert horsemen in the West. Then Fred resumed work on his second photoplay as an independent producer, scenes for which were all made in Wyoming. The first picture, "Billy Jim," was made in California and the Canadian Rockies. The name of the second is "The Duke of Chimney Butte." Mr Stone returned to the stage on September first for his third year in "Jack o' Lantern," expecting to resume film work early next summer.

THEY are saying around the Lasky lot in Hollywood that little Lila Lee, nee Cuddles Edwards, is developing into a film player extraordinary under the tutelage of Cecil DeMille. Lila was generally regarded as an over-advertised star whose screen work did not come up to the paid predictions. Then DeMille cast her for "Tweeny" the little maid in "The Admirable



End That Film On Your Teeth

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

You Must If You Save Them

THE tooth brush alone may remove food debris, but it does not end the film. Night and day, between the teeth and elsewhere, that film does constant damage. Most tooth troubles are now known to be caused by it.

It is that slimy film which you feel with your tongue. It clings to the teeth and gets into crevices. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it. That is why millions of well-brushed teeth discolor and decay.

That film is what discolors — not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So, despite the tooth brush, all these troubles have been constantly increasing.

Now dental science, after years of search, has found a way to combat film. It is embodied for daily use in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. It penetrates wherever the film goes. It lingers between the teeth. When you use it, it attacks the film efficiently. We ask you to prove this by a ten-day test, to be made at our expense.

See How Teeth Whiten

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube and use like any tooth paste. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears. You will realize then what a revolution has developed in teeth cleaning methods.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly combat it.

Pepsin was not used before because it must be activated. The usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has discovered a harmless activating method. Because of patents it is used in Pepsodent alone. This method is doing for millions of teeth what was never done before.

Four years of clinical and laboratory tests have proved the results beyond question. Leading dentists all over America now urge its daily use. You are bound to adopt it when you know it, for your children and yourself. Cut out this coupon — now, before you forget it — and see what it means to you.

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Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears. (233)

Ten-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT CO., Dept. 673
1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name

Address

Plays and Players

(Concluded)

Crichton" and the studio wisecracks intimate that she gives Gloria Swanson a good run for first feminine honors. Miss Lee will remain under the DeMille guidance henceforth.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN plans to release a comedy entitled "How Moving Pictures Are Made" if First National will accept it under his contract. It was made during the building of Chaplin's studio last year. If it is not rejected Charlie will have three more comedies to do under his famous million dollar contract as he has just completed the successor to "Sunnyside."

HAVING battled through sundry and various courts in order to free herself from various and sundry contracts, with more or less success, Clara Kimball Young is back among the Kliegs. Sae is doing "Eyes of Youth" which Marjorie Rambeau made famous on the stage. She is surrounded by a remarkable cast including William Courtleigh, Vincent Serrano and Gareth Hughes and her director is Albert Parker who recently resigned as Doug Fairbanks' director.

SYD CHAPLIN is now engaged in making comedies abroad. He went to Europe the latter part of July, accompanied only by his wife, business manager and a technical man, expecting to pick up his supporting players in England and France.

TSURU AOKI, the charming little wife of Sessue Hayakawa, is soon to reappear on the screen as a star, after a lengthy eclipse in the shadow of her talented husband. In the old Domino-Ince days Sessue used to play in support of Tsuru. Now Mrs. Sessue will make her stellar premier in "The Breath of the Gods," for Universal.

TOM MEIGHAN is going to do about two more pictures under Cecil DeMille, then, in all likelihood, he will burgeoon as a star on his own. Tom has been going exceptionally well of late and during the last year has been regarded as the highest paid leading man on the screen, in many instances drawing a larger salary than the star he was engaged to support. A number of the big producing concerns have been angling for his services for a long period but it is understood that he prefers the independent producing basis for his future activities. Meighan's long screen career reaches its zenith in his portrayal of "The Admirable Crichton" in the DeMille version of the famous Barrie play.



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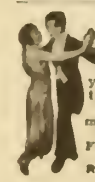
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I am a Necessity

YET ye curse me, more than praise me; twist me and turn me, all day long, and far into the night. I am battered, knocked, bended, hammered, rolled in the dirt, jolted over rough roads, and yet taken into mansions. You break me, wait for me, rush me hither and yon, always in a hurry—I am hot with anger at times. You make me work full tilt while you rest or talk or chatter about your scenarios. I cost you thousands, but you keep me without much comfort. Yet you could not make your old pictures without me.

I am not the publicity man. I am Artificial Lighting. [Reprinted from *The Studio Skeleton*—the Goldwyn Studio Weekly.]

Largest Movie Show in the World

THE motion pictures projected at the Methodist Centenary Exposition in Columbus, Ohio, and generously mentioned in September PHOTOPLAY, were estimated to be 1,440,000 times larger on the screen than on the actual film, which is about one inch and three-quarters of an inch high.

The largest movie audience ever gathered together attended these performances, numbering 40,000 at a single performance. The pictures as a whole were easily discernible six blocks away, while the nearest seat to the screen was 325 feet distant. The screen itself, especially built for the occasion, measured 100 feet wide and 75 feet high.

Much speculation has been aroused concerning the projectors used for these remarkable films. Strange to say, the machines used are the ordinary stock Simplex machines found in thousands of theaters, churches and institutions, throughout the world. However, they are equipped with type S heavy duty lamp houses, two and three quarter-inch equivalent focus lenses 170 ampere rheostats and a special shutter, known as the extra light shutter, a new invention which increases light on the screen and relieves eye strain. This shutter was only recently put on the market by the builders of the Simplex projecting machines.

The great screen on which the pictures were projected was built for the Exposition primarily for giant stereopticon slides to be used in connection with a megaphonic arrangement for illustrated lectures. It cost approximately \$8,000 and contained 100,000 feet of lumber. A specially built Bessler stereopticon machine was used to project the slides on the screen.

Exposition officials, finding the slides were meeting with tremendous success, decided to attempt motion pictures on the screen. Several experts laughed at the idea, stating that it would be impossible to enlarge motion pictures sufficiently to make any kind of a showing on the mammoth screen.

Leo S. Dwyer of the Simplex concern, with his staff of operators and electricians worked for several nights in the projecting room of the amphitheatre after the crowds had left. After tests of varying success, Dwyer projected a picture 54 feet wide and 40 feet high. Not satisfied with this, he continued his tests until he obtained the 100 x 75 foot pictures, which are approximately 1,440,000 times larger than the picture on the film, which is about one inch wide and three-quarters of an inch high.

Only certain films can be used in the specially prepared projecting machine. They must be black and white, with no shadings of gray, or cloudy and artistic effects. The film is run through fast in order to prevent burning by the powerful lamps in the machine.

To Film Africa

UNIVERSAL has sent out a great expedition into the heart of Africa to film wild animals and wild men in their native haunts.

Among the baggage taken along are: 150 miles of motion picture film for still pictures, 6,000 pounds of food, 9 folding canvas, bath and wash basins, 4 knockdown animal cages, 10 nursing bottles and 30 nursing nipples for captured baby animals, animal skinning outfit, 6 hot water bottles, 300 mouse traps for collecting specimens of rodent life, 12 wolf traps, 200 rat traps, 6,000 tin tags for identifying skulls, 10 tons of photographic chemicals, 2 talking machines and 100 records.



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"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE"
\$5.00 \$6.00 \$7.00 \$8.00 \$9.00 & \$10.00

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W. L. Douglas \$7.00 and \$8.00 shoes are absolutely the best shoe values for the money in this country. They are the leaders everywhere. W.L. Douglas \$9.00 and \$10.00 shoes are made throughout of the finest leather the market affords, with a style endorsed by the leaders of America's fashion centers; they combine quality, style and comfort equal to other makes selling at higher prices.

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Many years ago, Mr. A. S. Hinds of Portland, compounded the now famous toilet requisite, Hinds Cream.

A pure, snow-white cream containing ingredients that soothe and refine the skin, and most valuable for sunburn, windburn and chapping.

Its merit has made it the final choice of every woman who values the appearance of her face, hands and arms. Mr. Hinds has also prepared various other specialties, each as good in its own way as Hinds Cream.

SAMPLES.—Be sure to enclose stamps with your request. Hinds Honey and Almond Cream 2c. B4. Cold and Disappearing Cream 4c. Takun. 2c. Trial Cake Soap 8c. Sample Face Powder 2c. Trial size 15c. Attractive Week-End Box 58c.

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Fashionable—
because its delightful fragrance is a mark of distinction in fine homes.

Send 15c to Vivaudou, Times Building, New York, for a sample of Lady Mary Perfume.

TALC 35¢
FACE POWDER 50¢

Should Children Go to Movies?

(Concluded from page 58)

exhibitor. Now she is a lecturer, specializing in the subject of how women have snatched success.

"They've had to snatch it, you see," she says, "because they have seldom had the same opportunities as men to win it." Her mission in life, she believes, is to widen these opportunities.

Picture Health

How is your town's picture health? What have you done for its constitution? Why not organize a branch of **The Better Photoplay League of America**

Call a meeting of Better Film enthusiasts. Elect your officers—a chairman, two vice-chairmen, and a secretary. As there are no dues you will not need a treasurer. Constitution and by-laws for the Branch Leagues will be supplied when you send the names of your officers and ten original members to The Better Photoplay League of America, 350 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill. Send two cents in postage for the handbook, "Hints and Helps in Obtaining Better Films."

Miss Roberts and her brother inaugurated at their theatre the plan of showing educational films to the children free, after school hours. "Theatre managing would have been a dreary business," says Miss Roberts, "if there had been no children there."

"When my brother first asked me to join him in owning and operating a motion picture theatre I refused. I did not want to encourage people to waste their time, and seldom having been inside a picture theatre, I considered attending pictures merely time wasted. But he took me to see the newest, finest releases—and convinced me. Thereafter I was with him heart and soul in the work. The exchange-men and the producers aided us wonderfully. They are a fine body of men. They gave us—youngsters in the business, you might say—the benefit of their honest judgment and information."

Miss Roberts is vitally interested in the Better Film movement, especially endorsing the work of The Better Photoplay League.

Branches of The Better Photoplay League of America are being formed, not only in this country, but also abroad. Correspondents from England, Australia, Japan and China have asked permission to form Branch Leagues, and soon there may be Branches in all civilized countries. This will be a picture League of Nations, with no secret covenants secretly arrived at—a true film alliance to uphold fourteen points of picture decency.

Instant Bunion Relief Prove It At My Expense



Don't send me one cent—just let me prove it to you as I have done for over 72,500 others in the last six months. I claim to have the most successful remedy for bunions ever made and I want you to let me send you my Fairyfoot treatment **Free**. I don't care how many so-called cures, shields or pads you ever tried without success—I don't care how disgusted you are with them all—you have not tried my remedy and I have such absolute confidence in it that I am going to send it to you **absolutely FREE**. It is a wonderful yet simple home remedy which relieves you almost instantly of the pain; it removes the cause of the bunion and thus the ugly deformity disappears—all this while you are wearing tighter shoes than ever. Just send your name and address and Fairyfoot will be sent you promptly in plain sealed envelope. Write today.

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Naturally wavy hair is within the reach of every woman.

Water-Maid Wavers

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Will produce a natural beautiful ripple wave that will remain in the straightest hair a week or longer, even in damp weather or when perspiring. If hair is fluffy only use the wavers once after every shampoo.

Send for the Water Wavers today and stop burning your hair with hot irons or twisting with curlers which tends to break the hair. Absolutely sanitary. Put up six individual wavers to a set, and sent by mail to any address in the U. S., with full directions upon receipt of \$2.00. Order today.

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Makes stubborn hair easy to comb, neat and attractive

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Featured in Jack Norworth's "Odds and Ends"

Adopted by—Screen—Stage—Society

Because Hair-Dress will make the most stubborn hair stay the way you comb it and retain a smooth, dressy appearance the entire evening. With Hair-Dress you can comb your hair any fashionable style—straight back—any way you want it. Hair-Dress will also give to your hair that beautiful lustre so much in vogue with men and women of the stage, the screen and society. It is harmless and acts as an excellent tonic.

Send fifty cents today for a trial jar. Use it five days. If it isn't just what you have been looking for—send it back. Your money will be cheerfully returned to you. Send United States stamps, coin or money order. Your jar is delicately scented, greaseless Hair-Dress will be promptly mailed postpaid. Send for this wonderful toilet necessity today. **Send \$1.00 for Three Months' Supply.**

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No. 5 Black Metal Frame

\$4.50

Delivered **\$5.00 West or South**

By using a swinging stand. Locks in any position. Golden Nail or Weathered Oak or Mahogany finished 14 x 18 inch tops. Oxidized Copper or Nickel frames, 60c extra. See dealer for order direct.

Send for our free catalog of Office Equipment, Supplies and Sectional Bookcases.

The Weis Manufacturing Co.
501 Union St. Monroe, Mich.

What's in a Name?

MONROE SALISBURY, Universal star, entered a Los Angeles jewelry store to buy a fountain-pen. He tried the various points offered and covered a sheet of paper with Latin quotation:

"Tempus Fugit." Still he seemed unable to find a point that suited his writing.

Looking over his shoulder a sweet young thing who worked at the fountain-pen counter said:

"Mr. Fugit, did anyone ever tell you that you look just exactly like Monroe Salisbury?"

The Midnight Man

(Continued from page 53)

Terms were satisfactory, so they shook hands and parted.

His bet with Arnold seemed to awaken an almost reckless streak in Bob Gilmore. Perhaps, since he was born sportsman, he was compelled by instinct to make this a good game. At any rate, the activities of "The Midnight Man" took on an exceedingly daring and spectacular turn. He began to expose himself to capture, to run a hundred unnecessary risks and dangers, to almost flaunt himself in the faces of his would-be captors.

On the very evening after the bet was made, Bob phoned to Arnold anonymously, telling him that "The Midnight Man" would be present at the vaudeville entertainment given by one of Nell Morgan's pet charities that night.

It was really flying in the face of providence, because Bob knew that not only would Arnold and a big force of his men be there, but that Ramah Dhin, the Hindu, with his magical tricks, was to be the feature of the evening. He had come to know, through several desperate encounters, that he could count the Hindu a deadly and persistent foe—far more dangerous to his personal safety than Arnold.

* * *

Bob Gilmore sat in the Morgan box that night. He was unusually handsome, as he bent over the comely head of Nell Morgan with an attentiveness that evoked a sigh of envy from many a mooning debutante. It was plainly evident to the most casual observer that he was looked upon with more than ordinary favor by the Morgan household.

Just as Ramah Dhin commenced his performance, an usher came to the box with a telegram for "Mr. Stevens"—sent on from the club." Bob left with great regret. The telegram was urgent.

Not five minutes later the magician's assistant waiting beneath the trap door in the floor, down in the basement, suddenly toppled over unconscious. A tall masked figure seized his flowing garments, swathed himself in them, then stepped up through the trap into an empty trunk. A moment later the trunk was opened by Ramah Dhin.

Steve Arnold was standing close by, having responded to the magician's request that he carefully inspect the trunk before it was locked.

The assistant stepped quickly to him, snapped handcuffs upon him, then turned to the audience and salaamed, throwing off the disguise as he did so and revealing a tall, supple young man in evening clothes, his face hidden in a mask.

Ramah Dhin gave the signal for darkness. Only the spot light was left, and in this the audience, hardly knowing whether or not it was a part of the performance, saw the Hindu lunge at the masked intruder with his knife. Bob seized the magician's bony arms and bent him back.

A gasp went up over the footlights. "The Midnight Man" cried the audience, as one voice.

Chaos ensued. Stage hands, detectives, men from the audience rushed to the stage.

In the excitement, some one in the flies let down the curtain.

Bob twisted himself loose from the many hands that held him, dodged, ran to the front of the stage, and grasped the edge of the curtain. He went up with it until the man in the flies became conscious of it. Then the lifting stopped, and the curtain began to lower again.

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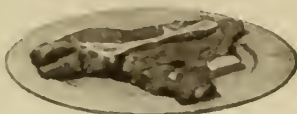
Food for Little or Pay Ten Times as Much



The Man's Need

is largely for energy. This is what energy costs, at current prices, per 1,000 calories—the unit of measure:

Cost Per 1000 Calories	
In Quaker Oats	5½c
In Round Steak	33c
In Veal or Lamb	50c
In Average Fish	50c
In Hen's Eggs	50c



Meats

up to 50c per 1000 Calories

The Boy's Need

is for energy, too. But also for protein, the body-builder. And this is what protein costs at current prices when figured alone:

Cost Per Pound For Protein	
In Quaker Oats	70c
In White Bread	\$1.30
In Hen's Eggs	2.45
In Ham	4.00

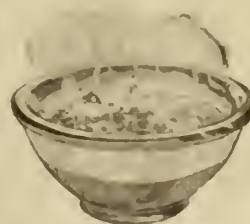
Compare Cost With Quaker Oats

These are times to figure on food values and food costs.

You should know that Quaker Oats supply 1810 calories of energy per pound. Lean beef supplies less than half that, eggs about one-third that, fish about one-sixth.

You should know that oats are one-sixth protein, the food for growth.

You should know that Quaker Oats cost only one-ninth average meat foods for the same calory value.



Quaker Oats

5½c Per 1000 Calories

\$10 Saved On Breakfasts

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The Midnight Man

(Continued)



Anna Case
and
Chas. Richman
in 'The Hidden Truth'

The Searching "Love Look"

wherein "eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again." Then it is that the face must be prepared to stand love's careful scrutiny, and no blemish be in evidence to mar the beauty of a lovely face. The skin is the foundation of facial beauty, and if that is marred by wrinkles, pimples, blackheads, or lines, love's spell will be broken. So, be prepared for the close scrutiny of all—lover, husband or acquaintance. Princess Tokio's marvelous, scientific treatment will quickly give that wonderful

Bloom of a Youthful Skin

which the beautiful little women of the Orient have cultivated for centuries, the secret for which, I am now giving to the women of America. No masks, no rollers, no massage, no exercises. My advice is WRITE TODAY for my

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and read it carefully. The truths it contains will amaze and delight you. You will be glad you have found such a priceless book. And you will not have to wait long for results.

A Few Days, and Lo! All Wrinkles and Blemishes Are Gone!

Just a few moments at a time in the privacy of your room. Send at once—TODAY—for this book. Begin to look your best—to look years younger—be beautiful. Write at once and book will go to you in a sealed wrapper. Address as follows:—

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159 N. State St. Suite 1014, Chicago



While he was still out of reach of the hands below, Bob caught a rope and climbed up it to the fly loft. He escaped to the front of the building, leaped up the stairs and crawled out of a window at the very top onto a narrow ledge, from which jutted a stout flag pole, held to the wall by iron braces. He climbed cautiously out to the end of the pole. A double rope was fastened from there to a window two stories below. Bob slid down. He found the window barred. The end of the rope had become disattached from the window and now hung straight down from the pole end. He sprang out and caught it. But as he did so, the leering face of Ramah Dhin appeared out over the ledge, a sound of cracking rent the air, and the flag pole split in two.

Bob, falling, would surely have met his death if it had not been for an awning spread above the sidewalk below. As it was, he merely bounced up from the canvas, jumped to the electric sign, and from there into a passing automobile, again eluding his pursuers.

* * *

Nell Morgan was for turning lady detective. Her father was much opposed to it—and for many reasons. He knew too much about the underworld to want his daughter to bruise her sensitive soul on its sordidness. It is the habit of men of fine feeling to want to protect the women that they love. And Morgan, though unscrupulous, had his artistic and fine side. Then, too, he did not want Nell to be mesing around in anything that might lead her to suspect her father's double life.

Too, he wanted Nell to marry and marry soon. That Jim Stevens seemed like the right sort of a fellow. Morgan didn't know whether or not he had money, but it didn't

matter much. He had brains. And he himself had money for them all.

Then, Morgan had designs on "The Midnight Man." The "White Circle Gang" needed a little more pep. A fool "she didn't know any more about fear than this fellow evidently did was just the man for them. Morgan instructed "Spike" to "gather him in."

The gang did succeed in "gathering in" "The Midnight Man."

Breathless in his last escape from Ramah Dhin and his men, Bob crawled to hide in a cave on the river front. The cave, unknown to him, was the secret subterranean entrance to the gang's meeting place connecting with Riley's saloon on the water front.

Two of the gangsters found him. They clubbed him into half consciousness and pulled him through the underground tunnel into the room where Morgan and "Spike" were sitting in council. Morgan asked him to join them before they unmasked him.

It was only a few evenings after one on which Henry Morgan had secured "Jim Stevens'" promise to aid him in persuading Nell to give up her ambitions to ferret out the city's spectacular mystery case.

"She'll listen to you sooner than she will to me," he said rather insinuatingly, with an undercurrent of friendliness which a hopeful young man might take as encouragement. "She's fond of you."

It would be difficult to analyze the feelings that swept over Henry Morgan in that tunnel dive, when—after their captive had refused to become a member of the "White Circle Gang" and had been cleaned of his mask—he looked into the unwavering eyes of "Jim Stevens."

(To be continued next month)



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Another Chaplin Contract

THAT is, a new contract for Mrs. Charles Chaplin, nee Mildred Harris. The little girl who became the wife of the world's greatest comedian is here shown with Louis B. Mayer, looking over the papers by which—when she signed her signature—she became a Mayer star—with a bonus of \$100,000. The new Mayer star will be presented as Mildred Harris Chaplin. This picture was taken shortly before the birth of the short-lived little son.

BETWEEN REELS

An exhibitor in Trenton, New Jersey, reported to Vitagraph that prohibition was having a marked effect on attendance. Men who formerly attended once a week, he said, were now being seen at the box office as often as three and four times in seven days.

Bound to have an effect. Many men would go seven nights a week in the hopes of seeing a brimming glass even on the screen.

—OHO—

Universal City has passed an ordinance forbidding any actor from eating strong onions prior to staging love scenes. One of the Universal beauties—her name's a secret—protested during the filming of a certain picture that she could not register unalloyed bliss in the arms of the hero inasmuch as he had eaten onions for lunch.

—OHO—

"Ain't no such word as can't to a director," grumbled the Property Man. "No excuses go. He might ask for an elephant with pink whiskers and we gotta produce it. Last week Pete McBannister said he needed a one-legged Injun for 'Cleopatter's Lovers.' Who else would ever have asked for a one-legged Injun?"

"One day we fellers hadda go out and find a street car wreck. 'A real one,' the director sang out. 'With people killed and all.' Just like he was astin' to borrow a match. Well, we went out to find or stage one. It was mighty hard. The street car company was stubborn at first until old Bill, the 'Fixit Man,' button-holed the president. 'It'll be a big favor,' says Bill. He hummed and lawed for a while, and finally says he'll do it but that he won't guarantee any people killed. 'There may be a few injuries,' he says hopefully, 'but you can't never tell about wrecks. Sometime two cars will bump each other and you'd swear there was fully twenty killed. But after rootin' among the ruins, all the fatalities you can total up is about two, with mebbly a baby or two.'

"Well, the wreck was pulled off—with all cameras turnin' on the sidelines. Bill and I thought it was a right fair wreck, but the director was disgusted. 'Rotten,' he growled. 'Looks more like a sewin' bee than a wreck. Show me some dead passengers. Show me some dislocated arms and a stray leg or two. Hey, you—?' hollerin' to a victim strugglin' to heft a truck offen his chest. 'Lay back there 'till the camera stops! Wanta spoil the picture?'

"There's no pleasin' a director. Just between you and me, I'll bet the whole lot of 'em was disappointed in the war."

—OHO—

"It might interest you to know," writes L. D. Rose, one of PHOTOPLAY'S newsstand dealers at Two Harbors Minn., "that although this is one of the largest shipping points for lumber pulpwood and iron ore, the town has 6,000 population and only one out-of-date movie house with a capacity of about 300, and no other playhouse of any kind."

—LIGE MEE

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Learn To Write Short Stories

“A Sweet Gal”

(Concluded from page 46)

Charles, and won't play croquet unless Charles' aunt Kay will play, too, she grabs a mallet and lets them win. She likes pictures and plays, and books, and perfume, and babies—and other utterly feminine things.

Her career is the career of a great beauty; the conquest of good looks. The fact that she is a celebrity now instead of somebody's stenographer in a Pittsburgh law office is, undoubtedly, because she is beautiful. But she happens also to have a head that is as level as it is well-poised.

She became famous over-night. One day she was a Follies show-girl among other show-girls; the next day all Manhattan knew her. It was in this edition of the Follies that she, literally, had the world at her feet: she was the figure atop the globe that revolved before the gaze of usually indifferent first-nighters. Now she wants to be a dramatic actress; and the ambition is not ridiculous if you know Miss Laurel. There has always been a staunchness of purpose, a sunny sort of courage in all her theatrical wanderings; and I shouldn't be surprised one day to find her with the world at her feet again—this time by virtue of brains plus personality.

She will have her own film company this fall and she has chosen as the initial vehicle the story of an Indian girl. Imagine—Kay—the blonde, the almost-ethereal—sacrificing her gossamer appeal to play a young squaw with a straight black wig and bronzed skin!

You know how she came to pictures, don't you? She was at dinner one night and met two friends of hers—Mr. and Mrs. Rex Beach. They were all talking about pictures. In particular the picturization of Beach's story, "The Brand." Mrs. Beach looked at Kay: "Why can't you play the part?"

"All right," said Kay—and the next thing she knew she was in Culver City, California.

That was a tough premier for a girl whose only previous dramatic experience had been doing the Follies walk across a glittering stage! Later she went to Lasky's to do the leading part, opposite Wally Reid, in Peter B. Kyne's "The Valley of the Giants." They had a great time on that picture; they went up to Truckee for the snow-scenes and Kay had the time of her life.

Back to Manhattan: she can never stay away from the island for very long at a time. But they're wrong when they say that Kay is bounded by Forty-second street on the south and Columbus Circle on the north. She has been to Greenwich Village—and as I say she loves the country—Mamaroneck—although if anyone told her she had to live there she'd very likely stay in her apartment at the Hotel Savoy all the year 'round.

When you read this, she'll have started work in earnest; she considers this the real beginning of her film career. Her first story will be by Edgar Selwyn. The old Thanouser studios in New Rochelle have been rented—Kay can motor home to lunch with the kids and mother if she cares to, for New Rochelle is just this side of Mamaroneck.

The Eternal Comedian

LITTLE boy—Mamma, if I die will I go to heaven?

Mother—Yes, my son.

L. B.—And if Charlie Chaplin dies will he go to heaven too?

M.—Yes indeed.

L. B.—Gee! God will have a good laugh when he sees him, won't he?

YOU can now learn to write Short Stories, Photoplays, Magazine and Newspaper articles in your own home. Those day dreams of yours may mean a future to you because you can now learn how to put them in marketable form through a new efficient training. Writing is not a "gift from Heaven." The ability to write is acquired—just like any other ability. And YOU can acquire the ability through Hoosier Institute training, right in your own home during your spare time. You receive personal instruction. You will find the work fascinating and it will be surprising how your writing improves. Send the coupon today for special offer.

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is an ordinary income for a writer, \$150 to \$200 is a very ordinary price for scores of fiction magazines to pay unknown writers for a single story. One national weekly rarely pays less than \$300 for a short story and will pay any amount necessary to get stories it wants.

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(Continued from page 84)

E. NELSON, MUSKOGON.—Check your bomb, please. That was a mistake in the caption; Vivian Martin, not Mary Miles Minter played with Niles Welch in "James Goes A-Wooing." Ever notice what a nice ripe word that "woo" is? Just right I refuse to answer more questions as to Barthelness' matrimonial status. I've told you, time and again, that he's NOT married. Douglas MacLean is with Thomas Ince now, co-starring with Doris Lee May. He was on the stage. He isn't very old.

MARTHA, SCRANTON, PA.—You're in the age of adolescence. I am never surprised when anyone writes that they like Richard Barthelness: I am growing accustomed to my fate: that of seeing all my best feminine correspondents desert me one by one and write letters to Richard instead. He's a nice chap. I have been your age—sixteen—but it was so long ago I have forgotten it by now. Nevertheless—he said sympathetically—Dick may be addressed at the Griffith studios in Hollywood. Not married; will be cast soon again—by the time you read this he probably will be. Not married.

SADIE LOVE.—Glad you like me. I like you too. Now that we have settled that: I don't know the ages of those men. Harry Cary is with Universal at Universal City, Cal. I like best of anything he ever did. "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" from Bret Harte's story. Neal and William S. Hart are not related.

MILDRED, LAMAR, COLORADO.—You're an old caller. Yes—what are we going to do without the war? How can the pictures, musical comedies, and the Great American Drama worry along without it? The flag finale; the cellar scene and the spy, the dainty choristers draped in the Stars and Stripes—all in the limbo of forgotten things. Pardon me if I misquote; I am really all upset over this. Mary's real name is Gladys Smith. Jack is Mary's brother, and Lottie's. Conway Tearle in "Stella Maris."

DORIS, PHILADELPHIA.—You can't make me horrid. All men like to be thought horrid. Just as most girls like to be called delicious little devils. A perfectly nice person always yearns for the dash of paprika. Your paper is quite all right: No, I don't think Mary Miles Minter is twenty yet; I'm not sure though. Don't know why Norma Talmadge doesn't answer your letter except that she's usually pretty busy. Wait—I just heard she was taking a long vacation; I wondered why and now I know—she wanted to have plenty of time to write you a letter. Doris, did you write her at the Talmadge studios in New York? Some actresses do their own hair; others have hairdressers. For instance Geraldine Farrar has her own hairdresser who is one of the important members of her staff.

M O. D., REDVILLE, N. C.—I knew Wally was pretty popular but I didn't know they'd named a town after him. So you read me on rainy days; instead of playing cards. Awfully good of you, I'm sure. You'll pardon me if my thanks are not effusive. You might write Lottie Pickford in care of Mary, at Mary Pickford studios, Hollywood, Cal. It's sure to reach her then Lottie is Mrs. Bert Rupp in private life. She has a little girl named Mary. You'll see Mary Rupp and her famous Aunt in a forthcoming edition of the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE SCREEN SUPPLEMENT. It shows Mary and Mary ff taking tea in their Hollywood home Dorothy Davenport in care of her husband Wallace Reid, Lasky's.

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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

BABE AND BABE'S SISTER.—If you're dying to have Carol Hallowsay's picture, I'll have her rush one to you right away. It seems serious. She isn't married to Antonio Moreno. Antonio isn't married to anybody. It was only a rumor that he was to marry Edith Storey. That young woman is still driving her ambulance, I believe. At any rate, she's not back in pictures.

MARY WILSON, MONTGOMERY.—No, Lois Wilson isn't married to Jack Warren Kerrigan. Lillian Walker plays with him in his latest Hodkinson, "A White Man's Chance." I rather imagine, from the Mexicanish stills, that a white man's chances down there are pretty slim.

VIVIAN, ELRENO, OKLA.—I am read by restless grandmothers, snappy sub-debs, bored bachelors, futile fathers, mercenary matrons, fi'm folk—and a lot of other alliterative individuals. I am glad to add you to my list: what are you, specifically? Jack Mulhall is married. There is one little Mulhall. I haven't his wife's name; I believe she is a non-professional.

DOROTHY, EDENBURG, IND.—I'm going to move. I'd like to be the Adam in Edenburg. So you don't like to stay at home. Unusual girl. We have had "The Girl who Stayed at Home," but never the girl who wanted to stay at home. No, this isn't the place for you to send your pictures when you want to join the movies. Apply to some film company: studio directory is given in the front of the book.

GOOD FRIDAY.—So I'm the Original Confessor. Well, you certainly did unburden yourself to me. But, Friday—you're intolerant. It can't be as bad as all that. But to get on with the washing: Kenneth Harlan is back now and here's his new address: Metro studios, Hollywood.

ARTHUR W. B., CAMP KEARNEY.—Yours was a splendid letter; I wish I got more like it. G. M. Anderson was in New York last, I believe. He doesn't play in pictures regularly any more. Yes, I remember his Broncho Billy series, for Essanay. He was the "A" of that concern.

BETTY ROSE, COLORADO SPRINGS.—You will like Will Rogers. He is working now in the picturization of the Billy Fortune stories. He said the only time he felt really important was when he did some scenes of Geraldine Farrar's forty-thousand-dollar "street" that they manufactured for "The World and Its Woman." "She should worry about it," said the lariat monologist. "She could sing two songs, pay for the street and have an alley left over." Ruth Roland, Pathe, 11 Glendale; Priscilla Dean, Universal City, Cal.

L. F., RANGELEY, MAINE.—Henry Walt-hall's wife is Mary Charleson, who played opposite him in the old Essanay days. Harold Lockwood's widow—Alma Jones—married Spike Robinson, who was Douglas Fairbanks' trainer. There's a Harold Lockwood, Junior.

JOHN M. B., WICHITA.—So you are the father of a baby girl. I suppose congratulations have been pouring in upon you—also that there is something else you would like to see poured. But I hope that little Johanna will grow up to be one of my star correspondents, even as her father was before her. Submit your scenario to any one of the reliable companies. You needn't worry about them stealing your ideas.

JUDITH, SAN JOSE.—I don't deliberately discourage picture aspirants, Judith. If your little sister is beautiful and a good screen subject there would seem to be no reason why she should not be successful—always providing she can get a directorial hearing. If you can interest a director in her the way would be easier. Fourteen seems to me rather young, but if your mother has no objections I have nothing to say. It's nice of you to depend upon my judgment, however. Norma Talmadge's official years are twenty-two; Constance's, nineteen.

M. S. R., VANCOUVER.—You—and all Canadians, Australians, and New Zealanders—please don't send your stamps to me. We cannot use them. Send American stamps or International Coupons instead. You will understand why I'm answering you in the Magazine. Yes—Mahlon Hamilton used to play with Olga Petrova. He's with Anita Stewart now in a First National called "Her Kingdom of Dreams." Mahlon is married. Your others are all answered elsewhere.

PAULINE, NEW HYDE PARK, L. I.—The only Hyde Park I know is in the south of Chicago. There used to be another—in a bottle in the ice chest. Vivian Martin is Mrs. Jefferson. She's acting right along for Lasky. Corinne Griffith is Mrs. Webster Campbell.

DONALDA.—I wondered if you were going to pass me up, by, and at large this month. You told me to read John Masefield Sunday evening, July 22, at 10 p. m.—well, I didn't have any Masefield, so I read George Ade instead. I'll be very glad to have a copy of Masefield's "Widow in the Bye Street." Address me here; and Ann Little care Lasky's, Hollywood. She played with Bill in "Square Deal Sanderson."

MRS. ROSEMAR, W., TAYLORSVILLE, ILL.—Thank you for the good things you say about PHOTOPLAY. It means something to have praise from someone who has been reading the magazine for four years and has just sent in a new subscription. You say you know just what it is to answer questions: you have a small son. And your husband is a chicken fancier and is also anxious to get the Magazine every month. Pardon me a minute; I am searching for the well-known *double entendre*. Ah—I have found it. You mean he likes the pictures of Phyllis Haver.


THEODORE, CARUTHERVILLE.—You wonder if one would ask a Greek farmer how the acropolis. I suppose so. Is Casson Ferguson married or single? It is reasonable to suppose that he is. Mary Miles Minter will send you her picture, I believe. Mae Murray, Famous Players-Lasky, New York.

MARTHA, BAZIN.—Where is the birthplace of Fatty Arbuckle? I think it's still in Kansas. Fay Tincher was born in Topeka and educated in Ziegfeld's—no, not Follies, but Musical College, Chicago. The father of Florenz, Jr., of the Follies is the head of this College. Yes; Billie Burke's father-in-law. Fay is with Christie now. Her latest, "Dangerous Nan McGrew."

VIOLA GLORIA, NEW YORK.—I note that a new Gale Henry comedy is called "Don't Chase Your Wife." There should be one "Don't Chastise Your Child," but I suppose that would be bad enough to be a good job for the censors. Will look that up about Thurston Hall. He's on the stage now.

(Continued on page 108)

100 Brings Your Choice of Either Style Boot Prepaid On Approval With Colored Lisle Hose FREE



\$6⁹⁵


9 Inch High Dress Boot

Stunning new shape with smartly turned high Louis heel. Fine bush hid leather, glossy glove-like smoothness and long wearing. Medium weight sole, close edged dress style. Sensibly pointed toe. Fancy perforation around vamp, at sides of eyelet stays, toe and daintily waved top. High lace model. Aluminum heel plate.

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My Victory Present Lisle Hose to Match

Don't imagine there is any "catch" or strings to this offer. Merely mention this paper and send a dollar with your order. The shoes you select and pair of stockings to match will come immediately, prepaid, for free examination. Not a bit of bother or red tape.

Medium weight sheer mercerized lisle—superfine elastic rib. Full fashioned with seam down back. Double lisle garter band; high spiced double heel, sole and toe.

One Example of 1001 Styles in My FREE \$100,000 Style Book

Regardless of price, you will find no shoes anywhere that are smarter or more comfortable than I show here. But this is just one sample of all my other splendid values in suits, coats, dresses, and everything else that a woman wears. In other departments my styles are just as beautiful and my values just as unusual. So look around to your heart's content and see what others offer. All I ask is not to forget my new book.

Ask For It Early Penny Postal Card Will Do

It is always a matter of pride with me to display all the most beautiful and practical styles, no matter who creates them or where they originate. My own designs have come to be the most widely copied of all fashions shown anywhere. But even this doesn't satisfy me unless I can produce such stunning things at a cost that women of moderate means can afford.

Send for my book and see. It will tell you in advance of the season what styles will be most popular. It will help you to compare values. No matter where you finally buy, I want you to have it anyway.

Be Posted on the New Styles

All my life I have had to know style tendencies way in advance of the season. So women everywhere look upon my Style book as a real authority. It will tell you the new width and length of skirts; the right height and design of shoes; the newest cloths; the latest weaves; the smartest trummings.

You will learn from it the most popular modes in dresses; the fashionable colors; the correct ideas in millinery, lingerie or children's wear. Having it in your home is like chumming with a famous style authority.

Style—Price—Credit Many Months to Pay

I allow you to pay just about as you please. You don't even need to ask for credit. I take care of all that in advance. You can have the loveliest things without waiting. You may look your prettiest at all times and take months to pay.

But I realize that my Credit plan alone would not make many women want to have my Style book. Style, quality and value must come first. The credit must be considered simply as something extra. So I urge you to write for my Style book for the beautiful fashions it displays. Ask for it because I have given a lifetime study to producing good clothes at lowest costs.

Your copy is waiting at your request.

The Secret of My Bargains

For many, many years I was a buyer of ladies' wearing apparel. I got to know mills and makers everywhere. I do away with all extravagances. I never have left-over stocks or sacrifice sales. My book is in my only salesman. I deal direct with mills and makers. I cut out all the profits of the retailer, the wholesaler and the jobber.

Nearly all stores charge for the appearance of a garment. It doesn't make any difference what it actually costs. If a style turns out unusually popular, an extra price is put on it. That's why there is so much false value in women's clothes. I never do this.

Is it any wonder I can save you so much money?

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Everything a Woman Wears Sent—Prepaid on Approval

I show 1001 styles in my latest Fall book. Any of them will be sent to you just like the shoes shown on this page. Your selections are delivered right into your home for two days' free examination. I prepay all delivery charges. If you return your selections I pay the cost back to me and immediately refund your payment. Nothing could be more free from bother or red tape.

A SMALL LIST OF MY DEPARTMENTS

- | | | | |
|--------------------|---------------|-----------|-----------|
| Aprons | Chemises | Dresses | Shoes |
| Baby Needs | Costoas | Furs | Slippers |
| Children's Clothes | Ladies' Coats | Gloves | Stockings |
| Bath Robes | Combinations | Hats | Suits |
| Bloomers | Corset | Hosiery | Sweaters |
| Brassieres | Covers | Kimono | Underwear |
| Capes | Corsets | Millinery | Veils |
| Caps | Waists | Muffs | Vestees |
| | | Lingerie | Waists |

Write Me Today—A Penny Postal Card Will Do

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

D. D. D., LOS ANGELES.—You like Kathleen Clifford's style. She is in vaudeville now. She did some picture work, for Balboa. She isn't married that I have heard and she is best known in her characterization of a "chappie" in the varieties.

DANA P., VANCOUVER.—I wouldn't leave you out of my department. You think perhaps they play the "Indian Love Lyrics" for me while I work. If they did I wouldn't work. So all your family from mother and dad to fifteen-year-old brother are movie-mad. But—dad wants to see Bill Hart and you want to see Mary. Mother likes Eugene O'Brien and brother roots for Viola Dana. A house divided. Marie Doro is in Europe. George Fawcett, Griffith.

L. J., BROOKLYN.—So you want to be a poet. Just keep up what you're writing now and you'll soon have long hair, an attic to stow in, and everything. But no—I really enjoyed your few lines to me and want to thank you.

UNTO, VIRGINIA, MINN.—That's all there is; there isn't more. No, Ethel Barrymore, I never heard of a girl named Unto. I'm as busy as a bee but never too busy to tell you that Dick Barthelme isn't married.

TAN-AND-GOLD, DENVER.—Is that a new Club? I love to be elected an Honorary in new Clubs; it makes me feel so important. Shirley Mason is Mrs. Bernard Durning. Eugene O'Brien answers some of his mail I believe. His first Selznick is "The Perfect Lover." Think they call the next one "Sealed Hearts." They have such lovely names for the new pictures: "Everybody's Sweetheart" is Fisie Janis; "The Glorious Lady" is Olive Thomas.

ANNA, MANHATTAN.—Where do you live? I'll excuse this lapse of locale this time but rot again. Antonio Moreno is Spanish; he was born there but came to this country at an early age and is now thoroughly Americanized. Francelia Billington? I saw her with Universal last.

J. M. S., S. P. Co., LOVELOCK, NEVADA.—I have never been to Lovelock, neither have I one. Alice Brady is her right name, her correct name, her given name, her proper name. She's the daughter of William A., who is known as some theatrical producer; but Alice never riz on account of her dad. He didn't want his only daughter to go on the stage so of course Alice went. She's with Realart now. Others answered elsewhere.

ROBERTA CARLISLE.—You made up a poem for me? She said: "How I love refraction, chemical reaction. Tootsie ootsie isiasm, microscopic protoplasm." He answered: "If you'd make my meal, you must cook the meal. If so, be mine, oh love divine. If not,—farewell!" And you answered "Farewell," I suppose. Girls today know too much about coquetry and not enough about cookery. I always like my chicken croquette. But I love my lemon-cream pie. Come again.

JEANNE, BALA.—Are you Russian, or Hawaiian, or what? Your paper with the picture of the Imperial Palace at Tokio brought back the dear old days in Japan. (I hope, for benefit of our readers, that you have been there; I never was.) I always have so loved Japan. Drawing a deep breath: why, no, Jeanne, Jack Pickford and Olive Thomas aren't divorced. Her latest is "The Spite Bride."



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Nadine Face Powder

A complexion powder of exquisite delicate odor and texture which holds its charm throughout the day, imparting to the skin that delicate softness and refinement so much admired.

Nadine Face Powder is cooling, refreshing and harmless, a positive protection against wind, tan, sun-burn and return of discolorations. Leaves the skin soft and smooth as rose petals.

This exquisite preparation, *Nadine*, beautifies millions of complexions today. Price refunded if not entirely pleased.

Sold in Green Boxes Only.
At leading toilet counters. If they haven't it, by mail 60c.

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*Flesh
Pink
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SAVE YOUR BODY

Conserve Your Health and Efficiency First
"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 testily over 100,000 people who have worn it.

THE NATURAL BODY BRACE

Overcomes WEAKNESS and ORGANIC AILMENTS of WOMEN and MEN. Develops erect, graceful figure. Brings restful relief, comfort, ability to do things, health and strength.

**Wear It 30 Days Free
At Our Expense**

Does away with the strain and pain of standing and walking; replaces a supports misplaced internal organs; reduces enlarged abdomen; straightens and strengthens the back; corrects stooping shoulders; develops lungs, chest and bust; relieves back-ache, curvature, nervousness, rashes, constipation. Comfortable and easy to wear.

Keep Yourself Fit

Write today for illustrated booklet, measurement blank, etc., and read our very liberal proposition.

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**For
Boys
and
Girls
Also**

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

DOROTHY FIFE.—You will drum up business if you're not careful. Do you run a candy shop? I just wondered, you're that sweet. Douglas MacLean is my rival, is he? Just to show you that I can be obliging: address him care Thomas H. Ince, Culver City studios, California. He and Doris Lee May are not married, but co-stars on the screen. Mae Marsh is Mrs. Louis Lee Arms: she isn't working in pictures at present, being pretty much occupied with a little addition to the Arms family, Mary. She lives in Forest Hills, New York. Vivian Martin, Lasky.

A. M. B., NEW YORK.—The truth is all very well, but what are you going to do when a woman asks you how old you think she is? Tell her she's looking well. Truth is a luxury often denied me. All this is not apropos of your questions: of course not. Mary Pickford is twenty-six; Marguerite Clark in her early thirties; Bill Russell about—he's in his middle thirties. The others don't tell. Billie Rhodes isn't married to Cullen Landis; she's Mrs. Smiling Bill Parsons.

HELEN FIELD.—We acted in a movie once but the usher wouldn't stand for it; he puts us out. Now that we have had our little joke: William Shay isn't dead—that was Bill Shea, the old Vitagraph comedian, who passed. Shay, however, hasn't done anything on the screen for some time now. He was with Fox.

M. E. G., CHICAGO.—A well-known comedian has a new line: he says future generations will be bothered by a new optic affliction: the ginger-ale eye. Get it? Prohibition Jokes are banned in these columns—in fact, everywhere except among the performers in the dozen-a-day. You want a story with the Clown Prince of comedy, Charles Murray. It shall be.

ADELINE—SWEET ADELINE.—I used to sing about you. That sweet blue stationery—ah, Adeline, it did indeed please me. It is exactly the shade of my new stenographer's eyes: a turquoise blue deep-set, with long, curly lashes—the eyes. She's the most valuable remingwood tapper I ever had; it puts me in good humor just to look at her. Your questions? Yes, I think Lillian Gish is a bear—I mean dear.

MARJORIE, MAJESTIC THEATRE.—If you have nothing to say, don't say it here. Make it snappy, as they say in the studios. Mary Mies Minter is a Realart star—she is playing in the picturization of the Anne books. I don't know them but my kid cousin does. Write to Mary; you'll get an autograph picture.

MISS JACKSON, SANFORD, VICTORIA.—I like to get letters like yours. That's old but always good: that genius is the infinite capacity for never taking pains. Captain Robert Warwick is with Famous Players-Lasky, in the west coast; write him at the Lasky studios in Hollywood. Look, too, in the art section.

COGA, YONKERS.—Come right in—don't knock. I like honest criticism though. Madge Evans is a little girl star for World. One of her pictures was "Home Wanted." She is ten years old. Born in New York City; began her stage career in "The Highway of Life." She has played in London and provincial companies; in such plays as "Peter Ibbetson" with John Barrymore. She was in Famous Players' "Zaza." Write to her in Fort Lee.



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All Wool Velour
Coat Fur Trimmed
\$19.95

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Photos from Life!

The Hamilton Catalog for Fall is illustrated with over 300 photographs taken on live models—beautifully printed in the Rotogravure. You see the garments just as they are—exactly as you will get them—the camera never lies!

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These are not the usual mail order garments—they are newest styles now being sold in the sales rooms of our five story building on Fifth Ave.—the same styles that are shown in other smart Fifth Avenue stores, but much more moderately priced!

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By buying direct from us—the manufacturers—you pay but little more than wholesale prices. On each garment you save at least \$5—often as much as \$10. Our 200,000 pleased customers take advantage of this great saving!

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You run no risk in buying from us—we guarantee everything—even the fit. You are the judge. If it is unsatisfactory in any way, return it at our expense. We will refund your money without question. A trial will cost you nothing—postage prepaid!

Dresses, \$7.95 up; Suits, \$11.95 up; Coats, \$7.95 up; Waists, \$1.25 up
MILLINERY, FURS, SWIATERS, UNDERWEAR, SKIRTS AND SHOES

The object of this advertisement is to have you send for our catalog—a postcard today will do it. Thank you!

BE CURIOUS! Even if you do not want to buy—send for this beautiful book anyway, and see more than 200 photographs of the latest styles from Fifth Avenue. It's FREE!



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Velvet Hat
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FOR immediate results use De Miracle, the original sanitary liquid. It devitalizes hair, which is the only common-sense way to remove it from face, neck, arms, under-arms or limbs.

De Miracle requires no mixing. It is ready for instant use. Therefore, most cleanly, convenient and simple to apply. Wet the hair and it is gone.

To know the difference between De Miracle and other methods use it just once, and if you are not convinced that it is the perfect hair remover, return it to us with the De Miracle guarantee and we will refund your money.

Three sizes: 6oc, \$1.00, \$2.00
At all toilet counters, or direct from us, in plain wrapper, on receipt of 63c, \$1.04 or \$2.08, which includes war tax.

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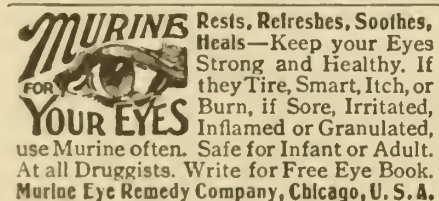
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Affords instant relief for bunions and large joints, hides irregularities of foot form. Worn in any shoe, no larger size required. Over one-half million in use. Ask your shoe dealer or druggist. Write today for special free trial offer. No pay if no relief. State size of shoes and if for right or left foot.

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Rests, Refreshes, Soothes, Heals—Keep your Eyes Strong and Healthy. If they Tired, Smart, Itch, or Burn, if Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine often. Safe for Infant or Adult. At all Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. Murine Eye Remedy Company, Chicago, U. S. A.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

MRS. AVERY, MELBOURNE.—My head is not bald; it is of the finest teakwood however. Your note has been forwarded to Pearl White. Glad there's a demand for the Magazine where you are.

MISS PIKE, CRANE OHIO.—You want to know what became of the beautiful blonde who used to play in Biograph pictures. Well—Mary Pickford is now a United Artist, Blanche Sweet is with Hampton, the Gishes with Griffith. Choose your blonde. I don't know your handsome leading man named Adrian. I don't know anybody with a name like that.

M. T. B., WASHINGTON.—The ads. are among the most interesting parts of any Magazine to me. I love to read about One Way to Beauty—send stamps and receive beauty in plain wrapper; Beautiful Lips—every woman's pride; Toothache? Try our tooth-paste. Next to the art section I like the back of the book best. That I am in the back of the book has nothing whatever to do with it. The name of "Chick" in the serial "The Silent Mystery" is not given. I am sorry.

GLADYS L., BANGOR.—I knew a girl named Gladys once. She was a chestnut brunne with a one-sided smile. Send your picture right along. So you think Ben Wilson is an Ideal Man and does he flirt? If I said yes, what then? But Ben is married, and he was with Universal last. I have never noticed that his pictures look cross but if you like these brutish men I dare say you imagine it. Universal City, California. Remember Ben in the Edison days with Mary Fuller?

ALMA PEARL, FRISCO.—So if you were I you wouldn't worry about a sparse crown—grass never did grow on a busy street. Should I thank you? Anyway, it was good of you to let me call you Alma; it really becomes you better. I am not A. Gnut. That is, the squirrels are fond of me and always have been—but I am not Mr. A. Gnut. Sometime I may tell you my initials. So you think you might learn to be an ornamental as well as useful appendage to my literary sanctum. I'm sorry, I haven't any; I work in a small coop, without even an electric fan. Will you be my little western-electric? Oh—blow away!

BILL HART FANETT.—You bill yourself like that and then rave about Katherine MacDonald. Beautiful K-Katie—I'll wait at the kitchen door. Yes, I saw "The Woman Thou Gavest Me." She is now in "The Thunderbolt" for her own company and has a new one coming to release. She isn't married now—and she's Mary MacLaren's sister.

MISS S., BOULDER.—Something about Tearle in the answer directly above. Look up and you'll see it. All the other questioners will think it's a blimp and look too. You have done a beautiful verbal blimp into my department, Miss S., and I have had to do some research work. Here you are: Phyllis, the luscious blonde Haver of Mack's comedies—note that I call Mr. Sennett Mack—was born in Douglas, Kansas, January 6, 1800. She was educated in Los Angeles, by books; where she learned to look like that I don't know and have never been able to figure out.

(Continued on page 120)

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.



GLORIA SWANSON
Cecil B. DeMille Arctcraft Player

WALLACE REID
Paramount Star

Hermo "Hair-Lustr"

(Keeps the Hair Dressed)

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

The hair will stay dressed after Hermo "HAIR-LUSTR" has been applied. No more mussy, untidy looking hair. Adds a charming sheen and luster, insuring the life of the hair, as well as its beauty. Dress it in any of the prevailing styles, and it will stay that way. Gives the hair that soft, glossy, well groomed appearance so becoming to the stars of the stage and screen. Guaranteed harmless and greaseless.

50c and \$1 at Your Dealer

\$1 size three times the quantity of 50c size. If your dealer can't supply you send direct and we will mail you 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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Don't Belong to the Great Unfit



You see them on every side—men who don't count—men who are losing every chance of happiness and success in life, some because chronic ailments are wasting away their energy; others through loss of their vitality through early excesses and dissipations.

Has constipation, indigestion, biliousness, or any other chronic ailment got a grip on YOU? Do you feel that you are not as good a man as you used to be; that your former pep and punch and energy is ebbing away? Are YOU slipping gradually into that great army of hopeless, useless, broken-down humanity? If so, take hold of yourself at once, act quick, and

Fight Your Way Out

You can do it, if you will only WILL to do it. You can free yourself of your handicapping ailments and build yourself up. You can turn the watery fluid in your veins into rich, red blood, develop your muscles, strengthen all your vital organs, get back the power—THE MANHOOD you have lost, and have every chance in the world of becoming a big, strong, successful MAN, if you ACT NOW and go about it the right way.

STRONGFORTISM

Strongfortism is the one way out for weak, anaemic, ailing men. It is Nature's way, and Nature is the greatest Builder Up the world has ever known. Put the machine that Nature gave you in shape to do its work; live life as Nature meant it to be lived, and health, strength, happiness—everything worth while in the world—is the inevitable result.

I KNOW. Thousands of my pupils, many of them discouraged, broken-down wrecks when they took up Strongfortism, are walking the streets today, strong, vigorous, healthy, able MEN.

I GUARANTEE to improve you 100 per cent, if you will follow my directions for a few months. It doesn't make any difference what your present condition is or what brought you to it, I can and I will do what I claim, and without patent medicines or drugs of any kind.

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I have put the results of my life's work, Building Up Men into PROMOTION and CONSERVATION OF HEALTH, STRENGTH and MENTAL ENERGY. It tells you all about Strongfortism. It will show you how YOU can rid yourself of your ailments, build yourself up, make yourself a well, strong energetic man again, in Nature's way. Send for it today. IT'S FREE—but it's worth good money to any man who wants to be strong and virile. Don't wait. Fill out the coupon RIGHT NOW and send it to me with three stamps to cover packing and postage, and I'll mail you a copy at once along with a letter on the special points you are interested in.

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Physical and Health Specialist
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FOR SPOT CASH send false teeth, old gold, diamonds, watches, war bonds or stamps—discarded jewelry, anything valuable. Cash by return mail. Goods will be returned if price not O. K.

Ohio Smelting & Refining Company, 204 Lennox Building, Cleveland, Ohio

“Why Will They Do It?”

(Concluded from page 73)

there his mate meets with an accident and the most villainous looking ruffian I have ever seen applies for the job. Such little formalities as to enquiring into the man's ticket are dispensed with and the man gets the job. Next we are shown the arrival of the Yacht at a northern place and there is no one on board but the villainous “first mate” and the owner; I came to the conclusion that the mate must have eaten the other members of the crew and that W. S. Gilbert had him in mind when he wrote,

“For I am the cook and the captain too
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
The bos'n light and the mishipmite
And the crew of the captain's gig.”

Something like this must have happened as they had come about two thousand miles and neither owner nor mate looked the least overworked!

Pictures of foreign locale are another source of inaccuracy; an English house will be shown with curtained arches leading from the hall to the dining room and from the dining to the drawing room. Now this will be ridiculed in England. This style of architecture is not used over there partly because of climatic conditions and partly because of an Englishman's love of privacy.

To go back to the hyphenated dining-room-drawing-room—where can you find this combination in a wealthy home? I can only come to the conclusion that it must be the home of some gourmand who, having had a sumptuous dinner, is loath to part with even the smell of it when he has to join the ladies in the drawing room for coffee.

An American friend of mine, just returned from abroad, told me he had seen a picture jeered off the screen simply on account of the numerous small errors that spoiled an otherwise good picture. He hunted up the manager of the house and the latter, also an American, remarked that it was a pity the producers did not seem to realize that their pictures were to be shown to any other public than the people of California. The manager finished up by saying: “If they are going to make foreign pictures in America, and there is a demand for them over here, in Heaven's name let them get someone who knows to watch the detail!”

Consider our Alaskan and Northern Canadian pictures. How many scores of times are we to see miners in mid-winter wearing leather boots or in mid-summer sheepskin coats! If we could send one of the gentlemen responsible for this to the ever picturesque North and compel him to reside there one year, garbed as he insists on garbing his actors, I think if he survived the ordeal he would return to the sunny south with a vastly altered mind.

Just one more instance while we are on the subject of the far north: The snow shoes artistically crossed above the fireplace; this reminds me of the tennis racquets in the college room (as shown in pictures), both are equally abominable and impracticable; perhaps some day some one will realize that snow shoes are strictly for use and that they are not brought into the house in winter, as the heat ruins the gut. Much less are they hung over the mantel.

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Studio who had come over to the island a day ahead of us to set up our abodes and in general prepare for our arrival. The only woman among them was Sada Cowan, the lady with the Japanese name, who is probably to write Mr. DeMille's next picture. She has done successful stage plays for Belasco, Winthrop Ames and others. One of her best was "The State Forbids," which has been translated into Japanese, Finnish and Russian. This play was built around the cause of Margaret Sanger—so it will be interesting to see what kind of a play she will write for Mr. DeMille.

To be on a desert island—I wonder how many people have had that thrill? I felt like Robinson Crusoe and "The Admirable Crichton" all rolled into one, excepting that I felt more like the heroine of the Barrie romance. When I saw our crude abodes I felt as if we were really going to live the life of castaways. I didn't mind the abalone shell soap dish because it was unusual and pretty.

I discovered our camp was on a high cliff facing the sea. And the calm bay below looked much more tempting for a dip than the tin basin. It looked surely as if we were going to live a real "back-to-nature" existence, aside from the little civilization we had packed along in our valises.

None of us felt that the shipwreck scene in "The Admirable Crichton" was going to be half as exciting as our experiences in the storm. So we were all ready for a pleasure cruise when the boats took us out to the yacht where the camera men were getting ready to shoot the scenes on the yacht. Mr. Higgins, the technical director, was telling us of the palm trees, and coconuts and parrots and deep-sea turtles and cockatoos and monkeys that Mr. DeMille had imported and brought over to the island to make the atmosphere for the tropical life, and how costly it had been.

When we arrived at the yacht, Mr. DeMille was getting ready for the escape of the passengers of the wrecked yacht in the lifeboat. I heard him ask Tom Meighan if he was a good swimmer, which was a warning to Tom that before the day was over he'd probably have a chance to prove it.

The wreck scene was one that couldn't be rehearsed. Once the yacht was upon the rocks, the action would have to be extempore. The jutting points might ram a hole in the prow immediately, the strain might break the sails and cause her to flop or—well, what would happen? Nobody knew, and nobody wanted to talk much about it. The actors were awfully game—that is, they weren't complaining about the risk they were taking with their lives but always replied when asked that they "didn't mind."

The greatest perils fell to Tom and Gloria to perform. Gloria wore a three thousand dollar gown. It was of gold point lace and gold satin with gold bugles, sequins and beads hanging in chains from the waist. She wore a gold net scarf banded with sables. And with this gown she fell into the sea! Think of it! No, it wasn't accidental but just a part of the necessary business in the wrecking scene. Tom rescued her though, and whatever of it was left was saved to be used in the scenes where they are castaways upon the island.

But I started to tell about the actual wreck. In the screen version of the play Crichton remains aboard after the wreck to search for Lady Mary who is lost. He searches wildly under fallen masts, sails and furniture which have littered the deck during the storm and the lifeboats put off while he is still looking for the heroine.

The weather had become sympathetically

stormy and the waves were a seething maelstrom, whipping against the sharpened rocks. The yacht had been steered right upon them, and for a few moments the prow pounded angrily, as the raging waves and sweeping tide lifted it up and down. Then a piercing, splitting roar and—

"Where is Tom?" I screeched, for he had disappeared below the deck, and in another moment the whole yacht was going over. Would he be pinned under? For a second we stood breathless upon the shore. Ropes were thrown out to the yacht and a throng of eager helpers daringly jumped into the water, braving jutting rocks and bruises, and formed a chain of arms that they might pull him in, if he needed assistance.

Then he appeared and with much slipping climbed to the uppermost edge of the tilting deck.

Mr. DeMille shouted, "Look out, Tommy! She's going over!"

He took one hurried look around—waved to the men who were on the rocks to help him in case anything happened to get back as they were in the picture, and at the very moment that the rending timbers gave a terrific lunge and turned squarely over, he jumped as nimbly as a regular stunt actor into the sea. As his head came above the spuming breakers, the boat lifted and came down thunderingly not twelve inches from the hero's head.

As he came ashore carrying the dripping Gloria whom he had rescued from the rock about fifty yards off the shore to which she had been clinging throughout his scene on the yacht, I, forgetting myself again, ran right up to him to compliment him for the splendid work. He had cut his leg a little and Lila and Mr. DeMille immediately came to help him bandage it.

That evening going back to camp on the boat he talked to me quite a bit, though he was usually quiet and thoughtful. All of us were still talking about the wreck and I just couldn't keep from talking about how wonderful he had been. He reminded me that there had been supreme esprit de corps all around and that the camera men had been especially staunch. Six cameras had been trained from various rocky headlands, and the one on which Alvin Wyckoff, chief cameraman, had been shooting was so perilous that he had been held up by two crouching boys, one gripping each leg, and stolidly permitting the cold waves to dash entirely over them all that the camera might be steady on its base.

After a while the sunset or something reminded us of the Grand Canyon. He had been there, and so had I at one time. I had heard a funny story about it, and told it to him. He remarked that when he saw it—the Grand Canyon, I mean—his first thought had been that at last he had found a place to throw his razor blades. That was awfully funny, I thought, and laughed.

It seemed to me that he was treating me quite nicely and my hopes revived. My heart fluttered—I was enraptured. Hoping to quicken the little interest he had evinced, I decided to tell him that I was to sail on the first morning boat to California. When I told him he said he was sorry, indeed, that I was going away and that he was very glad I had been along. He hesitated a moment. I looked at him and my heart leapt. Something more was coming. What?

"I wish you would be so kind as to call up my wife when you get back to the United States and deliver a message for me," he said.

HIS WIFE!

The shock was so great that I wasn't able to be seaisick coming home, and I didn't care how many freckles I got.

Priscilla Pins Her Hair Back

(Concluded from page 34)

sweet pea in the garden. I mean to say my curls were gone and I was no longer eligible for the star role on a valentine. I was through being a sweet little thing.

"It was when they saw me with my hair back that they cast me for 'The Wild Cat of Paris.' Oh, la, la, the mere title put new life into me. I never knew before how mean I was and not having a husband nobody ever had the nerve to tell me. I dropped from 143 to 120 pounds doing that picture but it was worth every darn pound. I got so wrapped up in it, I felt like I'd been over in Paris spending a month or so with the Apaches. The Wild Cat and I were so chummy it seemed a shame to part us.

"As for crooks, I've become very fond of them. You can't just say of a woman who is a crook, 'She's bad' and let it go at that. If I'd been slung into the world with nobody to take care of me and had to come up against it, I'd rather have been a De Luxe Annie than a Diana de Poitiers. It would be easier to worry about the cop on the beat than about my complexion at breakfast.

"As for me personally, my tastes are simple and I haven't many likes or dislikes. I prefer enough to eat when it's convenient, including lobster newburg when possible, and I hope the Irish get what's coming to them. (You can take that either way you like, of course.) I hate violet perfume and if anybody sends white carnations to my funeral I will climb right out of my coffin and spoil the picture."

Si Says:

(Accordin' to James Gabelle)

MAW thinks Sis would make a splendid screen comedienne. She has a perfect thirty-six and a bathing suit.

ASA BUNKUS asked what "The Pit-falls of a Big City" was? Percy Fitzmiggie said "Excavations for a sewer, of course."

WHEN he learned that Bushman played *Romeo* and Beverly Bayne *Juliet*, Deacon Gubsing said it must have made Shakespeare a mighty proud man. Professor Prosy told him Shakespeare was dead an' the deacon said, "Gosh! scenario writin' must be hard on the health."

PETE PUTTENFUSS is sure goin' to take in "A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing." He says it is the only chance to see real wool since before the war.

PERCY FITZMIGGLE refuses to see "Heart's Asleep." He says it's bad enough when your foot's asleep.

VIVIAN DANA has a swell dog, a Spitz, that cost real money and is anxious to obtain a suitable name for it. Professor Ammi Prosy suggests "Expectorate."

FRANCES MARION has been takin' pitchers of women's war activities. She sure ought to have one of the Women's Aid Society. There's been war ever since it started, with no prospect of peace ever bein' declared.

CORRINE GRIFFITH lost her parrot 'tother day. Lize Lizzanig wanted to send her a settin' hen but the blamed thing hatched out 'fore he got 'round to it.



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(Concluded from page 66)



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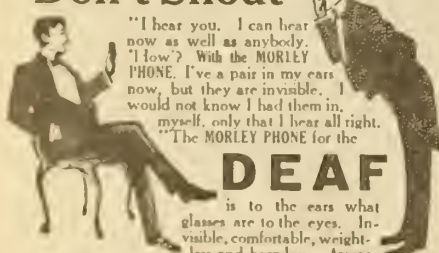
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with everything but the waterbucket, but it's like firing a peashooter at Veraun. In the fourteenth Fitz bought the championship with that famous solar plexus. Jim's like that. He's always got two strikes called on the other scrapper, and when he loses it's a ninth inning home run that shatters our joy bubble. Jim wins a lot of fights, and when he don't win, I'll say he loses pretty.

"One funny thing about Jim. I sit there with my heart playing Yankee Doodle against my front teeth and watch for the squeezer to come through the door with his mangled remains and his beautiful nose, that I'm so proud of, all grown in like an Englishman's sense of humor. But never in all the fights he's in, does he get any serious marks on his face. I expect lots of women that don't know whether Abe Attell is a prizefighter or a pawnbroker know more about black eyes than I do. It's more than winey pride says Jim is the cleverest heavyweight the world ever saw. But at that, sitting there for hours knowing your husband is standing toe to toe with 244 pounds of human tank—like the Jeffries fight in 1900—doesn't urge the dove of peace to choose your shoulder for a favorite resting place.

"After Jim decides to give up all brain work and go on the stage most of the time, I have a little peace, but it's not long till I start to crochit a little motto about 'War is hell but peace is worse.' Every woman in the world solemnly believes that nothing but the game laws keep the other women from forcibly kidnaping her husband. It's a good thing we've got a few illusions left and this is one of the most cherished among females who can turn their husbands loose for almost any period among herds of wild women and nobody'd pay any more attention to him than if he's trying to sell briquets in Death Valley.

"Still my actor-husband runs true to form and his mail begins to look like he'll have to get Beatrix Fairfax to help him out. Our telephone rings so much I get a cauliflower ear answering it. They all ask for Mr. Corbett and they all get Mrs. Corbett. That little S is the haymaker that's rocked a lot of 'em to sleep.

"When I see Jim in the Annapolis uniform in 'The Naval Cadet,' or all hung with evening raiment, I naturally suspect no woman can resist him. But I guess they

do. Anyway, there's only one fireproof alibi for a man. That's corpus delicti—or habeas corpus—something like that—the bodily presence of the already or about to be deceased. And Jim wrote that. He's always around.

"Then somebody invents the movie serial and of course Jim has to try that. I'll say that since he started doing this 'Midnight Man' serial for Universal I use more cotton, liniment, bandages, iodine and adhesive tape than I ever do in the good old days when a fight's a fight to the finish and a man don't quit while he can stand on his feet.

"I come out to California expecting to have a nice quiet time picking woadflowers and watching the Indians run up and down Broadway. But anybody that's remotely connected with a moving picture serial has about as much chance of peace as a classic dancer in a cactus patch.

"Oh, Jim is getting to be a regular trooper. No more hiding his light behind a bushel in a monologue for him. He does third act stuff and everything. We bring a talking bird with us from Australia. We have it here now. Funny thing! I try for a year to make that bird say 'Jim.' All he can do is gargle. We think maybe he's stupid, but the other night he makes a powerful effort and yells at him 'Ham—ham.' He sits all through breakfast and fastens a devoted and steadfast eye on Jim and says 'Ham—ham.' Jim is not crazy about that bird, but believe me I'll never call him stupid again.

"When I look up in the middle of the afternoon to see Jim in his evening clothes, with his hair standing on end and his face smeared jointly with blood, mud and bad language, I think about the good old days when he was a mere pugilist and I feel I've been moved from my quiet fireside to a first line trench."

She paused as she saw her husband striding up the gravelled path. Then, with a merry twinkle in her eye, she said, "If I hadn't been married to all these things—a prizefighter, an actor, a screen star—I dare say I should have gotten old and fat" she glanced down at her trim, handsome figure, "and worn a calico wrapper for dinner. We all get what's best for our development in this life, the psychology sharks tell us. I guess mine was Jim."

Galatea on Riverside Drive

(Concluded from page 64)

Her first was "Runaway Romany." Then "Cecilia of the Pink Roses," "The Burden of Proof," "The Belle of New York." She'd never done anything but dancing and graceful looking-on in the Follies and several musical comedies; then she was plunged into the most serious sort of screen acting—"My new ones—they're better, I think. 'The Restless Sex' is interesting—Frances Marion did the scenario for that and she'll do all my later pictures. 'The Dark Star' is another new one."

She was working then in "April May," the picturization of Cynthia Stockley's novel, Stockley who wrote "Poppy." She wants to do, sometime, the heroines of Galsworthy—the fragile, sensitive, restless children with whom the Englishman loves to illuminate his pages; she should do them very well.

She was a movie fan long before she ever thought of being a movie star. Back in Chicago, where she lived for four years when she was just a kid, she used to spend

much of her time in picture theatres. Today, she is acting in some of the best filmable fiction—popular fiction; she is the principal Robert W. Chambers heroine.

The White palace and the several chauffeurs and the many maids haven't given the convent child any false ideas of importance—her own, or anyone's. She is not the wittiest woman in the world, perhaps, nor the wisest—no Venus can double as Minerva—but this Venus is a perfect pantheon of common sense.

I finished my cream-soda and guessed it was time to go home. It was ten o'clock, and Marion stole a yawn. She'd been hard at it all day in the Biograph studio in the Bronx, and had to get off early in the morning for another studio day.

She conducted me down—I know she loves to run that elevator. Past the fountain with the cupids, past the butler, over the thick rugs to the door—"Goodbye," she said; "Goodbye," said I—and out under the stars.

There are No "Motion" Pictures

(Concluded from page 60)

THE modern type of printing machine, used for making copies of the master motion picture negative for projection on the screen, is considered to be one of the most highly developed pieces of mechanism in the world. This machine almost thinks for itself. For instance, the various scenes in a given photoplay are taken under varying conditions of light. Scene number fifty may be taken under the California sunshine, in the open; scene fifty-two may be snapped in a coal mine with artificial light. To get the proper results photographically, the negative must be manipulated in the process of finishing. When it comes time to print the copies, a higher degree of manipulation is necessary owing to the varying density of the different scenes. That is, scene fifty requires a shorter period of exposure in the printer than the next scene and so on. An expert runs the assembled negative strip under a special light. He has a pencil in his hand and a card nearby. He marks down on the card, first the number of the scene and the name of the drama, then notes the relative time that should be given the scene in the printing machine, where it is exposed to the light. The girl who operates the printing machine follows the card carefully by mechanical adjustment of the printing machine. These records are in turn passed along to the laboratory man who develops and fixes them. In this way, the proper timing is assured throughout the entire reel.

Why Not Put the Projection Machine Behind the Theater Screen?

MOST people are of the opinion that there is just one practical way to throw a moving picture on the screen—from behind the audience. This is not true. It is perfectly practical to place the projection machine behind the stage and throw the picture on the screen from that position. Providing the proper kind of a screen is employed, the picture is about as good. A thin, silk screen is necessary for such work, and it must be kept moist to get the best results. As a matter of fact, in cases where this method has been made necessary, the operator is compelled to douse the silk sheet with water between reels. This, of course, is a nuisance and only under certain conditions is the plan ever resorted to. Another thing. The image will be reversed and the lack of room back of the average theater screen does not permit of sufficient "throw" to insure an image of the proper size.

A Grasshopper as Large as Mary Pickford

THE image of a screen star on the average screen may be seven feet high. In the next flash it is possible to show a flea seven feet tall or a grasshopper "chewing his tobac" in a beautifully oveled close-up. A contrivance that permits of this wide range of size in objects is the microscopic attachments which fit on the end of the regular camera lens tube. These special microscopes are lodged in long metal tubes which are easily adjusted in place. The operator goes into the sunshine in the garden, catches his "performer" under his hat, pinions him or catches him in the brief period between hops and turns the crank. Often reflected light is necessary among the foliage, in which case the cameraman goes prepared to shoot the spotlight directly on the insect who is to be filmed. When projected on the screen, the grasshopper may be thrown to any size desired by means of moving the projector backward or forwards.



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Cut out the coupon. Mark on it the exact color of your hair. Mail it to us, and we will send you free a trial bottle of MARY T. GOLDMAN'S and one of our special combs.

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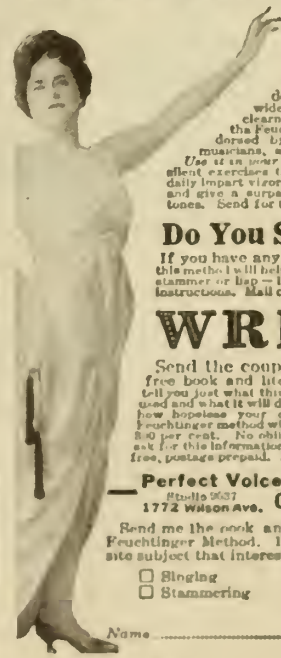
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Name _____
Address _____

John Petticoats

(Continued from page 42)

"He's sure got a fancy way of handlin' himself," confided "Hardwood" John to the Judge.

Caroline's home-coming party brought a good-natured, rollicking crew of young folks about her own age to the Meredith home. "Hardwood" John managed to make himself presentable. Everyone liked him.

When Caroline asked "Hardwood" John if he could dance, his proudest moment had arrived. Could he dance? The vision of Red Johnson's fish-keg orchestra flashed before his eyes. Here was where he showed them. Right then and there "Hardwood" John introduced the crowd into the intricacies of old-fashioned square terpsichore—to the great delight of his audience and the enthusiasm of the colored orchestra.

Next day "Hardwood" John set forth in stern quest of foot knowledge. In the recreation room of his modiste shop, tenth floor, "Hardwood" John asked Rosalie Andre if she could imagine teaching him how to dance. She was willing and at his request introduced him to the store girls as the new store detective. His good nature won them over, and everybody turned in to teach him how to dance.

Who walked in on the party but young Page, who was much surprised to see the stranger of the Meredith party. Rosalie and Page were evidently old friends. She reproached him for not letting her know he was in town, but his easy explanation sufficed. It was plain that Rosalie was in love with him.

When Rosalie described "Hardwood" John's fear of an elevator for Page's pleasure, the young man resolved to frame some fun for the girls' benefit. Accordingly, the girls lured the unsuspecting victim to the elevator door, shoved him in and started him off. Up and down the elevator traveled with the thoroughly frightened victim working the levers desperately. The practical joke had turned into a serious affair when young Page managed to wrest the levers from the victim's hands and stop the elevator. With sincere gratitude "Hardwood" John thanked the shamed young man for saving his life.

"If you ever want me to prove it," he said, "let me know. . . . There's nothin' you could ask that I wouldn't do for you."

Before "Hardwood" John could get out of the store he walked squarely into Caroline. Trying to explain his presence in the store—hatless—he admitted that he was a store detective. Bitterly disappointed she did not spare him. With her head high in the air she cut him dead.

"Now, if I'd only fall down and break my neck I could call this a pleasant afternoon," philosophised the unlucky man.

At home Caroline remonstrated with her grandfather regarding the "store detective." Loyal to his friend the Judge lamely argued that he would probably work up, which unfortunate remark caused Caroline to state: "Yes, probably to be the night watchman."

By this time "Hardwood" John Haynes wished his "Petticoat shop" was on the bottom of the Mississippi River. He was on the verge of confessing his ownership.

Outside the walls of the Meredith garden "Hardwood" John making good his escape was stopped by the sound of a woman's voice sobbing bitterly. With incredulous amazement he watched Rosalie Andre's strange actions. Hers was the face of a woman who had been driven beyond sane reason. Swiftly she rushed to the edge of the river wharf and plunged in. After her went "Hardwood" John, who succeeded in rescuing the desperate girl after a hard struggle.

(Continued on page 119)



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THE POET'S MAGAZINE
920 S. Michigan Blvd., Room 103, CHICAGO

Margaret Griffin
EDITOR

Why is a Star?

(Continued from page 72)

said he didn't know and he didn't care. Nobody cared, he said, what the names might be of the people who made fools of themselves by posing for the awful moving pictures. I said I cared and he said that didn't make any difference to him—I never read the Blade anyhow."

"Well," replied the doorman, "why don't you write to the Dramatic Mirror in New York? I see they's a man in that paper tells a lot of things about the movin' pitchers an' mebbe he'll tell you."

So Lizzie wrote a letter to the moving picture man on the Dramatic Mirror and that is where Yours Truly comes into the story.

I was at that time establishing the moving picture department of the Mirror and was making a feature of reviewing the films. It was a new departure in motion picture development—in fact, the first systematic critical attention ever given to the film—and it was, in the beginning, none too welcome to the producers. I could never just exactly figure out their point of view, but somehow I got the impression that they thought if they did too much advertising and permitted too much publicity somebody might find out they were making motion pictures for the public and were cleaning up a lot of money by the process.

Several Lizzies wrote to me wanting to know about the Vitagraph Girl or the Biograph Girl or whether Mr. and Mrs. Jones were really married or not, or if Broncho Billy had a wife, before I took serious notice. Then I answered in the columns of the paper and the lid was off. It was the commencement of the Question and Answer department, the predecessor of that most entertaining section of the Photoplay Magazine, "the Answer Man."

The first of the producing companies to yield openly to the public demand for the names of their players was the Kalem company which commenced advertising Alice Joyce and others in posters and billing. It wasn't long after this, or it may have been about the same time that the Vitagraph company permitted Florence Turner to be known by name. The other companies, with one exception, followed suit and the names of their players became public property to the delight of the Lizzies and Tommys of the whole country and the joy of the house managers who soon blossomed out with electric signs advertising the leading players in the pictures.

The one company to adhere to the old policy of silence was the Biograph, and never, so long as Florence Lawrence worked for that organization, was her name willingly permitted to get into print. When Florence Lawrence was succeeded as the Biograph Girl by Mary Pickford, the same policy of secrecy was adhered to. She became known as "Little Mary" by word of mouth and in the public print, and in time her full name became common knowledge, but never in any advertising or public announcements of the company. All the players for the Biograph were treated the same way to the very last. Even the great Griffith, the director who made Biograph famous, was nameless so far as the company was concerned, until he severed his connection with it and went with the Mutual where he was given the publicity he had so richly earned.

Once, I think it was in 1911, I was startled to hear on excellent authority that the Biograph company was breaking its rule so far as its export films were concerned. It was said that it was giving out the names of its players in response to the peremptory demands of the London market. The news was too good to be true. I learned on in-



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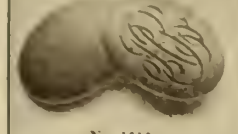
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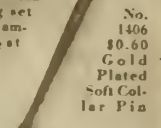
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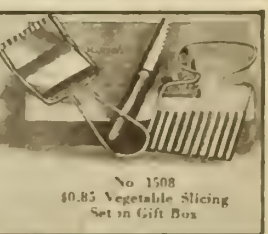
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Suanna Cocroft
624 S. Michigan Ave., Dept. 35, CHICAGO

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All drugs, etc., Soap, Ointment and Cream. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. B, Boston."

Why is a Star?

(Concluded)

quiry that names were indeed being given out in London, but they were fictitious names, an endless source of misunderstanding and annoyance to the players when they later came into their own with other companies and their names became part of their stock in trade.

Although in this instance it was only too plain that the Biograph was on the wrong track so far as financial policy was concerned, I could never have anything but admiration for the company's point of view, which was that it should be the quality of the pictures that should count and not the names of the players.

The Biograph stuck to its guns to the last—and then when it had ceased producing and its players and its great producer had gone elsewhere to gain public fame—when the names of Griffith and Pickford and Walthall and Arthur Johnson of blessed memory and Florence Lawrence and Marion Leonard and Blanche Sweet and Lillian Gish and Dorothy Gish and Bobby Harron and Jim Kirkwood had become names to conjure with in the exploitation of pictures, the Biograph Company, or what was left of it, suddenly reversed itself and reissued its old successes, advertising the very names it had so long concealed.

So, if anybody tells you that permanent success can be gained by bucking against the public demand for stars, stars, stars, you can point to the experience of the only company that ever tried it to a finish and acknowledged its own failure.

Therefore, in my opinion, the star will continue to exist numerous and will predominate in motion pictures despite all efforts of producers and exhibitors at elimination, for the reason, as I have tried to indicate, that the public demands it. It is human nature to focus its worship on a single object whether it be the carved idol of the heathen or the popular idol of the moment.

I don't mean to say by this that the star constitutes the motion picture. Far from it. Stars have become stars because, having certain personal qualities of attraction, they have appeared in a sufficient number of pleasing pictures to center the public attention on themselves.

No, it cannot be held that the popular star is immune when it comes to quality of pictures, nor do I mean to claim that big successes are not possible without the exploitation of any stars whatever. I was with Griffith too long to put up any such foolish argument as that. There are pictures occasionally that are so much better, or for some reason so much more striking than the average, that they seem to defy all natural laws. They are, indeed, greater than the stars who play in them. But these pictures by their very nature are exceptions—they can never be the general rule, for the moment they become the general rule they cease to be exceptional and therefore have nothing about them to mark them from the majority of other pictures. There is, then, nothing distinguishing for the exhibitor to advertise except the leading players or the authors or the directors.

So, you see, we are right back where we started from ten years ago. People go to the box office and ask when their favorite stars are coming in other pictures, and the managers being only human after all, swallow their grouch and make a higher bid for the pictures of that particular star. The manager would like to avoid paying the big rentals and the manufacturers would like to avoid paying the big salaries—but, gosh ding it, you folks won't let them. And this goes for all grades of stars in varying degrees, whether they manage themselves or work for mere vulgar wages.



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A. O. LEONARD
Suite 223 70 5th Avenue - New York City

John Petticoats

(Continued from page 116)

At the Charity hospital the doctor fighting to save the girl's life demanded of "Hardwood" John in gruff accusation: "What are you to this girl?"

But "Hardwood" John's innocence was clear in his slowness to understand. When Rosalie regained consciousness she asked for Mr. Haynes. Bravely fighting back her shame she pleaded pitifully: "You know? Please don't hate me. I'll go away. . . ."

"You and me is goin' to see Wayne Page first," he replied.

Even in her pitiful plight Rosalie tried to defend her lover. But her denials grew weaker and weaker when she realized that the man sitting by her cot knew the truth.

"Hardwood" John Haynes walked into the Meredith home just as Caroline had refused Wayne Page's proposal of marriage. After the girl had left the room "Hardwood" John told Page. There was no compromise in his hard, bitter voice.

"Rosalie Andre tried to kill herself to-night," he said.

For a few moments Page pretended innocence but "Hardwood" John assured him that he would be going to the hospital in the morning to see the girl he had so foully betrayed.

When "Hardwood" John Haynes called with roses the next morning the nurse gently told him.

"Miss Andre died at six o'clock this morning."

Further information concerned a letter she had written to him, also, that the girl's mother had been notified.

"Judge" Meredith was quite aroused when he read in the noon edition of the daily newspaper that Rosalie Andre had died, shortly after being rescued from drowning by John Haynes. A blighted love affair was believed the cause.

"I don't figure you'd be very welcome here if they knew the truth," stated "Hardwood" John as he reproached young Page sternly for not keeping his word to visit the dead girl. Knowing that it was impossible for Haynes to prove his guilt Page grew braver. Defiantly he threatened "Hardwood" John with shifting the tragedy to him.

"You worked in the same store with her, and the answer is easy," he derisively taunted, but he never finished for "Hardwood" John hurled him back against a wall. He was in the act of strangling Page when "Judge" Meredith interrupted. He had overheard enough to make it imperative that he be acquainted with the truth.

Caroline approaching, the Judge hastened to stop her. While he was gone Page swore to "Hardwood" John that he was engaged to Caroline. And when Haynes demanded that Caroline be told the truth, Page, badly frightened, played his trump card.

"You can't go back on me like that," he pleaded. "Why, you promised you'd do anything for me. You promised the day I saved your life."

All the soul of "Hardwood" John Haynes tried out that justice be done to the dead girl, he hated to yield to the cad's claim, but he had pledged his word. When the Judge returned to demand the answer Page hid the talking—"Hardwood" John said nothing, knowing full well that silence would convict him.

Since the Judge could not order him, he requested "Hardwood" John to leave. Hiding his suffering as best he could, "Hardwood" John took his departure. There was no other way out. All that was left to him was an intense longing for the white silence of his Northwestern forests. He planned to visit the modish shop to his "paw" and

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John Petticoats

(Concluded)

then disappear. This thought brought a ray of happiness.

After "Hardwood" John had left, the mail man brought a letter for him. Caroline was kept in innocence of the cause of his leaving. When Rosalie Andre's mother arrived she immediately asked for the letter her daughter had written to a Mr. Haynes. Both mother and the sympathetic Judge laid the tragedy at the missing man's door.

Rosalie Andre's letter revealed the truth. Its pitiful loyalty in trying to shield the guilty man immediately convicted him. The Judge managed to reach "Hardwood" John over the phone at the shop. He persuaded him to return at once. When he arrived he found young Page in a room with the Judge and Mrs. Andre.

The unsuspecting young cad bluffed his way out while "Hardwood" John was overwhelmed with shame and anger, facing the mother and knowing that she hated him. Even the guilty youth's effrontery could not pull him through this time. Conventional laws have failed to find a way to punish the man who betrays a woman, so Page went free—free to face the eternal curse of the tragedy.

When the Judge demanded to know why "Hardwood" John had allowed him to believe as he did, the latter answered simply that he figured he preferred young Page.

"Why son, I'd rather believe in you than any man in the world," said the old man in amazement.

"Did you say 'son,'" queried "Hardwood" John, unbelievably.

The Judge was confused. With dignity he announced: "Yes, I reckon I'm old enough to call you son."

The bar sinister stood between "Hard-

wood" John and happiness, same being the awful fact that he owned the modiste shop. "I've got to confess," he said, summoning all his nerve. "I've lied to you shameful, I own the Continental M-o-d-i-s-t-e Shop."

The Judge's pride was aroused. "Hardwood" John quailed before his demand: "Then, sir, why are you boarding with me?"

Bravely he returned the Judge's stare and with boyish wistfulness replied: "Because I was lonesome for you and Miss Caroline."

And desperately: "Anyway, the only reason I own the damned store is because I can't help it."

"That being the case I don't suppose I can hold you responsible," said the Judge, chuckling, "but you had better see Caroline about it."

Caroline was still sitting pensively where young Page had left her in the garden. She glanced up in apprehension as "Hardwood" John rushed up to her as if he would never get there and announced:

"I own a petticoat shop and your granddad says it's all right with him if it is with you."

Caroline listened to his amusing explanations with mischievous air. Then she asked: "And you're really not a private detective?"

His explanation that he had turned private detective only to get dancing lessons struck her as an odd reason. As it dawned upon her she asked him demurely: "Would you like to take a few lessons from me?"

It was just the same to "Hardwood" John Haynes as if someone had asked him to please accept a million dollars.

"Yes'm," he replied. "I'd be willin' to learn embroidery work if you'd show me how."

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 110)

R. L. P., OTTAWA.—Some of us would rather hold the veil up to Nature than the mirror. Owen Moore has come out of his long retirement to star for Selznick. He is in the East now and is working on his first release for that company. His last before this was for Goldwyn—Rex Beach's "The Crimson Gardenia." Why, yes of course he and Tom—and Matt and Joe are brothers. Mary Moore, the only sister, died abroad.

H. A. R. T., TEMPLE, N. H.—You are subtle this evening. Oh, yes, I work after five-thirty. It is only when the office is quiet that I can do my best work. One snore; one answer. You certainly have broken up my rest. However, since you call me "Man of Men" I can stand anything. Bill's latest is "John Petticoats" and you can read it in this issue.

BERT LYTELL, ADMIRER.—One thing at a time, O'Day! I can't answer all those questions. However, I'm proud and happy to tell you that Bert, your Bert, was born in New York City; I don't know when. Ed-dicated there, too. His stage career has included stock; "Mary's Ankle," with Irene Fenwick. Screen work with Herbert Brenon in "Empty Pockets" and "The Lone Wolf"; then with Metro, where he has done such things as "Hitting the High Spots," "The Spender," and the play which opens your answer. Married to Evelyn Vaughn. Inscribe a letter to him, care Metro studios, Hollywood.

UP-TO-DATE MISS, MANHATTAN.—Ah—summer fur—and some are not. Could tell you Lila Lee's age and address? I can and will. Miss Lee is with Lasky at their studios on the west coast. She is about six teen now and she came from the stage where she was "Cuddles" in Gus Edwards' variety revue.

INCE-ITE, EVANSTON.—I was born on Washington's birthday, I think—and you know people born on that day have a positive passion for the truth. So when I tell you my age you may believe me. But—I'm not ready—yet. Well, I wouldn't like to say I just adore Enid Bennett, being a bit backward myself; but you may, and won't blame you a bit. Ince, Culver City, Cal. Mrs. Fred Niblo.

BROWNIE.—I am always getting you and Brown Eyes mixed. I tell the truth some times, you see—but wouldn't it be a frightful bore if I made a practice of it? Besides, if I did I would be no gentleman. And there's a lady in Minnesota who insists that I am a gentleman. Wyndham Standing with Elsie Ferguson in "Rose of the World."

U. S. S. PENNSYLVANIA.—So you tried to do some of Douglas Fairbanks' stunts and broke a leg. I tried to imitate Lew Cody and broke several hearts. Mary Pickford has a home in Tremont Place, Los Angeles but address her care her own studios, same city.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

ROSE G., FAIRHAVEN, MASS.—So you were at leisure and thought you would write to me. Do you mean you're out of a job? My dear girl, I can't help you to get in the movies. I would if I could—but circumstances and situations render it impossible. Mary Miles Minter is not married, Alice Brady is Mrs. James Crane; Mae Marsh is Mrs. Louis Lee Arms and has a baby, Mary; William Farnum is married and has a little adopted daughter, Olive Alan Forrest was married to Ann Little. They are now divorced.

ELSIE B. B., ROCK ISLAND.—Glad you don't approve of me. Now I am on the road to fame. It's so easy to meet people's approval; I should much rather be maligned and misunderstood. Carlyle Blackwell has formed his own company, working in California under Charles Swickard's direction.

MRS. CARL B., LINCOLN.—Can't oblige you about the cover—besides, it's too warm for covers. However, I have passed your suggestion to the Editor, who, of course, has the final say-so or say-not-so in all matters. I'm only the Answer Man, you know. Am not aware that Gerry Farrar has any sisters or brothers. I think you're wrong.

I. E. H., KENTUCKY.—So you don't believe I really get all these letters. Just for that you ought to be sentenced to read them all. You yourself write me several times a month, and you are just one of many hundreds. You want to see Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien play together again. That's not probable, as both now have their own companies.

EVA, WALTON.—I'm afraid they done right by our little Nell. Just be patient, however, and I'm sure all those players will come through with pictures. "Daddy Long Legs" has been released, but Mary Pickford hasn't made "Pollyanna" yet.

BETTY, LONG BEACH.—Bill Russell isn't a "new star" exactly. But I see you must be a "new fan." Bill has been playing on the screen for some years. He was a villain in the good days—he was the heavy in "The Diamond from the Sky," unsuccessfully pursuing Lottie Pickford. Then he became a star, meaning that he began to play heroic roles. Russell is with Fox now; one of his first will be "The Deserter." His last American was "The Other Side of Eden." Bill has bushy eyebrows and a deep voice and everything. A regular acting man.

BEVERLY R., PA.—I will let you claim all the honor of the Mary Thurman cover. You suggested it—do you remember? Conrad Nagle is married, Beverly—to Miss Ruth Emily Helms, a Chicago girl. They are, at this writing, honeymooning in the eastern hills. But you might write Mr. Nagle, care The Lambs, New York City, and it will reach him sooner or later. His latest was "Redhead," with Alice Brady, but we have it on good authority that he will later be seen often on the screen.

MISS F., CLINTON, IOWA.—Never bet on the age of an actress, unless you like to lose money. A good many of you criticize me for declining to discuss ages, but, believe me, it's safer. That's Roscoe Arbuckle's real name, they just call him "Fatty" for fun—I can't think of any other reason. He lives in Los Angeles or thereabouts. Al St. John isn't with his uncle any more—Al's out on his own. Yes—I think he's funny. Not much to laugh at, still—



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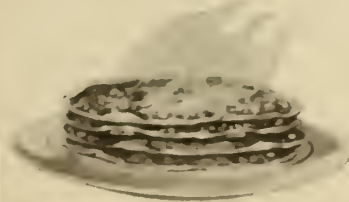
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(Concluded)

L. W., TORONTO.—So PHOTOPLAY is your steady. Where does the Answer Man come in? Not at all. Montagu Love is still with World. I heard that Gerda Holmes was coming back to pictures. She has been on the stage I believe. She is the wife of Rapley Holmes, a well-known actor.

Both used to be with Essanay. Remember them? Cleo Ridgley is married to director Jimmie Horne, and has two babies—twins. The late vampire is most domestic in real life.

S. V. J., AVERY, NEB.—You hope I will

pardon your stationery, as it is borrowed. Just a minute until I look and see—all right; mine is all there. Are you safe in saying that there are more divorces among theatrical people than any other people? I don't think you are safe in saying anything about divorce.

The Shadowy Stage

(Concluded from page 91)

Well, all this time Nancy has been loving Anthony Weir; and eventually, after several male and female cocktail connoisseurs and Dimitrino burners have given the poor girl's reputation a bad black eye—to exorcise the stern young good man, and keep her to themselves—true love begins to run smooth, and Nancy, duly chastened, duly learned in values of both men and money, slides into her lover's arms and the travel pictures come on. I am a faithful lover, even if I do say it myself. Long ago I fell in love with the intense, vivid, realistic emotional acting of Norma Talmadge, and I am still in love with it, though she hasn't had a piece to reward my artistic constancy in months and months and months. "The Way of a Woman" is no exception to the late rule. It seems interminably dragged out. Robert Z. Leonard has supplied some very good direction, and Miss Talmadge's managerial husband, Mr. Schenck, has supplied her with some of the best actors along Broadway, including Gertrude Berkeley—remember her in "War Brides"?—Hassard Short, Jobyna Howland, George LeGuere and Stuart Holmes. Conway Tearle, who didn't photograph very well, is very nicely cast as Anthony Weir.

BILL APPERSON'S BOY—First National

As Jim Kirkwood goes back to acting we may send him a parting blessing that before he went he supplied us with so fine, tender and true a little story of humble life as the one whose title I have given above. Bill Apperson is a true son of the Blue Ridge mountains, and his boy, in addition to being a mountaineer, is also a universal boy—a boy who remembers his dead mother, and resents the intrusion of a step-mother, even though she is the kindest of women; a boy who fights and sulks and loves and broods; a boy who comes to his senses and out of his adolescence at last—and stands forth, a man. Kirkwood, directing this story of Liebe's—of which he also made the scenario—has neglected none of the simple, human, telling points. There is one grand fight in it; a fight that will stir your pulses no matter how many movie fights you've seen. Jack Pickford, playing the Boy, is, it seems to me, doing the best, simplest and most wholesome work of his screen career. That splendid actor, Russell Simpson, plays his father; Gloria Hope is the girl who sees him wrongly accused—and eventually saves him through her protecting love. George Nicholls as Zeke Yarton, leading the opposing clan, is a fine opponent for Bill Apperson.

NUGGET NELL—Paramount

The anciently-termed legitimate averred that you were never a wholly recognized success until you were considered worthy careful treatment in travesty and burlesque. Accordingly Texas Guinan must consider that she has sure galloped in with her Westerns—for here is a burlesque, if ever there was one. Dorothy Gish, that intensely funny little comedienne, has in fact not only burlesqued Miss Guinan's series of gunwomen, but has burlesqued the whole Western moving drama. She herself is a two-gun queen, seven or eight times more pois-

onous than any Amazon where bad men are concerned. There is the baby she adopts—a regular giraffe of a young female, who towers over her ferocious mamma as the late Mr. Willard towered over Mr. Dempsey; Big-Hearted Jim, the honest man of the range; the cowardly city chap with whom Nell tumbles in love; first and second bad men, and the ingenue whom Nell, the little demon, shockingly strips that she may wear her enchanting finery. I'm rather inclined to believe that this piece is for the sophisticated; the lovers of the out-and-out may not care for the flicking whip that star Dorothy and director Elmer Clifton are continually cracking about the virtuous old heels of the cut-and-dried. But for the sophisticated this is simply great. It isn't an hour of laughing at Dorothy; it's an hour of laughing at yourself.

CHECKERS—Fox

Henry Blossom's staunch old racing melodrama, which has stood the test of many footlight seasons, furnishes an answer to those who wonder whether we have ever produced anything in this country which compares to the Drury Lane thrillers of England. We have. Here it is. The Fox production is a very commendable one to those who are searching for a lot more than a 2.75% kick in their optic entertainment. There is the wreck of a train, plunging through a bridge; a fine racetrack episode, a very vivid and realistic gambling scene, and such modern interpolations as a final rescue by sea-plane. Thomas J. Carrigan has the title role, and acts it with commendable fire and spirit—acts it in a way, in fact, which invites comparison with the favorites who played it in the many companies using the original piece on the stage. Jean Acker is to be seen as Pert Barlow; Tammany Young contributes a notable bit of atmosphere, and the cast includes, besides, a large list of recognizable names.

IN BRIEF:—

"The Love Burglar" (Paramount) One of the reasons this play failed on the stage seems to lie in the patent trickery that is manifest upon the revelation that Jean Gray, as well as David Strong, is only masquerading through the underworld. Jack Lait to this point had built a masterful play reminiscent only of the best works of Paul Armstrong and Wilson Mizner; but instead of working out a lifelike and baffling narrative he chose the easy path—and made everything so obvious that the whole fabric seems false and artificial. Too bad. There was great material here. The play, you may remember, was called "One of Us." Why in Sam Hill was that strong, simple, appropriate name removed, and this utterly simple title appended? Wallace Reid, Anna Q. Nilsson, Raymond Hatton and Noah Berry do the fine work of the entertainment.

"A Sporting Chance" (Paramount) Artificial and rather insincere work by Ethel Clayton, for the first time I've ever noticed such a thing about that actress. In addition the story is mediocre.

"His Bridal Night" (Select) Alice Brady, in a rather sophisticated dramatic farce of

the boudoir order. Two roles for Miss Brady, a pair of leading men—Edward Earle and James L. Crane—and pleasing equipment and surrounding.

"The Woman Michael Married" (Robertson-Cole) Bessie Barriscale, upholding a play of alleged "society." Miss Barriscale is the only thing of worth in the enterprise, apart from good support by Jack Holt and Marcia Manon.

"The Uplifters" (Metro) Wallace Irwin's satire on parlor Bolshevism, entertainingly played by a company headed by May Allison.

"Louisiana" (Paramount) Vivian Martin, very well situated in the title part of Frances Hodgson Burnett's story of the same name. Not a strong story, but one commendably free from absurdities, both in script and production.

"Man's Desire" (Robertson-Cole) Lewis S. Stone, in a melodrama of the lumber camps which he wrote himself. Jack Curtis and William Dyer give strong support to Mr. Stone. A forceful, though by no means original, sort of offering.

"Ace of the Saddle" (Universal) A series of Western horse incidents, mainly, depending for appeal more on the incidents than on the story. Harry Carey featured, directed by Jack Ford.

"The Spitfire of Seville" (Universal) This, I believe, was a Priscilla Dean vehicle, turned over to Miss Hedda Nova when Miss Dean's life was endangered by pneumonia. It is not an especially entertaining piece—formula stuff to a degree—and I suspect that even Miss Dean's brilliant personality would not have sufficed to lift it out of the ordinary.

"A Little Brother of the Rich" (Universal) Joseph Medill Patterson's novel—much talked about a few years ago—done into a picture by Lynn F. Reynolds. While the novel is full of material, it does seem that more could have been with it. As the piece stands it is a passable programme picture, and that's all. J. Barney Sherry is the best of the interpreters.

"Wolves of the Night" (Fox) A characteristic action story of the Northwest, featuring William Farnum.

"The Wildernes Trail" (Fox) An entertaining and rapidly moving melodrama, with Tom Mix as the star.

"Our Better Selves" (Pathe) A tragedy of the war, with some unique features. Fannie Ward is starred, and the cast includes Lewis J. Cody.

"Through the Wrong Door" (Goldwyn) A comedy-drama, featuring Madge Kennedy. Mining story, in which John Bowers really plays the best part. An ordinary story well produced and well played.

"The Firing Line" (Paramount) Robert W. Chambers' story never impressed me as a thing to be eaten when one is really hungry—a sort of literary bag of gum-drops, so to speak. And it isn't bettered much by so inefficient and unskilled a personality as Irene Castle's. Mrs. Castle is admittedly a queen of the dancing floor—but, vice-versa, few great actresses insist that they are also great dancers. As an actress, Mrs. Castle is certainly a dancer.



Norma Talmadge
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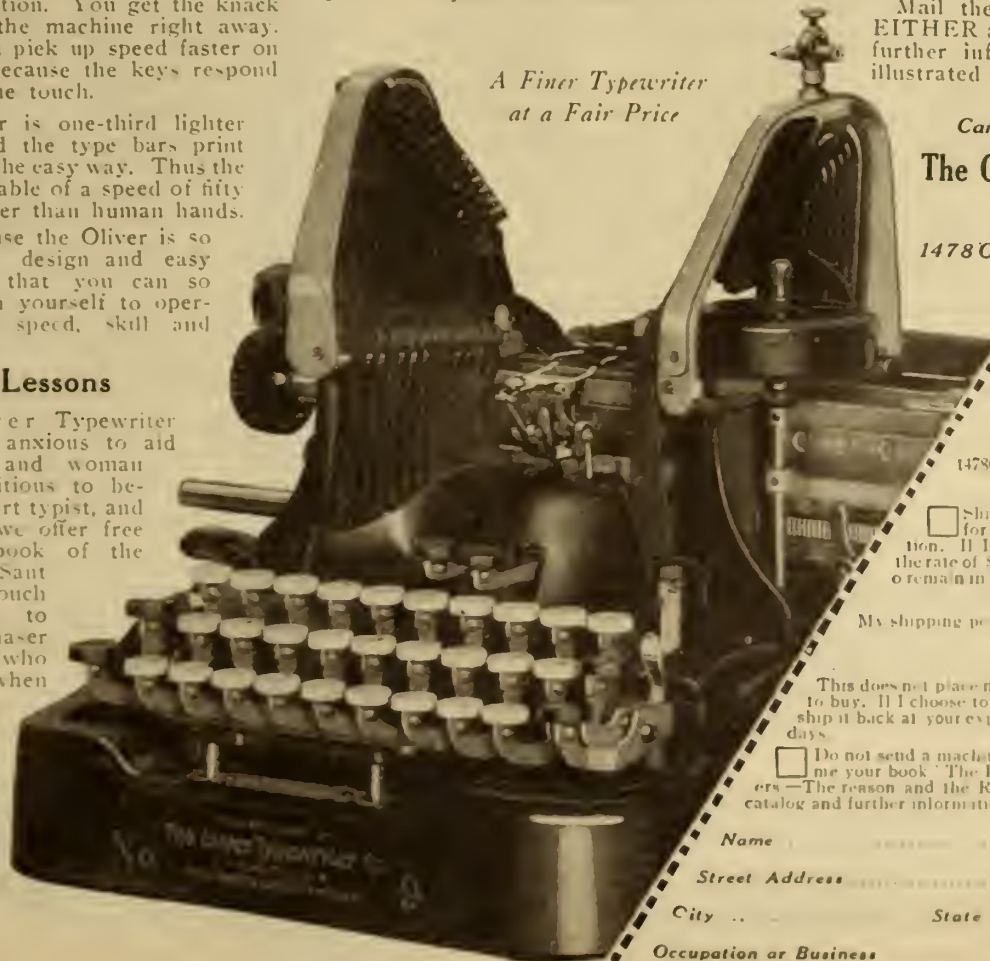
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No. 6

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WHEN Willard Huntington Wright was editor of *Smart Set*, a few years ago, he gave that periodical an almost uncanny brilliancy. Its satires might have been compared to the best efforts of British swordsmen of the pen, and its essays and articles glittered with simile, metaphor and trenchant observation. All of which, of course, was a reflection of the editor's own viewpoint. Mr. Wright's own assault on a state of synthetic virtue which he found in Southern California, and which in his eyes appeared hypocritical, became a matter of national discussion under the title "Chemically Pure Los Angeles." Then Mr. Wright went to Europe for further study, research and book-writing, and the magazine world missed him sorely. He returned last year, made his way back to the California from which he came, and is now ensconced behind a newspaper-editorial chair in San Francisco. He has returned to essay-writing with all his old enthusiasm and Damascene-bladed wit, and his first incursion into the lots and studios, "Peacocks of the Movies," will be printed in December *PHOTOPLAY*. It is a review of the chromatic young actor in his most radiant moments.

The Real "Mickey"

YOU all know "Mickey" (Marshall) Neilan's works, and a great deal about Mickey in interview and anecdote, but you do not know the real Marshall Neilan who writes *his own* story, for the first time, in December *PHOTOPLAY*. Don't miss this, for it is one of the big human accounts of the year.

Screen Fashions

NORMA TALMADGE will present the fashions of present autumn and on-coming winter, in an exquisite series of new poses in furs, out-door

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dresses, dinner costumes, house-gowns, day and evening hats, and other appurtenances of well-dressed womanhood.

The Money End Of It

NO man is better qualified to judge of material and monetary conditions in the studios than PHOTOPLAY'S California representative, Alfred A. Cohn, who has been continually in touch with the most intimate details of picture-making for more than four years. You probably remember Mr. Cohn's interesting and highly informative analysis of the salary situation, "What They Really Get." This was published a year or so ago in these columns, and nothing, before or since, has been a clearer or more comprehensive analysis of the rewards of photoplay acting, directing and writing. Since that time, however, there has been a complete right about face in pay and profit and percentage, due to many causes. In December PHOTOPLAY Mr. Cohn will analyze the new situation as clearly as he did the old, presenting exclusive and startling facts about the money that comes to the creative and interpretative side of the picture business.

On Our Own "Western Front"

FOR many months PHOTOPLAY has been a forum for the discussion of those who are constructively for and destructively against photoplay-making as it is primarily exemplified in the original story and the scenario. The Pharisees—the crowd Arthur Stringer flayed with such beautiful surgery in "Herods of the Movies,"—are pretty well abashed by this time, so that we have come quite properly to the place in which the whole situation may be reviewed. Randolph Bartlett does this, in the most brilliant, the most dispassionate, the most absorbing article he ever wrote. It is a gem of characterization, and bears this simple title: "Our Enemies."

Fiction

NEXT month's fiction will include the breathless finale of "The Midnight Man," "The Eyes of Youth," made by Clara Kimball Young from the great story which Marjorie Rambeau played on the stage; and "Lombardi, Ltd.," Metro's picturization of the inimitable Hatton play, with Bert Lytell and Alice Lake.

Rotogravure

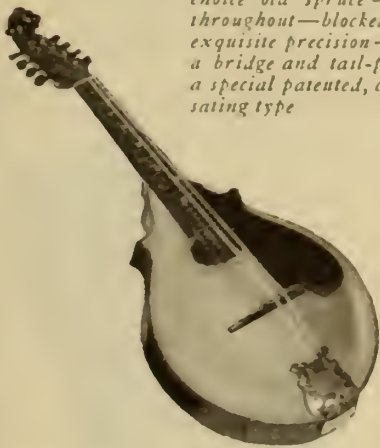
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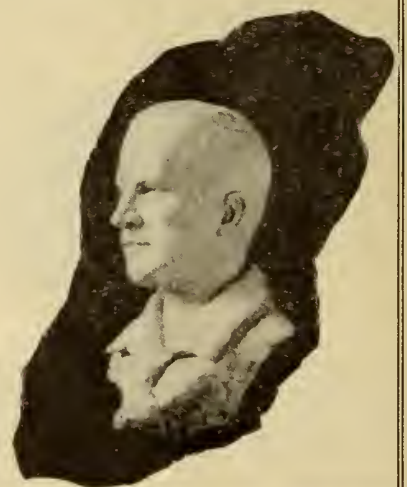
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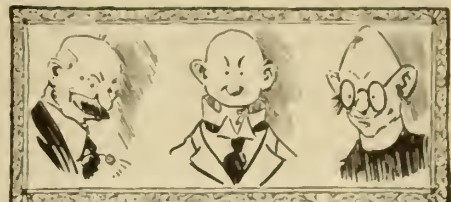
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For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal active ones below. The first is the business office; (s) indicates a studio; in some cases both are at one address.

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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.

FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM CO., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 128 W. 56th St., New York City. (a).

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., Jesse J. Goldberg, general manager, 310 Times Building, New York City.

GOLDWYN FILM CORP., 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Culver City, Cal.

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LASKY FEATURE PLAY CO., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 6284 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Cal. (s).

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PATHE EXCHANGE, IND., 25 W. 45th St., New York City; ASTRA FILM CORP., Glendale, Cal. (s); ROLIN FILM CO., 603 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 PICTURES CORPORATION (s), 807 East 175th St., New York City.

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. CO., 1600 Broadway, New York City; Universal City, Cal.; Cortesville, 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).

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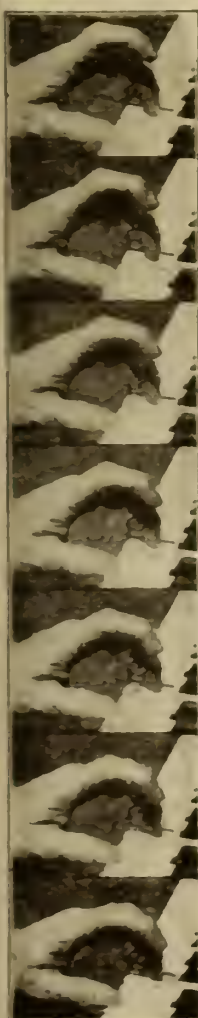


DR. QUINN AT HIS PIANO—From the famous sketch by Schneider, exhibited at the St. Louis Exposition

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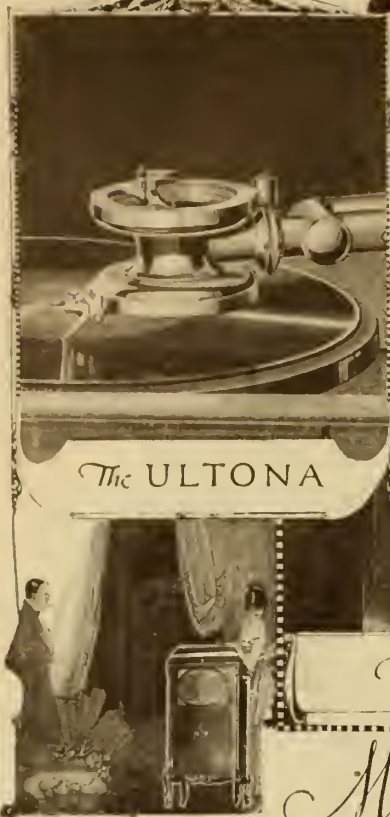
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Lindstedt

MARY PICKFORD—a new portrait. Her activities have been varied of late. She is soon to be seen in "Hop o' My Thumb," by Sir James Barrie, whose celluloid conversion seems to be complete. Mary will also do "Pollyanna."



Strauss-Peyton

ONE of Mabel Normand's characterizations occurs in "Upstairs." Mabel as a slavey or a sub-deb. is something we will always pay admission to see. Since the lengthy "Mickey" she has been working for Goldwyn in Culver City.



Abbe

CONSTANCE TALMADGE, whose progress we have watched since she played in comedy with John Bunny, has completed two First Nationals: number one, "A Temperamental Wife." Constance is also in Griffith's "The Fall of Babylon."



Evans

FLÖRENCE VIDOR rode to recognition in the death-cart with William Farnum in "A Tale of Two Cities." She is the wife and the star of director King Vidor in his Brentwood productions; and the mother of a small Suzanne.



Witco

BETTY COMPSON used to be an embellishment of Christie comedies. She starred in a serial, then did a lead opposite Bill Desmond. Now Betty is in George Loane Tucker's productions—and her swim-suit is in moth-balls.



JOHN BARRYMORE—the stage's great tragedian and the ablest farceur of the screen—far from the Broadway he electrified in "The Jest." Barrymore interrupted his Famous Players contract to vacation on Santa Cruz Island.



SHE made her first real hit in "Shoes." Mary MacLaren followed it with others which proved her right to be called a star sobber of the celluloid. "A Petal on the Current," for Universal, is a recent MacLaren effort.



172 1111

E. K. LINCOLN, in his character as the dominant figure of the Hodkinson picturization of Zane Grey's novel, "Desert Gold." Lincoln has been a premier pastel leading man since "A Million Bid" for Vitagraph, with Anita Stewart.

PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XVII

November, 1919

No. 6



The Plains of Unrest

THE silent thunder of ghostly hoofs seems to have trampled every bit of our Western turf and sage, every crust of gravel or alkali, into an impalpable dust. And still the watchers of the early night cry for more and ever more of an outdoors whose only boundary is beneath one's feet. Because their life has been intensely human, the great plains of America hold an immortal interest, and that life will rise again, under the hand of genius, twenty or two hundred years from now. Yet the war which swept away the frontiers of national vision made the American photoplay—the representative photoplay of the world—an international communication. The riding lands which unroll below the Great Divide are now our beloved back yard; the range fences of history have been blown down by battle winds, and in front of our United States corral there shimmer and tumble in fascinating invitation the great green prairies of the ages, the plains of unrest: the Sea.

There are more romances upon the sea than upon any of the earth's solid places, and there is a universality of the ocean which belongs to no nation, but to all mankind. All sailors are brothers except in flags, for seas hot or cold, East or West, have identical perils, the same rewards and equal joys. Narrative has become international when it has gone afloat, from Homer to Stevenson.

Who will be the first to spin salt yarns in celluloid? There have been ship dramas, and fairly good ones, on the screen, but the great gulf of marine possibility is still as devoid of life as the Sargasso Sea. The whole course of civilization has been written enduringly in water. There are the galley-days of the ancients, purpled with the dyes of Tyre and glittering with the burnished shields on Roman Triremes. The whole record of our hemisphere was begun and partly carried on afloat, and the Columbuses and Hudsons of today are going the other way, in caravels of steel, to bring West the gold that blew East in the galleons.

We need a Conrad of the camera, a Robertson of the reel, to lift the shade before this vast window of rocking romance. We need a bos'un Bill Hart to ride the plains of unrest.



"Bill"

ONCE upon a time, as the fairy tales invariably begin, there were two brothers on the island of Corsica who were so very alike that their fellow villagers were unable to tell them apart; whose prowess as warriors astonished all Greece, and who loved each other so well that one died for the sake of his unfortunate twin.

Mythology down to date has a postlude in motion pictures in the Farnums—Dustin and William—splendid specimens of manhood, magnificent actors who represent the acme of histrionism, and lastly, who are, like the Corsicans, devoted admirers of each other. Dustin, perhaps you will remember, is not quite two years William's senior. He's a little the larger of the two, has a basso a little more profundo, and a few more grey hairs. William is more of the classic type; Dustin of the romantic, adventurous. Dustin's smile is a broad grin like Douglas Fairbanks's, while William's is more characteristic of Elsie Ferguson.

The Farnum "boys" have the happy faculty of adhering strictly to each other's principles. They haven't been together much in professional life—not nearly so much, each says, as he would like it to have been—but there exists between them that unbreakable bond of fellowship and love, that same manly extolation of each other's virtues, and that same interdependence of temperament and feeling that was the linking characteristic of the two fratres in the little island in the Mediterranean back in the days when the world was comparatively young.

"What's mine is his," said Dustin of Bill, and Bill likewise of his brother.

They have the same tastes. A love of anything out of doors, of the art of the theatre; of hunting, yachting, trapping, fishing, and—each of the fireside of the other. It happened not long ago that both found themselves at liberty at the same time.



Photograph by White

William Farnum, and Dustin, in the

The Corsicans

"What's mine is his"—the inseparable
Dustin Farnum, inseparable

By TRUMAN



Dustin Farnum with Lois Weber, in "A Man's Fight."

"Let's go fishing," suggested Bill to Dusty over the telephone, with the result that in fourteen days the twain made a combined catch of some 6,000 pounds of California tuna, each won his medals from the tuna club on Santa Catalina Island, and each returned to the studio as brown as an overseas soldier.

The Farnums have been brothers in every sense of the word from the time they were born, Dustin in Hampton Beach, N. H., May 27, 1876, and William in Boston, July



greatest dual stage success, "The Littlest Rebel."

can Brothers

is the motto of William and from childhood to the screen.

B. HANDY

Fourth two years later. They come from an old line of followers of the stage, and each says that the art of the theater is born in him. "Dusty", as everyone in California knows him, is the oldest in the Farnum family. Besides Bill there was another brother, Marshall, who died some two years ago, and a little sister, Clara, who only lived to be seven. Both brothers went to school in Boston; both later moved to their grandfather's farm in Bucksport, Maine.

"Of course we were the town pests," Dustin reminisced.

"We played in all the strawberry festivals," Bill interposed.

"Yes," added Dusty, "and Bill and I always played in the Bucksport band."

The hero of Selig's "The Spoilers," it developed, in the days of the band was the lusty-lunged hero who produced sweet (?) melodies on the B-flat cornet. Dustin was

elected to toot the baritone horn, and now he says that the only tune he knew was "Marching Through Georgia."

"He could blow that horn to pieces," chuckled Bill, "so much so that they switched him to the drums."

The band is not chronicled as ever having gone en tour. At the time that the Corsicans were winning fame as the heroes of the strawberry festivals, their father, the late George Dustin Farnum, became manager of Robert Downing, the famous tragedian, whose "Damon and Pythias" will live perhaps forever in the annals of American stage history as one of the great achievements by an American.

"We were all kind of mixed up in public life," said Dustin, at the Brunton Studio in Los Angeles, where he was making arrangements for the production of a new story—one in which he plays a dashing westerner.

"Mother had a beautiful voice," added William a few hours later as he snatched a few moments from his business of making movies at Fox. "We were crazy about the stage."

Their father, both told me, previous to his association with Downing, had been Frank Bang's manager of "The Silver King," the famous P. n e r o

William Farnum as Jean Valjean in Fox's screen version of "Les Miserables."



"Dusty"





"Bill" and "Dusty" went fishing last summer and in fourteen days caught 6,000 pounds of California tuna. "Dusty," who wouldn't pose for such a good fish story, appears below however—the handsome gentleman in evening clothes.

play only recently cinematized by William Faversham.

He'd send his aspiring sons, at the end of each season, all the old tights and togas that the Downing company didn't wear, and had previously regaled them with costumes from "The Silver King." The Farnum boys would just naturally bring them to Bucksport, and fix them over, and at length appear in them. But Dustin remarked that he "was so skinny as a kid that my legs would get tangled when I'd start to run."

This juvenile lack of corpulence, however, never seemed to deter him in his motive. Once he and Bill brazenly announced that on a certain Wednesday evening they would offer the fight scene from "Julius Caesar" at the Methodist Church.

"My knees stuck out," Dusty laughed, "and I was all joints. It was prayer meeting, and we came out of the minister's room all bedizened in what once was the finery of the Downing company. Bill and I started to fight, and believe you me, we staged a good brawl. The congregation watched us with a fair degree of interest until we began to roll on the floor, when at length two old ladies, who sat in the front row, gathered their shawls about them, said 'Well, I swan!' and got up and left."

The spirit of classic Shakespeare instilled into their mind, the next year William joined the Robert Downing company to play the child in "Spartacus."

The following summer, Dustin said, the Ethel Tucker repertoire company got to Bucksport short of a man. Dustin applied, and was given a berth with the show as the leading heavy. His wardrobe consisted of a pair of duck trousers, a blue serge suit and the coat of a dress suit. In that year he played thirty-two parts in sixteen weeks—the company advertised a new play every Monday and Thursday evening—wearing his "cos-



tumes," and using the blue serge trousers to complete his outfit of evening attire. His idea of acting was to make all the noise that he could, he said, and to do just as many motions as a small stage would permit.

"Once," he recollected, "in 'The Streets of London' Percy Meldren was the hero and I was the heavy. Meldren was always boasting of his physical prowess, and in the production he and I were scheduled to stage a fight. The scene where I had the girl in the den came. Meldren had told me off-stage not to worry about fighting with him because he was good and husky and could take care of himself. Therefore I didn't, but I did not inform him that I am left-handed. When he came in and started to fight with me I tickled him with the aforesaid left hand, and he went cold and was out for twenty-five minutes. And I ripped the white duck trousers!"

William Farnum says that as a youngster he was always crazy to do death parts. Classic stuff. Lots of smoke pots and property blood and Roman togas and all that. In other words, plenty of experience and as he says, not a great deal of money.

He and Dustin were together for a time in their early days, when both were with the Downing company in "Ingomar", "Julius Caesar", "Cyrano de Bergerac", "The Gladiator", "Damon and Pythias" and "Virginius", when both of them did the hardest acting of their career, each will say.

After his closing with Downing, however, Bill went on the road in a song-and-dance with Tom Shay, opening in Winterpost, Maine. The next summer, when the show closed, however, he joined a classical repertoire company, which was his policy all during the early part of his career. One season he was with Sol Smith Russell, the famous comique, doing the juvenile lead in the company on tour, and playing the torch-and-tassel classics during the hot weather when Russell and the rest of his confreres were taking life easy, spending the money that they had accumulated from weeks of travel.

Again Bill and Dusty joined a repertoire company because they had always played more or less

Photograph
by
Woodbury

baseball in Bucksport and the company in question needed two additional players on its team!

While Dustin joined Margaret Mather's company in "Cymbalene" in which he had one speech and got \$25 a week, which he says he received because he was six feet tall and could wear whiskers and look husky—Bill went to Richmond, Virginia, in "Julius Caesar." Later Dusty became associated with Chauncey Olcott for two seasons, and Bill went to Boston to play in stock, "because my mother wrote me that she wanted me to have training in modern roles," he said.

As I sat there on the Fox stage under the Cooper Hewitts and talked to Bill in his costume of an English army captain in India, I noticed J. Gordon Edwards, the director-general of the company, put other members of the Farnum cast through their paces.

"In the Boston stock company, which was one of four owned by G. E. Lothrop," said the star, pointing to his director,

Gordon Edwards was leading man in one of the Lothrop companies at the same time I was the lead in another. I think that we both got \$25 a week and furnished our wardrobe, although I remember that I got \$35 before I left and was considered very high paid."

With Chauncey Olcott Dustin Farnum did the knee-breeches stuit and worked in castles with paper walls that characterized the romantic drama of a decade or so ago. As he speaks today of the wobbly walls and wiggly trees he tells a funny little story about a bit of business that he, as the villain, had in one of the Irish plays. There was a secret passage, through which

he had to crawl with his lady love. The action had to be explained to the audience, after the following manner:

He: "Were you timid, fair one, in that dark passage?"

She: "No, Richard, I knew you would lead me into the light."

"Can you imagine me, the big boob, saying that sort of mush?" asks the hero today. "And every time that we'd close the door, the walls would bulge out, and sometimes the wolves didn't howl at the right time because the prop man forgot to be on deck with his howling apparatus at just the right moment."

In subsequent years William Farnum firmly established himself on his tours as leading man with Margaret Mather and Olga Nethersole; as a principal with Richard Mansfield, with whom he played the characters Macduff and Richmond, under the management of Daniel Frohman. Concerning Mansfield's much-spoken-of temperament, Farnum refers to the instance of summer vacation when he went to visit his mother in Maine.

"Suddenly," he said, "I got a letter from Frohman telling me that he and Mansfield were no longer connected."

Dustin Farnum, while Bill was earning laurels for himself, signed to follow Vincent Serrano as Capt. Hodgeman in "Arizona." Serrano went to London, and Olive May was then the heroine of the play. Farnum was with the company for three years, and later changed to the role of Lieut. Denton. In the company were both Frank Campeau, with whom Farnum was later associated for nine years in "The Virginian," and Theodore Roberts.

(Continued on page 126)



Sketch by Russell Patterson

The Two Graces

FOR once in his long career, Director Winthrop Rotund realizes his limitations. Maizie Alabaster is following his antics closely, however, to the end that she may understand the quality of grace he is attempting to demonstrate.

"Doug" and His Trainer

Latter being Mister Bull Montana, wrestler, and owner of the world's handsomest cauliflower ear.

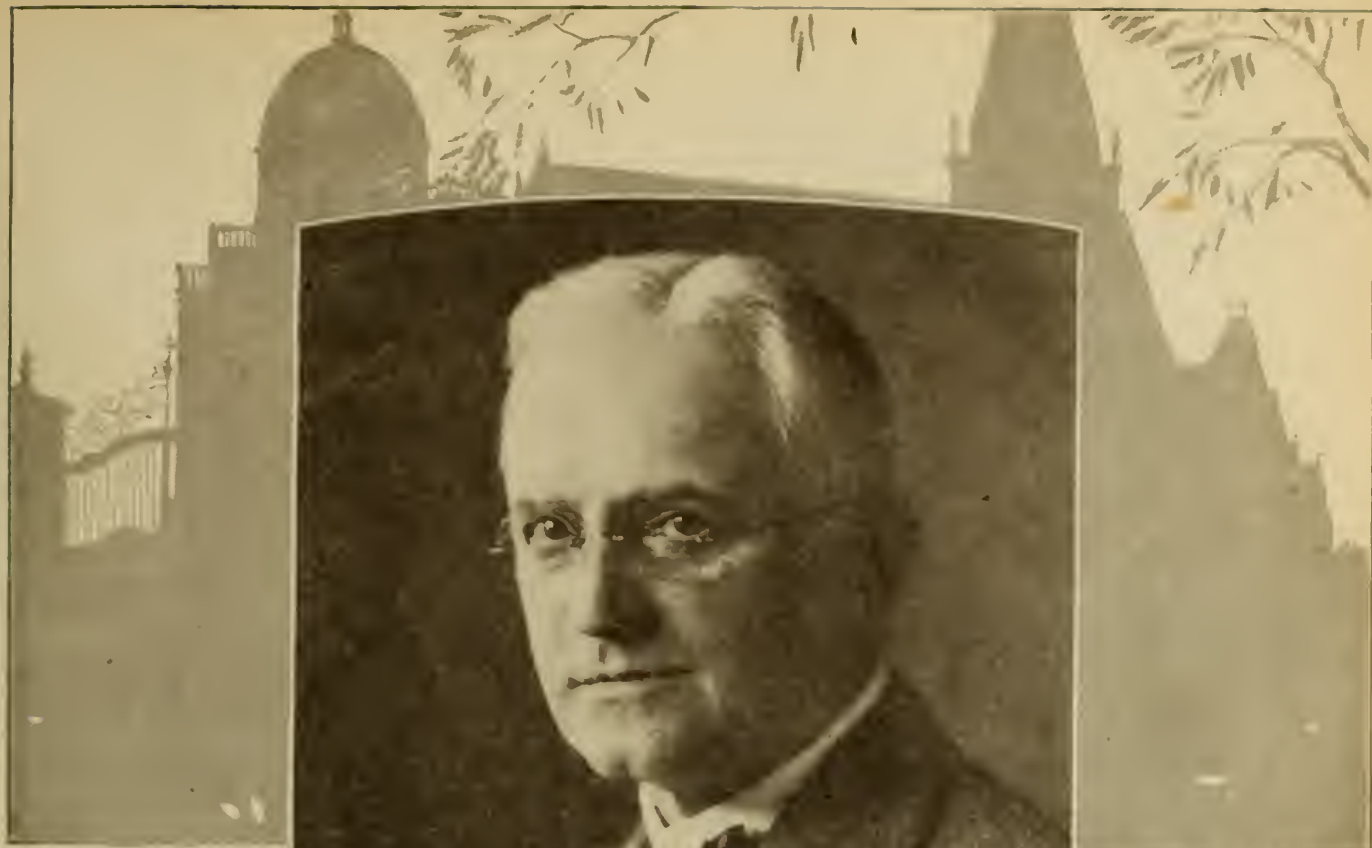


Douglas Fairbanks knocks off work every afternoon at five and starts in on his training schedule. For two years he has been working with Bull Montana, a muscle and "ear" specialist. Above — Bull is sitting on Doug's neck. "If you keep a level head," explains Doug, standing on his hands, "this is easy. It develops equilibrium."

Besides wrestling, Doug boxes three rounds each day with "Spike" Robinson, and then runs a mile — always in 6 min. 15 sec.

Wrestling, boxing and track-work every afternoon after a hard day ought to be wearing, but Doug always manages to reach his swimming pool with a smile. (And considerable perspiration.) At right — note Bull's celebrated cauliflower ear.





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Too often have we been unwilling and pitying witnesses of the fate of well meaning and altruistic efforts, the happy accomplishment of which have been destined to failure, for no institution or no effort can be greater than the brain that conceives it and guides its development.

Fortunate indeed, then, is the birth of the institution which George Eastman is now creating at Rochester, New York. The Eastman School of Music. An unostentatious name for a

By JAMES R. QUIRK

really great purpose, for it marks the first step toward a closer and more harmonious relationship between two great arts—music and the motion picture.

It is the first time that anyone has ever paid any altruistic attention to the new and all-American art of the photoplay, it is the nearest approach to a real endowment that any art has ever had in America. There have been endowed music schools and musical institutions for the encouragement and development of American music, but nothing which comes so close to the great mass of the people, or nothing comparable in size and splendor and vision to this notable project of the man who, more than any other, is responsible for America's predominance in the photographic art and industry. This man is an extraordinary combination of art-lover and intelligent art-creator and practitioner. He is the great developer and creator of the very thing he admires and now proposes to endow. Truly a unique situation.

France and Italy have had for years governmentally subsidized operas and dramatic institutions, such as the *Comedie Francaise* and the Opera of Paris, and *La Scala*, the great opera house of Milan. England exercises a paternal guidance over and assists financially the Royal Academy, of London, and has a "poet laureate." Germany had nationalized theatres.

Floor plan of the Eastman School of Music, showing the model photoplay theatre and studios for study and the working out of musical programs.



THIS school, to be operated in connection with the University of Rochester, will lie in the heart of the city of Rochester, and will cost nearly a million and a half to build. It will be completed in a year and a half. The auditorium will seat 3,200.

Russia, in its monarchistic days, endowed its ballet. The Bolsheviks propose to endow all the arts impartially, but they are a little cramped in their style as they have to stop in the middle of the argument to borrow a rouble for coffee and rolls of whatever artist they may be bestowing favors upon.

The first announcement of the foundation of the institution was made recently at a dinner given by Mr. Eastman to the members of the National Association of the Moving Picture Industry at the Genesee Valley Club, Rochester. He has donated \$3,500,000 and the combination school of music and model photoplay theatre will be operated in connection with the University of Rochester. Mr. Eastman has purchased a site in the heart of the city of Rochester and will spend nearly a million and a half in its construction. It will be a superb example of American architecture and has been designed by the famous firm of McKim, Mead & White, to be completed in a year and a half. The auditorium will seat 3,200 people.

Mr. Eastman's one absorbing idea is to develop in felicitous environment, and with every possible facility, closer relationship between the two arts which are the greatest interests of his life. Outside his circle of friends George Eastman is known only as a master builder of industry. Although his business institution includes a splendid advertising organization that has made the "kodak" synonymous with photography all over the world, no word has ever been allowed to creep out regarding the private life of the man who controls its destiny. George Eastman has never had any desire to be a public figure. His two interests outside the actual development of the Eastman Kodak Company have been his research laboratories for the development of the photographic art, and music. Associated with him in his scientific work are a group of men whose achievements are notable in many branches of scientific re-

search. At his home in Rochester he has had as his guests many of the most famous musicians and in the music room of his residence he spends most of his spare hours. My difficulty in securing a photograph of Mr. Eastman to illustrate these pages is typical of the man.

I have been through his great plants for the manufacture of film and cameras and noted with great interest the almost meticulous care in providing for the comfort of his thousands of employees and the spic and span appearance of the vast and delicate machinery which the plants contain. I got the impression that one gets on a first visit to one of our wonderful new ships of war where everything is kept in exact order and scrupulous cleanliness. The factories reflect the man.

George Eastman has the look of never-dying youth in his eyes. They sparkle like a small boy's when discussing the things close to his heart. He is the sort of a man any boy would like to have for a father and still he impresses you as a man big enough to dominate any organization or any group of men. As I looked at him I had a mischievous feeling that I would like to say something to bring the steel into his eyes.

But above all, I have never met a man more loved by his organization and his employees than this man. He has an overwhelming feeling of responsibility for the happiness of the people who work under him. There has been but one incident in the whole history of the Eastman plant that might be construed as dissatisfaction on the part of his employees. That was years ago. It was when the men working in a silverplating factory felt, in spite of the fact that they were getting higher wages than any other man doing similar work, that they should have more. Mr. Eastman's remedy for the trouble was a simple one. He called them in, talked the situation over and

(Continued on page 128)



A Cool Head Maketh a Cheerful Face

NOW we know how Douglas Fairbanks generates his famous smile—at least on days when the w. k. California sun is shining down a trifle hotter than the tourist folders ever admit. The above picture was taken during the filming of "His Majesty, The American," when Doug and his assistants decided to spend the afternoon directing and taking scenes in the studio tank. Doug stands at the far right, finger pointing.

"Snub-Nose-Freckle-Face!"



Her first part in pictures was in Fine Arts' "The Wood Nymph." The woman with her is Adoni Fovieri

OH! how she hated to go to school with the Fine Arts kids back at the old Griffith studio, when she wore her hair in psyches and played principal parts, and the other members of the educational institution, which was under the guidance of an austere lady by the name of McGinnis, played hop-scotch and jumped the rope at recess.

Juveniles in those days, Pauline Starke now says, were so boring! Both she and her chum Mildred—now Mrs. Charlie Chaplin—thought of little else that being big, grown-up leading ladies playing real parts and being made love to en scene by such worthies as Wilfred Lucas and De Wolf Hopper and Douglas Fairbanks! Both dreamed of the time when they could go downtown and charge anything they wanted at the big stores; both thought that learning geography and arithmetic was such a platitude! The world to them in those days was just one glorious adventure, and each chafed under the restraint offered by a series of blackboards and the grim visage of their *bête noir*, Teacher.

Back in that era everybody at the Griffith studio told Pauline she wasn't pretty enough to "make a hit" on the screen. Lloyd Ingraham often nearly drove her crazy by telling her she looked like Charlie Chaplin, and Pauline often cried, they say. Polly's nose was retrouse and—freckled. Her eyes were gray and it was said they wouldn't photograph well.

It happened, however, that the "bunch" at the studio were wrong. David W. Griffith said they were, and what he predicted has come true. Mr. Griffith's first indication of an interest in bizarre little Pauline was when he told the wardrobe woman to dress her up to look like a debutante, and told Pauline herself to dance in the foreground near Henry Walthall.

At Griffith's they used to say that to Duckling Pauline Starke—but she revenged herself by becoming a swan.

By
MARION
CRAIG

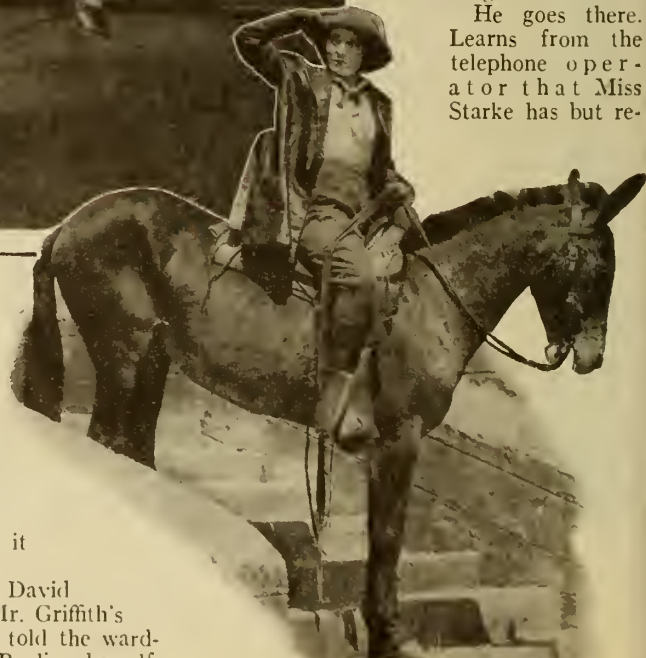
How she thrilled! Her *great* chance! The opportunity just to be near Walthall!

The scene suddenly changes. It is three years later—almost to a day. The interviewer has just heard that she has finished the lead in a big feature, "Soldiers of Fortune," with Allan Dwan. Furthermore, he knows that she lives at the *creme de la creme* of Hollywood apartments, the Garden Courts, where the elite from Atlantic City and Palm Beach spend their time when they're wintering in California.

He goes there. Learns from the telephone operator that Miss Starke has but re-



At the right—as *Hope*, in Allan Dwan's forthcoming production, "Soldiers of Fortune." The picture above was taken when she was two years old—posed during an attack of whooping cough.



cently suffered a deletion of the tonsils, and that she's very, very tired after a month's hard work, and that she cannot see anyone. Disheartened, he is about to leave, when he himself calls No. 00—her apartment. Yes? She will see him? He is exalted.

He enters the stylish abode that is appointed with the quintessence of futurism—little canaries chirping away in gilt cages, vampirish chaises longues ad libitum throughout the rooms, tall lamps, and cretonned windows, floors covered with two rich Bokharas, a heavy oaken table that holds books, Daudet, Flaubert, Harold Bell Wright, Wells, two of Shaw, Vachel Lindsay, PHOTODRAMA; a piano laden with the music of Cadman, Debussy, Saint-Saens, Irving Berlin, Bud de Silva.

He sees on a chaise longue at the far end of the apartment a graceful figure behind a magazine, a steamer rug thrown over its knees. Mother Starke, a handsome young woman herself whom I have mistaken for daughter Pauline, points in its direction.

"There she is," said she. "She's not feeling very well."

Pauline, however, at once doffed the steamer rug and the magazine. Blue and silver negligee she wore, and a purple orchid as a corsage. Her hair fell in modish profusion over her shoulders, and she kept brushing it back, revealing a petite, well-shaped head. The hair was that light, fluffy kind that looks as if it is continuously shampooed, and the light wind that pushed aside the cretonne of one of the fenestres blew it about daintily.

Pauline insisted that she wasn't sick, and that she wanted to personally select some of the photographs that I asked of her. Whereupon we betook ourselves to an adjoining room, squatted on the floor and rummaged in the bottom drawer of a tall chiffonier.

It developed, in the conversation that ensued, that Miss Starke is tremendously fond of jiu-jitsu, a certain game invented by the Japanese in which each of the two wrestlers tries to break the other's neck by a deft twist of the wrist. The Starke arms are young and strong, nicely tanned by the Pacific sun and breezes, and yet white enough to appear Caucasian. It seems to be a fallacy in California for women to bake themselves on the beach until they are the color of the seven wives of the Sultan of Sulu. Not so with Pauline, however.

"I don't want to be like everybody else," she remarked, and was substantiated by her mother, who says that Daughter is a type all her own and mustn't by any means ever appear on the screen or in real life like anybody she's ever seen. Pauline's screen impression is like Mae Marsh's. She may be like the Barrie girl on the screen, but off of it she's totally different.

Mae Marsh's beauty is of the fragile, hot-house variety. Blue veins peep through her white skin, and her big, gray eyes always have that fatigued look that accompanies a nervous, high-strung person. Miss Starke, on the other hand, is the out-of-doors girl, rugged and untiring. She's about Mae's height, and her nose is equally retrouse. (Concluded on page 126)



Pauline today—minus any signs of the ugly duckling era. Years have changed the Starke nose; it's still a little snub, but the freckles are gone.

A RIPE

However, Tom Ince doesn't
Miss Francie

She used to want to be an opera singer, but now she's glad she didn't. "The movies are a glorious adventure," she says. Careful, Gloria—that'll burn!

By
FREEMAN
HENDERSON

MOVING pictures have a peculiar way of giving their people stage names. And stage names are something like eggs: sometimes you get a good one, and sometimes you don't.

When Gloria Hope signed a year's contract with Thomas H. Ince two seasons ago, Mr. Ince christened her to suit himself. Somehow or other, he quite didn't like the cognomen her mother gave her—Olive Francies—although her light auburn hair and very, very blue eyes appealed to him. And as he didn't want to change her complexion and could very easily change the name, he held a baptism one day and thereafter Miss Olive wasn't herself any more, but rather, "Gloria Hope."

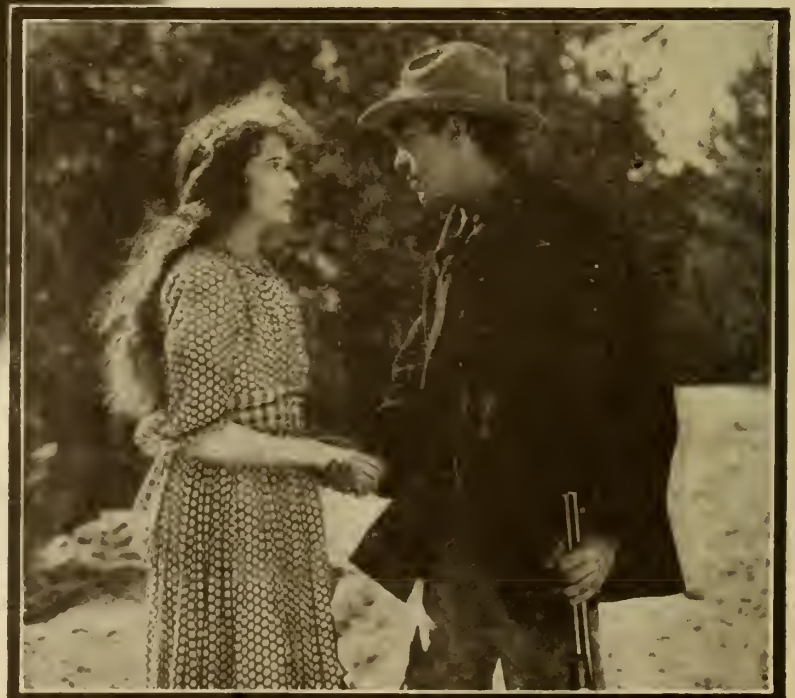
It is in that extremely naive way that Gloria tells all about herself. She's one of those fanciful youngsters who at eighteen years of age still believes that the moon is made of a man's face, and yet she's wise—very wise.

She told me that some day she, like every other girl in pictures, wants to be a star. But she isn't sure whether or not she'll always stay before the camera, and yet she doesn't know that she's going to retire at the early age of twenty-eight and leave nothing but happy memories and thwarted managers behind.

Gloria right now is eighteen. Which explains a lot of things—for instance, her youthful vivacity and the odd little twinkle in her eyes; the self-curling hair that gathers in red-gold ringlets about her forehead, and the joyousness that is quite noticeable when someone suddenly interests her.

A lot of girls at eighteen want to be vampires and carry a torch like Theda Bara.

With Jack Pickford in "Bill Apperson's Boy." Prior to this picture, she appeared in Universal's "Outcasts of Poker Flat." She ended her appearance with Jack Pickford by going with Brunton.



OLIVE

like olives, so he re-christened "Gloria Hope."

Others crave the heavy emotional stuff, and a lot want to be "ingenues." Gloria says that she doesn't want to ruin men on the screen, and that she hates—positively hates—kittenishness. Gloria says that she's clever enough to be the eternal ingenue, and that there isn't anyone else alive who can act the way she does.

Gloria is the Little Miss Muffet of a big family that comprises her mother, three big sisters, Isabel Sara and Nella, and—Bob Bob's just a dog and doesn't count, but Isabel is an auburn-haired beauty who looks for all the world like Billie Burke;

Sara's been in pictures and decided three months ago to quit 'em, and Nella—well Nella just sits and smiles at Gloria and doesn't say very much.

It's quite plain to be seen that Gloria takes up most of the floor-space in the Francies bungalow; that the family spotlight is focused quite upon her, and that she isn't at all spoiled by being the lady who gets her name in the papers after she's played in some picture or other.

"Now listen," she said, "I'm perfectly normal. I like the things that every other girl likes, and I don't collect books nor elephants, nor old ivory. I'm perfectly satisfied to dance and to motor—and I'm learning to ride horseback."

She used to want to be an opera singer, sister Sara interposed. "I did," retorted Gloria, "up until the time that I realized I couldn't, and then I planned to be a school teacher."

Here's the second schoolroom that the movies have robbed of a perfectly good instructor. Mary Thurman once did teach the youngsters their A B C's, and Gloria had her foundation all laid, but that strange something called Fate intervened, and now both the young ladies are glimmering in front of the Great American Public.

When she isn't at work in the studio, Gloria can be found at home—playing with the dog. And we always believed dogs didn't like music. Well—

Photographs
by STANE

The movies, says the subject of my interview, are a glorious adventure. Even the night work. "The movies, when you get into them, are like school. You go to the studio and do a little studying—and then you just have your examination before the camera, if you pass which you're liable to get a good part in the next picture, and which if you don't pass is likely to mean that you're doomed to get left back in the primary grade."

It's her quietude and reserve that got Gloria in pictures, coupled with the desire to see what movies were like in the making. Two summers ago she went West with her aunt on a vacation from high school. They went to a studio one day with some friends, saw the director and the camera and all that, and Gloria—she was Olive then—said that her curiosity impelled her to work as an extra for just one day. The following week Thomas Ince had a part for her in "Free and Equal" opposite Jack Richardson.

Followed a contract with Ince, under her new name, "Gloria Hope." During that year she played with Enid Bennett in "Naughty, Naughty"; Charles Ray in "The Law of the North," and in "The Guilty Man." Later she joined the Bessie Barriscale forces, in "The Heart of Rachel," subsequently to take the part in "The Great Love." Harry Carey, who has always been a screen hero of hers, next offered her the lead opposite him in the picturization of Bret Harte's "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," after which she went to Brunton to play opposite Jack Pickford in "Bill Apperson's Boy" and "Out of the Fry-ing Pan." And when she finished with Jack she signed with Goldwyn to play the lead with Tom Moore in "The Gay Lord Quex."

The Mir

Crooked bodies and still
encounter the greatest



"Come on honey—lets doublecross them! There's coin
enough here for a wonderful trip

BURKE'S gang had gathered in his rooms in Chang's House for the nightly "divvy." There was Burke himself, immaculately groomed, suave, always at his ease and always master of the situation. There was Rose, Burke's girl, hardly more than a child in years but many times a woman in sordid experience that still had not destroyed her youthful charm. There was The Dope, saturated in "coke," and The Frog, unkempt and filthy, still bent from his day of faking. On the table lay a little heap of money, the eyes of the four focussed greedily upon it—the eyes of three of them turning restlessly, questioningly, suspiciously, from the little hoard to Burke. And as they calculated in terms of their separate desires, the value of their shares of the day's spoils, the same question shot back and forth through the brain of each—

"Will the divvy be square?"

These were not criminals, as the law reckons crime. They lived by their wits, it is true, performed no useful labor, and were looked upon with some degree of disfavor by the police. But they were shrewd, and the game they played had no comeback. They could spend their money openly, for it was theirs, no matter if the means by which they acquired it was a little off color.

Was it anyone's business, for example, if, just as an obviously wealthy, innocent and respectable couple of sightseers arrived in one of the "dens of vice" established craftily to lure sightseers to the slums. The Dope should pick a quarrel with Rose, start to beat her, and raise a general hubbub which invariably resulted in Rose being "rescued" by the kindhearted couple, and provided with money to take her back to her "home in the country?" Was it a crime if Burke happened along at the time, and set the example in generosity for the respectable sightseers? By taking advantage of technicalities of law, perhaps, the police might have found cause to interfere, but it was difficult to thrill the police of the Chinatown beat short of

murder or highway robbery.

And Chang, wily, silent Chang, who collected a certain percentage of the loot and smiled in his capacious sleeves at the thought that the gang believed he did not know they were holding out on him—Chang was popularly supposed to take care of the police. Whether he did so or not, at least Burke's gang was never molested.

By JEROME

The Frog, perhaps, steered a little closer to the line leading to barred windows and processes of law, when by dislocating his joints he made himself into a twisted, crawling thing, and reaped rich harvests of coins from horrified spectators as he dragged himself through the streets. But even the sharpest-eyed detective might have failed to discover any trace of The Frog in the rather powerfully built young man who walked out of Chang's House each night after the "divvy."

So they stood about the table one spring evening, wondered what made Burke so slow, and there was greed in all four hearts. With Rose it was the greed of a clever girl-woman, worldly wise before her time, knowing that more money meant finer gowns, more brilliant jewels, and through these more power over men—or perhaps over only one man—perhaps only over Tom Burke. She never took the time to figure it out. She was Tom Burke's girl and as such was envied by every girl she knew, for Tom was generous and kind, and that was one hundred per cent more than most girls in her position expected of their "man." With The Dope, it was the greed for means of pandering to his jaded senses, steeping in deadlier drugs his drug-sodden nerves. With The Frog it was the greed of the miser, storing up money just for the love of the thing itself. And with Tom Burke it was the greatest greed of all—the greed that dreams beyond today's petty enjoyment, and looks toward the big haul, some day, some time, that will make him master of such wealth that he can be a master of men.

Even as he felt the eyes of the other three upon him, he smiled good-naturedly, as the master of the situation alone may smile. He knew these three creatures were his, and knew that they knew it. Without his guiding mind they would be only a hop-head, a cheap beggar, a woman of the gutter. He knew that they did not trust him, because they were incapable of trusting any creature and that they clung to him only through selfishness. Except, perhaps, Rose—and as for that, well—who could say? Who could tell about a woman?

The Frog and The Dope became restless and began reaching nervously toward the money. Smiling, Burke covered it with his strong, white hands.

"I need the coin for big game, children, and believe Papa, it's a bird," he said quietly.

"Well, we're all laughing heartily—go on," snarled The Dope.

"Listen," Burke commanded, and taking a newspaper from his pocket, read: "From the little village of Fairhope comes a report that shows human credulity is still as Barnum found it. In other words, 'One continues to be born every minute.' The natives point with pride and awe and quivering whiskers to their 'Patriarch' whose miraculous cures date back two generations or more. Oddly enough, the old gentleman is deaf and dumb and rapidly going blind. He is a sort of hermit living in solitude in a commonplace little cottage surrounded by flowers, with the sound of the surf on a nearby rocky shore."

"I got cha," The Frog exclaimed excitedly. "De old guy's got a wad and we work him for de roll."

"No," Burke replied. "All he has is faith—the greatest dope in the world—and we're going to help it along. It isn't graft, with him. He's on the level, just fooling himself that he's helping people.

acle Man

crookeder lives and loves
thing in the world—faith.

SHOREY

"Y'mean he won't never want to cut in."

"Exactly. I go up first and get into the old boob's confidence. Then we stage a miracle, advertise it big, and we'll get 'em coming from

every state in the union."

"Where's your pet miracle?" asked The Dope.

Exhibit A—The Frog. He gets full of faith, uncoils himself into something looking nearly human, and the box office opens—line forms at the right, and don't crowd. If you can't get in, just shove your money under the door. A sick guy is ready to believe in anything. Y'see, this is faith. And it is going to begin right here. You're going to trust me with this coin. It'll be good practice for you guys to start in having a little faith yourselves."

The Dope and The Frog grumbled and protested, but Burke only smiled and pocketed the roll.

"Just lay low, behave, keep out of jail, and be ready to come when I send for you," was his last word as the surly pair departed, convinced that Burke was treating them to their own medicine, but lacking the will power to do more than grumble their protests.

Rose locked the door behind them and her eyes glistened with greed again as she turned toward Burke. He was putting the bills together in a neat bundle—and a truly noble roll it was. Rose sprang toward him and snuggled in his arms.

"Come on honey, let's double cross them," she pleaded with childlike frankness. "There's coin enough there for a wonderful trip."

"I ain't even stumbling," Burke answered. "All you get is enough to get the family jewels out of soak."

Rose snuggled a little closer and purred. "C'mon Honey—don't you remember that little table—there on the verandah

at the Coronado—and that don't care music—and how you used to look over all the swell dames and say none of 'em



The Miracle Man

"THE Miracle Man" is a George Loane Tucker production, written and directed by Mr. Tucker, and released by Paramount-Arterati as a special feature. Mr. Tucker's scenario was based on the well-known stage play by George M. Cohan, which, in turn, was an adaptation of a story by Frank L. Packard, printed in *Munsey's Magazine*. This story is strictly a narration from Mr. Tucker's scenario, by permission of the producers.

THE CAST:

<i>Tom Burke</i>	Thomas Meighan
<i>Rose</i>	Betty Compson
<i>The Frog</i>	Lon Chaney
<i>The Dope</i>	J. M. Dumont
<i>Richard King</i>	W. Lawson Butt
<i>Claire King</i>	Elinor Faire
<i>Mr. Higgins</i>	Lucille Hutton
<i>The Patriarch</i>	Joseph J. Dowling

Wily, silent Chang, who collected a certain percentage of the loot, was supposed to take care of the police.



'Come again, but with faith, like a child that has never known evil.' Oh yes, he's on the level with himself. It's a shame to do this, but we can't let sentiment interfere with business.

"Well—I've hired the spare room at the village postmaster's, and put my car up in the shed back of the blacksmith shop. I kind of let it slip that I'm heavily upholstered in coin and am so grateful to the Patriarch for curing my heart disease that I guess I'll just settle down and live the simple

life, and devote my great wealth to this miracle man, seeing he's so helpless and needs somebody to take care of him. And the hayseeds here'll believe anything.

"And now Rosie, get ready for your entrance—your cue is coming. The postmaster and I happened to be looking through the old geezer's Bible yesterday, and what do you think we found? A slip of paper with the address of Rose Vale, and the words

'my grand-niece.' We all cried. (It took me four hours and I used up a barrel of tracing paper making that writing look good.) So I told the world I'd find this Rose Vale if it took the last dollar I



"We've all got a suspicion that you're going to take our little rosebud away from us."

had anything on your little girl—"

But Burke was not to be tempted. He took her firmly by the arms and held her away from him.

"My little girl has got to be a good little girl," he said, and when he used that particular tone Rose knew there was no use in arguing.

"DEAR ROSIE," Tom wrote, a few weeks later from Fairhope. "It's a cinch. The old bird is right up to specifications. I'm sorry he doesn't wear a long beard—he doesn't seem just right without whiskers—but you can't have everything. He's deaf and dumb, and he'll soon be blind and not able to even *write* an awkward question.

"You see, I had a sudden attack of heart failure as I was driving through here in my car. (You'll like my car Rosie—we'll never be without one after this.) The village folks were nice and friendly and said the best thing for me to do was go up and see their Patriarch. It seems he's got now so he don't have to be told even what's wrong with his patients—he knows there's something wrong or they wouldn't be coming to see him, I suppose. You don't go to see a doctor unless you're sick, do you? Well, he has a little pad of paper handy, and when I found him he was sitting out on a cliff, and this is what he wrote:

"There is in me no power to heal or cure. I can help only because of my faith that no soul which wishes otherwise need suffer or be in darkness.' I stuck around trying to figure out some way to get next. He can't read what you write on his pad, and he can't hear what you say. But just when I'm wondering how I'm going to fix it to get familiar, he writes,

owned. Get me?"

"Now try to look the part. Easy on the makeup. Remember, you're to play the blushing, shy, innocent little country girl. Lay off the booze and try to look like you did when I first copped you. And don't forget—you never saw me before.

"There's just one bad spot. This village has its desperate character. He's an atheist—doesn't believe in God or anything. He has a kid about nine years old all crippled up—steel braces on his legs, crutches, twisted almost as bad as The Frog. The old man laughs at the Patriarch stuff and is just as stubborn about letting me send the kid to the city for treatment by specialists. Says he's a medical shark himself and nothing can be done for the kid. I guess he's right but I got to get the youngster away. Can't have any sick natives.

"Tell The Dope and The Frog to go on having faith a couple of weeks and cherries will be ripe.

"You're going to look awful good to me. I haven't seen a silk ankle in a month. I guess they think silk hosiery is immoral here. But remember—we've got to play the game as if it was real and take no chances. The big cleanup is in sight and we can afford to wait."

LUCKILY for Burke's plans, the simple folk of Fairhope were indeed the last word in innocence. It was anything but an unsophisticated Rose who stepped off the train a few days later, and was given something of a general welcome as the only living relative of the beloved Patriarch. She was an annoying display of feminine perversity—a costume smart and almost daring, lips and eyebrows obviously made up, and a cynical smile playing across her pretty face. Tom expostulated

"Can't you understand, Rose, how much depends upon you? You must behave. The only way we can get away with the parts we've got to play is to start right in living them—even when we're by ourselves."

Rose's reply was to turn a pair of tempting lips toward his and gently slip her arms about his neck. With an effort Burke controlled himself, and gently held her at arm's length.

"Listen to me—you've got to bluff yourself that you're really a lovely, innocent chicken—just out of the egg. Make yourself believe it, or your performance will fall down, and the game will be off. Those clothes now—gee, you look like Broadway and Forty-second Street."

"Oh, I've got the right clothes in my trunk, but I wasn't taking a chance of missing something good I might pick up on the train," she retorted.

And so Rose was installed in the home of the Patriarch. What that gentle soul thought, no one now could know. His sight had failed him utterly, so he could no longer see even to write messages on his pad. He was isolated from all communication. He could express neither joy nor disapproval. He could not denounce Rose as an impostor, even had he understood the scheme developing about him. And what thoughts were concealed behind that calm and changeless mask of his countenance, turned ever upward as if in constant communication with another world since he could no longer communicate with that about him, no one might guess.

It was several days before Burke was satisfied with Rose's performance of her part. For the natives of Fairhope, it did not so much matter, but Burke was thinking of the wealthy patrons who, he proposed, should soon be thronging the gate to the Patriarch's cottage. They would be quick to recognize any false note in Rose's demeanor. When she finally came to appreciate this, she was quick to follow Burke's orders, and not until then did he send his second letter of instructions, summoning The Dope and The Frog.

Meeting the 4:15 was the only diversion the Fairhophians allowed themselves. It was seldom an exciting event, but it was the only event there was in the happily vacant annals of the little village. The arrival of Burke was more than an event—it was an epoch-marking date. For a time when the

spoke of the various recent incidents of their simple round of days, they placed them as "the week before Mr. Burke came" or "the second week Mr. Burke was here." But now even Burke was taken for granted, and the dramatic discovery of Rose Vale, the Patriarch's grand-niece, was New Year's Day on the village calendar. That two such exciting and conversation-making incidents could occur in one month created something akin to civic pride, and the 4:15 assumed new possibilities. Who could say what might happen next—what famous visitor might arrive unannounced? But all their simple hazards of possibilities fell far short of that which transpired, and almost swept even the cool and

calculating Burke off his feet.

The day The Frog and The Dope were due, Burke coached Rose carefully in her role and strode down to the station. The unsuspecting Hollywood, about a little gossiping groups, and Burke smiled as he thought of the drama staging and the sensation it would create. But when the train pulled in and he saw the car platforms crowded with passengers, baggage laden, and obviously bound for this forgotten hamlet, he dodged off to one side to look things over. He must understand before he participated.

First came The Frog, stubbornly refusing aid, floundering and tumbling down the steps of the car like a crippled seal. Behind him and from the other cars came men and women, some intent and serious, some laughing scornfully, but all deeply curious. And Fairhope backed itself against the wall of the station and gasped at the invasion.

"Where's the Miracle Man?" the mob demanded in chorus, and the astonished villagers were dumb with amazement.

Rapidly the cars were emptied, and Burke noticed that the train, instead of pulling out, backed toward a siding. He watched for an explanation, and saw a brakeman uncouple the end car. The train then pulled out. A private car was being left at Fairhope! Burke was in a daze at the whirl of events, and seeing The Dope finally emerge from the crowd and stroll toward him, dragged him aside where they could have a confidential chat.

"Ever hear of King—Asbestos King?" The Dope asked. "Young captain of industry—so much coin he has to hire a street cleaning department to keep it out of his way. Sister's a cripple—lived in a wheel chair twelve years. Well, that's their private car."

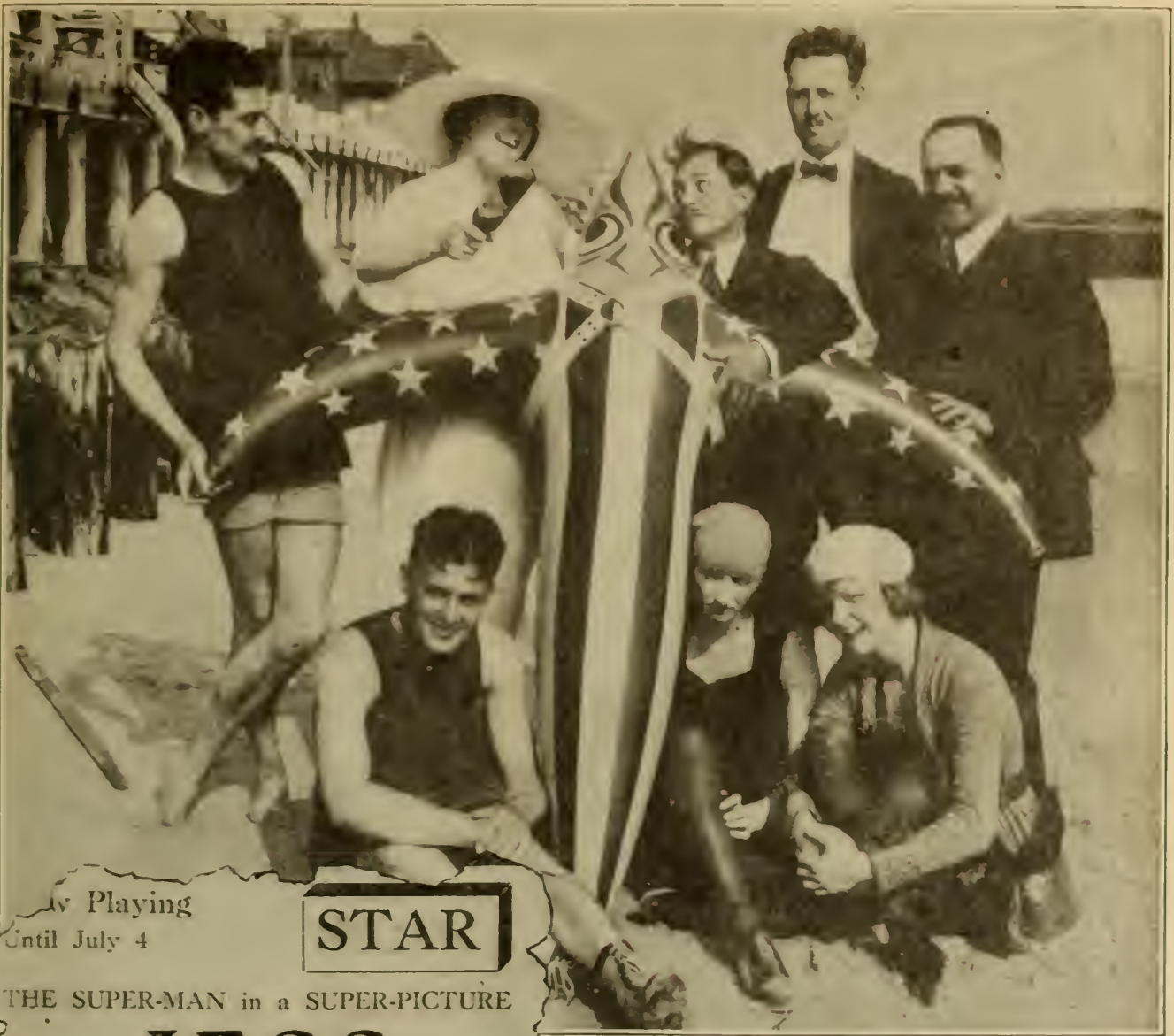
Burke turned to the car on the siding and saw servants lifting a frail, slender young woman into a wheel chair.

"That's King, shovin' his sister's chair," The Dope explained. "If we can string 'em along for a course of treatments on the strength of The Frog bein' cured, we got a private mint. And get this. I hooked a newspaper guy on the train and he's here to see the big show. As a come-on The Frog is a wonder. The whole train got excited because this poor creature has



Anchor Your Dream To Miss Buffington

SEVERAL months ago Adele Buffington sat behind the glass window of a movie theatre in Los Angeles, taking in "plus war tax." Today she is sitting in a private office at the Ince studio, only instead of collecting amusement tax for Uncle Sam, she is figuring how much she owes the dunning relative under the classification of "income tax." In other words, Miss Buffington has finally materialized her dreams. She had long wanted to become a scenario writer and after she had submitted a scenario, Thomas Ince sent for her. He discovered that she had a host of good ideas about picture plot and construction and—well, soon you're going to see some of her pictures on the screen—unless you're too busy trying to write a scenario of your own.



Playing
Until July 4

STAR

THE SUPER-MAN in a SUPER-PICTURE

JESS WILLARD

IT'S
RED-
HOT

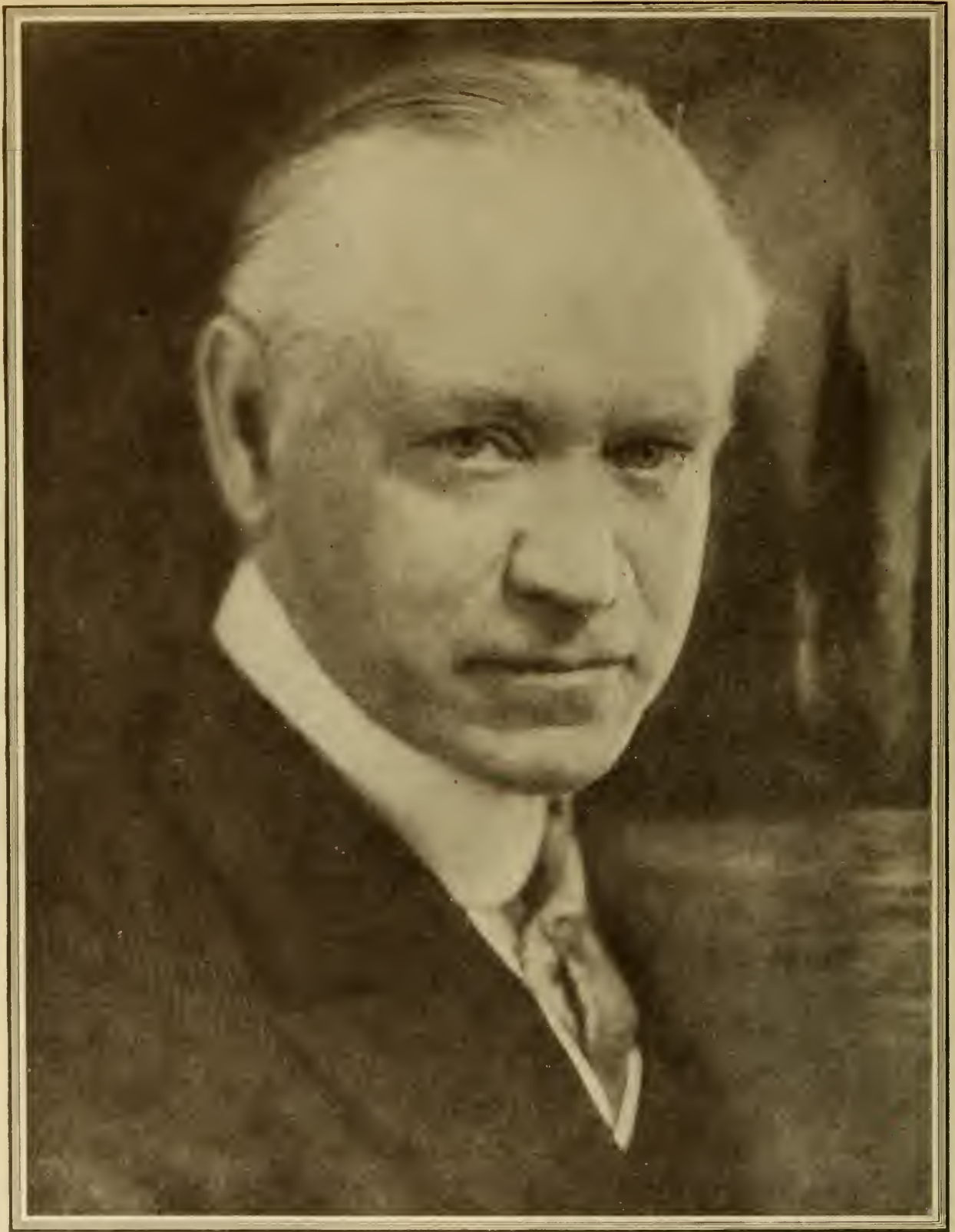


Mrs. Sidney Drew Christens "Minnie"

"MINNIE" cannot easily be zoologically classified. She is what we would term a futurist's conception of a mermaid, slightly influenced by the art of camouflage. There is a lovely beach near where Mrs. Sidney Drew is producing her new comedies, and Minnie was built to be a genial companion in the ocean between scenes. Mrs. Drew is shown christening her with a bottle of ginger ale. Earnest Truex is holding Minnie's right shoulder. Next to him is John Joseph Harvey, who is directing Truex comedies for the man at his left, Amedee J. Van Beuren, president of the companies producing Drew and Truex comedies.

Needed: Ingenious Ad Writer

THE advertising staff exploiting Jess Willard's film, "The Challenge of Chance" must indeed be busy re-writing the headlines for their advertisements. The clipping at the left is out of a newspaper, appearing several days before the big bout in Toledo.



Hartsok

Frank Keenan is the sort of man every boy would like to have for his dad.

"COME on," said Frank Keenan, "let me give you your story—if you must have it—while we're watching the bouts at Vernon."

Vernon, a small town adjacent to Los Angeles, is famous—or notorious—for its arena where they have boxing contests twice a week. The fights at Vernon are something of a rough affair, inasmuch as, before Prohibition hit us in the face, the patrons of Jack Doyle's renowned boxing emporium were wont to imbibe such stimulants as beer and wine through the neck of the bottle. In other words, parties there have been known to get rough.

"You know," continued Keenan, "I haven't missed a fight since I struck Los Angeles, and it seems that I spend all of my time at home either auctioning off a pig for the Salvation Army fund, or going to Bimini where the water's good, or settling myself here at the arena ringside. By gum, but I like a scrap! You know, fighting nowadays is getting like acting,—the new crop isn't producing the wallop that distinguished the old one."

Keenan is the sort of man every boy would like to have for his dad—the original of the platitude, 'Ask dad, he knows.' Grey, clear-headed, ready to fight at the drop of the hat, sensi-

Not "The Grand Old Man"

Frank Keenan is a fighter
in the acting business—and he's not old by any means.

By HORACE COPE

tive, obliging, possessed of a choice vocabulary of cuss words which he doesn't use very often, and with a heart full of sympathy for children, Keenan is typical of the American of fifty or so years. There is that spirit of independence, and a rough-and-ready quick wit, that dramatic power within him that can make you smile one moment and feel the invisible hand clutching at your throat the next. In short, personal magnetism.

The actor can well be called the "grand old man of the screen," except that he has a hearty wallop in each fist for any one who thinks he's "old." He didn't go onto the shadow stage until he was grey, and then, he is really the only character man who has ever been starred as such in films.

There is a soul within that gruff exterior of

plosive as his remarks about the bout. When he talks his conversation is firm, sinewy and concise. His language is alive, as it were, and enthusiasm grips him. He has ideals, and the brains to map out his working program; he is a student of human nature—a practical psychologist. He maintains that a screen performance must give intellectual satisfaction, else it is hokum.

"This hokum plays a big part in acting today," he remarked. "And when you see some of the younger actors growing up only to think about their jazz shirts and their wild parties—hm! The great artists of the stage have been persons of character and forceful personality. The stage is an



Mr. Keenan in his dressing room, preparatory to "making up."

his—the exterior that is inclined at times to be stern and rugged, and to make extras tremble in their shoes. The first time I ever heard him speak informally was at a benefit given early in the war for the Red Cross. Keenan's son was overseas. He told about the dismal gloom of New York's Broadway, of the suffering abroad and then of the trials to which the Americans were to be put. When he had finished, there was not a dry eye in the house, and after he'd taken his seat, tears could be found in his eyes.

Hey, there, Shorty, clip him, c-l-i-p him. Aw!" This from Keenan as he sat at the ringside with me, tense, alert to the battle before him. "Oh, why the deuce don't you do something, boy? Do you want him to kill you—pass you out right before us all? Where'd you learn to fight, anyhow?"

The Keenan expletives ament pictures are quite a ex-



Mr. Keenan as The Sheriff and Blanche Bates as The Girl, in "The Girl of the Golden West." Long before he went into pictures.

inspiration to character. To make the most of our roles we must be true to them."

In his life Keenan has essayed perhaps as wide a range of character portraitures as any histrion. Hence, my query on the difference between the two arts, silent and spoken. The stage, he retorted, has the advantage of giving the artist a chance to illuminate the thesis of a character through voice expression—intonation. It is far easier to make one cry by talking to him than pantomiming in front of him, he says, although the screen is at all times a medium for the visualization of every subtlety.

"The finer the art of the stage actor and the more natural he becomes to the author's intent through pantomime, the more likely he is to jeopardize his performance to a large majority of the audience because of the impossibility of seeing and thoroughly understanding the facial expressions. And after all is said and done, it is the things that men do, not what they say, that will eventually make the greatest impression upon theatergoers of the future."

Keenan is what professionals call a regular "trouper;" in other words, one who has trod the boards behind the footlights for lo! these many years. He has tasted every flavor of stage work, from stock to vaudeville, with repertoire in between. He started in the good old days with Joseph Proctor, played a long series of stock engagements, and went into comedy with the well-known Sol Smith Russell. After a tour with him,

there followed an engagement with the Boston Museum company, and another with Charles Hoyt, probably one of the greatest character comedians in the history of the American stage.

Keenan at length succeeded James A. Herne in "Hearts of Oak" under Belasco's management, and toured extensively in the piece. His screen career commenced with Universal in "The Long Chance." Later, he went into the Thomas H. Ince fold, doing "The Thoroughbred," "The Coward"—a milestone in the cinema—"The Crab" and others, in which he, the character actor, was starred. Closing with Ince, Keenan signed with Pathe, and did "Loaded Dice," "The Bells," Henry Irving's masterpiece; "The Night Stage," "Todd of the Times," and "The Defender." A short time ago he went into business for himself, and his stationery now bears the crest, "Frank Keenan Productions," and announces him as the president.

"This talking about myself is dry stuff," Keenan concluded. "The fight's far more interesting. These gladiators look like thirty cents. There aren't many good fighters left in the world."

Something behind him suddenly caused the Keenan fur to rise. He looked around angrily, snorted, and directed a knowing remark to a very anaemic looking little man who had a cold in his head.

"Say, young fellow," he snorted gladiator-like, "didn't your mother teach you better manners than to sneeze down somebody's collar?"

"Stills"

By FRANK V. BRUNER



WHAT is it around a movie studio that the actors and press agent worship, the star tolerates boredly, the director loathes, the extra girls beg for, the magazine editors knock, the motion picture camera man sniffs at, and the snap shot camera man takes?

Stills!

What is this thing? A still is a photograph taken for publicity, advertising, and job-getting purposes during the making of a motion picture. The director, star, actors and electricians all have to stop at certain points in the action and the players stand in a pose so that the still camera man can take them. Hence the word "still" as opposed to "moving" picture.

The press agent loves the still because it helps to illustrate his articles and takes up space that he does not have to fill from his typewriter, and because it is hard to get. The only other person who has any affection for the still is the minor player and the extra.

Stand or sit some day in the casting director's office of some studio. Note Miss Toodles Pazalot enter and prance up to the casting director. She rattles off a lot of pictures she has appeared in and in finis deposits a bunch of stills on the desk. They are her sales catalogue—her Exhibit A. There is the proof in black and white, taken by the always-truthful camera, that she really did work in

afore mentioned pictures.

Stars have an interest in their productions and they know that the still is invaluable for advertising and publicity purposes. So they consent to posing for them even though it be a bore.

In tracking the wild still to its lair we cross the path of the director quite frequently. Were it not for him there could be no such beast for unless he uttered that magic word "cut" and thus stopped the action of the moving picture the still could never spring into being. The director is just as fond of a still as General Ludendorf was of a Belgian church. It interrupts his chain of thought as he is mapping out his picture and feeling his way ahead of the shifting actors. He allows them because even higher powers have decreed that stills must be taken. But as for caring for the still—your average director could be arrested for what he thinks of them.

He Understood Perfectly

MONROE SALISBURY. Universal star, recently found it necessary to explain to his hopelessly British valet that his great grandfather was killed by a bison on the plains of the West. "Of course you know what a bison is?" Salisbury said. "Ho yes, Sir!" answered the man, "Hi wish hi only 'ad a quid for every time hive washed my 'ands in one."

Father of the Sport Shirt

Hal Reid—king of melodrama; father of over one hundred stage successes and a son named Wallace

By
ARABELLA
BOONE



Hal Reid as he appears today. At the left, in the title role of "The Kentuckian." Here, according to our shirt editor, the first "sport shirt" graced heroic shoulders.

His first line on any stage was something like "Will you dance this with me?" as he offered his arm with a courtly bow to the beautiful and gifted woman who was the idol of American audiences; and whose niece, Dorothy, was later to marry his son, Wallace!

Reid read that line well—and it led to others, as all good things do. But first we should go back to the earlier beginnings of an actor who acted only that he might gather the material to become a playwright. Suppose we let him tell it:

"I started in at the bottom—my object was to study audiences from the stage, to see what they would applaud, what they would laugh at, and what would make them cry. I went to Robinson's Opera House in Cincinnati, Ohio, and applied for a job as an extra—only they called them supernumeraries in those days before the movies came. Kiralfy Brothers had on their 'Eighty Days Around the World,' and in it was a water scene which represented the ocean. It was necessary to give the semblance of waves, and with others I got under a 'sea cloth'—a very dusty green baize—and bobbed up and down to make one of the waves. It was rather dusty—that water.

"But I kept at it"—and then came the period when he carried spear or offered his arm to the leading lady. "After eight years—in which I slowly graduated from super to actor—I felt

HE has pure white hair—and all the fire of a youth in his eye and speech. Hal Reid has been a figure in the world of the theater for over half a century—and to-day he is "idea" man for a company in a business where "ideas" count. Reid will laugh at you if you talk to him about authors being "written out." "Nonsense!" he'll say, "why, I've written one hundred and twenty-six plots in my day and my head is still swarming with 'em'!"

There is a lot of Reid, pere, in Reid the younger. Hal Reid must have looked like Wally when he—Hal—first played super in old stage plays with Fanny Davenport and others.

qualified to write my first play. It was called 'La Belle Marie'—and it ran for five years."

In amazing succession Hal Reid wrote such old melodramas as "Human Hearts," "The Knobs of Tennessee," "The Street Singer," "The Peddler," and on through the one hundred and twenty-six, he can't begin to name them all, or half of them, even.

There is an interesting story attached to "Human Hearts."

"When I was green in New York," said Mr. Reid, "absolutely unknown, I carried the manuscript of 'Human Hearts,' my play which was to run for twenty-seven years and is still running, up and down Broadway for three years looking for a producer. From office to office I trudged, with no success. Finally one rainy day I found the Harms brothers, D. W. Truss, Gus Williams and John T. Kelly seated in a room in Truss' office. I went in and asked them if they would listen to a play. They pulled imaginary guns, clubs, razors, and the like, and declined to listen to a word of it. I was desperate—my board was long overdue—so I cried: 'I'll tell you what I will do: let me read it and if I don't make you all cry, real tears, you don't have to consider the play. If I do make you cry, you produce it.'

"They shouted with laughter, and more for sport than anything else, agreed to my proposition. And before I'd finished reading the third act I caught them all crying, and reminded them of the agreement. They were game—and Harms Brothers and Truss made the production, to a big success."

After "Human Hearts" it was comparatively easy sailing. Plots seemed to spring from his brain like excuses from the minds of ordinary mortals. He switched his locale from east to west; he wrote about the south and about the north. And in all his plays he put that same punch and appeal that made the hardened old theater managers rub their hands across their eyes as they listened.

Now Reid is with Universal and he finds much the same demands from the screen public that he found from his audiences in his melodramatic days. "They want to be amused—but they must be moved. Too few photoplays have the great human interest, or heart interest, which has always been absolutely essential to any kind of success. So many people demand this quality."

He said he went into pictures in self-defense.

"Well," he explained, "I had sixteen plays on the circuit drawing me satisfactory royalties, when one by one these

heretofore prosperous plays began to come in and rattle into the store-house. I asked why—and the answer was, 'The Movies.' Managers told me theaters which used to run my plays were being turned into picture houses. But I only laughed—a long sarcastic contemptuous laugh—and I sat on my large comfortable front porch looking out on the Atlantic and waited two years for the picture fad to pass. It didn't—so I figured that the only way to get even with pictures was to get into them."

He began all over again—in the scenario department at Selig's. It was an entirely new game, and Hal Reid wasn't a young man. But he soon caught on, and with the same persistence that carried "Human Hearts" to success he stuck until he had mastered most points in picture-writing. While he was at Selig's he broke his son William Wallace into the game; and when he went to Vitagraph, there to write and direct, Wallace went along. From Vitagraph to Reliance—Hal wrote some of those old Reliance dramas in which Wallace appeared—and then to Universal, where Reid pere conducted the scenario department, later edited the animated weekly, served as "general utility," and finally became "idea man"—and in case you are puzzled as to the meaning of "idea man" it means that he has to supply ideas for anything and everything titles of Universal pictures; captions—and when Universal wanted some big male personality to put in a smashing new serial they called Reid into consultation and asked him about it. Reid came back a little later: "Why don't you sign Jim Corbett?"

Reid is a tall man, with a flashing glance and a kindly smile. He rose and walked to a window which overlooked Broadway. I wonder if he thought of the many times he's trudged that street, looking for a producer to take his plays; how now he is installed in a comfortable office on that street—a man who has written more plays than any living American, whose memories include many successes which found a place in American hearts, and who is, finally, in the sunset of life, enjoying a new activity instead of a retrospect of past glories!

He turned, and said, casually, "Ever see my son Wallace in pictures?"

I said I had.

"He's coming along; coming along. You know that boy never would take any help from me. He always came to me for advice, generally finding that his decisions and mine coincided. He was with me—but always on his own."



A Theatre Built for Mothers

WHEN W. L. Shelton built the Ashland theatre in Kansas City he decided that he could encourage greater matinee attendances by providing for a "crying room" where children, prone to lacrimote either over displeasing movies, safety pins or young teeth, could sob in entire contentment—a maid being in constant attendance to see that the little choristers didn't burst a lung. The instant a child starts wailing in the audience, a narrow strip of white light is reflected across the bottom of the movie screen and on this, without disturbing the pictures, the manager sends this message to headquarters: "WILL YOU PLEASE TAKE YOUR CHILD TO THE CRYING ROOM?" Aside from the "crying room," the Ashland theatre boasts a real baby carriage garage, so that parents may feel assured their cabs will not be stolen during their stay in the theatre.

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Hammerstein: Elaine

The flower of the theatrical line, a girl turned twenty, had to be coerced into a promising career.

By
ARABELLA
BOONE

ELAINÉ HAMMERSTEIN went into pictures to escape a stage career. *And she never did want to go on the stage!*

Her story is not quite like the story of any actress I have ever heard of. She has a lovely mother, a nice home, and a budding career. Of course she loves her mother, enjoys her home—but she doesn't want a career. Not especially.

I asked her about it. "Well," she said in her cool little voice, "I should so much rather be entertained than entertain, you see. I love to go to the theater, and watch people act—but it's awful to have to get up there and do it yourself!"

In my personal acquaintance there are thirty-four girls who would give their frat. jewelry, their bids to the promising proms., and their gift subscriptions to PHOTOPLAY to have Elaine's opportunities. How many are there in yours?

"I know," she admits. "I suppose I've been fortunate, from one point of view. But gracious! if you only knew how hard it is, trying to perform when you don't feel like it, when your heart isn't in your work—"

If you ask her why she ever went on the stage, then, since she disliked it so, she'll tell you simply—

"Why, father set his heart on it."

"And the wisest procedure in a case like this is to do what father wishes," interpose Mrs. Arthur Hammerstein, Elaine's mother, her charming face crinkling with humor.

"Father took me out of school to put me on the stage in his production 'High Jinks.' I had to leave all the girls and boys and the life I liked to do something I hated; go to work in a musical show!"



She has a cool little nose, lovely blue eyes, very black hair and a full mouth that curls temperamentally.

Right out of boarding-school went Elaine—and after every performance she would come home and cry. The only real pleasure and satisfaction she got out of her stage work was when some girl friend would phone her and say, "Laine, Jim and I will be in the fourth row, center, this evening. Do be sure to wave to us." So Elaine, searching the rows and rows of unfamiliar faces in the audience, would find Jim's and Ethel's, and step calmly out of her place in the stage picture, and wave her hand, and smile.

"Then," laughed Elaine, "father would come to me afterwards and scold. Oh, he'd be terribly put out! I put this play on so that people would come and see it, and hear the

music, and watch the dancing,—not to be distracted by a silly girl waving to her friends in the audience!"

"That's all I ever did on the stage," concluded Elaine reminiscently.

It was in the cool drawing-room of the Hammerstein apartment off West End avenue in New York—a shady room in green, deep and long, with a baby-grand piano stretching its smooth shining surface over a space at the bay window, littered with much-thumbed music and pictures of little Elaine and bigger Elaine and present-day Elaine—not so very big either. And a portrait of "The Age of Innocence" and some signed sea-and-landscapes and low comfortable chairs and a tall ticking clock—and Mrs. Hammerstein, mother of Elaine, who looks like her—adding an unconscious motherly touch to it. Mrs. Hammerstein may not look motherly, for she is very young indeed; but I suspect it is her careful supervision which has kept up Elaine's spirits in all this theatrical flurry the child has been literally shoved into.

But pictures—they are a little better, she thinks. "This way I can have some personal and social side, too—I don't have to give every bit of myself to the public. In a way it's gratifying. I suppose, to be in demand—I have made personal appearances in conjunction with my picture, 'Wanted for Murder'—isn't that an awful title?—in several Bowery theatres, and the fact was impressed upon me that the picture public make real idols of their stars.

"In a certain stuffy little theatre, jammed to the doors—I came out on the stage and there was so much noise I couldn't hear myself think, much less speak—and some little grimy girls in the first rows were huddled together two in a seat, with greasy paper bags about—they'd brought their lunches. There's something in that, besides curiosity—"

Elaine's blue eyes grew a shade darker and deeper. "It's different from the mere superficial enthusiasm of a stage audience. I appreciate it—I do, really."

She has a cool little nose, lovely blue eyes, very black hair, and a full mouth that curls temperamentally. She's so young, yet, that she lacks the sympathy which makes for understanding of people and without which an imitation of life must be palpably an imitation. But her mother has that sympathy and a broad understanding—and when she's a little older I've no doubt Elaine will have it, too.

Selznick—who is starring her in a series of eight productions the coming year—chose as the first, "The Country Cousin"—an adaptation of a stage play in which Alexandra Carlisle and Eugene O'Brien appeared two years ago. Elaine will have a chance, in her future productions, to play what she pleases—and she pleases to do things with a little dash of comedy and not too much "heavy stuff." "I had to emote in 'Wanted for Murder' and 'The Co-respondent'—and a little loving goes a long way with me."

"Yes," said mother, "I don't want Elaine to have to do that sort of thing."

"I liked better the two I did with Robert Warwick, 'The Mad Lover' and 'The Accidental Honeymoon.' I really liked those. I could be natural in them."

She's going to work, hard, on these new pictures—if for no other reason than that they are a safe haven which will keep her off the stage.

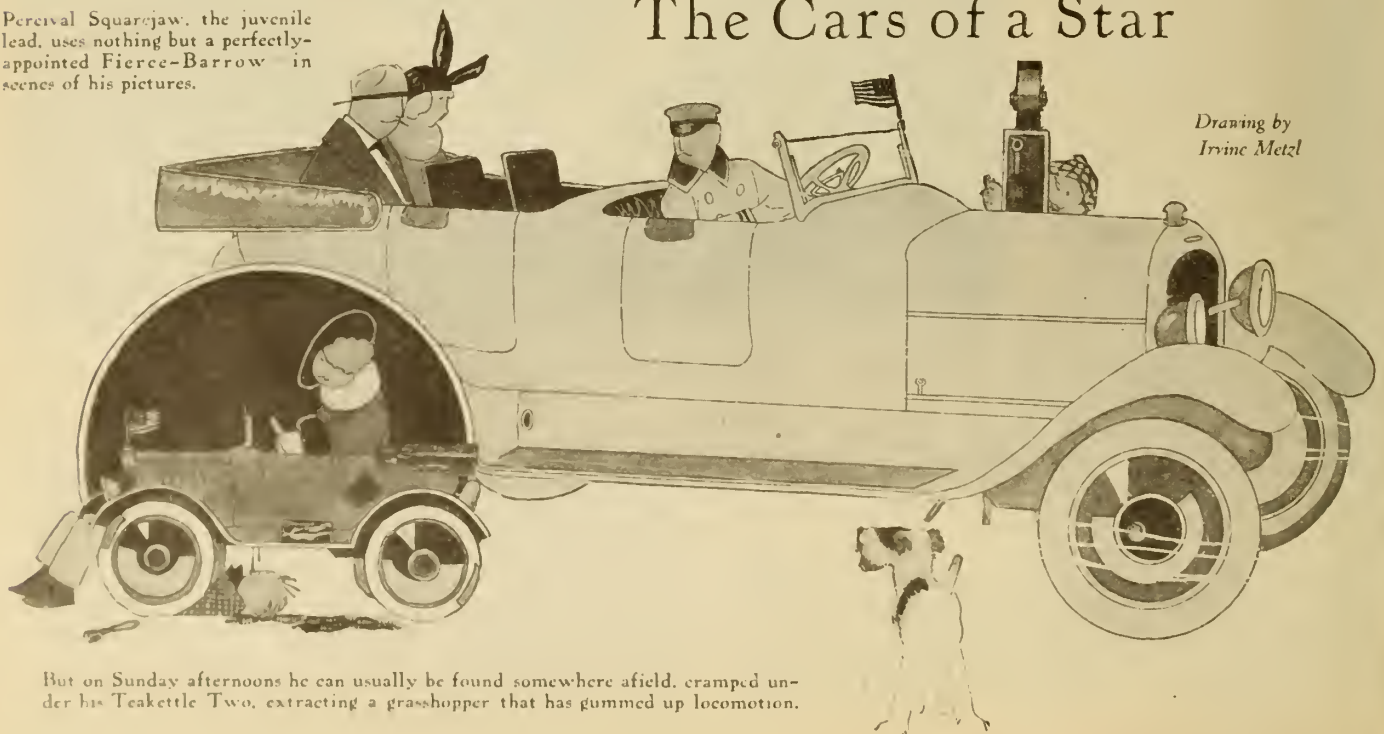
I think, however, she is beginning to take a pride in her work. To enjoy it; to thrill at the thought of thousands watching her shadow; and even taking a personal pleasure in the letters she gets. Any girl with her own film company at her age, beautiful—who didn't?

At any rate, Elaine starts with little or no sentimentality, which is a good sign and a blessing, if she is to continue in the films. Too many young ladies, essaying the silent drama, are possessed of a sticky pulchritude, whereas Miss Hammerstein has wholesome intelligent good looks; an amazing ego which permits of nothing but praise of their performances—while Elaine hasn't even the usual self-confidence of a comparative novice. She is a type of young girlhood who is best fitted, perhaps, to act young girls; a girl you might see in Euclid avenue, in Cleveland; a budding youngster on Chicago's Lake Shore Drive; or Elaine herself, on a horse in Central Park. And there's her mother. I should count a great deal of Elaine's mother. She is a confident prediction, a charming revelation of a matured Miss Hammerstein. With a pal and a mother like that she can't help but succeed.

For the rest she was born in New York—her biography says 1897; she is the grand-daughter of the late Oscar, the impresario; she was educated in Armitage College, Pennsylvania, and that was her life until her father decided she should, armed with the family tradition, seek a stage career.

The Cars of a Star

Perceval Squarejaw, the juvenile lead, uses nothing but a perfectly-appointed Fierce-Barrow in scenes of his pictures.



Drawing by
Irvine Metz

But on Sunday afternoons he can usually be found somewhere afield, cramped under his Teakettle Two, extracting a grasshopper that has gummed up locomotion.

Lip Reading

Fortunately, the movie-goer has not yet mastered the art.

By LEIGH METCALFE

Sketches by Russell Patterson



Who would suspect, for instance, that Art Jolly, characterized as a crippled old man, is really chuckling under his false whiskers: "I'll tell the world that was some dance las' night. Kate's a darn good stepper even if she is a little out of the spring chicken class."

"TALK! Move your lips! Say something—say anything!" roars the director, when he wants his players to register a conversation. In closeups, the players must "stick to the lines," but when the camera is set off at a distance and the lip-movements are illegible, the players may truly say "anything." Frequently their conversations are laughably grotesque and irrelevant. The late Sidney Drew convulsed a movie jury while making one of his last comedies. As the attorney, he was addressing the jury and his "speech" included excerpts from both Antony's address over Caesar's body and the latest jazz solo. You can't always tell—unless you are standing by the camera.



What, pray, could money matter to Charlie Swagger, opera-hound at least in the picture? Truth is, however, Charlie is saying: "This is a hot one. Here I am dolled up like Easter at the Rockfellers when I can't even scare up the jack to have my shoes half-soled."



Not forgetting Towser Dawg, the well-known character canine, who though posed on a velvet cushion eating creamed chicken, growls over and over: "All the same, I wish I could remember where I buried that bone out in the studio yard yesterday."



James Jones, just an "extra," looks dazzling and impressive in his Shakespearean outfit. But though he apparently shouts: "Hail to the king!" he really is saying: "Believe you me—I'm sore at this hick director. Any boob would know I'm cut out for supports!"

Kittie Cynical and Johnny Gladd, though divorced, now register bliss—before the camera. But those hot, passionate words that she is subtling into his collar actually sound like this: "Remember what the judge said, Jack. Fifty iron men per Saturday. You reneged last week."

THERE'S only one thing to do when you're stranded half way to your destination and the garage man tells you that it will take two hours (at \$1.25 each) to grind your carburetors, or whatever has to be ground when your car goes on a strike:

Find a movie theater.

That is, if it happens that you are fortunate enough to be stalled in the evening, if you are unfortunate enough to be stalled at all.

So it chanced that we came to the little theater prepared to kill an hour or so blinking at a picture we had seen months, maybe years, before! and saw two new productions by D. W. Griffith, "tried on the dog."

For the last twenty or twenty-five years, it has been customary to take a stage production destined for Broadway out to some town a few hours from New York and "try it on the dog." It's not a particularly complimentary phrase, so far as the site of the try-out is concerned; but it's expressive and necessary. New Haven, Stamford, Asbury Park and Atlantic City are among the favorite "dog towns" of the metropolis. Each has seen many a musical show or drama before Broadway has had a chance to accept or reject it.

They are to New York what Pomona, Whittier, Santa Ana and Riverside are to Los Angeles, though it will be news even to many photoplay producers that there exists such a practice as "trying on the dog" the new picture plays before their release. So far as the writer knows, but two producers seek a verdict from a public audience before turning their product over to the exchanges and each represents an extreme in film making—D. W. Griffith and Mack Sennett.

Griffith has been doing it ever since he filmed "The Escape" five years ago. Sennett is more recent in the practice. The manner in which each gauges the effect on "the dog" differs widely—as widely as their respective productions differ.

Just who invented the dog try-out is not known to the writer, but his object was two-fold. He wanted to familiarize his players with their roles, time the laughs—if the vehicle contained any appeal to the risibilities—and to get the general effect on an audience. He knew that if he put it out on Broadway "cold" his players might get fussed and that might prove fatal, because it rarely occurs that a play is given another chance on Broadway after one flivver. So it was necessary to go out in the "sticks" and see if the dog took kindly to it. Very often changes result from these try-outs that, had they not been made, would have transformed a possible success into a sure flivver.

But it is different with the pictures. The players are never afflicted with stage fright, once on the screen, and they have already become thoroughly familiar with their respective roles. As compared with stage practice, the changes that can result are of minor importance. The action may be speeded where it seems to drag, by judicious cutting; a scene that doesn't "get over" may be eliminated or a subtitle altered. In some instances the continuity has been radically changed. Persons continuously employed for weeks or months on a production cannot help but acquire a perspective that doesn't jibe at all with that of a group of people who are having their first glimpse at the finished photoplay.

There were no noisy lithographs in the little theater lobby, just a few frames of still pictures and a little muslin sign, "New D. W. Griffith Picture, Two Months Ahead of New York." Of course the sign drew a snort of derision from my companion, who wisely guessed that it was "Intolerance" cut down to fit a "hick" audience. But a hurried glimpse of the noted producer himself just entering the theater caused him to change his mind. So we bought tickets and slipped in.



New Havens

Stage plays are "tried on the ufacturing Center, but the two motor hours east of Los Santa Ana as

It was a great night. Not only did we see a Griffith picture tried on the dog, but two of them—one perhaps the most sublime work of the new art, the other banal in theme but rich in characterizations and photography. The name of the former then was "White Blossom and the Chink," since changed to "Broken Blossoms;" the other at the opposite extreme, "True Heart Susie."

"Susie" came first, and while it was being shown several young men sleuthed about the house, pausing to catch a remark or to watch the effect of a scene on some person or group. In the middle of the house sat "D. W." himself. Beside him sat his stenographer who scribbled busily in the half-dark, recording the almost never ceasing comments of the producer. Once the producer arose quietly and walked down the aisle and then passed slowly in front of a row of spectators to the other aisle.

"I suppose that if the folks whose view he is blocking bawl him out for obstructing their view, he is satisfied that the scene is good," guessed my seat mate.

But it was a bad guess. If "they bawled him out," as he elegantly expressed it, there would be a change in the scene. It didn't get over. But if the persons whom he passed merely moved their heads so as not to lose sight of the screen for a second, he knew that he had won their deepest interest.

By ALFRED

Decoration by



of the Movies

dog" in the Connecticut Man film dog town is Pomona, Angeles—with Riverside and canine variants.

In one part of "True Heart Susie"—if you've seen it, you will remember where Minister Bobbie Harron comes unexpectedly upon his fluffy little bride "Cutie" receiving adulation from another man—the Griffith staff got a shock. Just as the minister was about to catch her in the act of trifling, some of the people in the house began clapping, like they do when the hero is about to get the villain, or the police leave in chase of the crooks. The director and his "watchers" were forced to the conclusion that the town, being rich in religious environment, wanted the preacher to "ditch" his pretty shimmy-walking bride and take up his plainer but prior love.

Several scenes were changed as a result of this showing of "Susie" and one comedy scene went over so well that another similar one was interpolated.

Prior to the beginning of the more somber production there was an announcement concerning the nature of the production and a hint that children of tender age might be piloted bedwards.

As shown that night "Broken Blossoms" was practically complete and as later released in New York. Prior to this night it had been shown three successive nights in another town in the orange belt. Those whose business it was to look for signs observed that a number of the townsfolk came at each performance.

A. COHN

F. F. James

Based upon this observation the conclusion was correctly reached that the picture would be financially successful, though ordinarily the tragic nature of the work would preclude such a determination. As a matter of fact nearly everyone conversant with the exhibition side of the film industry who saw the picture before its premiere predicted that it would not be a monetary hit. Precedent is a stout fetish. It had never been done before. No "big stuff;" only three people in the cast and "every one of 'em killed off;" no happy ending, "why, it just can't be done."

But D. W. Griffith saw sixteen people come back to see it over again twice in a town of a few thousand and was willing to gamble the family jewels on its chances to be a "knockout." It will probably make more money for him than anything he has done since "The Birth of a Nation."

Griffith started "trying it on the dog" way back in 1914 with "The Escape," as noted before. Pasadena was the "dog-town" in this instance. He also went there with "Home, Sweet Home" and "The Avenging Conscience," but about that time unscrupulous rivals learned about his pre-release showings and it became necessary to observe more caution. Pasadena was too close—only eleven miles from Los Angeles.

Then came the master picture, "The Birth of a Nation." This under its early name of "The Clansman" was taken for a tryout to Riverside, sixty miles away. That thriving little city has been regarded as his best tryout city by Mr. Griffith because with its rural population and its tourist hotels, it provides an exceptionally well balanced audience. "The Clansman" was also shown at Pomona, which he regards as equivalent to a middle western agricultural and college town. If a play "gets over" in Pomona, it will "clean up" in the mid-west.

Two years were consumed in making "Intolerance" and once assembled in something like showable form, the producer was puzzled as to where he would try it out. The entire cinema world was agog over his secret activities and he did not want to show it unfinished in any nearby community. So a theater was rented in San Luis Obispo, 220 miles north of Los Angeles, and "Intolerance" taken there for a tryout. And the night of the performance two Los Angeles directors who had once been in Griffith's employ were in the audience. They had speeded that distance by auto after someone had "leaked" to see what "D. W." had up his sleeve.

Griffith is usually accompanied on his tryout tours by a party comprising his stenographer, Miss Wiener, his cutters, Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Smith, his cameraman, Billy Bitzer, members of the cast and several of his exploitation staff. There is usually a conference on the way home after the showing and every one has his or her say. That's one thing about Griffith that is not so characteristic of other prominent directors; he asks the opinion of even the most humble of his employees and every opinion is adequately weighed. They say around the studio that "D. W." has a higher regard for the criticism of Mrs. Jimmie Smith, who by the way looks as though she ought to be an ingenue rather than a cutter, than for any other of his workers. He believes that her judgment reflects the viewpoint of the average American woman without whose support no photoplay can hope to succeed. And they say, too, that Mrs. Jimmie doesn't hesitate to "pan" even a pet scene of the great director if she thinks it won't "get by."

And now let us consider the case of that master of laugh evolvers, Mr. Mack Sennett.

Comedy is even more difficult to gauge than drama. Of course there are the usual "sure-fire" gags that always get a laugh, but it's a frail comedy (Continued on page 127)

WALTER

By

TRUMAN B.

HANDY



One corner of his home in Culver City.

TO my Prince Bellidor in remembrance of beautiful 'Sister Beatrice,' Maeterlinck's great message."

The walls of the drawing room in Walter Edwards' cozy California home in Culver City—not very far from the Ince and the Goldwyn studios—are literally covered with the autographed portraits of stage celebrities, each nicely framed in conservative mahogany or ebony, each bearing the memoir of a fond friend, each telling in itself the story of a life well spent on the boards.

There are the likenesses, some "straight," some in character—of Otis Skinner, of the beautiful Pauline Markham, one of the original four English beauties to grace the American stage; of the richly-tressed Sarah Truax when she was in the bloom of a beautiful youth, of the sad-eyed Mrs. Fiske, of David Warfield as the music master, of the late Charles Klein, Arthur Simmons, and Nat C. Goodwin—who laughingly has written, "Ha, ha! This to you, Walter." But the outstanding autograph is that of Olga Nethersole.

Nethersole in the Edwards home occupies an entire space on the blue-gray wall near the door that leads to a rose-trellised veranda. She sits there, in her portraits, as the beautiful Sister Beatrice, as the lovely, sloe-eyed Nethersole herself, soulfully surveying the visitor as he enters and leaves the Edwards house, her Sister Beatrice hung with the silver

rosary she used for more than a year in her portrayal of the poetic role.

That rosary, that autograph and those very pictures tell a silent story about Walter Edwards. "Prince Bellidor," the handsome, dashing earthling who won the heart of the consecrated nun; the finished actor whom the Nethersole has, out of the depths of her heart, termed 'MY prince Bellidor;' the hero of a hundred stage successes, and the beloved friend of a hundred different celebrated historians.

The addressee is at once classified as a man of experience. His quietude and reserve; his easy carriage and well-poised head; his keen, blue eyes; the ornaments he wears—a large beryl cameo ring on his left hand, another large cameo in his cravat; his clothes—the conventional dark gray. None of the loud "jazz" as affected by many actors of a younger

When Walter Edwards played "Sparticus" in 1888 he stepped heavily on the chest.



EDWARDS— ASTRONOMER



Though he has perhaps never peered through a telescope, this director intimately knows stars old and new—in fact, has them framed right in his home.

and less-experienced school. When he left the stage some six years ago to direct motion pictures for Thomas H. Ince, Edwards brought to the screen that essence of classicism which has obtained on the stage for lo! these many years. He had played with Frederick Warde in New York at the old Windsor Theater in "Virginius," and again with Robert Downing in "Spartacus;" later, in modern plays, with Valerie Bergere and Pauline Markham, the famous Mazeppa.

And since he has been in picture production, Walter Edwards has noted the rise of stars—Charles Ray, Alma Rubens, Dorothy Dalton, Bessie Barriscale, William Desmond, Pauline Starke, and later, Constance Talmadge, whom he calls "Connie."

While Mr. Edwards refuses to entertain the thought, opinion has it that the younger Talmadge owes much of her screen success as a comedienne to him. While she was with Griffith she showed certain charm as a hoyden, but her real thespian powers were brought out by the later direction of Edwards at the Mosco studio after she had done a production or two with Charles Giblyn. A resume of the plays she made under the guiding Edwards hand will show her improvement, from "Good Night, Paul," and "Sauce for the Goose" to her latest offering, "The Veiled Adventure."

Getting the Edwards reminiscences is like opening a volume of William Winter. And as he tells about the stage, he takes the visitor, or the interviewer, or whoever happens to be the listener, about the house, showing him this old-time photograph of Pauline Markham, that pair of bucket-top boots used by Edwin Forrest in "Much Ado About Nothing" two decades or so ago. And the boots, which are of gray buckskin, are tacked to the wall at the head of the stairs, and are used as pockets for the collection of photographs of by-gone celebrities that was made at a time when "Acting was the main thing considered on the stage: when the Theater had not become, as it has now become almost entirely a Shop, and before the public had inclined a receptive ear to Symbols and Fads."

Pictures lured Mr. Edwards, as they have lured many others, from the stage as he wanted a permanent home. Ince was then at Inceville on the Malibu Coast when the new Ince plant—now owned by Goldwyn—was

built at Culver City. The first picture to be produced there was "The Dividend," with Charles Ray and William H. Thompson featured. Edwards directed. Shortly afterwards he was elected to direct Bill Desmond, whose leading woman was Dorothy Dalton, in "A Gamble in Souls," and shortly afterward, Dalton herself in her first starring vehicle, "The Jungle Child."

Lewis Stone had just been signed by Ince as a screen star—his first venture. Bessie Barriscale was to play with him in "Honor's Altar," which was one of Ince's first five-reel pictures. In the production Mr. Edwards himself played a part. It was practically the last piece in which he has acted, he says.

(Continued on page 128)



Walter Edwards has watched the rise of such stars as Charles Ray, Dorothy Dalton, Bessie Barriscale, William Desmond, Pauline Starke and Constance Talmadge. Now he is producing Marguerite Clark pictures. Here the two are talking over the first script.



With Norma Talmadge, in "By Right of Conquest."

Learn About Vampires from Her

Hedda Hopper can teach many things
about the real business of heart-smashing and home-breaking.

By DELIGHT EVANS

"I AM not sure," she said in her slow voice, "I am not sure that I want to be a 'good woman.' I do not know that I care to 'reform.' They have all urged me to be better. You try to tell me there is nothing in the life I am leading now. But just the same—"

She was a tall, extraordinarily tall woman, with a finely poised head on broad shoulders. She carried herself superbly. She had a large crooked humorous mouth, which parted to show very small and excellent teeth; a patrician nose, arched eyebrows, and the most impossible eyes! They were indubitably green; they were heavily lidded and they turned up at the corners. When she laughed, instead of narrowing to mere slits they widened curiously. She was delicious when she laughed; so few women are.

But she was speaking again: "Besides, it is so fascinating. I grow attached to the intrigue, the adventure of it. I could never bear to settle down and become a perfectly respectable person. No—not for the most lucrative motion picture contract in the world!"

She was Hedda Hopper—the worst cat on the screen; the woman who steps in and breaks up the home; the lady who, if her own husband doesn't understand her, can always find plenty of other ladies' husbands who do; who has no heart, no soul, no scruples—but a brain, and wit, and a deadly fascination.

But Hedda Hopper, the feline queen, is anything but a "catty" woman off.

She who kicked aside her child's toys as she passed in "Virtuous Wives," thus destroying the last vestige of sympathy for her part, is in real life the best of pals and mothers to a four-and-a-half year old cherub, Billy Hopper, Junior.

The most remarkable thing about her seems to me that she has played intellectual and artistic vampires with the most of our well-known stars and still they like her. She has done worse things than break up the heroine's home—she has "stolen the picture" on several occasions. This is the unpardonable sin in film production and you'd think that would teach stars to be wary and not engage her. But they keep on engaging her—she's so much fun in a studio they hate to see her leave.

She'll come swinging in early in the morning, having motored in from Great Neck, Long Island, where she lives, and she'll make the rounds—giving the doorman a special greeting, trotting up to the cameraman to tell him "Light me pretty!" and then making all the members of the cast feel right at home. When the star comes in, she puts her in a good humor. She has worked with such stellar ladies as Anita Stewart, Mae Marsh, Madge Kennedy, Norma Talmadge, and Alice Joyce.

Ask any of them about Hedda Hopper. Such adjectives as "charming," "brilliant," "adorable," are lying all around and the enthusiasts have to send out for fresh supplies of superlatives.

I lunched with her at the 44th Street hotel with the Indian

(Continued on page 120)



Norma Talmadge Film Corp.

HEDDA HOPPER was first known in films as Elda Furry, then as Elda Millar. She has lately completed several pictures with Norma Talmadge and "Twin Souls" with Billie Burke. Off-screen she is De Wolf's wife and Billy's mother.



John D. Joyce became acquainted with the camera which has been recording his daughter's likeness for the first time when he visited the Vitagraph studio. The other young man is Frank, Alice's brother.



Mildred Lee—beg her pardon, Moore—must have one of those waterproof pockets in her swim-suit. Mildred—our Beauty-and-Brains baby—is a Lyons-Moran lead. The habit in which the cuffs match the pants is Ann May's.



The Talmadges, en famille. Mother Peg, comedienne Constance, Norma Schenck, and Natalie, the youngest. Snapped informally at the Talmadge country place in Bayside, Long Island, while the acting sisters were vacationing.



If you can get your eyes off this side you may be able to discern the peacock on the other side which Viola Dana is alleged to be feeding lumps of sugar, or corn, or something.



Our favorite indoor sport. Note mother in her best alpaca, father's head-rest, sister's handkerchief, and "Skinnay"—of Clare Briggs' cartoons. A study at the old-home-town photographer's. A scene from a Paramount-Briggs comedy.

Dorothy Gish has very nice blonde hair of her own but since "Hearts of the World" the film fates have decreed that she must wear this black wig. Wonder if it's as uncomfortable as Gloria Swanson's coiffure?



This is Doug—and Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, America's ace of aces, in Doug's lunch-room at the Fairbanks studio. This was Eddie's first picture since his reappearance in civilian clothes.





The scenic or nature picture has made, in the past year, a greater advance than any other species of film. Some of the quiet spots of the earth are having their innings. You don't have to go to Europe for natural beauty—you have it right here.



Tumbling waterfalls, tall trees and towering cliffs were photographed by the crankman in the exposition of America's scenic wonders. This picture may hang in our gallery any time.



A network of trees against the clouds is as truly a master-work as any artist's etching. The countryside of America abounds in such peaceful stretches.

THE BLOOM OF THE OATS

LIBRARY
ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURE
ARTS AND SCIENCES
HOLLYWOOD, - CALIFORNIA



Rod LaRocque was once a bad character—but his movie wild oats burst into a crop of God-fearing blossoms.

IT has been almost an axiom in certain educational circles that the best way to give a boy an advantageous start on a career of burglary, arson, or horse-stealing is to put him in a church choir when he is young and impressionable. And so, working on the reverse principle, the mother of Rod LaRocque thinks that the best thing that ever happened to Rod was when he was called upon to play villain roles in stock companies at the age of sixteen.

For two or three years, Rod was so tough in a professional way that he committed more crimes than Theodore Roberts, Stuart Holmes, Robert McKim and Jack Richardson combined. He cursed, swore and cussed. He drank, chewed and smoked. He plotted murder and dragged sweet young blondes about by the hair. At sixteen, he was Trampass in "The Virginian." At seventeen he was the villain in "Shoreacres."

But now Rod LaRocque has sown his wild oats, filmally speaking. He is leading man in such plays as "Greater than Love," "The Venus Model" and "Hidden Fires." He works for polite producers who would not have one of your old-fashioned "dead men tell no tales" villains around the lot.



Even when he was so wicked as a bad character for Essanay, Rod proved his ability to be upright when given the chance. The Swede janitor was a comedy part, while the two heads show him as an Essanay bad man.



By
AGNES
SMITH

He doesn't care if he never sees another gun. All That, as they say in Pinero plays, is my Past. It can never arise against me.

But being a villain at the tender age when most other boys are just learning to swipe father's cigars, has left a subtle imprint on Mr. LaRocque's character. He may never be able to outgrow his superstitious dread of wrong-doing, unless he happens to be cast to play Mr. Travilla in a screen version of the Elsie Dinsmore books.

Just at present he is most correct. He has a bungalow on Long Island, where he lives with his mother and sister. He seldom goes to musical comedies. He drank iced coffee long before he was compelled to. With wine and women eliminated, I asked him if he sang.

"I used to sing a little, but I am not obliged to now. You see it is the silent drama."

Mr. LaRocque told me that he went on the stage when he was only seven years old. He made his debut in "Salomy Jane." After the deep, dark and dreadful experience in a stock company that has been mentioned above, he played with Essanay, where he manfully struggled against being a "heavy" until he finally emerged into the Gold-
(Continued on page 124)



And They Said She Could

By

EMMA-LINDSAY

SQUIER

Whereupon Louise Fazenda
that she can make pies as well

right in and make myself at home. Mother was in the kitchen finishing up some blackberry jelly but would be in presently, and wouldn't I take that rocking chair which was more comfortable.

I breathed easier. Not a pie in sight!

Louise looked—well, I remembered then what her landlord had told me, he having a grudge against movie people in general—"Miss Fazenda ain't like an actress, she's a lady." And that's the way she looked, just like a robust, healthy girl going to high school or business college. She's the kind of a girl who would play "Spin-the-Platter" at a church social, or take care of a neighbor's baby while the mother was shopping. She was dressed in a lavender smock and a woolen skirt, and her feet were encased in comfy moccasins. Her golden-brown hair was piled up on her head, and it curled round her ears in a manner quite unpremeditated—yes, she *has* curly hair, but you'd never know it in her pictures—it never gets the ghost of a chance to express its personality. She has a generous - sized

Louise—unnamed as to character or comedy—but visibly an authority on chairs.

"AN interview?" said Louise Fazenda's voice over the phone. "Surely; come right over to the house. I'm making a pie just now, but you won't mind—"

I assured her I wouldn't mind, but down in the bottom of my heart, I did. She and pies have such an affinity for each other, you know. The last time I interviewed the energetic comedienne, it was on the Sennett lot, and as I came by the set where Louise was working, a custard pie, plump and viscid, whizzed by me and hit the wall not ten inches away. The Fazenda person hurried up and helped wipe off some of the pastic shrapnel, apologizing and explaining that she had aimed in the opposite direction but that custard pies had a habit of back-firing. I merely mention this in passing to account for my feelings when she spoke of being occupied with a pie. Habits are dangerous things, and what if absent-mindedly—

Well, anyway, there I was, at the appointed hour, ringing the bell of a modest little white flat, wondering what Louise Fazenda would be like off the screen. For I had always seen her at the studio in her grotesque makeup, with an antiquated dress and skinned-back hair; and while I knew, of course, that comedienues at home usually look like other human beings, I was not quite prepared for the altogether lovely young lady who opened the door for me and told me cordially to come

mouth and a humorous quirk to it which is responsible, I suppose, for her comedistic tendencies; but her eyes are blue-gray, wide and rather wistful. You would never imagine her to be an actress of any kind, and as for being one of the most uproarious comedienues on the screen and the stellar feminine funmaker at the Sennett Comedy Shop—well, you just don't see how she does it, that's all!

"Did you expect to find us in a palatial Hollywood 'bungalow'?" she asked as she curled up comfortably in a great chair.



Louise and her mother live in a cozy little bungalow in Hollywood. "Why should we have a mansion?" asks Louise. "We don't care about servants. We both like to cook."

In "The Kitchen Lady," a Mack-Sennett comedy. Recognise the Sennett tabby?

n't Cook

emonstrated
s throw them.

"Mother and I like this kind of a place much better. It's quite large enough for the two of us. Father is away so much, you see, he's a merchandizing broker and just comes home for visits—so what would mother and I be doing in a big house with a hundred servants around? We don't even keep a maid—we both like to cook—oh, just a minute—I'll bring you some of mother's jelly!"

She whisked off to the kitchen where I heard her calling her mother—"dear," and when she came back it was with a dish of perfect blackberry jelly, not quite cold, and after that it was hard to



Louise and Charlie Murray performing a bacchanal all their own design.



There is a generous element of Italian sunshine in the jubilant personality of Louise Fazenda. For her father's parents came from Italy long, long before the above picture was taken. Louise registered that smile at the age of one and one-half years.

talk shop. Somehow picture making and Louise Fazenda seemed a thousand miles apart.

"My name?" She answered my question as I was putting away the last of the jelly. "Doesn't it sound as if I'd sat up nights thinking it out? But it's really mine—yes, it's Italian. My father's parents were born in Italy, so I came by it honestly; but it's such a drawing room sort of a name! I ought to be a tragedienne to live up to it, or, since I'm in comedies, my name ought to have a comfortable kitchen sound like 'Maggie Murphy' or 'Lizzie Jones.'

"My name is like me," she went on, with her eyes wider than ever, "sort of a misfit."

"A misfit?" I echoed incredulously.

"Yes, really!" she assured me seriously. "You see, when I first started in pictures I just *knew* I was going to be a sob artist. I had visions of myself emoting like Nazimova or standing where the sunshine would fall on my hair a la Mary Pickford—oh, I had it all planned out; I was sixteen then, and our finances were such that I had to do something. Acting was the only thing I wanted to do, so I applied for a job at Universal—and got it. It was in a comedy with Gale Henry, and I was hired for several other pictures, but still I had the dramatic bee buzzing around in my bonnet, and because I did have rather good screen features, they finally gave me a chance at heavier stuff."

"And you made good, didn't you?" I interrupted.

"Yes, I—*didn't!*" she responded emphatically. "I was so bad I was funny. I don't think I ever came onto a set without falling over myself. I was as awkward as an elephant in a church. I had a merry little habit of backing up against a table and knocking off a lamp or a piece of expensive bric-a-brac. The end came when the director told me to come downstairs—'lightly.' I was supposed to be an orphan daughter or something sad like that—well, I tripped on the top step and I came down—*lightly*, hitting each step in succession, and landing at the bottom with a sickening thud. I picked my-

self up and the director was just *looking* at me, steadily, as if deciding what to say first—I didn't give him a chance. I left the studio that day.

"When I applied at the Sennett studio for a job, they asked me if I could 'take a fall,' and I told them truthfully that I could. They said I had a funny face—no, they weren't trying to be complimentary—and they put me to work—so here I am!"

Louise was born in Indiana, the proper state for a genius to be born in, but she is almost a "Native Daughter" of California, having lived in Los Angeles from the time she was a year old, and having gone through high school there.

Her first dramatic experience was gained in a short season with a local stock company, and after that came pictures—and more pictures.

"The Kitchen Lady" was her first big success. It placed her before the public as an altogether "different" type of comedienne, who could do slap stick comedy without being vulgar, and who could introduce a touch of pathos into a ridiculous situation without ceasing to be funny. Other uproarious successes which followed were "Her Screen Idol," "Her First Mistake," and "The Village Chestnut."

"I'm doing another kitchen picture now," she said. "If you knew how tired I get of throwing pies and having them thrown at me—having ripe eggs dropped down my neck, and being kicked off the top of a house into a pond of water—it seems to me that every scene I've made in this picture has a messy conclusion—I get all smeared up with dough and soot—oh, how I *wish* that someone would tell me to 'come out of the kitchen!'"

Mother Fazenda, who has snow-white hair and big gray eyes, came in just then to tell me fondly that Louise was *so* ambi-

tious, that she worked *so* hard, and that she *did* hope that people liked her daughter—

"There's one advantage about the kind of pictures I make," Louise said humorously, "my 'costumes' cost very little. I hunt around in little smelly second-hand stores until I find some awfully antiquated monstrosity and I bring it home and fumigate it and wear it in a picture. The bathing girls at the studios complain all the time how much it costs them for clothes, but I don't need to worry about that—the worse my things look, the better they are!"

Louise likes to work with animals, especially the wonder dog of the studio, Teddy, the Great Dane. Her latest picture, "Treat 'Em Rough," features Teddy, who does a lot of stunts, she says, that even human beings couldn't do.

Ambitions? Oh, yes, Louise has lots of them. She wants to get away, eventually, from slap stick comedy. She wants to do human pictures, with a big element of humor in them, but lacking impossible situations and "rough stuff."

"I forgot to ask you to excuse my moccasins," she said when I rose to leave. "They are so comfortable—Minnie, the Indian Princess, made them for me when she was working in 'Mickey' at the studio. I suppose I ought to have dressed up for an interview, but when I'm home I don't feel one bit like a 'film queen—'"

"You don't look it!" I assured her, and I hope she knows that I meant it as a compliment.



It's easy enough nowadays to see yourself as others see you. But how do we look to ourselves? This is the way Madge Kennedy thinks she appears.

The Art of Madge Kennedy

"THE Art of Madge Kennedy" referred to above hasn't anything to do with her vocal or optical mimicry. It concerns the trade she learned before the wicked stage lured her. For Miss Kennedy quit sending home for money by joining the art staff of a daily newspaper as a sketch artist, and she had been a newspaper woman some time before her professional entrance into the theatre.





THE latest movie star is the surgeon. He is appearing before clinical movie audiences throughout the country and demonstrating important operations to classes of medical students in obscure communities. The above picture shows the motion picture equipment in position over the table in an operating room of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York City, just after the camera had filmed the heart, lungs and oracle action of a twenty-pound bull-dog. The combined candle-power of the four great arcs used for the filming was reported to be 7,200,000.

Motion Pictures Enter *the* Clinic

It was certain to come—leading surgeons declare the film invaluable in physical reconstruction, particularly use of the “slow motion” camera.

By JONAS HOWARD

BUSINESS men were the first to find the moving picture a useful servant to sell their wares, from pills to tractors and steamships. Educators have found the screen of great value in “sugar coating” otherwise dry lessons in geography and physics. Now medicine has taken hold and many wonderful things are being done by the world’s leading physicians in the field of visualization. Not alone in teaching surgery, which might be the most obvious use of films in medicine, but in diagnosis has the screen taken its place importantly.

Quite recently, a member of the faculty of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of New York City happened into a Manhattan picture palace. He saw there one of the new

FILMS have proven to be of great value in rehabilitating soldiers wounded in the war. The government agencies devoted to rehabilitation have been supplied with films and small projection machines and at the various base hospitals, these films are being regularly used by the surgeons and experts in charge. Perhaps among the most notable instances of utility of films in medical circles was practised by the famous Doctor Alexis Carrel of the Rockefeller Institute. His operations of the most marvelous character, performed in the war hospitals of France, were filmed in detail and these picture records will soon be available in the United States for civilian practitioners. One of these films shows Dr. Carrel removing a piece of shrapnel imbedded in the heart of a soldier. Another depicts the method by which a soldier’s face, blown almost off, is remodeled back to human semblance again.

slow-motion films, produced by Pathe and depicting a baseball player sliding base at a speed fifty times slower than in real life. It so happened that this doctor had that day spent many hours trying to diagnose a puzzling case of limb deformity suffered by one of the patients in the college. He was struck by the wonderful possibilities of the new slow motion films and the next day went to Randolph Lev’s of Pathe. He said he believed that the slow motion films, made of the patient under his care, would tell him quickly what particular muscle or ligament needed an operation in order to rectify the patient’s limp. Arrangements were made at once to film the “case.” The patient was made to walk before the camera. Five hundred feet of nega-

tive were made which, when printed and projected normally, caused the patient to walk 250 times slower than he did in real life. This film was projected before a gathering of surgeons who were enabled to study each minute movement of the naked limbs of the patient. The trouble was located in this way and the patient was soon on the road to complete recovery.

As a result of this experience, the moving picture screen has been made part of the laboratory equipment of the College of Physicians and Surgeons and new uses are being found for it at regular intervals.

The Clinico Film Library of New York City, at tremendous expense, has filmed over 200 reels of surgical operations, performed by the world's most eminent surgeons, personally, before the lens. These films are, of course, not suitable for public exhibition. They are shown before clinics in the leading medical schools of the country and before gatherings of physicians. This Library covers the principal major operations in surgery and dentistry. The reels vary from 500 to 1,500 feet.

Films have proven to be of great value in rehabilitating soldiers wounded in the war. The Government agencies devoted to rehabilitation have been supplied with films and small projection machines and at the various base hospitals, these films are being regularly used by the surgeons and experts in charge.

Perhaps among the most notable instances of utility of films in medical practice found in the war surgery was practiced by the famous Doctor Alexis Carrel of the Rockefeller Institute, a firm believer in the value of visualization as applied to teaching in certain forms of surgery. Operations of the most marvelous character performed in the war hospitals of France were filmed in detail and these picture records will soon be available in the United States for civilian practitioners. One of these films shows Dr. Carrel removing a piece of shrapnel imbedded in the heart of a soldier. Another depicts the method by which the face of a wounded man, blown almost off, is remodeled back to human semblance again.

Tests made with soldiers suffering from nervous and psychological disorders, brought about by trench life and shell shock were filmed by the American physicians who enlisted in the war service when America first went in. Men who trembled with fear long after being removed from the noise and smoke of battle have been pictured in movies for the further examination by physicians in the United States who will thus always be able to study them at close range.

These films are held as exceedingly valuable since they show disorders which are only prevalent in time of war. Their leisurely examination at a later date, it is believed, will add much knowledge to that already garnered by the American medical units in France and Belgium.

For instance Dr. Pont, a famous surgeon of France, at the Zayr Hospital, Lyons, France, performed before the camera his wonderful art of plastic facial restoration. The patient in question had a face seamed and seared by machine gun fire.

He is shown before and after Dr. Pont's operation. How this face was restored after a short time by modern methods is depicted in a fashion that will help the surgeons in war or peace.

In the speculative field of moving pictures in medicine, there are many leading surgeons of the world who endorse films as a useful method of teaching those surgical operations which must be seen in order to be understood. The fact that clinics form such an important part of the education of any medical student is an indication that there is a great deal that must actually be seen in order to be appreciated and remembered on the part of the student body.

By means of films, the world's greatest specialists may be shown to thousands of students at little cost and working under clinical conditions that are ideal. Medical men agree that this lack of ideal clinical conditions marks the chief difference between the more efficient and less efficient colleges where surgery is taught. The screen has been found to possess full efficiency in this work because of its wide range of visualization. The close up permits a view of the greatest detail.

The microscopic attachment is easily possible now and an enterprising New York surgeon has been successful in applying the X-ray in connection with the microscopic attachment which makes possible, owing to new color processes, moving-natural-color-microscopic-x-ray-close up pictures!

In dentistry, moving pictures have been used to a greater extent than in any other branch of medicine. A film depicting the care of the teeth, posed for by American school children is making the rounds of American cities at "health week" meetings where it is featured usually on an outdoor screen.

The National Tuberculosis Association has long used films as a means of warning the people against the disease and has just recently produced another film which will be widely shown by means of portable projectors in the hands of its district agents. Through the Publicity Service Bureau of the Association, films telling the dread story of tuberculosis are rented for a nominal daily rental to the 1,500 local organizations who book the films simultaneously with local health campaigns. These films find their way to the screens of high school and church screens, lodges, Y. M. C. A. branches and other places where people gather in numbers. One tuberculosis picture that has much popularity is called "Hope—A Red Cross Seal Story." The film tells the small towns why it should enlist in the war against consumption.

It carries an interesting "story" or plot. Another, "The Price of Human Lives," has been projected before hundreds of thousands of people in the United States. "The Lone Game" shows how a poor consumptive goes West with \$20 in his pocket, trusting that he may be cured and not realizing that he can be cured at home just as easily.

The working man and tuberculosis is the theme of the Association's production, "The Temple of Moloch." "The Great Truth" which has been projected by war workers in France, emphasizes the fact pictorially that tuberculosis is a communicable disease.

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.

Address: Educational Department,
Photoplay Magazine, Chicago
(Send stamped envelope).

Movies Do Not Hurt the Eyes

THE average per-on may attend the showing of thirty reels of movies per week without hurting their eyesight, declares George T. Hill, of Youngstown, O., writing in the Optical Journal and Review.

"Pictures shown under favorable conditions," he says, "do not cause any more fatigue than reading or writing, or any fine work that requires concentration of vision.

"With the picture shows at the standard that they are kept in most places, the care in seating, mechanism, screen and films and the science of photography in its present state, we find the eye more often at fault than the pictures."

In discussing the effect of moving pictures on the eyes he shows that the physical, mental or nervous make-up of the person may cause a condition that will interfere with the enjoyment of a show but may be only a sign that the individual should consult an oculist.

Among the conditions which would contribute to eye annoyance are several that could be remedied by the manager—and these conditions are seldom found in the progressive house. Comfort is a big factor—comfort as provided by proper seating which allows the spectator to relax and by ventilation that permits normal breathing and keeps the blood circulating normally. The illumination too is important—poorly placed wall or ceiling lights may contribute no little discomfort.

With the present standard of projection and films, the average theatre has few things to guard against. Poor projection machinery or scratched films are cited as really injurious. If the spectator has any defect of vision the flickering film is declared to be "distinctly harmful." And such a film is also pronounced annoying to persons with normal eyes. The proper recommendation in this case is that the individual hunt up a better picture show.

By
 TRUMAN B.
 HANDY

and Hare, and who for 23 years in association with the Criterion Theatre, was one of the most successful actor-managers of London.

The dinner was a surprise. The veteran had promised the aforementioned Yorkshire pudding and the ale, although nothing at all was said about the canary and the Cecile Brunners. When you see "Herb"—as Alec B. Francis calls him—at the studio, he is in his full glory—supposedly. But when you see him in his home, he is cock of the walk. And he'll tell you at all times about his sons, and how Percy is now playing opposite Pauline Frederick and Guy has been knighted by King George and that Wyndham, God bless 'im!, is the finest actor on the screen today. And sometimes he forgets and branches off about his daughters—Joan, who is going to be one of the greatest comediennes on the stage when she grows up, and Grace, who once told him that she doesn't hanker for the boards, but "wants a regular job," and Beth, the wife of his dead son, Jack, whom he has adopted as his own, and who is making a name for herself with her voice.

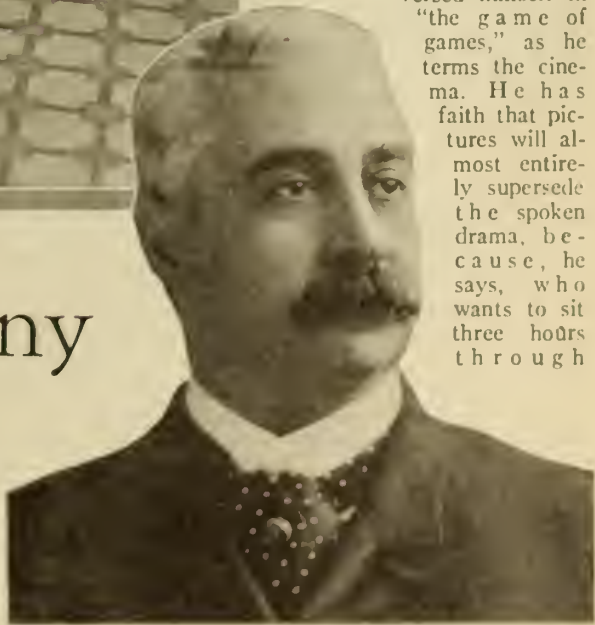
In the five years that he has acted under the Kliegs and Cooper-Hewitts he has versed himself in "the game of games," as he terms the cinema. He has faith that pictures will almost entirely supersede the spoken drama, because, he says, who wants to sit three hours through



Pudding and Progeny

It's hard to tell whether Herbert Standing is fondest of his wife's cooking or of his children.

YORKSHIRE pudding and old bass ale. Curry and rice and tea. A family comprising three adoring daughters and a motherly wife. A home sheltered by Cecile Brunners and bouganvillia and palm sprays and with a canary singing at you from the front porch, where children are playing. And dinner with Herbert Standing, the silver-haired veteran of the stage and screen—a man who has been a co-worker of Henry Irving, Wyndham



At the age of fifty years—taken when he was known as the most famous actor-manager in London, through his association with the Criterion theater, of which he was co-lessee with Sir Charles Wyndham.



One of his greatest characterizations is that of Bennett, the head servant, in Goldwyn's production of Jerome K. Jerome's "Strictly Confidential." John Bowers is in tweed.

a play and have to wait while they change the scenery? And pictures are getting on the right track because the public taste is improving, i. e. their insistence on seeing the best of actors for even the very minor parts.

But the art of cinema histrionism even as yet has not reached its apex, you will understand from a talk with Standing. Actors still are hampered on scene; aren't given a chance, in only too many cases, to use their originality, to express their individuality.

"In England an actor, having arrived," he declared, "is allowed to think for himself and is not dominated by the producer, except, perhaps, by Mr. Augustus Thomas. And the producer here is quite often a glorified call-boy or a ringer up of the curtain who doesn't know stage technique."

"Would you like to direct?" I countered by way of discussion.

"Ha, ha!" he laughed. "Huh-uh. I was a director—for two days. I said, 'I want to live awhile.' You know, a director's life is always killing."

The Standing entrance into pictures was super-induced by a desire for permanent residence until a lawsuit should be settled. And you ask him to be more explicit, and his fighting blood rises.

"I went into pictures," he thundered, "because I got out an action against Morosco and was determined to stop here and beat him."

He didn't have much respect for the cinema at the time he went into it, but in five years of its steady growth his opinion may be gained by reference to his remark that in three more years pictures "are going to knock plays out."

We had proceeded thus far when the voice of Mrs. Standing informed her husband that his immediate attention was required to baste the Yorkshire pudding.



Tom Moore, Herbert Standing, Alec B. Francis and Leslie Leigh, in "Lord and Lady Algy," in which Standing does some of his most distinctive screen work.

months ago they made him commander and the King decorated him with the Order of the British Empire. He had, you know, a prominent part in bottling up Ostend and Zbrugge, and his hair, which used to be black, they tell me is now as white as mine."

While the father doesn't discriminate, it seems that Wyndham, his third son, is his favorite. He talks about his success on the stage, and in pictures.

"Did you see him play with Elsie Ferguson? Well, you should have. Mrs. Fiske says he's the finest actor in pictures today, and Mrs. Fiske is always right."

"But Mrs. Fiske believes in the repertoire system, too," I again countered.

"Oh, she's wrong there," he rejoined.

Imagine a fond daddy suggesting any such thing as cutting off the head of one of his sons! Which refers to Percy, but harmlessly, of course.

"If you cut my son Percy's head off all the girls would be crazy about him," interposed Mr. Standing amid mouthfuls of Yorkshire pudding. "He looks fat, but he isn't. It's all muscle. My God! but that boy has a wonderful physique. The only trouble is that he was born 10,000 years too late. He ought to have been a cave man."

(Continued on page 125)

A Regular Girl

The title of Elsie Janis' return picture is no misnomer—all the fellows called her that.

ELSIE JANIS—the President's competing commuter—celebrated her return to these shores by plunging into picture-making. Her first for Selznick is called "A Regular Girl"—(working title, "Everybody's Sweetheart")—and as Miss Janis is—by virtue of her splendid work entertaining our boys in the camps and hospitals—the idol of two-thirds of the American army, the title isn't far wrong.

She will have ample opportunity in this new photoplay to indulge in any one of those things she does so well: intimate imitation, perfectly lady-like dancing, turning cartwheels—a little bit of everything in the variety line.

The film studio is no new stage for her—she made some Morosco pictures several years ago. It is said—incidentally—that she may try the high C's again soon—not in the theatre but on her steel-bound way back to England.



In "A Regular Girl," Elsie Janis' return to celluloid visibility, she portrays Elizabeth Schuyler, an American girl war-worker.

Matt Moore plays opposite her and if one may judge from this scene it would seem that the story ends in the usual way: they lived happily ever after.

"INSTEAD of shovelling easy abuse on the frontiersmen of movie history, or making too much ado about the rough ways or easy morals of the early settlers, we should pay the proper tribute to their enterprise and appreciate the conditions that they endured rather than made."

THE most amazing thing about my first voyage to California was perhaps the fact that I found nothing amazing there.

As with Columbus in discovering America, the continent I found was news only to me and not the continent. It is often forgotten that the Indians were well aware of their own existence and had been conducting a good going business without missing Columbus or pausing to worry over his profound ignorance. So it was only I who was eager to discover how large a number of people had been getting along so long and so well without assistance from me.

Whether or not the inhabitants of California will continue to prosper as well, now that I have left my card with them, remains to be seen. The visit of Columbus simply ruined America for the Indians. This was not so much the fault of Columbus, however, as of the people that flocked overseas on reading his report. I should like therefore to write this article in such a way as to do full justice to Los Angeles without precipitating upon its defenceless head all the authors of New York City—though there is ample room for them in the large open spaces between the various sections of Los Angeles—the jaunt between hotel and studio, for instance, resembles a cross-continental motor journey. It is a city of magnificent distances between meals.

The most hazardous feature of a visit to Los Angeles is, as elsewhere, the gauntlet of the newspapers.

When Rex Beach and Samuel Goldwyn chose the epithet "Eminent" for the Authors whom they elected to the most exclusive club in existence, they decided to put in one or two really eminent authors to make it more plausible.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's name, like Abou Ben Adhem's, led all the rest. For one thing, like Abou, she had chosen a name beginning with A. But she also took pains to write several novels of worldwide fame—a precaution that I had neglected to take.

It was my good fortune and Mrs. Atherton's dubious luck that we should reach California about the same time. In consequence, one of the Los Angeles papers, determined to be sensational, saw fit to proclaim in large headlines, the arrival



Rupert Hughes, Samuel Goldwyn and Rex

My Adventures In

By RUPERT

at the Goldwyn Studios of "Mrs. Gertrude Atherton and her husband, Rupert Hughes."

This caused me acute embarrassment as I had brought along with me (or had been brought along by) one perfectly good and highly satisfactory wife.

The whole duty of a genuine gentleman on such premises was beyond my imagination since I had never been a genuine gentleman and had never been advertised as a bigamist before. I was frantically debating whether I ought to murder Adelaide and offer to make an honest woman of Mrs. Atherton, or to



Beach on the "lot" at Culver City, California.

Pictureland

HUGHES

murder Mrs. Atherton and try to appease Adelaide.

But the always resourceful Mrs. Atherton, who has miraculously managed to be a lady and a genius at the same time, bade me not to worry. She said that she had not only endured being called the Kaiser's favorite author, but his illegitimate sister as well, and that compared to such appalling slanders it was mere bagatelle to be announced as an extra lady in my matrimonial one-star cast.

Mrs. Atherton continued to be surprisable by nothing

except the astounding novelty of being treated by the director and the continuity writer of her new picture as a person who had actually done something intelligent and might be expected to do so again. She had seen several of her brilliant novels bought for the screen and abandoned by the screeners, and she had come to believe that she would never live to create a character, construct a situation or write a line that would be thought worthy of celluloid reproduction.

When she found a director, a continuity writer and a group of producers all eager to translate her achievements into cellulose and all entreating her respectfully to lend them her brain and soul further in the task, she was simply overwhelmed.

In my poor, weak man's way, I was equally dazed. Few book-makers, I imagine, have had more of their stuff bought by film-producers and less of it used than I. There had been two or three cases where the directors had expressed regret at having to depart so far from my text, but the majority of them had seemed to me to purchase my plots with no more thought of making them work than a man has who lights his cigar with a five-dollar bill. It looked as if they were tying up my raw material solely with a Samaritan idea of keeping brother producers from wasting their money in trying to film it.

But the sailor ashore has little inclination for rebuking the tempests and calms that have tried him at sea. And I prefer now to bask on the sands and purr over the luxury of having heard continuity writers like Miss Unsell and Mr. Scheyer trying to transport my children and their complications to the rolling photos, with only condemnation and not condemnation as their guiding principle.

I had known and admired T. Hayes Hunter for many years and I was delighted to learn that he had been sentenced to direct "The Cup of Fury." But I had never expected to live to hear a director rebuke a continuity writer for omitting a stormy scene from my book or for overlooking a line that would make a good leader.

I had to go to California where luxuries are commonplace to enjoy this experience. But I got it. And is that not an adventure?

Of course, travellers' tales are notoriously fanciful, but we cannot always lie. Nobody is perfect.

Even in Los Angeles there are no palms without dust, and this luxury carries its penalty. It puts it up to the author. The opportunity and the hospitality impose an obligation and a responsibility.

The writer thus welcomed to the crew feels that he must do his bit and must give to the picture-to-be every energy and every idea he has in him. He regards the picture producer no longer as a foreigner with a blood-feud against him, but as a friend and an ally. He is speedily convinced that many things which he believed to be filmable are not proper to the screen. He learns the prevailing fashions in screen modes and these fashions are as important here as in literature, music, drama, clothes, religions and politics. He learns new methods and devices and may be stimulated to the making of useful suggestions.

Under this plan of co-operation, many authors will prove a valuable adjunct to the staff of film producers. Even a novelist does not gain much and regular success without the development of a certain amount of common horse sense. All the successful men that I have ever known have proved to be men who had learned to control and guide their imaginative faculties with a firm hand and an alert business instinct. This does not mean that they grow any less conscientious artistically. They learn to be reasonable persons and not hysterical egoists. They welcome advice, criticism and co-operation. They realize that they cannot succeed without the help of others.

I have emphasized the amazement we authors felt at being treated as intelligent beings by the film folk. I was told that the amazement was mutual, and that some of the filmists were surprised to find that we regarded our work not as inspired texts, nor ourselves as anointed prophets; that we resented only the wanton throwing overboard of material we had spent, perhaps, years of earnest labor over and the producers had spent thousands of dollars in buying the rights to; we were very eager to see our work bettered in the translation to the screen; we were meek and lowly before problems of film construction as we had learned to be before problems of fiction construction. Bitter experience alone had led us to regard directors as Ben Bolts, who made us weep with delight if they gave us a smile, and trembled with fear at their frown. (Continued on page 121)

The Squirrel Cage

By
A. Gnuttt



THE word "honeymoon" is derived from the ancient Teutons, and means drinking for thirty days after marriage of mead—honey, mead, or hydromel, a kind of wine made from honey.

IN the underground vaults of the new United States assay office, the cornerstone of which was laid recently in New York, can be stored more than \$20,000,000,000 in gold. They are said to be the largest and finest in the world. Five of the eight stories of the building will be located beneath the surface of the earth.

ARE the window cleaners wise in striking for a weekly wage of thirty-six dollars? If they are not careful college presidents will be trying to take their jobs away from them.

IMPEDED by the high cost of everything, an inveterate collector has begun to make collection of motion picture captions.

WHEN his friends secured for him a commission in the army they expected him to develop into a military genius.

Great was their chagrin, then, when, in the thick of his first great battle, a runner, having dashed up and asked him how long he could hold his position, he did not reply:

"Till hell freezes over!"
But merely,
"As long as may be necessary!"
There was nothing for his friends to do after that but to advise him to resign and engage in trade.

STRIKE fever is spreading. Six horses walked out in the fourth race at Saratoga yesterday.—Variety.

IT'S a shame to gurgle a giggle at one of the world's richest men, but there's difficulty in repressing a twitch at the corners of the mouth when one reads that Mr. Ford's justly celebrated son "had," according to his father, "many offers" to enter the war. Father adds, seriously: "He is a great relief to me." Well, father has been in more ways than one a big little comic relief to the tired business man.

"MOTHER GOOSE" is popularly supposed to be an imaginary person, but she was a real woman. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Foster and she was born in 1665. In 1693 she married Isaac Goose and became a member of the Old South Church of Boston. She died at the ripe old age of 92. Her songs were originally sung to her grandchildren, and were first published by her son-in-law, Thomas Fleet.

The "Mary" that had a little lamb was Mary Elizabeth Sawyer, also a Massachusetts girl. The incident described in the poem really happened and was put into verse by a young student named Rawlston, who died soon after, ignorant of the immortality of his simple poetry.

HERE is competition for the Kaiser. Facts and figures relating to an enormous cheese recently made in a Wisconsin city support the claim of its manufacturers that it is the largest of its kind in the world. Weighing 31,064 lbs., the cheese is 8 ft high and 10 ft in diameter. It is valued at \$16,000. Twelve thousand cows, raised on 1,800 dairy farms, furnished the 17,000 lbs. of milk used in its making.

A GROUP of laborers were diligently employed in the arduous task of cleaning out a sewer. Two young men were standing near the sewer of whom remarked:
"Oh boy! If I only had a million dollar! I need be no more worry for yours truly."
"Yo!" said one of the laborers, "I'd like to have a million, too."
"What would you do with it?" asked the other man joyously.
"I'd buy a new handle for this pick."

AN ad from the "personal" column of the London Times:

Old Crook.—Will a few generous souls celebrate Peace by ASSISTING disabled MAJOR, joined up in 1914 at 45 as a private soldier, to purchase a piano street organ. Outdoor life ordered; genuine appeal. Gave up £500 a year to join the ranks. No pension, no income, bad health; friends killed; still cheerful and smiling.—Box G 697, The Times.

Talk about courage. Here is the real old chero, never-say-die stuff.

THE housing problem is not confined to America, as is indicated by the following from the London Punch:

"Concerning the statement that the Kaiser is to be supplied with a house in London while awaiting his trial, might it not be sufficient punishment to make him find it himself?"

FREDERICK V. COVILLE, the botanist, is authority for the claim that a huckleberry plant (the wild box huckleberry type) on a timbered hill in Perry County, Pennsylvania, which covers eight acres of ground, is over a thousand years old.

"GREAT!" commented Pershing when the students of Cambridge, England, cheered as he received an honorary degree.

It's a world's record for a commencement address.

NAIL brushes are nailed to the wall above the washstands in a London club. "You don't mean to say," a visitor said, "that the members steal the nail brushes, and you have to nail them down?"

"No," said the porter. "Not that, sir. Many of our members now have only one arm. We nail our nail brushes to the wall so they can use them."

THE editor of this profound page goes on record as a strong advocate of the plan whereby young ladies attending church in the evening can register their names in the church vestibules, so that young men who are in the habit of lingering around the church door can see at once whether or not their best girl is present, and thus set a troubled brain at rest.

WHEN they hauled me to court in a manner so rude, I confessed, for my candor compelled it.

There was no use denying that I was quite stewed, for I found an old cork, and I smelled it.—Judge.

PERHAPS the late Andrew Carnegie himself was not aware that the idea of libraries with which his name is associated did not originate with him but with a wealthy Chinese merchant of the fifth century, one Houci-Tze. He donated libraries throughout China and Turkestan, stipulating that his portrait should be hung back of the librarian's desk.

ONE marriage at least has been made in heaven. But what if the radio phones had jammed after Lieutenant G. H. Burgess, his bride, the wedding party and the minister, in the several planes, had soared to 1000 feet above Sheephead Bay Speedway?

It would have been dreadful to come down to earth before the honeymoon had even started.

CAPTAIN BOYCOTT was the agent of an estate in Ireland, and the tenants, dissatisfied with his management asked the landlord to remove him. This he declined to do, and thereupon the tenants and their friends refused to work for Boycott, and that's how the word started.

PROHIBITION has fairly taken some people's breath away.—Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

CAPT. AL. WADDELL relates a weird experience he encountered "over there." It was during mess and the orderly officer, glaring down the long table, demanded if there were any complaints about the food.

Private Jones rose slowly and extended his cup:

"Taste this, sir," he said.
The officer took a sip, hesitated a moment and said scathingly:

"Very excellent soup, I call it."
"Yes, sir," agreed Jones, "but the corporal says it's tea, and the cook served it as coffee, and just now I found a toothbrush in it, sir."—Los Angeles Times.

"THE Transfiguration" by Raphael is called the first and grandest picture in the world. It was originally painted by order of Cardinal Giulio de Medici (afterwards Clement VII) Archbishop of Narbonne, for that cathedral. It now hangs in the Vatican.

A newspaper out West refused to publish the Ten Commandments for fear its readers would think them too personal and stop the paper.

IN 1669 Soliman Agu, ambassador from the Sultan, Mahomet IV, arrived in Paris, and established the custom of drinking coffee there. But a Greek, named Pas-o, had already opened a coffee house in London in 1652.

THE recently-issued volume, "The Philosophy of Bertrand Russell," contains the following:

"Teacher: 'Now, boys, Shem, Ham, and Japheth were Noah's sons; who was the father of Shem, Ham, and Japheth?'"

"No answer."
"Teacher: 'Boys, you know Mr. Smith, the carpenter, opposite; has he any sons?'"

"Boys: 'O, yes, sir; there's Bill and Ben.'"
"Teacher: 'And who is the father of Bill and Ben Smith?'"

"Boys: 'Why, Mr. Smith, to be sure.'"
"Teacher: 'Well, then, once more: Shem, Ham, and Japheth were Noah's sons; who was the father of Shem, Ham, and Japheth?'"

"A long pause; at last a boy, indignant at what he thought the attempted trick, cried out: 'It couldn't have been Mr. Smith!'"

THE history of Holland is largely filled with stories of her fight against the Zuyder Zee. Now Holland is beginning an offensive on the ocean that has so often spelt disaster, by starting to drain off its water at Medemblik.

To appreciate what the Dutch Government propose to do, says a writer in The Christian Science Monitor, is to get the large-scale map, about which so much has been heard in recent years, and study the matter; note how the Dutch engineer proposes to throw a great dam across the neck of the bottle between the island of Weeringen and Piaam, on the opposite coast of Friesland; how, once the sea is excluded, he proposes to undertake the great work of draining the huge area thus cut off; how he will do it "polder" by "polder," making a dyke around a stretch of land and then pumping all the water from behind it; how in doing this he must make provision for rivers and streams to find their way to the sea; must take into account the contour of the country, now lying some twelve feet or more under water; and must so cast his work that the farmer, the builder, the joiner, and the market gardener may follow close upon the heels of the receding waters.

MRS. ANN POWDER, of Baltimore, Md., who died in the fall of 1917, was the oldest American woman on authentic record. She was born in 1807.

A Review
of the New Pictures

The Shadow Stage

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By
JULIAN JOHNSON

LAST month this department announced its annual review of the year's accomplishments in acting and photoplay-making, the same to be spread out in the particular pages at which you are now looking.

And then this thought stalked across our critical right-of-way: photoplays, like the dramas of the theatre, are not made for critics, but for the public. Therefore, why not give the public at least an occasional expression of its own feelings? The public should not always be told; sometimes it should tell.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is particularly able to be the typographical phonograph of the people. Its keen international ear is its questions and answers department, which, to change the metaphor, is the steadiest and most reliable finger on the pulse of the photoplay public to-day. It receives, and answers, many thousands of letters each month, and every one of them is about the picture acting business. The people who write these letters seldom ask a question without expressing an opinion, and almost every writer of a letter is a confirmed patron of the movies—the real "fan," who sustains the motor of the star, the office of the manufacturer and the expense account of the press-agent. These opinions are swayed neither by friendship nor financial interest; they are honest statements of likes and dislikes, and the very fact that the writers are not professional literary camoufleurs, habituated to overgrowing their real sentiments with a mass of verbal ivy, makes the expressions blunt, often cruel, and always unmistakable.

We have tabulated the favor or disfavor shown in more than one hundred thousand communications received from every quarter of the world. The great majority, of course, are from the United States—every state is adequately represented. The second largest number comes from Australia and adjacent English-speaking islands. Third in order is that hustler of the Orient, Japan. England is well represented; the continent, and South America, trail a long way behind.

The first thing one realizes, in consulting this massed opinion, is that the producers are right when they say that the people, not the manufacturer nor the exhibitor, nor the reviewer, created and maintain the star system. The



"The Pinnacle" is a tale of the Austrian Tyrol, written, scenarioized, directed and acted in by Eric von Stroheim, the villainous young Teuton who first won recognition in "Hearts of the World."

public is a keen student of acting, after its own preferences, and a merciless hammer upon what it does not like, but it seldom takes the trouble to review a picture, and then applaud its favorite; it always applauds its favorite, and sometimes mentions the picture. It bases its judgment, too, not upon one picture, but upon a long series. It seems to judge no man, or woman, by a single exhibition, and in that, of course, it shows unconscious good judgment. Only where the persons of its dearest loves are concerned does it zealously, and jealously, inspect every one of the scenarios which surround them.

It resents bad support more than a bad play, in single instances, but it will not accept a series of bad plays, or plays which are not to its taste.

One can arrive at more definite conclusions concerning the men of the profession than the women, because the majority of letters are written by women, and they are more outspoken, in likes and dislikes, than their occasional letter-writing brothers. Nevertheless, enough men write letters, and enough women talk about the stage women in their letters, to arrive at a pretty keen valuation of the acting essences of the twelvemonth in both sexes. The men of Australia and England are

*THIS is the year's
verdict of the Amer-
ican audience.*

*Here the "fan," the real
power behind the star's
throne, speaks for the
first time!*



"Evangeline" is a slow, dreary version of Longfellow's poem in which Miriam Cooper is about the only redeeming feature.



"The Brat" is Nazimova's latest Metro offering, an adaptation from Maude Fulton's *Morocco* stage play.



Featuring Charles Ray as the bicycling vender of an electric vibrator, "Bill Henry" is genuine entertainment.

particularly good correspondents, and particularly discerning and intelligent, and as far as I know none of the thousands of Japanese letters was not written by a man.

Here are the people who, in the opinion of the picture-going public, have given the most convincing, the most interesting, interpretations of the past year upon the shadow stage. Among the men: Charles Ray, Wallace Reid, Charles Chaplin, Tom Moore, Tom Meighan, Antonio Moreno, William Farnum, Eugene O'Brien, William S. Hart, Theodore Roberts and Frank Keenan. Among the women: Mary Pickford, Alla Nazimova, Dorothy Dalton, Mary Miles Minter, Pearl White, Alice Joyce, Viola Dana, Constance and Norma Talmadge, Clara Kimball Young, Lillian Gish and possibly Elsie Ferguson.

Let us go into detail.

For very chief male interest, Charles Ray and Wallace Reid are neck-and-neck, with Ray the favorite in the betting. For this reason: whereas Reid is a triumph of personality, and chiefly a woman's favorite, Ray is an equal favorite of men and women, and the people are particularly solicitous of the plays he gets. Some are fearful lest he be made a specialist in rube character, and they go as far back as "The Coward" to prove that Charlie's reputation was not made in the Julien Josephson type play which now—they all admit—fits him so well. Both Reid and Ray have had unusual care given to their vehicles, and their audiences have noticed this, and have commented on it, sometimes greatly to the deprecation of other luminaries who revamp Signor Shakespeare's saying to "I'm the thing." The performances of Reid and Ray are so much matters of national interest that their successes shed radiance over their leading ladies, and their casts are compulsorily good throughout, or their devotees wail dismally. This, as far as public watchfulness is concerned, is indeed an extraordinary state of affairs.

The younger leading men are having their innings. This tribe is headed by Dick Barthelmess, but Tom Forman will be a close second when he has had as many appearances in good pieces. Others highly conspicuous are Harrison Ford, Ralph Graves, Casson Ferguson, Niles Welch, Douglas McLean, Jack Mulhall, Jack Holt, David Powell and John Bowers.

Tom Meighan has made greater strides in the past year than any other established leading man in pictures. By the time his three big plays, "The Miracle Man," "Male and Female," and the disputed "Peg o' My Heart," have had general circulation I predict that he will be second to no man in popularity. His screen career has been built by slow, careful effort, and years of waiting for the right opportunity; it is a career unparalleled in his profession.

Antonio Moreno is in a class by himself. The audiences had much rather see him in five-reel plays than in serials, but they are loyal to him and are putting his serials across as matters of personal devotion. Most conspicuous among those who know this are the Vitagraph executives.

William Farnum has increased his following, while brother Dustin has only maintained his. The public is of the opinion—and rightly—that Bill is a better actor than Dustin, but they have not overlooked the fact that Mr. Fox has made a continuous though not always successful effort to give William good vehicles, while Dustin's past year has been rather haphazard. Sometimes he has had a good show; more often he hasn't.

Elliott Dexter, in the plays being provided for him, was on his way to great and general public favor. His collapse was therefore a real tragedy—many, many are the photoplay followers who are asking if he won't come back soon.

Tom Moore is a peculiarly individual star. Here we have a young man—young, though no juvenile—whose first popularity harks back to Kalem days. But this appears to have been wiped out in his long *interregnum* of occasional or unsatisfactory photoplays, and in the Goldwyn repertoire recently supplied him he has built a reputation which is entirely new, with hardly a hint of hangover loyalty from ancient times.

Eugene O'Brien is pronounced by every sub-deb the greatest American actor. No man on the screen has made such a complete conquest of very young female America. The condition of the sixteen-year-olds when his purely stellar pictures, beginning with "The Perfect Lover"—oh, fatal title!—have become nationalized will probably be both pitiful and desperate.

Charles Chaplin seems invincible as the British Navy. As in Ray's case, the fans think so much of him that they comment warmly on his plays and sometimes furiously on the

people who play with him. Their wrath over "Sunnyside" was quite personal; they seemed to feel that their idol had been imposed upon, quite illogically ignoring the fact that Charlie did it himself. "Shoulder Arms" is, in the minds of the many who comment, his supreme achievement.

Interesting, and gratifying, is the continued personal success of William S. Hart, an actor-manager who is not only trying to please his people, but to manifest diversity and artistic growth as well. They may say that they are tired of seeing him in Westerns, but they flock to him, and flock about him with their pens and typewriters, just the same. "The Poppy Girl's Husband" caused a general sensation in fandom, for it was not only a new thing but a likable new thing.

Frank Keenan is the most talked-about character actor in the photoplays, but in a careful review of his patronage I am convinced that he passes Hobart Bosworth and Theodore Roberts in public interest only because the first-named has had very few recent appearances, and in the second case, because Roberts is always a support, and never a star. Such pieces as "Honor Thy Name," in the old days, made Keenan singularly unforgettable, but his real stellar popularity now is directly traceable to the pieces Jack Cunningham has written for him in the past year, of which "Todd of the Times," and "The Sierra Sixties" may be quoted as examples.

Is the picture public so devoted to personality that it is blind to the faults or excellencies of play or production? Douglas Fairbanks' situation is an answer to that question. Fairbanks has not "slipped" in personal appeal, but he has slipped tremendously as a reliable purveyor of dramatic amusement simply because of his vehicles and his manner of playing. "Arizona" the people liked, because it meant something. Most of his other pieces in the year 1919 have not been satisfactory entertainment, and unless Mr. Fairbanks follows a different line he will lose steadily.

A villain knows they love him only when they hate him, and hate him hard. The particular object of public detestation now is Warner Oland, occupying the bad eminence upon which Stuart Holmes was once enthroned. I predict a dangerous coming rival to Oland in Eric Von Stroheim. Lew Cody, let us not forget, melted a secure place in the public heart as the first and only male vampire.

Speaking of comedians, Harold Lloyd has come up amazingly, and the public is likewise devoted to the nonsensicalities of Charlie Murray and Ben Turpin. These are the three laughmakers—always excepting Chaplin, and the reliable and rotund Arbuckle, the small boy's idol—that they talk about. "Smiling Bill" Parsons does not draw any comment.

Of the character men the favorites of the past year, apart from those already named, have been J. Barney Sherry, Herbert Standing, George Fawcett, Alec B. Francis and Tully Marshall. Of these, probably Francis has made the greatest advancement, due to the fine line of parts handed him at the Goldwyn studio. But Tully Marshall is not far behind him as a topic of interested conversation.

These young actors have distinctly bettered themselves, publicly speaking, since 1918 was cut down by Time's remorseless scythe: Roy Stewart, Cullen Landis, Nigel Barrie, Herbert Rawlinson, David Butler, Robert Anderson, Kenneth Harlan, Mahlon Hamilton, Robert Gordon and Wyndham Standing. Though not exactly in the juvenile class of those just named, Conway Tearle and Milton Sills have kept pace with them in their advances. William Duncan has a unique prestige—he is the kid's favorite all over the country, so what matters it whether the screens in the picture palaces of Chicago and New York and San Francisco ever flash his name? After Bill Hart, as the head popularities in chaps, come Tom Mix and Harry Carey. Robert Harron has had few opportunities this year, but he is by no means forgotten. James Cruze is creating a brand-new following, a la Tom Moore, as a director. Bert Lytell is fairly popular. Lou Tellegen disappeared pictorially, and if he comes back he will have to depend upon his wife's pictures at the start, at least. Irving Cummings dropped out of sight as a leading man, and is resolutely endeavoring to return as a character actor, or, anon, as a bad man. E. K. Lincoln is followed in any sort of picture, but he suffers with his public by lack of concentration. Sessue Hayakawa is either idolized or wholly rejected; there are fewer "half-way" comments on him than upon any man in the movies. Jack Pickford is experiencing a sudden revival of popular favor, due almost wholly to "Bill Apperson's Boy." Tom Santschi

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"The Hoodlum" presents Mary Pickford in a story which is wholly at fault, but in which Mary's work is beyond reproach.



"Deliverance," in which appears Helen Keller, affords a story heavy in propagandism but generous in human interest.



"The World and its Women" is Geraldine Farrar's premier effort for 1919, an imposing play of Bolshevik Russia.

They're Both



ticular story called for; Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays—half-a-day on Saturdays—he was kissing Corinne in the most approved, fire-eating, ardent-lover style which her story needed.

Director Tom Terriss was switched from the Alice Joyce company to the Corinne Griffith company. And when he read the script of the Griffith production he decided that he must have Marmont for the leading man—he had directed him, by the way, in Alice Joyce's "Vengeance," the amplification of Vitagraph's "The Vengeance of Durand," in which Earle Williams and Julia Swayne Gordon appeared in the good old days. So Percy began his busy career; no little electric fan in the hottest days of summer had anything on him. Not only an electric fan, but one of alternating current,—an oscillating fan. But what a terrible thing it would be, if he forgot himself and made love in a Tuesday style on Monday!

Little things like that don't matter much to Marmont, who has been a hard-working actor if there ever was one. He came to this country about two years ago; and since his American debut he has been doubling in brass to beat the band. His first double venture—and it came within three days after he arrived in New York—was in the stage play "The Three Bears" with Ann Murdock and the screen production of "Rose of the World" with Elsie Ferguson. His rehearsals in the Frohman stage play were held at night so that he could fulfill his picture contract. He supported Miss Ferguson again in "The Lie" and was leading man to Geraldine Farrar in her Goldwyn picture, "The Turn of the Wheel." Then came Ethel Barrymore's all-star revival of "The Lady of the Camelias" at the Empire Theatre in the role of *Rene de Varville*. During the daytime he maintained his oscillating reputation by supporting Marguerite Clark in "Three Men and a

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The picture below was taken on a Wednesday—one of Mr. Marmont's days for making love to Alice Joyce. From "Vengeance," Vitagraph's second filmization of "The Vengeance of Durand."

It's not so easy keeping up with Percy Marmont when he is making love to two stars at once

By
GEORGE
LANDY

PERCY MARMONT is leading a double life! One would never suspect it of this distinguished ex-English actor, but the fact remains that Marmont, over at the Vitagraph studios, is giving a faithful impersonation of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, although he does his alternating on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. This is how he manages it: he hadn't quite finished all his scenes with Alice Joyce for "The Winchester Woman," in which he is her leading man, and he was also playing opposite Corinne Griffith in another forthcoming Vitagraph picture. So on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays he made love to Alice in the professorial, iron-grey-haired, semi-detached and middle-aged manner which her par-



Englishmen!

YOU are familiar, of course, with the cosmopoli- especially the male kind. You have read about him in Ouida's novels or in the plays of Arthur Schnitzler, if you are that kind of a reader. He is suave and olive-skinned and mysterious and he always wears a gardemia in his button-hole and speaks with a slight accent which is difficult to identify. (Sometimes the heroine goes mad trying to place that accent.) And with almost every sentence he drops dark hints about the little dancing girl he met at Simla or of a curious piece of ivory he picked up in Thibet. He strokes his mustache while he is doing it.

In fact he is almost everything except frank and genuine and modest like Nigel Barrie. Not once, in an entire evening's conversation, did he refer to the weather "while I was in Patagonia" or the scallops he ate with the black Prince of Nubia. Not for one instant did he absent-mindedly break into a foreign language and then hurriedly beg my pardon while he translated. And he couldn't stroke his mustache because he hasn't any to stroke.

And yet—listen.

"Have you always lived in this country, Mr. Barrie?" I asked, gently but firmly yanking him away from a discussion of the NC-4 and the biggest Blimp when he should have been talking about himself.

Mr. Barrie looked apologetic and a little bewildered. "Well, not exactly," he admitted. "You see mother came from Dublin and father from London but I was born in Calcutta. Father was Governor-general of an Indian post there. Then when I was old enough, I went to school in Paris. Later, I finished my education at Heidelberg," he went on, looking still more apologetic. "But I've lived in America ever since I left Europe except for an exploring trip in British Guiana."

Lieutenant Nigel Barrie, R.F.C., and Clara Kimball Young. Barrie played opposite Miss Young in "The Marionettes" before joining the R. F. C., and in "The Better Wife" immediately upon his return from service.



Shakespeare attracted Nigel Barrie to the stage but he swallowed the film germ in a cherry phosphate

By
ALISON
SMITH

When the war broke out, he enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps of Great Britain, did his best to get abroad and finally went up to Canada, where he was instructor in the aerial service. He remained in the service until the end of the war. This was the first break in a career which had hitherto been devoted to the stage and the screen.

Shakespeare started it. That was the family again. It is a curious fact that a family which will foam at the mouth at the very suggestion of the stage, may be pacified at once if you mention Shakespeare. So to keep peace in the family and gratify his own love for the old English drama, Nigel Barrie joined the Frank Benson stock company in London, where he

They're Both Englishmen

Percy Marmont

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Girl," the picturization of "The Three Bears," in which he played his original role. Then he worked with Alice Brady in "In the Hollow of Her Hand"; and followed this with another Brady film, "The Indestructible Wife," while he continued de-Varville-ing evenings with Ethel-Camille.

Then the light claimed him for a while to the exclusion of the films. He had leading parts in "The Laughter of Fools" and Thomas Dixon's "The Invisible Foe." And then he settled down to a comparatively easy life in Manhattan—bought a country place in Whitestone, Long Island, and signed a long-term contract with Vitagraph.

Marmont is English; you know that. It was a touring company with "The Only Way," dramatized from "A Tale of Two Cities," that awakened the dramatic instinct in young Marmont and lured him away from three certain squares a day to the vicissitudes of an actor's life in "the provinces." Then came an Australian trip as the juvenile member of a musical comedy organization. Luckily, the company made enough to get back to England and the youth who might have made another Clifton Crawford entered the support of Sir George Alexander, with whom he played for several seasons. Later he also appeared with Sir Herbert Tree and Cyril Maude, toured the British Isles with his own production of "The Blindness of Virtue," and for three years was the featured actor at the Liverpool Repertory Theatre in plays from Shaw, Barrie, Galsworthy—and the Drury Lane.

Marmont left England at the head of a company which sailed for South Africa, where he was starred in a series of American farces including "Too Many Cooks," "Fair and Warmer," and "The Boomerang." From Africa the company proceeded to Australia, where it also revived Gerald du Maurier's "London Pride." Not long after he came to this country.

Nigel Barrie

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played everything in the classical from Romeo to Falstaff.

It was musical comedy that took him over to this country. He played the waltzing count in "The Count of Luxemburg" and the singing minstrel in "Gypsy Love." Then with amazing versatility, he took the role opposite Grace George in "Half an Hour" by his distinguished kinsman, James M. Barrie. But it was a cherry phosphate that sent him into the movies.

"I was drinking it at a drug-store soda-fountain," he explained. "There were three of us standing before the marble-top—a fat lady with a chocolate sundae, a grave little man with a strawberry soda, and I with my cherry. When all of a sudden: 'I beg your pardon, but aren't you an actor?' asked the strawberry soda. I acknowledged it and he went on to suggest that I was a good screen type and ought to get into the films. At this point, we noticed that the chocolate sundae was becoming too interested, so he gave me his card and told me to come up to his office and talk it over. The card had the name of James Young, which meant little to me then.

"I didn't take his advice at once, but when my engagement with Joan Sawyer closed I remembered my kind and temperate friend of the soda fountain and decided to see if he was right. My first picture was 'When My Ship Comes In,' where I played opposite Jane Grey. Then I did the 'Babs' series with Marguerite Clark—'Bab's Diary,' 'Bab's Burglar' and 'Bab's Matinee Idol.' Later came 'A Widow by Proxy,' also with Miss Clark, and 'Josslyn's Wife' and 'Tangled Threads' with Bessie Barriscale. Then the war broke in and from 1917 to 1919 I wasn't thinking about the films. My first picture after the war was 'The Better Wife,' with Clara Kimball Young. It gave me the greatest opportunity I had found up to that time—or perhaps it was largely the background of that most excellent cast," said Mr. Barrie modestly.



After the Lock-Out of Local 36, Actors' Union

Hero pickets prevent scab colleague from working when the heroine most particularly needs help.
[London Punch]

C L O S E - U P S

EDITORIAL EXPRESSION AND TIMELY COMMENT

The Empire of Alexander. There is one thing which the motion picture business does not share in common with other businesses of equal magnitude: organization.

By this we do not mean superficial organization, such as mere departmental efficiency, of which there is more, or less, in the motion picture business, as the various motion picture executives are slack or efficient in their own office characters. We do mean the lasting, fundamental organization which has made American steel, American banking, American oil, great world powers. The pioneers of American business thought, in their hardy day, only of their own personal fortunes, or comfortable accretions for their families to quarrel over. But as the Twentieth Century succeeded the Nineteenth, a change came over the face of really Big Business: it ceased to become individual, and became institutional.

All of which was in accord with the great world movements in property, in finance, in production and labor whose fullest reactions—profounder and more enduring than any effects of the Great War—are only now flowing to and fro, in tidal fashion, throughout the world.

In becoming institutional these great organizations, so far, the supreme achievement of America became permanent; they transcended the life of any one man or any set of men. Thus, the death of Andrew Carnegie produced no ripple in iron, though he was the greatest iron-master who ever lived. He had long since removed himself from practical participation in its affairs, it is true, but whether he had or had not, iron would have become an institution anyway. The death of John D. Rockefeller would mean nothing to Standard Oil in any outward way.

It might be argued, of course, that the manufacture of photoplays is primarily an art, with

the trade features always secondary; to which we may answer that in the present enormous scope and universal use of the motion picture, business and art are about fifty-fifty.

Institutionalizing a great enterprise does not mean the effacement of the personal touch, the rubbing out of individuality, and the substitution of a mere dull soviet, inanimate mass-control. Instead, it means the finest and highest kind of individual organization—an organization which bears in itself the power of perpetuity, and which hands down to the youthful enterprise of another generation the genius of the time.

There are two or three great motion picture manufacturing concerns in the United States which might well become institutions. One of these represents the Morganlike genius of one man; another is the fabric of three men; still another is the determined expression of one man, plus a corporation with whom he is generally in some dispute. As they are, these things are like the empire of Alexander—colossal fabrics which, doubtless, would not survive the decease of their makers, though the one thing which will advance the art of the picture, and give its creators the leisure that real art always needs, is solid and enduring business organization behind the line.

This is not a suggestion that our picture masters weave their cocoons and die; it is a hope that through them some permanence and stability may come to the baby industry they have served and honored.

☪

You Can't Please Everybody. In China they read from right to left, eat birds' nests and throw away the eggs, and generally reverse the procedure of the advanced or backward (according to one's viewpoint) Occident.



Social Expenses

CRITICS and audiences have spoken often of the grave-gay humanities which are shot through and through a certain well-known young filmmaker's productions. "Micky Neilan touches" they call them, and doubtless Mr. Neilan was pleased each time he heard or read this intriguing phrase, until—

Neilan was making a picture, not long ago, for a film producer whose ambitions bade fair to outrun his cash.

And then, one morning, the producer arrived on the lot to see a splendid ball-room set rising. It covered a great space, and there was much ornate furniture.

"That isn't in the script," murmured the producer, with dismay.

"I know it isn't," said Mickey, "but it was in the original story, and I restored it because it belongs here. Tomorrow I'm going to have four hundred extras on that scene."

"Oh, Mickey!" implored the producer, in a timid panic; "couldn't you took that out, and put instead in some 'Micky Neilan touches?'"

But one Chinaman's complaint about the Chaplins he books in his little theatre is unique enough to become a matter of record. He no longer books Charlie. Asked his reason for cancellation he replied simply and conclusively: "Too many people come to see"

We suggest that this Celestial who hates crowds get in touch immediately with some of the offices handling the half-dozen Chaplin imitators, most of whom advertise themselves as the only and original. We guarantee satisfaction.



The Royal Juvenile. Occasionally the theatre induces a Great Personage to appear upon the stage. Unless the Great Personage has been to the mimic-manzor born, these appearances are more or less melancholy. But the movie is not only an eternal but a pleasantly successful octopus wherever celebrity is concerned. If people talk about you, pleasantly or unpleasantly, the screen will get you. And the chances are that your picture will be a pretty good one. Our latest Young Hero is the Prince of Wales. The picture trade journals are full of single and even double page advertisements featuring England's future executive. Each news service boasts of its superior facilities for illustrating the progress of Albion's heir, and argues at length concerning his likeable personality, his novel importance, the great public interest in him—all of the stock arguments, in fact, that the producer's press-agent uses in boosting the love-making young man of the feature or the serial. "One of the most likeable figures ever shown on the screen," declaims one vendor in the sunshine market; and this space-buyer goes on: "A fighter who served through the whole four years of the war comes to your audiences with something more than his title to make him the biggest feature of the year your people will want to see his every move."



The Unsatisfactory Serial. We are in the midst of another wave of serial popularity, and it is regrettable that this species of cinemic endeavor, alone, shows no appreciable advance in intelligence or acting or direction. A year or two ago only one or two companies were turning out the intermittent movie, and these productions were more or less occasional. Today a dozen are in production. Besides Pathe, which has four on hand, Vitagraph has two; Universal has two or three; the new Series Company has three, and there are projected serials starring Texas Guinan and Marguerite Courtot.

Absurd complications, incredible villainy, ludicrous motives and terrific escapes, with a literal breath-stopping hangover at every weekly punctuation point are the main meat in these cans of patent optic food. The feature photoplay has gone a long way on the road to reason, but the serial stays where it was, or just about

where it was, in 1914. In fact we doubt whether any serial has ever excelled "The Million Dollar Mystery," which was indeed a million dollar thing, but no mystery, to the men behind its makers. There seems to be financial reason enough for these tenpenny dreadfuls; they do "sell." "Gloria's Romance," the one chartered endeavor which started out—at least—to be a novel in the magazine style, was a disastrous enterprise. At the same time we are firm in our belief that a real and reasonable long story will eventually be serialized with success; and when it is, the door to the sunshine novel will have been opened.



Horrors of the Emigrants. Often the pornographic showman oversteps himself and becomes comedian instead of panderer. Recently one such had a very mild show of very strong billing in Chicago, which deadly bore he relieved by two lively reels of Fatty. So his electric announcement ran in this wise:

See what happens to the poor Emigrant Girl—
ROSCOE ARBUCKLE!



The Starring Star-Makers. Any phase of the motion picture business is like the anchor-chain which annoyed the weary Celts at the capstan: there is no end to it. Last month we discoursed of the newest star of all, the writer. This month we must chronicle the fact that the star-makers—the directors—having no new persons to star, are starring themselves.

As a matter of fact, the month has shown more featured directors thrust forth in new manufacturing arrangements than featured players, a condition which, in all probability, has never before prevailed in photoplay making. The directors now frankly starring are George Loane Tucker, Allan Dwan, Emile Chautard, Edward Jose, Maurice Tourneur, Marshall Neilan, Ralph Ince, Raoul Walsh, King Vidor, Cecil DeMille and Leonce Perret. Not all of these are planets of the month, but several of them are, and the condition is one worthy of note. It is a very good sign in that it makes for well-cast and well-written plays, rather than impossible slices of an unreal existence featuring a single mimic personality who by the very nature of things has been dwarfed out of all proper relation to life. There are dangers, too, unless these new star-directors keep to one of the principles which has made Mr. Griffith unique among celebrities; an understanding of the public's interest in personal work, not in a mere lofty supervision of other men's work. The "supervised" production is, in the main, a directoral job worth only as much as the ability of the man who really stood upon stage or location. It stands or falls, in real merit or demerit, as the man on the job may or may not be a clever craftsman.

The Midnight Man

In which Jim Corbett—as Bob Gilmore—outwits the leader of the White Circle Gang, only to fall again into his power. The third installment of an absorbing serial.

By BETTY SHANNON

A WIG tufted with nondescript hair, a battered coat pulled well over his face which was frequently masked, a rough coat slouched up about his shoulders, and a loose-jointed, careless shuffle entirely unlike his usual brisk well-coordinated manner, transformed Henry Morgan from an immaculate man of affairs into an underworld tough, at those times when his leadership of the "White Circle Gang" called him into uncertain places.

Though it had been apparent to Bob Gilmore that a certain agitation swept the half-hidden features of the leader of the thugs before whom he had been dragged in the underground den near the river, when his black "Midnight Man" mask was torn away, he did not even vaguely guess the reason. But Bob was destined soon to discover the double life of Morgan, the jeweler and chief of the "White Circle" gang.

Morgan's attitude toward the "Jim Stevens" of his immediate social set became instantly cold and disapproving. However, with the waning of Bob's desirability as "Jim Stevens" the prospective son-in-law, he took on a greater value in the eyes of Morgan as a prospective partner

in crime, because of his identification as the "Midnight Man." "We've got to get him" Morgan and "Spike" agreed. "He's got to be with us, or else where he can't do us any harm."

Accordingly, Morgan's henchman was sent to "Jim Stevens" apartment to urge him further on the matter of joining up with the "White Circle" gang.

Neither promises of loot nor threats of violence had any effect on the brash young mystery man who defied the world to take him. Spike looked disgustedly into "Mr. Stevens'" smiling face.

"You're a fool—or else you're damn smart," Spike observed. Then he paused a moment in silence, as though weighing a new thought. With the air of one bearing an inspirational flash he leaned closer and whispered.

"I'll give you another chance. We got a big job at Morgan's jewelry store tonight at 11. We got inside dope that'll make your hair curl. We'll let you in."

Bob hesitated. He did not want to become involved with the crooks, but he could not stand by and let them rob a friend, especially a friend who was the father of the young woman for whom he had a particular yearning.

The Midnight Man

NARRATED, by permission, from the motion picture serial by James W. Horne and Kenneth B. Clarke, as produced by Universal with this cast:

Bob Gilmore James Corbett
Neil Kathleen O'Connor
Morgan Joseph W. Girard
John Gilmore Frank Jonasson
Arnold Joseph Singleton
Ramah Orral Humphrey
Martha Georgie Woodthorpe
Hargreaves William Sauter
Spike Noble Johnson



They hauled Bob into the store to face Henry Morgan and his daughter.

"I'll try it this once," he agreed at last.

While Bob picked out his readiest revolver and slipped several masks into the pocket of his evening vest, "Spike" hurried out to telephone his chief that "The Midnight Man" had fallen into their trap.

Bob no sooner arrived in the alley back of Morgan's store, adjusted his mask and gave the signal agreed upon by Spike than he was set upon by Steve Arnold and his crew of detectives, as well as by members of the "White Circle" gang turned suddenly into virtuous aids of the law. They hauled Bob into the store under the light to face Henry Morgan and his daughter Nell.

The detectives clawed at Bob's hidden face, bent on stripping off the mask.

"Stop—never mind that!" Morgan exclaimed, holding up his hand.

They stopped at the jeweler's request. He was at least decent enough to want to spare his daughter from the revelation of the identity of the captive.

Bob watched the group closely. Feeling secure in their numbers his captors slackened their attention. It was but a moment. In a flash Bob bowled over the one man at his side, tripped the man at the door and dashed into the dark of the alleyway.

Ramah Dhin, having trailed Arnold, was out there patrolling the shadows. Bob made out the Hindu's menacing shape just in time to evade his murderous hand with its long slender knife. Bob scaled the walls of the adjacent building with swift agility. At the top he found a roof opening ajar, flung it open and plunged down the spiral staircase below and concealed himself in the base of an elevator shaft.

The Hindu magician, hot in pursuit and consumed with his desire to get the jade ring from Bob's finger, scented the hiding place. With a swift and dextrous motion he started the elevator from the top of the shaft above. Riding the car, he moved down close upon Bob in his hiding place, now a cell of peril.

"Hand over the ring and I'll stop." The thin unpleasant voice of the Hindu rasped above the whirr of the grinding freight elevator motors. "If you do not I will crush the life out of you under the car."

There was no answer from Bob. He was certainly in a tight place, but still not despairing. There might yet be a chance.

The bottom of the elevator reached the level of his head. He was forced to stoop.

Ramah Dhin began a shrill chant, punctuated with jerks of the controller handle, bringing the elevator down an inch at a time. Bob was crowded down to his knees. Only a few feet remained between the heavy base of the big elevator and the relentless foundation of the pit—a few feet between him and ugly death. And a mad murderer in control of the motors.

Even the dank basement air, heavy with the drip of oil from the machinery, seemed sweet to Bob in that reeling moment. The very end was only a moment or so away—perhaps—almost certainly. The Hindu, intent on tantalizing his victim, brought the car to a pause in its downward progress.

It was Bob's last chance. In the gloom he felt about him. His hand touched the control cable, tight in a groove about a pulley wheel. With a superhuman grip steeling his hands, he seized the cable and snapped it out of the groove.

Ramah Dhin jerked the control lever, but the car was dead. The motors stood idle and without response with the car still four feet off the bottom of the pit.

Ramah Dhin, in wise fear of the wrath of Bob, fled—and again the "Midnight Man" had cheated death.

It was several hours later that Bob appeared with unannounced and mysterious suddenness before the "White Circle" ruffians in their secret room under Riley's saloon.

Before a move could be made in their first flush of amazed surprise Bog strode from the open door across the room and tore off the mask which hid the leader's face.

It was the dramatic moment of revelation.

"You—Henry Morgan!"

Bob's eyes blazed as he stared down at the outlaw chief. Morgan winced. There was something in the "Midnight Man" now that made him think painfully of the scorn of "Jim Stevens," the "Midnight Man's" conventional other self.

"You are a fine hypocrite—you slinking coward." Bob looked straight into Morgan's shifting eyes. "I'd strangle you with my bare hands, here, now—but that would be too happy a finish for you!"

Morgan squirmed on the defensive.

"What about you yourself? You were willing enough to rob my store, to help the gang do it, when you thought you could get away with it." Morgan had turned accuser.

"You're a liar—and you know you are." Bob was white and tense. "You know that I love your daughter—even if she is your daughter—you miserable—low down scoundrel. You know that I would not have stood by and permitted her father to be robbed—you just thought you'd frame me—it's easy to see now."

Morgan, with a controversy established, breathed a bit more freely. He came back with a strong flavor of sarcasm in his voice.

"Well, Mr. Midnight Man," he rejoined, "remember that you succeeded in your plans to steal from me once before. You robbed my private safe, which was a much more personal attack on me, you must admit, than robbing my business establishment would have been."

must admit, than robbing my business establishment would have been."

This gave Bob pause. Here he was faced with the handicap of secrecy that he must maintain for the sake of the quest that had created the "Midnight Man" role.

"I have a reason for what I am doing, Henry Morgan—and I am not ashamed of anything that I have done. Also I shall continue until I have accomplished my purpose. I may also just as well warn you now that I shall marry your daughter just as soon as I am in a position to marry—which may be soon. If you care for her you had better call off your gang. If you do not you shall all have to reckon with me."

Morgan, again feeling master of the situation, waved aside one of his gangsters who was endeavoring to flank Bob. "Never mind, I can handle this."

Then he again turned his attention to Bob.

"You conceited young dog!" Morgan wore a cynical grin. "My daughter and I both shall have nothing to do with you in the future. You'll be rotting in your grave, young man, the day she marries. The day she walks down the aisle you'll be a badly spoiled carcass."

Bob smiled back at Morgan.

"So it's fight then—Mr. Morgan."

With lightning speed he snatched up a stool and hurling it smashed the light. There was tumult as they leaped at him. The gang closed in—on nothing at all. The "Midnight Man" again was gone.

* * * *

Never, since Nell was a little girl, had Henry Morgan exerted over her more than the slightest semblance of parental authority. Her pretty wilfulness had always rather delighted him. He

Synopsis

BOB GILMORE, the most popular young athlete in Washington, saves his father from arrest for forgery when he assumes the responsibility for a check. Later, he overhears his father alluding to him as a "nameless brat." Joy over realizing that the unwholesome character is not his real father is superseded by knowledge that he has no identity. Martha Gilmore, his "mother," pledges her love for her adopted boy. The only clue to his nativity, she tells him, is a curious ring with a jade top, carved in a queer oriental design, which had been sewn into his baby dress. Under the removable top is a seal of a star and a crescent design. On the inside of the ring is the inscription "MOR." It had been her belief, Martha tells him, that he is the son of a rich New Yorker whose name begins with the three letters.

In New York dwell Henry Morgan and his daughter, a lovely product of a finishing school. Her time is devoted to philanthropic duties in the slums, while her father, presumably a prominent jeweler, claims no honest sentiment other than a love for his daughter. Morgan is the brains of a body of thieves, called "The White Circle Gang."

When the newspapers publish a report of his death in a railroad accident, Bob uses this as a means of obscuring his real presence while he seeks to learn his parentage. Follows a series of sensational burglar mysteries in New York city. Night after night brings to the police a report of some millionaire's home robbed by a burglar who rifies the safe without taking any money, leaving a card on which is written, "Who Am I?", and signed "The Midnight Man." The name of each victim begins with "M."

One night when "The Midnight Man" enters the home of Henry Morgan, he is confronted by Nell, but as he is disguised, she does not recognize in him Bob Gilmore, who saved her from a ruffian's attack shortly before. After the police comes Ramah Dhin, who has crossed continents bearing the secret of Bob's birthright and determined to get possession of the seal ring he treasures. "The Midnight Man" escapes Dhin and police, while Nell, piqued by his ingenuity, vows to her father that she will get the man herself. Truth is, she is trying to remember where she has seen him before.

Later, Bob Gilmore, now known at the Cosmopolitan Club as James Stevens, meets Nell, by formal introduction. Henry likes "James Stevens" and intends trying to get such a capable young man to be the head of his "White Circle Gang."

was fond of her playful tyrannies, and recounted them with pride to the fathers of other daughters as they met on the golf links or in the deep-seated comforts of his club.

Morgan had never dreamed that the years of encouraging Nell in her own way would establish a habit of independence that would prove embarrassing when she grew up.

It was a distinct surprise and not a pleasant one either, when Henry Morgan sought seriously to use his influence against "Jim Stevens" and his daughter's participation in the hunt for "The Midnight Man," only to learn that he had no influence.

"Jim Stevens" remained on the Morgan's social list, and Nell entered more violently than ever into her madcap "detectiving."

Bob's curious scheme for the uncovering of his unknown parentage by the publicity that attached itself to his midnight adventures and the relieving of people's safes of worthless papers continued to precipitate him into increasingly complicated situations. He persisted, however, in the hope that some day some one would answer for him the question "Who am I?" engraved on his "Midnight Man" card which also bore the impress of the jade seal ring. Somewhere back in the beginning of things for him, he was sure that the ring held a big significance. Otherwise why should it have been found sewn in the hem of the baby cloak wrapped about him when he was left on the steps of the orphanage years before?

Nell Morgan was certainly the only one of the several independent pursuers of the "Midnight Man" who honestly did not want him to come to any harm.

Steve Arnold for one had ten thousand dollars bet with "Jim Stevens" and his personal reputation as a detective at stake. That bet was the talk of the Cosmopolitan Club, too. Steve Arnold was earnest about the chase but extremely unconcerned whether the "Midnight Man" should be taken, dead or alive.

That the ring was the key to some mystery or hidden treasure, or that it was extremely valuable in itself, was evident indeed

because of the desperate effort that Ramah Dhm was making to get it. Each succeeding failure filled the lines of the Hindu's tawny face with a deeper, more bitter cunning.

The "White Circle" gang wanted the "Midnight Man" just one plain, simple way—dead.

The danger and adventure of it all kept Bob deliciously alive. To have a whole city against him, the shrewdest detective in the country, a band of clever thieves and to top it all a Hindu magician on his trail made the game a feast to his adventurous soul. To outwit them single-handed was second only to his major purpose of clearing his mysterious past.

Bob's greatest problem was Nell Morgan's personal dangers in her role as amateur detective in pursuit of himself, "The Midnight Man." He could not always be "Jim Stevens" to protect her. He was ever in fear for her safety.

So grave were Bob's alarms that he would have abandoned his masquerade, had it not been that he felt he could never ask her to marry him until he knew whom it was he was offering her. He felt he had followed his quest too long to turn back.

When as "Jim Stevens" he met her socially he begged her to leave off her chase, and when as the "Midnight Man" he found her aligned among his pursuers and foes he watched over her as he sought to elude her.

Though Nell did not pierce the disguise "The Midnight Man's" evident interest in her, his subtle thoughtfulness, called forth a curious, sympathetic response which she herself did not recognize. As the chase went on her purpose turned from a desire to capture the night wandering outlaw to a half-formulated feminine desire to help the man, to discover why he had chosen his law breaking career. It was clear to her that he was not an ordinary criminal and quite probably without her knowing it she wanted to lead him back to a right life.

Nell did not venture into an analysis of her feelings. She

(Continued on page 117)



The White Circle gang wanted the Midnight Man just one plain simple way—dead. But Bob determined to outwit them single-handed.



At one time the chief exports of Dundee, Scotland, were jute, marmalade—and Bill Duncan.

HOW'D you like to be your own director? Handle the megaphone and kid yourself into acting and performing other stunts you wouldn't dream of doing if someone else were back of the camera?

Bill Duncan—who calls him William? Nobody—Bill directs his own serials for Vitagraph; stars in them, too. And he says it isn't as simple as it sounds. "I tell myself to do some daredevil stunt and I always go through with it. I might discuss it with some other director but seeing it's only me, I've got to make good."

He came from the land of crags and Haigs, where bare knees abound as in the "Follies" but of a different gender. The first episodes of his adventurous life were enacted on the sands o' Dundee.

Dundee is noted for jute and marmalade, and the Tay bridge, and William Duncan. The chief exports are the aforementioned jute and marmalade, but the most important, so far as pictures are concerned, is Duncan.

Samuel Johnson wrote, "The noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high road that leads to England." Bill Duncan says Sam had better orient himself, that the direction of the high road is toward New York. Holding this view of the noblest prospect, Bill bid "farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,—the country of valor, the country of worth," while still a lad in kneeless breeches. But he lost no time in changing his short kilts for long pants when he reached the grand terminal of the high road. Nor did he lose any time in exchanging his Scottish dialect for straight American.

His Own Boss

Bill Duncan directs
doesn't believe in



"I tell myself to do some daredevil stunt to make good as a director first." Above, ground—probably estimating how long a in the next

This was effected at the University of Pennsylvania, where Duncan won his degrees on cinder track, gridiron and as high priest of such fraternity rites as "keg parties." At the end of his sophomore year he had won several athletic cups, several battles with the townspeople and an equal number of argumentative combats

with professors. He felt that he had gone as far as he could; the faculty felt the same way. "Soph" Duncan transferred his entire scholastic properties from the "gym" locker to the MacFadden Physical Culture Health Home, there to transmit some of his own energy to the patients by acting as physical director. He also became a staff writer on Physical Culture Magazine, thus refuting the theory held by the "U" professors, namely that his claim to collegiate accomplishments was in his track shoes.

Duncan is now capitalizing on his college experiences by presenting them in a new Vitagraph serial, "Smashing Barriers." This thrill-a-week drama opens with a football game, in which the star made good the title by smashing three ribs, the only barriers between himself and hardbaked soil.

Bill Duncan was born a serial star. His life has been just one stunt after another from the time he learned to chin himself on that Tay bridge, which with jute and marmalade did for Dundee what a lately bereaved product did for Milwaukee. Following his handspring through college and his subsequent landing in the Health Home, he opened an athletic emporium of his own in Philadelphia. As diversion, he did a little professional wrestling. On one of these occasions, Sandow, the strong man of vaudeville, saw him and instantly made overtures to secure him for his act. He declared Duncan to be a perfect physical specimen. Another ambition which "the perfect specimen" had harbored since his marmalade-jute days was to be an actor. Now jostling hundred pound weights, lifting six men and a platform on your back and supporting a

on the Lot

himself—and he
the star system.



and I always go through with it. I've got Bill the director, is standing in the foreground it is going to be for Bill the actor, stunt scene.

flivver filled with parties whose weight combined equals 1200 pounds (see any Sandow program,) are not exactly the thirty-six dramatic situations as taught Baker's dozen at Harvard, still this Herculean histrionism accustomed Duncan to the glare of the footlights and the proper intonation of such dramatic lines as "Ladies and Gentlemen, I will now attempt to perform something that no one has never done before,—hang by the teeth and do a back flop while supporting on my arms two young ladies (weight two hundred and two hundred and ten respectively). I thank you!"

Perhaps the applause brought by these lines encouraged the tight actor to try others without the assistance of dumbbells and the two hundred pound belles respectfully. He became a member of the Forepaugh stock company in Philadelphia, from which he migrated to the Baker stock company in Rochester, thence to the Hopkins repertoire in Memphis, Tenn. He gave a version of Hamlet which even the most captious critics agreed will stand unique among the procession of To-be-or-not-to-be impersonators. As one critic remarked, this Hamlet was decidedly "To be," and for that reason a happy ending should have been written in giving Hamlet an opportunity for a big fight scene in which he flogs all the enemies of Denmark. But Duncan earned genuine tributes for his dramatic work in "Sowing the Wind," "The Parish Priest," "David Garrick" and "The Man on the Box," which he played on tour.

Unlike others of the footlight fraternity, Duncan, when he beheld the movies cutting in on his profits, did not condemn them and swear vengeance. Nor did he for a moment argue whether to be or not to be. He plunged right in with them.

When he first became leading man with the Vitagraph company he played in feature dramas, including "The Man from the Desert," "A Child of the North," "Anne of the Mines," "The Chalice of Courage," "The Tenderfoot" and "Dead Shot



Sandow, the strong man, once made him an offer to go on the stage. His first public appearance was the result.

Baker." Then one day he had an inspiration. He saw an opportunity to combine his dramatic talents with his athletic in the serial form of entertainment. He explained his plan to Albert E. Smith, president of Vitagraph, who immediately endorsed it and set about writing "The Fighting Trail" in collaboration with Cyrus Townsend Brady. Duncan directed this as well as enacted its leading role. The star-director followed this with "Vengeance—and the Woman," "A Fight for Millions" and "The Man of Might." He is now completing the fifth installment-plan thriller, "Smashing Barriers."

Duncan requires no "doubles" for this work. In fact, he couldn't find anyone better equipped for "doubling" than himself. Thus he doubles as star and director and dare-devil. He has also deleted "fakes" from his camera compositions, because, he says:

"Film fans are pretty wise birds nowadays; you can't fool them, so I've found it better to cut out a stunt if I can't do it myself. Can't get away with murder any more!"

Among the genuine performances of daring in "Smashing Barriers," are Duncan's ride on a log down a flume, the swing on a rope from the top of a hundred foot tree to another sixty yards distant, the "human chain" of men, Duncan dangling on the end, by which the heroine is rescued from a rock ledge.

Duncan is ever originating situations requiring physical miracles, and wherever he happens to be, whether dangling over a cliff or swinging in the tree tops, he gets out his mangy memorandum book with pencil attached and incarcerates the idea before it can escape.



“Play Ball!”

The picture game enabled Cullen Landis to act as well as ty-cobb



He likes to play baseball and —

—evidently intends bringing up daughter Mignon in the same way.

EVER since he was a little youngster he's had that yearning to don a striped cotton suit and a padded glove and to put 'em over the home plate, and in his much younger days the "pros" in Nashville, Tennessee, used to let him shuffle their bats and chase after the pitched balls that went over the fence and out. When I went out to Goldwyn's drama factory, Cullen Landis simply insisted that the photographer take a picture of him in his baseball suit.

He told me, moreover, that he plays first-base on the studio team, and—he's the only actor who plays on the team that comprises everyone from the studio property boy to the man at the front gate who lets 'em in or out just as he chooses.

Cullen is one of the youngest of the screen's leading men. Also one of the most enthusiastic. And yet one of the least talkative. He never has anything to say about himself, and he was quite surprised when I told him that PHOTOPLAY wanted a story about him.

It's that quiet reserve that makes most people think Landis is older than a mere 24. You look at him and at his curly hair and half smile and wonder just how old he is. And then you ask him if he's ever been proposed to by mail, and he says bashfully that he hasn't, but that he couldn't accept such a kind invitation if he wanted to because—

He's married!

And then he tells you about how he spends his Sundays—playing baseball with the "fellows" and playing with his baby, who's just learning how to walk.

"Don't you ever do any of this gardening that all actors are said to revel in?" asked I, innocently. "Don't you crave a farm some time or other?"

"Nope," quoth Cullen instantler. "Nope I don't want any

By JACKSON HUNT

farms. That's the bunk. I hate gardens, and if I had one I couldn't raise an umbrella. All I want to do is to play ball. I once thought I was good enough to be a professional pitcher, but I guess that I'm not."

This baseball ambition isn't a mere passing fancy with Mr. Landis. In fact, it's a deep-rooted desire. When he was a kid, he says, he used to have a "stand-in" with the Nashville team, who'd let him do all the work around the diamond that

corresponds to carrying water for the elephants in the circus, in return for which he'd get free tickets to the bleachers at matinees.

And he never thought of being in pictures until his family came to California for his father's health. He never even thought of seeing a studio, although he'd always liked the flickers ever since he once was an usher in the Vendome Theater in Nashville.

"I got the bug there," he reminisced.

And now that he's a real, honest-to-John leading man for such eminences as Will Rogers and Mabel Normand, it occurred to yours truly that perhaps Cullen might have social ambitions such as others of the film profession have acquired.

"I like society well enough," he said, "but I must remain beautiful. (Put a question mark after that beautiful, will you?) I like to dance, but I guess I'm not so good in

that line. When they dance with me they're always very nice when I step on their feet, but, you know, there are always inferences. Guess I'd rather tinker around machines."

Some kind soul, the prop boy told me, left a one-lunged motorcycle inside the gates one day. Which Cullen adopted, and which he spends his leisure between scenes trying to put into running shape.

"It's the same way with parts." (Concluded on page 90)



Cullen Landis, Mary Jane Irving and Will Rogers in "Almost a Husband."



When you feel uncomfortable every time you see people's eyes upon your hands, you cannot be at your best

PEOPLE NOTICE YOUR FINGERNAILS

Every time you put your hand to your hair—Every time you powder your nose—Whenever you make a gesture, your hands are conspicuous

YOUR tea cup poised in the air; the attention of the others centered on you—and then you caught a glimpse of your nails. The very memory of it still makes you flush.

You cannot put on your hat or fasten your glove; you cannot give your clothes a tiny, settling pat; you cannot make the least gesture without drawing attention to your hands.

The skin, in its effort to heal these ugly little places, grows quickly and forms

store. Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 35c and 65c bottles. Cutex Nail White, Nail Polish and Cuticle Comfort are each 35 cents.



This is ruinous!

The nail root is only 1/32 inch below the cuticle. If you cut the cuticle, you are sure to injure the delicate root.

People not only look at your hands—they judge you by them.

An occasional manicure may improve the appearance of your nails for the time being, but it will not keep them looking well. You must care for your nails regularly, and care for them by the right method.

When you cut the overgrown cuticle, you can't help cutting the living skin, too. There's only 1/32 of an inch of cuticle to protect the root of the nails. When you hack into this cuticle you are hurting the only protection of the sensitive root.



This is correct

Soften and remove surplus cuticle with Cutex. It will leave a thin, beautiful nail base.

thick, ragged cuticle that makes you feel self-conscious when people look at your nails.

But you can keep your cuticle thin, smooth, even.

The right way to do this is to soften and remove the cuticle with Cutex. Just dip an orange stick (with cotton wrapped around the point) into the Cutex bottle. Then gently work the stick around the base of the nail, pushing back the dead cuticle. Carefully wash the hands, pushing the cuticle back when drying them.

The Cutex way keeps the cuticle in perfect condition. It can't break the skin or injure the nail root.

To remove stains and make the nail tips snowy white, apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails. Finish with Cutex Nail Polish.

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Below you see Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cutex Nail White, and Cutex Powder Polish in the new air-tight tube. The three give you a wonderful manicure.



(Concluded from page 88)

he said. "You get 'em, and the character you're to portray isn't so good.—I mean he's a tough youngster or something, and you have to tinker with him before the camera and fix him up so that the audience won't say, 'My word! I thought I paid to see this show,' and gets up and leaves."

It developed that Landis doesn't want to be (1) a he-vamp, (2) a screen pretty boy, or (3) an out-and-out villain. Rather, he likes to play film gentlemen who have a good heart but a bad set of morals, such as the short-change artist who takes their money but always rescues the leading lady when she's going to be devastated by the guy with black whiskers,—something like his role of The Kid in Rex Beach's "The Girl on the Outside," or like that he had in "The Outcasts of Poker Flat."

And then he brings forth the idea that the director's the whole thing in pictures. Says that the greatest thing, to him, is a good one, and that the fellow behind the megaphone is the boy who puts you over.

Does he ever want to write his own, or other people's, stories? Does he ever expect to leave the greasepaint for the typewriter? NO!!!

"I'm a laughable litterateur," he asserted. "But I do manage to answer all my mail. Do you know, people make you feel awfully good when they tell you about your work. I get a lot of letters telling me where I've made mistakes. I like 'em. And I've never gotten a 'mushy' missive."

The way Cullen 'broke into drama' was by playing a rabbit when some manager in Nashville wanted a flock of bunnies in a children's play given by the village stock company. Cullen was 14 then, and for the next few months was absorbed in the process of theatrical art. And then his parents sent him back to school, where he stayed a while, only to go into the newspaper game as a route manager for the Nashville Tennessean-American.

Next, his father's health broke down, and the family moved

West, and Cullen was in Los Angeles a year before he even thought of pictures. At length, however, he got a job at the Balboa studio rustling "props."

"I've done almost everything in this business," he said. "I've been chauffeur, assistant cameraman, assistant director, even stage carpenter."

But at last Sherwood McDonald gave him a part with Jackie Saunders in "Sunny Jane." Cullen, you see, has never played

"extra," or a deep, hoarse murmur, for there followed the lead opposite Kathleen Clifford in the serial, "Who Is Number One?"

From then on, it was smooth sailing for him. A year in Christie comedies, in which he played in 52 varieties opposite Billie Rhodes, and after that a fling at the "legit" in the Morosco stock company in Los Angeles with Molly McIntyre in "Little Miss Brown."

He didn't like stock. On Sunday afternoons, he said, you have to play a matinee when you want to play ball. And you do twice the work for half the salary. And so he shook

the dust of the classic boards from his sandals and hid himself to the American studio in Santa Barbara for a part with Bill Russell in "Where the West Begins."

Universal's "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" is one of the best plays of the season. Cullen played juvenile in it, and they wanted him for another role when he went to Goldwyn to play in the aforesaid Rex Beacher. And this finished, he was offered a five-year contract as a leading juvenile, after signing which he's played twice opposite Mabel Normand in "Upstairs" and "The Empty Paradise," and once with Will Rogers in "Almost a Husband"

"And I suppose everybody is allowed to say who they like best in pictures, aren't they?" Cullen concluded. "Tell 'em that I like Will Rogers. Gee! he's a great scout. He's teaching me how to do fancy roping, and I'm going to show him how to throw spit balls."



IF you would know what makes the wild man look wild, you should have seen Cullen Landis "making up" for above part in Mabel Normand's "The Empty Paradise." A few teeth too many and an absence of pomade—together with a general hungry expression—and there's your Man Friday.

Health Hint

By LEIGH METCALFE

I WAS six years old by the old family Bible when my mother first had me placed before the camera. That was years ago, and yet I am still six; or is it seven? (I must ask my press agent.)

I have been wept over by a hundred crocodile mothers, furnished inspiration for scores of screen criminals, been cast out by uncounted gold-bound curmudgeons, and have eaten a full gross of bananas offered by kidnapers lurking behind the rose hedge.

Bananas, 'tis said, are healthful.

I must, at the next hedge, rejoice. Health is youth!



MISTAKES WOMEN MAKE IN THE CARE OF THEIR COMPLEXIONS

Much homeliness is caused by three common little mistakes

FIRST, many women powder the wrong way:—Many women who appreciate the importance of powdering, fail to understand the right way to do it. Again and again during the day, on the street, in the shops—everywhere—they are powdering, in a frantic effort to overcome a shiny face.

Yet the ugly glisten keeps cropping out.

This is because people make the mistake of applying the powder *directly* to the skin.

If powdering is to be at all lasting, the thing to do is always to apply a powder base. Before you powder, take just a little Pond's Vanishing Cream on the tips of your fingers. Rub it well into your face. Instantly it disappears, leaving your skin softened and refreshed. Now powder, and don't think of it again.

Pond's Vanishing Cream has no oil, so it cannot come out in a shine. More than this, it holds the powder fast to your face two or three times as long as ever before.

Dermatologists say that such a powder base is a *protection* to the skin. It keeps its texture from the coarsening due to exposure.

WHEN you are dressing for the evening, do not make the mistake of failing to freshen your complexion. By lightly rubbing Pond's Vanishing Cream into your skin you can instantly give it a fresher, more vital look.

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THE creams that your skin needs are each very different from the other.



Before going out apply just a bit of Pond's *Vanishing* Cream. It will protect the skin from roughness.

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powder base, as a protection from cold and dust, and to freshen the complexion. Pond's Vanishing Cream is without oil. It is based on an ingredient which physicians have recommended for years for its beautifying properties.

On the other hand, for cleansing, for supplying a lack of oil, and for massage, Pond's *Cold* Cream should be used. Its formula was especially worked out to supply just the amount of oil required for these uses.

Neither of these creams will encourage the growth of hair on the face.

Get a jar or tube of each cream today at any drug or department store.



When you want to look your *best*, smooth a little Pond's *Vanishing* Cream into the face. It gives your skin new freshness and makes the powder stay on.

You have no idea how much dust can work into the pores of your skin until you see how much comes out in the first Pond's Cold Cream cleaning

Below—The Children's Home kiddies in Butte, Montana, just can't wait for the matinee to begin. They get in free.



At the left—Some new League members—women representing The Better Films Association of the Carnegie Public Library at Boise.



Better Film Fight Won!

Producers' organization pledges itself to fight anyone in the industry throwing discredit on screen; Congress to investigate "health" films.

THE motion picture industry itself has thrown all its power and influence into the battle against unclean films, and is out with a shotgun after anyone who will dare to manufacture and attempt to show pictures that will throw discredit on the screen.

At its annual meeting at Rochester the heads of all the companies, through the National Association of the Motion Picture Industry, passed resolutions, unanimously declaring war to the bitter end on anyone making or showing salacious pictures, and obligating themselves to submit every film to the National Board of Review, a voluntary organization of people, representing churches, schools, philanthropic institutions, and public-spirited men and women from every walk in life.

This is the answer to the people who have been advocating state and municipal censorship bodies, in too many cases from a selfish motive. It is voluntary censorship, and will undoubtedly be much more drastic than the legalized censors, who have, in many, many cases, permitted to be shown films of vicious and unclean character.

A few weeks preceding this action the one producer who has made a consistent line of pictures which called forth criticism because of their appeal executed a complete right-about-face, and declared that never again would he make such a picture. He found it bad business, and the program of his future pro-

By JANET PRIEST

ductions backs up in a substantial way his declaration that nothing but the highest-class productions will come from his studios.

And to top it all plans have been completed for an investigation which will place the responsibility for the showing to mixed audiences, of pictures on social evils, which have been masquerading as "health" films.

These events are distinct triumphs for the better film workers of the entire country, thousands of them members of The Better Photoplay League of America, who have labored, some in large cities, some in towns and villages, in clubs and societies or entirely single-handed, to crystallize the public opinion that has always existed in behalf of clean and worth-while films. The Better Photoplay League of America will now be able to enter new fields of usefulness in its service to better film lovers, encouraging the continued improvement of an art that at last begins to represent truly our best citizenry and mental attainments.

THE entire motion picture industry has recently come in for severe criticism on account of such so-called health films as "Fit to Win" and "The End of the Road," with which the recognized producers had nothing to do.

One young girl, after attending a public presentation of one
(Continued on page 110)

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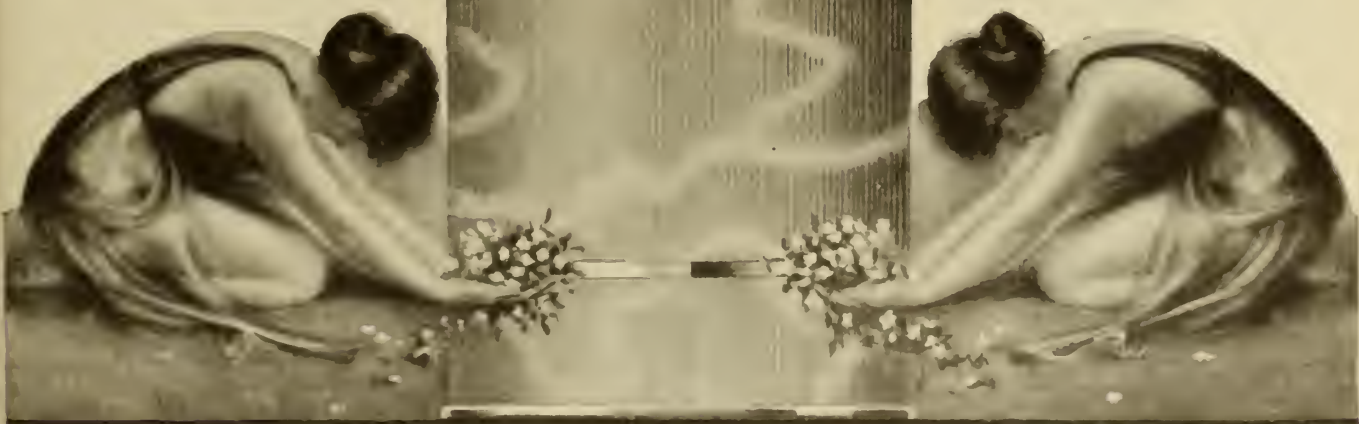


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All sent for a dime. This beautiful 1926 Pompeian Beauty Art Panel, entitled "Sweetest Story Ever Told", is 26 inches long by 8 inches wide, and is finished in colors. With it we will send a sample of Pompeian Fragrance, and also a sample of each of the 3 Pompeian Instant Beauty preparations shown herewith. Send coupon Today.



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They put Mary Pickford on the fire-escape of an honest-to-goodness tenement just to shoot her! The cruel cameraman Charles Rosher is even now focusing his lenses on helpless Little Mary while Sidney Franklin is directing her to look soulful—at the top of his voice. It was all for "The Hoodlum" one of the little star's late First National releases. And—a sop for the fans who are tired of seeing their Mary in rags—she also appears all lucilled up in the latest from the shops.

Plays and Players

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

By CAL YORK

JACK PICKFORD has signed a star contract with Goldwyn for a period of three years. This contract places the baby of the Pickford family in a real stellar position for the first time. Heretofore he has been, generally speaking, "Mary's brother," no matter how sympathetically he portrayed the boy parts his various employers assigned him to do. Now he seems to have definitely dropped the family leaning and is going on his own. I can prove this by a bit of very personal information: Mrs. Charlotte Pickford, assuredly the most businesslike and energetic mother in pictures, was, allegedly, anxious to have Jack under her own wing and is said to have offered him \$85,000 a picture, the films to be released

by First National, Jack's organization to bear all producing costs. The lad—he has just celebrated his twenty-third birthday—chose to go strictly on his own, apparently, and took the Goldwyn offer. This is a straight salary proposition, at \$1,800 a week, \$2,500 a week and \$3,000 a week respectively, for the three years.

HAROLD LLOYD suffered an accident which threatened for a time the film career of this young comedian. The first newspaper accounts were not sanguine: they read that Lloyd—while lighting a cigarette from the fuse of a supposedly harmless studio bomb—had his right hand completely torn off, his face badly lacerated, and his eyeballs

punctured. The surgeons say now that they will be able to save all but a portion of his thumb and index-finger, in the injured hand; that his eyes are not harmed at all, and that his face, while scarred, is scarred in such a small way that the gougings will not show under makeup. He will be able to go on with his work about the first of the year; he is ahead of his releases anyway. A new series of two-reel comedies is scheduled and he had already completed three.

JAMES YOUNG, who is now directing for Selznick, avows his intention of once more making "Mrs. Young" a notable name. Before Young entered pic-
(Continued on page 96)

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X1—The perfectly set Merry W. diamond set with white gold. \$35.



X2—Artistic hand-engraved mounting of platinum. 2 blue-white diamonds in hexagon settings. \$175.



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X7—Superior diamond set Tiffany style, solid gold mounting. \$125.



X8—Beautiful mounting of white gold combined with green gold; one superior diamond. \$30.



X9—Tiffany set with diamond. \$45.



X10—Genuine hand-carved cameo engraved, solid gold. \$7.50.



X11—The Merry W. diamond set with 4 blue-white diamonds in platinum. \$145.



X12—Solid gold, diamond-set the deep Roman finish. \$5.



X13—One diamond set Tiffany style. \$200.



X14—Festive set of solid gold set with 4 blue-white diamonds, 15-inch chain included. \$48.



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X16—Ladies' Belcher ring, one fine diamond. \$35.



X17—Tiffany style ring; one perfectly cut diamond. \$65.



X18—Genuine oval cameo set with two fine diamonds. \$28.50.



X19—Twelve dazzling diamonds, platinum set, surround a beautiful blue faceted sapphire. \$115.



X20—Ladies' Belcher ring, one fine diamond. \$35.



X21—Platinum set 7-diamond cluster. \$65.



X22—Platinum set 7-diamond cluster. \$65.



X23—Genuine oval cameo set with two fine diamonds. \$28.50.



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Plays and Players

(Continued from page 94)



Houdini may be able to conjure cards from Roscoe's ears, sleeve, and suspenders but our Fatty isn't going to believe it, he isn't. He may look gullible, in this country-boy garb, but b'gosh he knows it's only a trick and he can't help looking skeptical. Yes—Fatty just dropped in for a visit, at the Lasky plant where the magician was working.

tures he was an actor and stage director of prominence and in that period married Rida Johnson, the writer. Rida Johnson came to fame as Rida Johnson Young—she wrote "Captain Kidd Jr." and other successful plays. But she didn't remain Mrs. Young. Then James married Clara Kimball, who soon became a famous film star. But when her marriage became null and void she didn't drop the "Young" any more than had Rida Johnson. Now there is again a Mrs. Young; and when he is through with his present engagements it is said Mr. Young will star his wife, who was Clara Whipple, another picture actress of considerable eminence.

WALLIE Reid started in pictures at \$75 a week—some say even less. And now Reid has signed a new contract with Famous Players-Lasky for five years, by the terms of which he will receive, in his fifth year, a compensation equal to that of any male star on the screen. Incidentally he has started work on a picturization of "Hawthorne of the U. S. A.," from the stage play in which Douglas Fairbanks appeared.

FIRST NATIONAL has acquired the Katherine MacDonald productions. This icy young actress, whose beauty stood out in such films as "The Squaw Man" and "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," formed her own company sometime ago and completed two pictures, "The Thunderbolt" and "The Bleeders." The Exhibitors' Circuit has contracted for these and for a series of ten new ones to be delivered for release in two years.

THE Rothacker company of Chicago sent a completely equipped camera crew into Canada for the purpose of securing scenic material for its "Outdoor" series. The first stop made was Banff, and while in that

vicinity the cameramen "covered" Lake Louise and then went inland to country which never before heard the click of the camera.

ELLIOTT DEXTER, one day in the late summer, walked onto the Lasky lot for the first time in nearly four months. As every film-follower is aware, he had been bedridden with a paralytic affliction. Well on the road to recovery when this was written, by now he will undoubtedly have begun work on his initial stellar vehicle, "The Prince Chap." His illness came, you will remember, just as the Famous-Lasky officials decided that his work merited a promotion.

THEODORE KOSLOFF, the Russian dancer, is concentrating his energies on the creeping pastels. He has signed with Famous Players to appear in a special production of "The Wanderer," from the Biblical stage spectacle. M. Kosloff is best-known to the clientele of the Russian and other ballets; but he appeared in one picture: Geraldine Farrar's "The Woman God Forgot," of several seasons back.

CLEO MADISON is back among them on the west coast—working in a serial called "The Radium Mystery." The first three episodes were shot at Universal City, Cleo's old optic home, and the other instalments will be taken in the Montana and Wyoming sections which Fred Stone made so popular as movie locations.

TWO recent commuters to California were Myrtle Stedman and Betty Blythe. Both have parts in the Rex Beach picture, "The Silver Horde" now in process of manufacture at Goldwyn's Culver City studios. Miss Stedman—one of the best-known feminine leads on the screen—she

Plays and Players

(Continued)

has been prominent since the Morosco film days, will play *Cherry Malotte*. Miss Blythe—you will remember her with Vita graph.

HAZEL DALY is Tom Moore's leading woman in a new picture Harry Beaumont is directing. Miss Daly, you know, is Mrs. Beaumont outside the studio.

NAZIMOVA has selected a new director. His name is Charles Bryant, who is more or less familiar to you as Madame's leading man. He is also Madame's husband and business manager. Right now there are no other jobs for him.

IT IS gossiped about Hollywood that pretty Alice Lake is to be starred by Metro in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." Miss Lake has shown much emotional ability in her recent Metro pictures and Director General Maxwell Karger is convinced that she is star material. Another comedy queen going up. Alice just finished playing "Nora" in Bert Lytell's "Lombardi, Ltd."

MAURICE TOURNEUR is doing into celluloid Robert Louis Stevenson's immortal tale, "Treasure Island." In it the boy hero will be played, as it was on the stage, by a girl, Shirley Mason having been chosen for the role of "Jim Hawkins." Jack Holt, who until this experience, has never essayed a character role, is doing "Long John Silver" and that noted artist, "Bull" Montana, is another of the pirates bold. According to the Tourneur script the story will be more or less idealized, much as the noted French screen translator filmed "The Bluebird." The work is being done at Goldwyn's Culver City studio but Famous Players-Lasky will release "Treasure Island."

LOIS WILSON, who "broke into" the L movies as J. Warren Kerrigan's leading lady as the result of a Universal popularity contest four or more years ago, has signed her name to a Lasky contract. She is to officiate as Bryant Washburn's leading lady and she will be seen soon in "It Pays to Advertise."

AFTER nearly a year picture-making on the west coast, Anita Stewart is back home—home being Bayshore, Long Island, where she and her husband, Rudy Cameron, are resting preparatory to resuming film activities on the Atlantic side of the continent. Miss Stewart's latest photoplay "In Old Kentucky" makes the fourth unreleased Stewart picture which First National has in reserve. By the way: the youngest member of the family, George, is Mary Miles Minter's juvenile leading man in "Anne of Green Gables."

THURSTON Hall, the excellent character actor who contributed to the celluloid one of its finest performances: as *J. Boone Hunter* in Universal's "The Weaker Vessel", has made a complete transition to the legitimate. He went to Atlantic City to play one of the leading parts in a play put on by Oliver Morosco, "Civilian Clothes," which would probably have been seen in Manhattan before this time if it hadn't been for the theatrical strike.

FANNIE WARD is coming back to screen activity. Miss Ward, with her husband and leading man, Jack Dean, left our shores some months ago, and has since been residing in London. Now we hear that she will appear in William A. Brady's first for-
eign production—for which he completed



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Quaker Oats yields 1810 calories per pound. Round steak yields 890. So oats are twice as nutritious as beef, measured on the calory basis.

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Average Meats	45c	Eggs	60c
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Plays and Players

(Continued)



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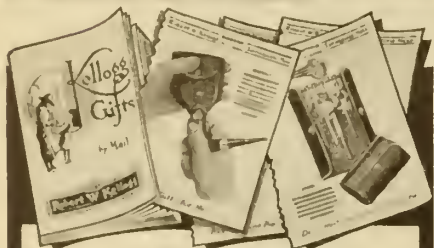
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Robert W. Kellogg

1406 Longmeadow St., Springfield, Mass.



You may think that the Talmadge sisters only took this pose for the purposes of this picture. Well, you're wrong. For every morning the three—Constance, Norma and Natalie—rise early, jump into their middy blouses—they all have short hair so that's no trouble—and take their morning exercises from Captain David Kirkland, who is also Connie's film director. Then they all motor to town from this Bayshore home for the day's work in the Talmadge studio.

arrangements when he was recently on the other side. The new concern is the Film D'Art by name; and the Ward picture will be filmed—parts of it at least—in France.

REALART will release all the future productions of Allan Dwan. The Arthur Kane concern came to an agreement with Mayflower Pictures by which they will handle the series. Dwan—who came to recognition in the Triangle days, and as director for the Douglas Fairbanks organization—has lately completed "Soldiers of Fortune" from Richard Harding Davis' story, and is working now on "Luck o' the Irish."

KENNETH HARLAN is back at Universal, after having played opposite Mary Pickford for a time. This time he is co-starring with Helen Jerome Eddy in a serial.

PAULINE STARKE is playing an ingenue for the first time in her screen career—with Clara Kimball Young in "Eyes of Youth." Because she can do that sort of thing so well. Pauline has always been cast as the poor persecuted celluloid child, but now she can do the frolicsome stuff to her heart's content.

THE Catherine Van Buren who plays opposite Mitchell Lewis in "The Last of his People" looks very much like Mabel Van Buren—who created the screenie "Girl of the Golden West." No wonder: Catherine is Mabel's daughter.

EILEEN PERCY is now Mrs. Ulric Busch. Young Busch is a grand-nephew of the inventor of Budweiser. He has also succumbed to the lure of the cinema; I hear that both he and his sister Mary Busch are appearing in a social satire with Lew Cody at Astra. Eileen is Lew's temporary leading woman.

REALART has contracted for the productions of another director: Emile Chautard. The Frenchman's first independent picture of his series of six is a filmization of "The Mystery of the Yellow Room" from the novel of Gaston Leroux.

RITA STANWOOD returns to the screen after an absence of three years in support of her husband H. B. Warner, in a forthcoming Hampton production. She had been chiefly occupied for the past year conducting the infant education of daughter Joan.

CREIGHTON HALE, late of the serials, and Ray McKee, late sergeant for Uncle Sam, are additional World acquisitions. Supporting Hale in his first picture will be Virginia Valli, the brunette ex-Essanayite from Chicago. McKee will do light comedies.

FOX bought the cinema rights to Mark Twain's "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court." Tom Mix will be presented in the role of the Yankee of the famous satire.

Plays and Players

(Continued)

IF you were a follower of the flicker-drama in the days when it was young, you remember the Flying A stock company, and the little brunette who was the heroine of half of its releases. Vivian Rich. She has been off the screen for a long time now—and the latest news from her is not about the resumption of her dramatic activities but the announcement of the birth of a son. She married and retired; she is Mrs. Ralph Jesson.

NO sooner had Houdini finished "The Grim Game" for Famous Players-Lasky than Jesse, manager of the last half of the concern, secured his signature to a new contract. By the terms of this agreement Houdini will remain with the Zukor organization for an indefinite time.

THEODORE ROBERTS, I believe, holds the record for faithful dramatic service to one company. He has signed a new contract with Lasky by the terms of which he will remain with them for his sixth year in pictures. He has never been with any other company.

E. K. LINCOLN has signed a contract with American Cinema. He will make four productions a year. A favorite star since his Vitagraph days—in which he gained initial recognition with Anita Stewart in "A Million Bid"—Lincoln's latest appearance was in "Desert Gold" the Hodkinson picturization of Zane Grey's western novel.

THE screen lost one of its great heavies when Robert McKim left acting for directing. He used to make things hot for Bill Hart in the old Ince-Triangle pictures such as "The Devil's Double" and he has lately been continuing as the villainous half-breed in "The Westerners" from the Stewart Edward White story. And upon completion of another bad man role in Rex Beach's "Silver Horde" at Goldwyn, McKim will direct for the Great Authors' corporation.

DO you remember Greta Ahrlin-Gretchen-Hartman-Sonia-Markova-Hale? She's coming back. The lady of the many names—who is in private life the wife of Alan Hale, well-known blonde leading man—has a part in a forthcoming Doris Kenyon picture, "The Bandbox." This is Mrs. Hale's first screen appearance in some time.

LILA LEE came east this month for a little vacation. With her was Mrs. Gus Edwards, her foster-mother. You know Lila used to be "Cuddles" of the Gus Edwards vaudeville revue. She finished a picture called "The Heart of Youth," and now she is scheduled for a new Cecil DeMille subject following her success in that director's "Male and Female—Created He Them" from "The Admirable Crichton" in which she played the slavey. Now she is to play opposite Walfie Reid, as the featured lead however, in "Hawthorne of the U. S. A." James Cruze is handling the megaphone on the job "Hawthorne" was acquired from Essanay who purchased the film rights several years ago. It's the play that gave Doug Fairbanks his favorite stage role back in his precinema days.

WEBSTER CAMPBELL, who has found the lure of Wall Street more poignant of late than the lure of the celluloid, has decided to cast his lot once more with Vitagraph. He will be the leading man in a new series of O. Henry stories, supporting Gypsy O'Brien, a recruit from the stage. Mr. Campbell, it might be mentioned in passing, is the husband of Corinne Griffith, the Vitagraph star.

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I build your vitality so that all sorts of physical ailments are relieved by Nature's methods—no drugs nor medicines. I strengthen your heart, teach you how to stand, to walk and breathe correctly. I have spent 16 years at this work leading physicians endorse me. My booklet telling how to stand and walk correctly is free. Shall I mail it to you NOW? If later you desire my services you will find the cost most reasonable. Write me.

Susanna Cocroft

624 S. Michigan Ave., Dept. 35, CHICAGO

Miss Cocroft is nationally recognized as an authority on conditioning women as our training camps have conditioned our men. (8619)



Plays and Players

(Continued)

"SOME ONE MUST PAY" is the illuminating title of a new Ivan Abramson drama, recently completed, with Jackie Saunders. Miss Saunders is now with World, in a stellar capacity.

MARGUERITE CLARK will be a Manhattanite again soon. She never liked the west, and it was only on this trip that she found it endurable at all. Famous Players-Lasky made it so comfortable for her—with a private dressing-room bungalow and southern California location trips and all—that she was prevailed upon to stay for a while. But now that she has about finished "Luck in Pawn" she will, with her husband, H. Palmerson Williams, return to the east.

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE, if you recognize your Fatty under such a dignified title—has moved his organization from Glendale to Culver City, where he has taken a new studio. It is one of the best-equipped and most modern along the coast. His first comedy in his new surroundings will be a rural affair, including the ebullient Buster Keaton and pretty little Molly Malone.

VINCENT SERRANO, the man who created the part of Lieut. Denton in "Arizona,"—the stage version,—is picture acting with Clara Kimball Young in "Eyes of Youth," Marjorie Rambeau's Broadway success. He was brought to the coast from New York especially to play the Yogi, and claims that he likes pictures considerably, inasmuch as he drew more than a month's salary before he did any work.

"PRINCESS" DALLA PATTRA, who says that she's the escaped daughter of the khedive of Egypt, is in the western film colony and is going to appear in a film version of the Sultan's harem. Dalla Pattra looks a lot like Theda Bara, eats large quantities of garlic, and wears several different kinds of furs each day. She worked a while at Vitagraph.

MELBURNE MacDOWELL'S wife has separated herself from him. MacDowell, who has been for some time with Ince, is the one-time spouse of the famous Fanny Davenport, and is himself well known as a classical actor.

WITH the most prosperous era in the history of the cinema before them, picture producers are making more or less frenzied efforts to corral stars—feminine ones chiefly, although several masculine players are filing daily offers. Likewise it is the golden age for the exhibitor for every theater owner in the country who has an ounce of go-to-it-iveness in his veins is reaping the harvest notwithstanding the fact that he is paying more for his commodity than even dreamed of a year ago. As an instance of the remarkable rise in film rentals, the first Fairbanks release via the United Artists (Big Four) is being distributed on a basis of \$1,000,000 gross for the United States. One can only realize the tremendous advance when it is considered that the best any Fairbanks picture has ever done was something like \$300,000 covering a period of two years rentals.

The Big Four is using the coming Mary Pickford pictures as bait, exhibitors who sign for the Fairbanks photoplay being given the privilege of taking "Pollyanna", the first Pickford Big Four release, at a figure yet to be fixed. The new Fairbanks picture, "His Majesty, the American," likewise, is the most costly one ever manufactured by that dynamic star as it is said to have caused

an outlay of more than \$300,000. The sets used alone, cost something like \$50,000. So other producers watching these mounting prices in pop-eyed amazement are rushing madly about offering stars hitherto unheard of sums to don makeup in their behalf.

WHEN it was beginning to look as though Jack Pickford had a rough trail ahead of him, cinematically speaking, along came Goldwyn and signed him at a reputed salary of \$2,000 weekly. Jack immediately quit New York to join the galaxy of stars at Goldwyn's Culver City institute.

PRISCILLA DEAN is back at Universal City after an exciting experience as a near free lance. Priscilla made a contract with Universal a couple of years ago which carried an option for an additional year at a stated salary. The greed upon stipend looked pretty good then but nowadays it wouldn't have paid the salary of a good "bit" player. A legal flaw was found in the "poipers" and Priscilla announced that Universal would see her no more unless she happened to peep over the fence from the roof of her limousine. After considerable dicker-ing Universal admitted that the salary mentioned in the option was more or less piffing and Priscilla came back to draw a weekly pay check that will augment her bank balance quite a bit. During the parleying, however, Miss Dean received offers from practically every important producing company in the field at figures ranging up into the thousands. Not so bad for a girl who thought seventy-five a week was a fortune two years ago.

MILDRED HARRIS CHAPLIN'S first independent production under the Louis Mayer banner will be "Old Dad" from the novel by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott. Waldemar Young has done the adaptation and Joseph Henabery, for a long time Douglas Fairbanks' right hand man, will be the director with a schedule calling for the beginning of work early in October. Mrs. Chaplin's health is said to be wholly restored and she looks forward to her new work with a great deal of pleasure, although Husband Charlie, it is understood, is still opposed to his wife engaging in toil again. An attempt was made by Mr. Mayer to obtain "The Little Minister" for his new star, but Mr. Barrie was unwilling to part with it although the magnate is alleged to have bid as high as \$50,000 for the film rights to the famous novel and play.

HOUSE PETERS is back in Hollywood after a two years absence. He returned to play the leading role in "Love, Honor and Obey", the first of the Monte Katterjohn productions to be made by Harry Garson. The director is Al Green, long acclaimed as "the best assistant in the business." He was assistant to Colin Campbell when "The Spoilers" and other historic Selig sunplays were made and for two years was assistant to Marshall Neilan. He has also directed a number of pictures for Fox and Selig. The Katterjohn film will have something of an all-star cast as it will include such feminine celebrities as Mary Alden, Mildred Reardon and Ruth Sinclair, in private life Mrs. Irving Cummings. The newly organized Equity Company, which will distribute the Clara Kimball Young films, will also market the Katterjohn productions.

VIOLET HEMING is back in New York, footlighting it again, after doing the title role of "Everywoman" for Lasky in Hollywood. She had a lot of trouble getting back because of the prevalent

Plays and Players

(Continued)

railroad strike. Accommodations were scarce and finally she told Studio Manager Fred Kley that she would take a Pullman section if no drawing room or compartment could be had. Upon boarding the train she learned that the upper and lower berths of her section were in different cars but Violet said she was going on that train if she had to sit up in a chair for four days and nights. She didn't have to sit up.

THERE is an interesting story behind the acquisition of "The Miracle Man," George Loane Tucker's sensational photoplay success. The stage play of that name was written by George M. Cohan from Frank Packard's novel and ever since it was first produced on the stage Tom Meighan had an overwhelming desire to play the part of "Burke" on the screen. So he went to Cohan, a warm personal friend and got a price for the film rights. Being an actor and not a salesman, the virile Tom had some difficulty in persuading producers that the story was worth \$25,000. But one day he encountered Tucker, who was looking for a story. Tom sprung his oft-told tale. Tucker thought a bit and agreed with Tom that it would make a good photoplay but, said the director, who could he get to play the leading male role? Tom modestly suggested "Mr. Thomas Meighan," but George Loane couldn't see Tom as the hardened crooked "Burke." Long arguments followed; Meighan agreed to play the role for nothing, a proposition which, of course, Tucker would not hear, but he finally was convinced that Tom could play it. It was a good "hunch" on Tom's part and excellent business judgment on the director's part as the picture already is said to have brought a million dollars into the coffers of the Zukor corporation.

"POLLYANNA" which every Pickford fan believes was especially written to be preserved in gelatine by Mary is to be her next—and first Big Four production. Frances Marion, who wrote the scripts for most of Mary's Arcraft successes and then joined the William Randolph Hearst film forces at a U. S. president's salary, is to preside over the adaptation and Paul Powell is the director. Mr. Powell graduated into films from the local room of a Los Angeles newspaper and for several years was a Griffith aide. One of his best was Doug Fairbanks' "The Matrimaniac." More recently he has been with Universal. A record price is said to have been paid for the right to do "Pollyanna," exceeding even the \$40,000 expended for "Daddy-Long-Legs."

HENRY WALTHALL has changed camps, quitting National for Allan Dwan. The latter has begun operations with a second company commanded by Art Rosson, his former assistant, and Walthall is to be the featured player in the first production, a picturization of "The Splendid Hazard." The chief feminine role is in the capable hands of Rosemary Theby who has been serializing with Francis Ford for a dozen or two episodes.

ETHEL GRANDIN, star of many an early Ince picture and the heroine of "Traffic in Souls," the first big film money-maker, is doing what is popularly known as a "comeback" at Universal City. She is to be starred in "Beyond Price," a feature production which is being filmed by William C. Dowlan. About five years ago Miss Grandin married Percy Smallwood, now in charge of the photography department at Metro studio, and since that time she has devoted herself to the simple domestic life



Film on Teeth

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Not the Teeth

All Statements Approved by High
Dental Authorities

Millions of Teeth Are Wrecked by It

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It clings to the teeth and enters crevices. The tooth brush does not end it. The ordinary dentifrice does not dissolve it. So millions find that teeth discolor and decay despite their daily brushing.

The film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So brushing does not save the teeth if it leaves that film around them.

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Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly combat it.

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Now active pepsin is made possible by a harmless activating method. Because of patents it is found in Pepsodent alone.

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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.



It's Happened to Us.

YOUR recent number just perused. Regarding the first item under your section, "A Good Joke on Nature," evidently Mr. Underwood forgets that the letter might have been mailed in September and not received until the following spring. With Mr. Burleson at the head of the P. O. Dept., this is quite plausible. Verdad?

H. B. S., Idaho Falls.

Where There's Smoke There Must Be a Fireman.

I JUST saw "Elmo the Mighty"—7th episode. Elmo was tied to a flat car, the engineer was knocked unconscious, nobody aboard but Elmo and he was rope-tied. But at the same time there came black smoke out of the engine showing that somebody was firing the engine.

JEPHTHAS, Canton, O.

Presto!

IN "Something to Do" starring Bryant Washburn, I noticed he had a photograph of Janet, a full-sized front view picture. But as he crossed the room, I caught a glimpse of the photograph again—and this time it was a bust size picture and a profile at that.

P. M., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Ain't Nature Wonderful?

IN the picture "The Jungle Trail" with William Farnum, after many days wandering in the jungle, he was shown in a close-up lying on the beach and he was as smooth shaven as if he had just stepped out of a barber shop. So then Wanda found him and she sprinkled some water on his face to revive him and in another close-up he had about a half inch growth of beard. Some water.

MILDRED GILBERT.

Scandal in the Farmyard.

MISS MARGUERITE CLARK, as Ann, in "Little Miss Hoover" purchases for 1,000 simoleons 1 White Leghorn Rooster, and at 5 simoleons each 11 White Leghorn Hens, all of supposedly purest and whiteleghornest breeding. Later, the incubator at the farm breaks down, and Ann as fostermother, with the aid of a rubber hotwater bottle, has to complete the hatching of the setting of eggs in bed. The chickens are bays, chestnuts, blacks, creams and pintos. It may be true, however, that chickens hatched by means of a striped-red rubber hotwater bottle take on their colorature from such a bottle.

LOUIS DUNCAN RAY, Detroit, Mich.

Commendable Respect for the Law.

IN "Come on In," when the Colonel is locked up in the cellar, Eddie tries to open the front door, but finds it locked. Yet, when the police come, it opens very readily.

HENRY FENN, Newport, R. I.

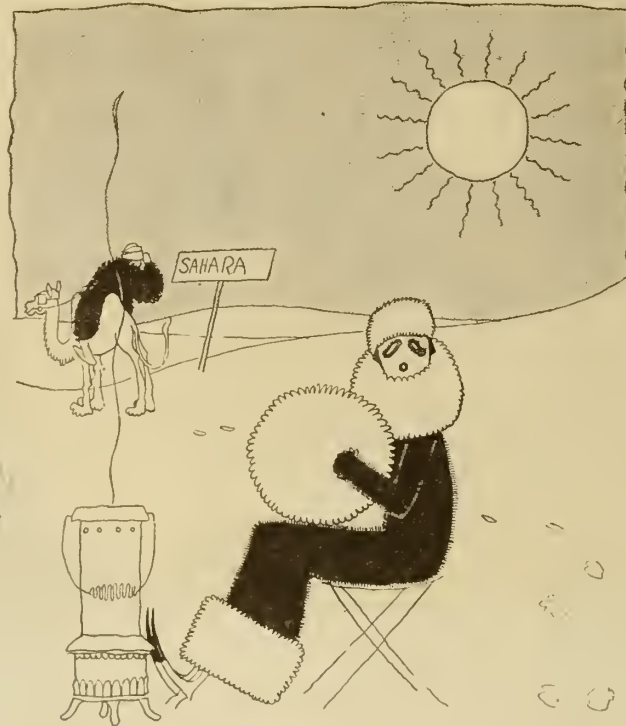
Even the Word "Tarantula" Frightens Us.

I PROTEST the criticism of "The Tiger's Trail" in October PHOTOPLAY, signed L. V. Barlament, Green Bay, Wis. He—or she—explains that Noah Webster rates the dreaded tarantula as being non-poisonous and that its sting is no more painful than that of a wasp. This critic therefore concludes that as a "thrill," the spectacle of a tarantula on Ruth Roland's arm didn't "get over."

I maintain that such a sight is sufficient to rouse the horror in any genuine movie-goer who does not permit his responsiveness to be suppressed by cold, picayunish analysis. A tarantula may not be poisonous but he is certainly a thrilling animal.

This reminds me somewhat disconnectedly of the retort of the Irishman, in replying to the contention that a "barking dog doesn't bite." "You know it," said Pat, "and I know it, but bedivvle does the dog know it?"

PITTYPAT VAN D., St. Louis.



When Desert Sands Grow Cold

Louise Glauum wore a fur overcoat in the hot Sahara desert in her picture "Sahara"

MONA M., New York.

Bet She was Typing a Cryptogram.

IN "The Career of Catherine Bush" there is an incident in which Catherine Calvert typewrites from dictation. The only trouble with her technique is that she never moves the paper up on the roller—just brings the carriage back and superimposes line after line. Ah, well, we can't all be good stenographers.

DICK FAHY, Bayside, L. I.

Mebbe Brightville Started It.

IN D. W. Griffith's "True Heart Susie" a member of Brightville's fast set is seen dancing the "shimmie" although the time of the play is 1909.

D. I. DAY, St. Louis.

Donated by Humidity, Perhaps.

WHEN Dorothy Dalton in "Hard Boiled" goes to the well with a glass pitcher, she starts away with it half full. When she has reached the door it is three quarters full and in the house it is almost filled to the top.

Do you suppose it rained between scenes?

J. A. FOWLE, Providence, R. I.

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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.



JEANNE, SECOND.—Your questions take the buckwheats. "Are all movie stars as pretty in real life as they are on the screen?" If I answered that I'd be what we are told not to call our brothers. Rod La Rocque's latest is "The Greater Love" with Mollie King for American Cinema. Rod is a freelance; he is also appearing in "The Trap" with Olive Tell which Universal is releasing. Nice boy.

ATHALIE K., NEW YORK CITY.—The heroine in the popular novel is a most gifted young woman. She can converse in any language. When the hero asks her gently to marry him she replies in Sanskrit that as soon as she has accomplished her mission in life—that of bringing more sweetness and light into the lives of the oppressed office-boys—she'll be very glad to do a double Mendelssohn. Or she just loves Chopin and tortures the ivories every evening after dinner. Sometimes she quotes little things in Greek. If real girls were like that I'd be a hermit. Dorothy Greene is with World now—Fort Lee, New Jersey.

SHIRLEY S., ATLANTA.—You are, indeed, Mrs. Leo Hunter herself. I think hero-worship is absurd—heroine-worship—ah, that's different. Now there is some rhyme and reason in eulogizing the beach ornaments. I'm an Answer Man by profession and a poet by confession. Mary MacLaren isn't married. No, I do not wear glasses. Except figurative rose-colored ones.

FRANK Y. Y., PERKINE, CAL.—I never heard of Perkine before. I have a little book in which I keep all the names of those towns which intrigue me. Wilton Lackaye was Svengali in "Trilby." Clara Kimball Young used her eyes to great advantage in the silent version of the DuMaurier play. "Trilby—Trilby—sing!" But why should Clara wish to sing? Sessue Hayakawa, Harworth Pictures Corporation, Los Angeles. His little wife, Tsuru Aoki, is to be a star in her own right for Universal. Her first, "The Breath of the Gods."

CHARLIENNE SPENCER, ANACONDA, MONT.—I prefer Boa Constrictor myself, although Miss Anna is nice, too. "La Belle Russe" is a Theda Bara-Fox picture. So is "Kathleen Mavourneen."

RUTH TODD, BUFFALO.—No, I shouldn't imagine a roller-coaster at Coney would give an aviator much of a thrill. Alice Joyce is with Vitagraph—address her care that company, Brooklyn, New York. I know her personal address, but there doesn't seem to be any particular reason why I should divulge it to an eager public. The poor girl has to have some privacy, you know. But she doesn't live in Brooklyn—she only works there—I can tell you that much.

CASTLE CLIP.—I don't see how you girls ever concoct such delicious names for me. But my answers under any name would be as sweet. I am noncommittal on the subject of bobbed hair. I always liked Irene Castle's. She is now Mrs. Robert Treman. Do you make good fudge? David Powell waxes Louis Malcourt in "The Firing Line." Story coming about him very soon.

TONY MORENO Rooter.—Bill Desmond married Mary McIvor. Harry Morey is married, but I haven't his wife's maiden name. Maxine Elliot is abroad right now; she is the sister of Gertrude, who is Lady Forbes-Robertson in private life. That distinguished English actor did a film version of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" some time ago. I didn't see that, but I did see the legitimate presentation.

A. F. C., MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Eddie Polo is in Europe now. He and his company—director, J. P. McGowan; leading lady, Peggy O'Dare, et al.—are scouring England and the continent for suitable scenes in the new Polo serial. I hear that it is to be his last for Universal. He is married—not to Miss O'Dare, however. Juanita Hansen is enjoying single blessedness I believe.

DIMPLES, NEB.—I'm sure Mary wouldn't be mad if you sent her a tatted yoke you made her. Send it to her at her studios in Hollywood. She is always glad when people like her; she has told me so. Of course I'll be nice to you, child; why shouldn't I be? And when you say I'm as clever as Douglas Fairbanks—well, my old straw no longer fits, that's all.

BARBARA F. BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—Where the shapely cornflakes come from. I'm always glad to get letters from little girls. Ralph Graves may be addressed at

the Griffith studios in Hollywood, California. Did you like our story about Ralph? Norma and Constance Talmadge, Talmadge studios, New York City. Norma is older. The Gishes and Barthelmess, same address as Mr. Graves. I think he'll answer you.

PEARL WHITE THE SECOND.—There's just one Pearl that I know in pictures. Miss White has left Pathe, you know, to go to Fox, where she will not make serials, but indulge in straight dramatics. Pearl's first release is from a stage play, "Tiger's Cub." Write her again, at the Fox Film Corporation and I think she'll send you her picture. She's very obliging that way. Ruth Roland is still a serial star; she's doing a new one for Pathe at their Glendale Studios, California.

ELIZABETH, THOMASVILLE.—Oh, yes, letters regarding Wallace Reid and Norma Talmadge are very rare indeed. As rare, in fact, as popular songs about the Far East, strikes in Chicago, soot in Pittsburgh, or a California beach adorned with several Sennett bathing girls. I can't tell you anything about these two players you don't know. Miss Talmadge is Mrs. Joseph Schenck—he is her manager. One of Wally's latest pictures is "The Lottery Man." He has one son, Bill, Junior.

EULA, INDIANAPOLIS.—Mary Fuller hasn't been on the screen for a long time. I wish she'd come back, too; I always enjoyed her. Remember "What Happened to Mary," and "Mary Stuart" and "The Doings of Dolly," all for Edison? Mary did that Lasky picture with Lou Tellegen some time ago.

P. D. Q., CANTON, OHIO.—I have answered you as per your initials. Thank you so much for a sample of William's product, Spearmint. My well-known fellow-citizen, Mr. Wrigley, seems to be monopolizing Catalina Island. I shall not chew it; I do not chew gum—or anything. But I shall keep it, wondering all the time if it is really true that the flavor lasts. You think I have wonderful control over my temper. My dear girl, I have it subjected completely. Douglas Fairbanks is divorced; the former Beth Fairbanks married James Evans, a broker. There's a Douglas, Junior, who lives with his mother.

(Continued)

METHUSALAH, PORT HENRY.—I can't give you the names of all the Sennett girls. They come and go like the crew of a Bering Sea whaler. Besides there is a round—pardon me—dozen of them. The more prominent, however—at this writing anyway—are Phyllis Haver, the blonde bebe; Marie Prevost, the little brunette venus; Louise Fazenda, comedienne; and Harriett Hammond.

SOPHOMORE, P. H. S.—Both "Les Miserables" and "A Tale of Two Cities" have been filmed. In both Bill Farnum played the leading roles. Fox made them; and they both rank among the best in celluloid fictionizations. Jewel Carmen shone, really for the first time, in the former; and Florence Vidor was discovered in the latter.

MARIE, TROY, ALABAMA.—Oh, don't be afraid to write to Lew Cody. Management Louis Gasnier, Los Angeles. He can't vamp you on paper—besides from the tone of your letter I imagine you have already succumbed to our chocolate-coated caveman.

JESSICA, MANHATTAN.—Marion Davies works at the Biograph studios in the Bronx, New York, and lives on Riverside Drive—but write to her at 729 Seventh Avenue.—Marion Davies Film Company, and it will reach her. Marion always sends her pictures. Albert Ray in "Love is Love" with Elinor Fair,—the pretty little girl who has a part in "The Miracle Man." Address these young co-stars care Fox, Hollywood. Jack Sherrill, Frohman Amusement Corporation. No, he isn't Texas Guinan's "regular" leading man; she has various actors to play opposite her: Jack Richardson and George Chesbro, for instance.

N. MCB., MONTGOMERY.—You say men are commonly more untruthful than women. Well, what are we going to do when you girls ask us if you are the only one we ever loved? Mae Murray is Mrs. Bob Leonard in private life. As soon as she finishes "The Woman in White" under Leonce Perret's direction, Mae will take a featured role in Famous Players-Lasky's "On With the Dance," so you might address her care the latter concern. Harrison Ford, I believe, has been married.

O. C. B. BLUE EYES.—I don't know the name of "the little girl who was convicted in the Fox play." From your description it might be any one of these persecuted damsels: Miriam Cooper, Gladys Brockwell or Madlaine Travers. However, it may have been Enid Markey. She made her latest screen appearance with Montagu Love in a Stage Women's War Relief film; Universal is handling that series.

GRACE G., PITTSBURGH.—Has Norma Talmadge ever been an actress? Well, I should say she has been an actress right along. However as I presume you mean has she ever been a legitimate or stage performer, I won't trifle with you; she hasn't. She went right from high school to the Vitagraph studio and she has been an actress ever since.

RALPH KELLARD FAX.—So far as I know your favorite isn't booked for any new serials. I will let you know as soon as he is. Mary Pickford isn't going to retire; at least she hasn't told me about it.

GEORGE, LONG ISLAND CITY.—On the behalf of the Magazine you think I should apologize for our seeming neglect of Marvel Rae. With a rooster like you, George, Mar-

vel is bound to achieve deserved recognition. No, I don't think you're crazy for liking her; write to her at the Mack Sennett studios. I'll pass on your suggestions for a story and—yes, I agree with you that in Marvel's case there is something in a name.

BOBBY V., NEW BRITAIN.—So you like my department as well as the reading matter, do you? Thank you. Gail Henry, the comedienne, is back in pictures; she works at her studio in Los Angeles turning out elongated laughs for the Model Film company. Mary Pickford, Pickford studios, Hollywood.

AUGUST B., CHICAGO.—I haven't any real favorites among my contributors but I may say that the girl—the romantic girl who feels that she is not behaving properly by writing to a man she doesn't know—intrigues me. She is so quaint. I like, too, the girl who is studying French by one of the "only approved methods" and springs her lately-acquired knowledge on the helpless Answer Man. William Desmond, Hampton, L. A. Desmond and his wife, Mary McIvor, recently flew to Catalina on a vacation. I always knew Bill would rise.

M. E. C., ST. PAUL.—Tom Moore's wife is Alice Joyce, the pensive figurante of some of our best Vitagraphs. Alice is in New York, where she commutes to the Vitagraph studios in Brooklyn; while Moore is with Goldwyn and works in Culver City, California. Little Alice Mary Moore, their little daughter, recently went west to pay her dad a visit. Ruth Roland divorced Lionel Kent.

THE QUAKER MAIL, PHILADELPHIA.—Make the Answer Man your model of patience and keep on waiting for that photo of Sessue Hayakawa. Sessue is quite an idol in Los Angeles society, I hear: he is among those present at musicales and dances and teas and all. I don't see when he gets time to make his pictures. Tsuru Aoki, his wife, is now a star for Universal. Have no record of a Katherine Griffith.

MORNING GLORY, MIAMI, OKLAHOMA.—So you want a list of all the beautiful actresses. Do you want me to lose my job? Suppose I overlooked one?

JEWEL BETH.—Nobody is interested in the six best sellers any more; it's the six best cellars everyone wants to know about. Florence Vidor may be reached in care of King Vidor, Brentwood productions, Hollywood, California. She has a small daughter, Suzanne; about one year old now. No, no—Zasu Pitts is no relation to the Vidors except in art; she plays regularly in Vidor productions.

BEA, OAKLAND.—What next? Now you come along calling me the "Knight Errant of the Photoplay." You're right about the last half of it, anyway. Please do not think I don't take you seriously; I really think it is very good of you to read my columns every month. Note what you say about long, personal answers; glad you like them. Norma Talmadge has her own studio, managed by Joseph Schenck, where she will continue to make pictures regardless of any new releasing arrangements with First National.

MISS K., CALIFORNIA.—You're not a bit of trouble. So you have seen Carmel Myers in vaudeville, Crane Wilbur in stock and Billie Rhodes in person? I'll say you have mighty little else to live for. Billie has her

own company for National, managed by her husband, Smiling Bill Parsons. Wilbur seems to be more of a playwright of late than an actor. Miss Myers is in Manhattan now, preparing for an appearance in musical comedy.

DORIS J., BIRMINGHAM.—Just a minute until I get my breath. Did I understand you to say I was your favorite author? Pardon me; you'll have to speak more distinctly next time. Constance Talmadge isn't engaged—but it's not the fault of any of the ardent swains who are always following her about. Wyndham Standing is her leading man in "A Temperamental Wife"—a Loos-Emerson picture. Connie's second First National is an adaptation of Clyde Fitch's "The Bachelor."

BLUEBIRD.—More than the martyrs of history and fiction I admire the woman who holds her tongue and the man who minds his own business. PHOTOPLAY hasn't neglected the Talmadges. Picture of all four Talmadges appear in the rotogravure section of this issue and there is one of Constance in the art section.

THE MYSTIC ROSE.—Dear child, I have been neglecting you, I'm afraid. And when you're a five-weeks-old eighteener, too! Ah, Ethel, you may think you know all about love, moonlight and Indiana after having seen "Seventeen" but until you have read Booth Tarkington's "Ramsey Milholland"—well, as a vehicle of divine puppy-love, it has "Seventeen" skinned a marine mile. This book is new so hasn't been caught by the cinema yet. Jack Pickford was Billy Baxter in "Seventeen."

TIGER ROSE, TARRYTOWN.—I took a vacation, thank you; that is, I tried to take one. I didn't get very far. I postponed leaving town and every afternoon at three I'd begin to yawn and then I'd wander down to the office to look over my mail. You people have taken a real hold on me. It was nice of you to remember me with a card. Is the water really that blue? I always wonder about summer-resort post-cards. Nazimova, Metro studios, Hollywood, California.

DARLINE, HERINGTON, KANSAS.—I'd change the last letter of your name but I'm always afraid of these breach-of-promise suits. Think what Earle Williams lost. I never could lose that much money but just the same I'm not taking any chances. If your hair looks black as coal in the shade and shines in the sun, I should say you were a disappointed blonde. I don't know what makes girls so movie-struck. If I told you you'd probably get that way, too. Marguerite Clark is Mrs. H. Palmer-son Williams, he reiterated, yawning.

DOROTHY B., BROOKLINE.—Thanks so much for the little book you made for me. I may be able to find some use for it in the department. I really appreciate such things as this and I assure you that although I may look like Father Time I don't feel like him. You cheered me up wonderfully. Glad to tell you that Francis Grandon is now directing Texas Guinan. "The Dead Man's Hand," written by Julian Johnson, is one of their pictures.

THELMA, ATHENIA, N. J.—Bobby Har-ron isn't married. He was born in New York—and he lived in Greenwich Village. He has several brothers younger than himself, I think. Harron is still with Griffith.

(Continued on page 108)

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Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 106)



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Smooth and velvety as the petals of a rose is the complexion aided by

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This delicate beautifier imparts an indefinable charm—a charm which lingers in the memory.

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can be quickly and easily attached to any style of corset.

The unique VELVET GRIP feature of the "Sew-On"—an all-rubber, oblong button is proof against "slips" and the ruthless ripping of silken hose threads.

The fabric employed in the making of the VELVET GRIP "Sew-On" is all you would expect of a hose supporter of such unusual attainments—the very best.

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"THE BUTTON THAT TALKS FOR ITSELF"

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Makers of the famous
BOSTON GARTER for Men.



MARIE L'ORANGE GUERRANT, BLACKSBURG, VA.—I can't tell you why you are unable to market your scenario; I haven't read your scenario. The best thing to do is to send it to some reliable company. A reader will pass on it and if it contains even the germ of an idea you may be sure it won't go begging long.

DOROTHY C., PA.—Bryant Washburn in "Something To Do." Mr. Washburn, by the way, has a request to make to his public. "I wish," writes Bryant, "I wish that fans, when writing for my photograph, would print their names and addresses, as in many cases, on account of unintelligible writing, my pictures have been returned." Mabel Forrest is Mrs. Bryant Washburn. Lila Lee isn't married.

MARGARET F. J., TEXAS.—So my portrait on the first page of the department arrested your attention and that's why you are writing. If I flattered myself as much as the artist did who drew my picture, I might believe you. Kenneth Harlan isn't married. Vivian Martin doesn't divulge her exact age but she is somewhere in her early twenties. She is very blonde with gray eyes. Story about Miss Martin coming very soon.

LORENZO, NEW ORLEANS.—If you have been reading the Magazine for any length of time you must surely have seen answers to New Orleans correspondents in these pages. I have many of them. Correspondents. No, Dustin Farnum isn't dead, or retired. He is acting right along, for United. There's a story on the Farnum boys in this issue. King Baggot in "The Eagle's Eye."

HELEN, ALBANY.—Just to please twenty-eight girls all I have to do is run a picture of Harrison Ford in the Magazine! That's the easiest order I ever filled. Your favorite plays with Marguerite Clark in several late Clark pictures. There's a story about him in a coming issue.

MARY, HAZELTON, OHIO.—So you are willing to write to Antonio Moreno, also to join his company. Well, well! Yes, I know Tony; he's a fine boy. He is working on another Vitagraph serial at present. Pauline Curley is, I think, his new leading woman.

LAWRENCE S., HAMPTON.—Bill Hart isn't engaged, in a matrimonial way. He just signed a new contract with Famous Players-Lasky if that's the kind of an agreement you mean. His sister, Mary Hart, collaborated with him on that book.

LIZA JANE, VICTORIA, B. C.—"Oh, E-li-za, Eliza Jane!" So if I look anything like Creighton Hale, I'm the boy for you, am I? Alas—though I am hearty I am not Hale. I have not Creighton's buoyant youthfulness, nor his blonde hair, nor anything. Hale is with Cappellani. You want a story about him, also June Caprice. Nigel Barric with Marguerite Clark in "Bab." His latest, "The Cinema Murder" with Marion Davies.

EDWARD, CHICAGO.—"Who is the actor they call Ham?" It might be embarrassing to answer that question in detail; there are a good many actors to whom it has been applied. However, I presume you must mean Ham, of Kalem's Ham and Bud, several years ago. His real name is Lloyd V. Hamilton. Helen Holmes has a new serial in the making; fifteen episodes.

STEVE.—For a fourteen-year-old you sling a sassy waterman. I'd hate to meet you when you're of age. Wallie Reid has signed

a new contract with Lasky; he will remain with them for five years.

FRANCES, MINNEAPOLIS.—If you have never seen a picture of Douglas Fairbanks in PHOTOPLAY you must be troubled with some optic affliction, or else you deliberately skipped them. We have printed a lot about Doug—and if I mistake not there's something more about him in this issue. Look again. Bill Hart's book, "Pinto and Ben and Other Stories," may be obtained at any book-store.

V. G., NEW YORK.—You wonder why it is that in some of these shipwrecked scenes the hero looks as clean-shaven three months later as he did the day he came. Remember that barbers—even on a desert island—must live. Priscilla Dean isn't married; neither is Gloria Swanson. There is a lot of truth in that report you heard about Anita Stewart being a Mrs., however: she has been married to Rudolph Cameron for quite a while. Pearl White's last Pathe serial was "In Secret." Walter McGrail plays opposite her in this.

FLORABELLA, LITTLE ROCK.—Although you address me "Dear Mister Editor-Man" I read it, anyway. The editor himself never would find time to answer all those questions. Let's see, I'll attempt a few. Kathleen Clifford not only attempts masculine parts; she is successful in them. She does an impersonation of an Englishman that is very good indeed. She is not in pictures now, but in vaudeville. Julian Eltinge may make more pictures soon.

MAE, SUPERIOR, WIS.—I should say, too, that you were a superior questioner. I can't answer them all in one issue. The Lees—Jane and Katherine—are with the Rogers Film Corporation, Capitol Theatre Bldg., New York. Billed as "The Infant-ry" they are working on a series of two-reel comedies. Katherine is the older. Tula Belle has a part in "Deliverance," the Helen Keller pictures. Clara Horton has grown up into ingenue leads; she is "The Girl from Outside" for Rex Beach-Goldwyn.

MISS MCGINTY.—Blanche Sweet's latest is "A Woman of Pleasure" for Jesse Hampton. Olive Thomas is with Selznick, and she will work at their recently-leased studios in Fort Lee: the old Universal. One of her contemplated productions is a picturization of "The Girl from Out Yonder" from the stage play which you have probably seen in stock. She's Mrs. Jack Pickford. Thought you all knew that.

H. R., NEW YORK CITY.—So Conrad Nagel is from your home town and between you two you'll make it famous yet. He is married, Helen. I don't wonder you're a bit balled up on the Mary Pickford contracts. You see United Artists was formed while she was still making pictures under her contract with First National. But it means that as soon as she finishes her productions for the Exhibitors' Circuit, she will start on her own, for the organization which includes Griffith, Chaplin, Fairbanks, and Mary. Rod LaRocque's latest is in a World release with Virginia Hammond.

PAUL D., DURHAM.—Sometime ago you wrote and asked us to see that Eugene O'Brien and Marguerite Courtot played together. It didn't seem possible then, but in "The Perfect Lover" it came about. We aim to please. Miss Courtot is also in "The Teeth of the Tiger" with David Powell,

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

and is now working in a serial. Ruth Roland, Pathe studios, Glendale, California.

M. D., DUNEDIN.—You start your letter by saying you don't know what it's going to be about. I read your letter and confess that I don't know either. Eugene O'Brien hasn't red hair that I know of. You might write and ask him what color he chooses to call it. Elliott Dexter is, by now, back at work again on the Lasky lot, having recovered from his illness. His return photoplay will be "The Prince Chap" which was a popular stage play.

YVETTA, HOLLAND.—I don't know why it is that the Sennett bathing beauties, who are out in the sun most of the time, manage to keep their faces from getting sunburned and freckled. And they must have such pretty faces, too.—haven't they? Kenneth Harlam isn't engaged, or married. He plays with Mary Pickford in "The Hoodlum."

MARY, NEW ZEALAND.—Yes, I have seen Katherine MacDonald. She's as pretty off the screen as she is on it. She has her own company and First National is releasing her pictures: "The Thunderbolt" and "The Bleeders" are two new ones. She's Mary McLaren's sister, you know. No, I am not going to retire. I haven't one of those retiring natures.

BEATRICE B., LOS ANGELES.—Do you agree with Delight Evans that Richard Barthelmess looks better without a mustache. Dick doesn't look like it himself; he's making the sacrifice to his art. Mae Marsh's baby is only a little thing so naturally it isn't in pictures. John Barrymore will be seen in more pictures. Lionel is to make a screen version of "The Copperhead." Very likely his wife, Doris Rankin, who played in the original company of the stage play, will enact the same part for the screen.

M. Z., CAL.—So it's not your fault, you used to live in New York. Don't you like the Angel City? Seems to me I should enjoy meeting my favorite film stars on the street every day. Tony Moreno isn't married. Viola Dana has not married again; John Collins, the director, was her husband. He died of influenza. Shirley Mason of the Flugrath family is Mrs. Bernard Durning in real life; her husband used to be a director but he is a leading man in "When Bearcat Went Dry." Nice boy!

BILL HART BOOSTER, NEWARK.—The stars in "The Birth of a Nation" were the director and the cameraman. You know D. W. Griffith never has "stars" in his productions. The players were Lillian Gish, Mae Marsh, and Miriam Cooper; Bobby Harron had the male lead. All of them are still playing. Miss Cooper was recently seen in Fox's "Evangeline."

KENNETH W.—Warner Oland, the admirable villain, is neither Chinese nor Japanese. He was born near the Arctic Circle, in Umea. He is not so fierce as he looks. Married. Marie Doro is in Italy right now, with Herbert Brenon and his company. "Twelve Ten" was the name of that picture they made in England.

THAT FAITHFUL READER.—That awful nom-de-plume! However, I am glad you are faithful and I hope I never fail you. But I can't answer questions about Pats. I can only concern myself with the Present and worry about the Future. Besides, it's so impertinent to wonder back, isn't it?

(Continued on Page 133)



No. 31
All Wool Velour Coat
Fur Collar
\$19.95

No. 62
All Wool French
Serge Dress
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Save \$5 to \$10!

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Photos from Life!

The Hamilton Catalog for Fall is illustrated with over 300 photographs taken on live models—beautifully printed in the Rotogravure. You see the garments just as they are—exactly as you will get them—the camera never lies!

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These are not the usual mail order garments—they are newest styles now being sold in the sales rooms of our five story building on Fifth Ave.—the same styles that are shown in other smart Fifth Avenue stores, but much more moderately priced!

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Better Film Fight Won!

(Continued from page 92)

The Slave



With all her strength she fought to get away from it all—the vulgar cabaret—the mysterious beauty parlor—the underground drinking-hell. Fiercely she had refused every bribe—resisted every temptation. And yet, when there came the chance to escape, she turned her back to it and stayed.

It is a plot so exciting—so marvelously planned—so brilliantly solved—that it could have been written only by the master detective

CRAIG KENNEDY

(The American Sherlock Holmes)

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He is the genius of our age. He has taken science—science that stands for this age—and allied it to the mystery and romance of detective fiction. Even to the smallest detail, every bit of the plot is worked out scientifically.

For nearly ten years America has been watching his Craig Kennedy—marvelling at the strange, new, startling things that detective-hero would unfold.

Such plots—such suspense—with real, vivid people moving through the maelstrom of life!

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When the police of New York failed to solve one of the most fearful murder mysteries of the time, Edgar Allan Poe—far off in Paris—found the solution.

This is a wonderful combination—here are two of the greatest writers of mystery and scientific detective stories. You can get the Poe set at a remarkably low price and the POE FREE FOR A SHORT TIME ONLY.

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 Occupation

SEND FOR OUR SPECIAL CANADIAN OFFER.

of these, said, "I never want to see another movie!" The license of the Grand Opera House, Brooklyn, was revoked by Commissioner Gilchrist because of the public commercial showing of "Fit to Win," a picture which many supposed to have been made for and by the government for educational purposes. But what might have been suitable to "put the fear of God" into the hearts of soldiers in camp was scarcely suitable to indiscriminate audiences. "Wild Oats" and "Open Your Eyes," in no interpretation government films, treat the same subjects, and the trade journals are following the lead of the high-class motion picture magazines by refusing the advertisements of this type of film.

As this issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE goes to press, a Congressional investigation into government film activities has been begun, with Representative William J. Graham of Illinois as Chairman of the Investigating Committee of the House. Owing to the widespread interest in the case, says a Washington dispatch to the New York Herald, the hearing may be before the full committee in open session.

Surgeon General Blue's department, the Public Health Service, has been severely criticized on account of having endorsed "Fit to Win" and "The End of the Road" for commercial showing. That endorsement has now been withdrawn, both by the Public Health Service and by the National Board of Review.

The advertisements of the original film entitled "Fit to Fight," (later, as adapted by the Public Health Service for civilian use, entitled "Fit to Win") read: "The Story of a Motion Picture Drama, Prepared by the Surgeon General; War Department Committee on Training Camp Activities, in co-operation with the Medical Department of the Army, Washington, D. C." This was used in army camps and cantonments for educational purposes.

However, the American Social Hygiene Association, of 105 West 40th St., New York, claims, through its lawyer, to have produced the film at its own expense and to be the sole owner of it, and this statement has been confirmed by Surgeon General Blue.

United States soldiers, Y. W. C. A. workers and others are said to have participated in these pictures, under the impression that they were doing a patriotic duty in donating their services to the government. The advertisements on "Fit to Fight" announced that the photography was done "by the instruction laboratory of the Army Medical Association." Yet this picture, as well as the other, the American Social Hygiene Association's lawyer states, belongs wholly to them, and the government does not possess and has not possessed any rights of revenue in it whatever.

The folder of "The End of the Road" reads: "The Story of a Motion Picture Drama, Prepared for Women and Girls by the War Department, Committee on Training Camp Activities, Washington, D. C." This film was written by Dr. Katherine Bement Davis, Director of the Section on Women's Work of the Social Hygiene Division, Commission on Training Camp Activities, (of which Raymond B. Fosdick was the head), "in collaboration with Edward H. Griffith, who produced it under the supervision of the Surgeon General of the Army, co-operating with the National War Work Council, Young Women's Christian Association, the American Social Hygiene Association, and the National League for Women's Service Motor Corps."

J. G. Perry, Acting Surgeon General in the

absence of Surgeon General Blue, has stated that it "was originally financed by the Y. W. C. A. War Work Council, but the negative of this film was turned over to the American Social Hygiene Association, and is now being handled by this organization in the same manner in which the film, 'Fit to Win,' is handled."

Dr. Davis says that when the armistice was signed, the American Social Hygiene Association seemed the natural inheritor of the work of handling the film for civilian use commercially, and was selected to hold the copyright, and that those who had contributed to the production agreed to turn it over to that organization, it being understood that they should be reimbursed from the profits.

The Association, in turn, chose Isaac Silverman, (Public Health Films, New York) to distribute "Fit to Win" and "The End of the Road" for them commercially, turning back 25 per cent of the profits to them. Mr. Silverman and Lt.-Col. William F. Snow, Executive Officer of the Association, were both, it is said, employed in Surgeon General Blue's office during the war.

The Better Photoplay League of America takes pleasure in welcoming its newest branch, the Better Films Association of the Carnegie Public Library of Boise, Idaho. Throughout the country, librarians have a keen sense of their responsibilities, and high ideals as to the position the library should play in community life. Nowhere has there been a more striking instance of this than in Boise.

In March, 1918, in connection with Boise's annual "Bird Week," the library gave for the children of the city a free motion picture show, using the Finley Nature pictures. Herman J. Brown not only donated his Majestic Theatre for the occasion, but told the women they might have it any time they wished to give a children's matinee. He also agreed to obtain the films wanted at the lowest possible cost, and furnish the light, heat and operator.

Miss Ruth Cowgill, librarian, and Miss Marie Pinney, children's librarian, hastened to take advantage of this offer, which seemed like an answer to prayer. They enlisted the interest of various clubs and societies in Boise. Enthusiastic response came from the Catholic Women's League, the Columbian Club, the D. A. R., the Good Citizenship Club, the Parent-Teachers' Association (one member joining the new "Better Films Association" from each circle), the Saturday Fortnightly, the School Board, the State Sunday School Association, the South Boise Improvement Club and of course, the Carnegie Library. These pledged themselves to provide a sinking fund, which, however, it has never been necessary to use. The treasurer's latest report shows a healthy balance. Space will not permit the publication of the budget from April, 1918 to the present time, but any queries will be answered either by the librarians at Boise, or by The Better Photoplay League.

That first exhibitor-friend moved to California, but his successor, B. W. Bickert, has shown the same spirit of generosity and co-operation.

The Boise children pay only three cents admission for these performances. Two children in one family get in at the bargain rate of five cents for the two, and the youngsters of the Children's Home are admitted free.

And how they do appreciate the "better films" shown! When the first ten reels of the Lincoln Cycle were shown, the one thousand seats of the theatre proved inadequate, and another theatre, the Isis, was opened to accommodate the overflow. As

Better Film Fight Won!

(Concluded)

As the reels were run off at the Majestic they were taken to the waiting youngsters at the lists. But this theatre, too, proved inadequate to the crowd that had gathered, and there were some hapless kiddies who were unable to get inside either theatre.

The committee members act as ushers, and they supply the music. The children sing songs before the rise of the curtain. Most of the tickets are sold the day before, by the teachers at school during the noon hour, as it has been found impossible to take care of the eager, enthusiastic mob of children at the box office on the day of the show.

The members of the unusually interesting committee that has accomplished these results, are: President, Mrs. Walter Hansen, Park Circle of the Parent-Teachers' Association; Vice-president, Mrs. S. J. Hindman, Good Citizenship Club; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Emma Fauth, Catholic Women's League; Treasurer, Mrs. George H. Davis, Columbian Club; Librarian, Miss Ruth Cowell, and Children's Librarian, Miss Marie Finney, both of Carnegie Public Library; Chairman of Music Committee, Mrs. B. E. Stoutemyer, Saturday Fortnightly Club; Chairman of Committee for Selecting Films, Mrs. J. G. H. Graveley, Boise School Board; Mrs. W. S. Titus and Mrs. George Patterson, Daughters of the American Revolution; Mrs. E. C. Seegar, Hawthorne Circle, Mrs. F. V. Tinker, Longfellow Circle, Mrs. H. B. Cornell, Washington Circle of the Parent-Teachers' Association; Mrs. J. A. Gallaher, South Boise Improvement Club; a member from the State Sunday School Association will be appointed soon.

The success of the Boise people has made many of the nearby towns anxious to follow in their footsteps. Vale, a town of about 1,500 population in Eastern Oregon, has made a splendid start in this direction under the leadership of Mrs. B. R. Kester, president of the local branch of the Parent-Teacher Association. Their theatre manager has agreed to aid them as Mr. Brown and Mr. Bickert have aided the women of Boise.

Two interesting discoveries in connection with the showing of motion pictures to Boise's children are that the number of calls for books dealing with the subjects pictured has increased, and that the slapstick comedy is gradually being superseded in the affections of the children by something of a higher type. And the good work goes steadily on!

Send two cents in postage for the pamphlet, "Hints and Helps in Obtaining Better Films."

Screen Brings Back Dead Son

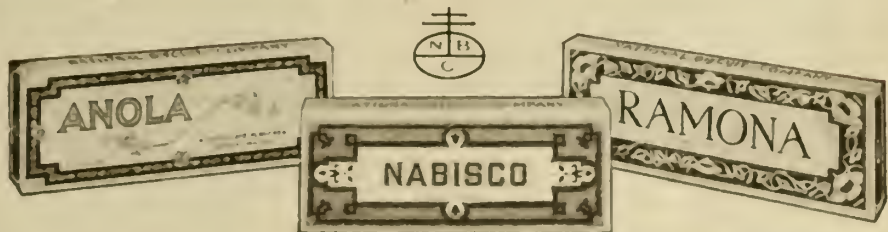
THAT'S Wilmarth, my son. He was killed in France a year ago." A sorrowful, tearful woman made the remark, brokenly, at a Washington (D. C.) moving picture theater one evening last summer. Killed in action in the Chateau Thierry sector, June 20, 1918, First Lieutenant Wilmarth M. Brown, twenty-eight, Company E, Ninth Infantry, is yet appearing before movie audiences in the Government's picture of "New Glory for Old." The bereaved mother viewed it and thrice she saw her son and immediately recognized him—once in a training camp behind the lines; again, bronzed and manly, standing by a dugout in the front-line trenches, grinning after the cheerful American fashion, and the third time in the trenches, just before the attack that cost his life.



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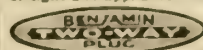


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(Continued from page 77)

and Charles Clary are two film veterans whose every conspicuous appearance calls forth a shower of warm Burleson approval.

Francis X. Bushman, Earle Williams and Henry B. Walthall have gone out of the limelight. The first two seem, through lack of personal diversity, to have played themselves out with their public; Walthall has been a victim of poor plays which his style of acting, in late years, has not improved. And Jack Warren Kerrigan is feeling to a certain extent, the cold touch of neglect with audiences which once acclaimed him the king of them all.

But Mary Pickford is still the queen of the movies. Mary is coming into years which must tell a serious story: will she carry her tremendous following with her when she makes the inevitable jump from ingenue to grown-woman roles? Perhaps the coming season will give the answer. Her tremendous intelligence, her extraordinary will and her great power to work are hopeful factors of permanence. She has had, in the past year, no plays like "Stella Maris," which, in the minds of most people, is the finest thing she has ever done.

Nazimova is the odd bird of the business. The public is actually in awe of her. She is regarded as a strange creature of extraordinary powers and singular manifestations, an incarnation of passion, a bizarre manifestation of revenge, an eerie manifestation of fate, or at her humanest, a singular being from foreign parts. She is more a part, and less a person, than any actor or actress of the screen. To the picture community she is as strange, as fascinating and as unworldly as was Mr. Hergesheimer's Tao Yuen to the other dwellers in Java Head. And what, we say in passing, wouldn't she do with that particular part on stage or screen! Notwithstanding her bizarre qualities, I think people like her best when she is most womanly. "The Red Lantern," giant spectacle that it proved to be, elicited not a tithe of the almost passionate comment stirred up throughout the country by "Out of the Fog."

The other truly singular and impersonal feminine consideration is Lillian Gish. She is regarded as a sort of Bernhardt. Her tragic portrayals, culminating in "Broken Blossoms," have moved not only women, but men, profoundly, and so she has come to be accepted as a sort of classic actress—a classic of a new sort, comparing with the Shakespearean queens of another generation, or those who made the nation weep in "Camille," or "The Two Orphans."

Mary Miles Minter is, I should say, a young person with a tremendous future, if the enormous interest in everything she does is any indication. In a year when she did absolutely nothing of distinction, or enduringly worth while, she has kept, and even increased, her vast personal following.

Geraldine Farrar is a success of the talking machines, and such publications as "The Story of My Life." Meaning by that, that her greatest following is in the small towns and innumerable hamlets where she has never been seen, but where her continual audible and optic publicity has made her a national character. The cities ask what she is going to play; the country asks only when she will appear.

Norma Talmadge has kept her place in the front rank of emotional actresses throughout a year in which her plays have been of poor quality—and so real is her place in the hearts of her people that in almost innumerable instances they have written indignant critical comment on the vehicles supplied her, but rarely, if ever, does she herself gain adverse mention. Norma's sister Constance has been a triumph of carefully picked plays, in the main, and a growing triumph of careful direction.

Of girls of the purely ingenue type Viola

Dana has been the biggest winner of the year, and her devotees especially welcomed her sudden turn to comedy, six or eight months ago.

Marguerite Clark, on the other hand, is an ingenue who is trying to get away from ingenue parts, but she is not finding a new following.

Alice Brady has an enormous clan inland, and what she lacks in devotion on both coasts she makes up in the Middle West and the great plains country.

Dorothy Gish is regarded as a female Chaplin. Elmer Clifton's pictures, in the early part of the year, brought her general recognition as an eccentric comedienne and those that followed have increased that recognition. However, much as her recent "Nugget Nell" was appreciated by the sophisticated, it seemed too professional, too much of an inside burlesque, to strike a wide note of popularity.

Among the veritable ingenues, Margery Daw and Gloria Hope are the comers, whereas the interest in the two new Griffith girls, Clarine Seymour and Carol Dempster, wanes because of the long, long waits between their pictures.

Dorothy Dalton, and her powerful, high-sexed plays of the modern woman in all a modern woman's varied surroundings, have become a looked-for institution. Miss Dalton has been played cleverly, consistently and persistently from the managerial standpoint, and the game is won. A year ago she was a blazing beauty of merely cometary brilliance. Today, in the popular mind, she is a fixed star.

Louise Glauam has experienced a set-back in favor which may be attributed to her lack of appearances. "Sahara" revived a once-extensive but long quiet Glauam comment—yet how often does she have such a play.

Priscilla Dean is a bright possibility, hardly yet launched, but increasing steadily in that form of prosperity known as fan attention. Her crook plays gave her a unique place in the popular favor.

The same things that were said of Pearl White last year may be said now. She is a perennial of popularity.

Corinne Griffith, in the recent plays Vitagraph has given her, has made a steady popular advance. Texas Guinan, in her Westerns, is advancing to national reputation. Dorothy Phillips has a steady, consistent following which means much more than a flash and a swift forgetting. Mary MacLaren is advancing much more rapidly than her coldly but perfectly beautiful sister, Katherine McDonald.

In the restricted but intelligent patronage of Gloria Swanson there is a most interesting reflection upon the highly sophisticated, elegant photoplays in which Cecil DeMille has confined her. These subjects—and so, Gloria—are not the ham and eggs of the movie multitude; they are the lobster and champagne of the screening city folks.

Of an average, steady popularity are the works of May Allison, Margarita Fischer, Juanita Hansen, Helen Chadwick, Helen Eddy, Madge Kennedy, Barbara Castleton, June Elvidge, Bessie Love, Gladys Brockwell, Ruth Roland, Miriam Cooper, Sylvia Bremer, Jane Novak, Doris Kenyon.

Anita Stewart, on the other hand, seems sheerly and simply a matter of personal popularity. The Stewartians are interested in her, apparently, rather than the vehicles she adorns. Mildred Harris Chaplin depends for comment upon other people; once it was Lois Weber, her director; now it is Charles the Great, her husband.

Theda Bara, as far as epistular comment goes is a matter of history. Nor are they interested in Irene Castle.

Such has been a year's favor of the people who pay the bills.

I will make a few remarks, on especially significant productions, appearances and developments, next month.

THE MONTH IN BRIEF:

"The Pinnacle" (Universal). This is one of the three best plays I have seen this year. The other two are "Broken Blossoms" and "The Miracle Man." I only wish I had space to discuss a masterpiece as becomes masterpiece. It is a singular product indeed for it is the first directorial production of Eric von Stroheim, the intensely elegant and intensely villainous young Teuton who first won general recognition in his brief part in "Hearts of the World." Von Stroheim is about everything there is to "The Pinnacle." He wrote the story as a novel. Then he made a scenario from the novel. He directed the picture. He acted the principal part. It is a tale of the Austrian Tyrol laid, presumably, at some time following the close of the war, as the chief participant are a traveling and eminent American surgeon, his wife, and a young Austrian officer spuriously invalidated out of the army. The American is of the sort who loves his wife but takes her for granted; she is a lonely child—and Von Stroheim, only slightly camouflaged under the name of "Eric Von Steuben," is the serpent in the lonesome Eden. I am not going to tell the story, for two reasons: first, because I haven't space and second, because it would be unfair to you. It is convincing throughout, and the simulation of the Tyrolean Alps is almost beyond belief. It seems to me that the master has produced a pupil—we are doing it pictures what the first masters of the Barbizon school did in painting—Von Stroheim is the direct artistic descendant of Griffith and in its perfection of detail, its semblance to all the small realities of life, its omission of no touch or trifle which lends to illusion and the gratification of intelligent observers "The Pinnacle" is a Griffith picture. In addition to the foregoing applause for producing an almost perfect photoplay, let us hasten to say that Von Stroheim deserves just as much hand-clapping for his acting. A silent, smiling Nemesis of the mountains—Sepp, a guide—becomes before the end of the picture, the most portentous figure on the canvas. He is perfectly played by T. H. Gibson-Gowland. Sam de Grasse, as the American physician, and Francelia Billington, as his wife, are perfectly disposed in Von Stroheim's fantasy. Lillian Ducey should be commended for believable titles in this photoplay.

"Checkers" (Fox). Let William stick to melodrama like this, and the picture patrons will rise up to call him blessed. "Checkers," notwithstanding the fact that its thrills are conventional, and its situations are old acquaintances of Father Time, has a speed that never lets down, an electric sort of thrill in its most exciting episodes, and its heroics are of the style that recall those days when we shuffled our feet among the peanut-shells on the gallery floor and nearly fell over the rail whenever the heroine was in peril. I find especially commendable in "Checkers" the work of Thomas Carrigan.

"The Grim Game" (Paramount). This is the best play Harry Houdini has ever grappled with, or wriggled himself out of, and it is the best piece of the school which may be described as trick melodrama. In other words, all of Houdini's celebrated stunts, such as shaking off a set of bracelets, writhing out of a straight-jacket, or breaking half a ton of manacles, are included, but there are also many new and entirely localized manifestations of his diabolic cleverness; and almost all of the feats, escapes and what-not are part of a well-woven, logical

(Continued on page 115)

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 112)

plot. Included in this five-reel fracas, also, is the actual air-collision which spurred Hollywood a few months ago. Two machines, performing at a great altitude for Houdini's play, accidentally crashed together and fell to earth wrecking themselves, but fortunately not killing any of their occupants. Ann Forrest—who, at Triangle, was known as Ann Kroman—is a delightful ingenue lead in the adroit Harry's adventures; and the cast includes, also, Mae Busch—reappearing after nearly two years' absence, she was formerly at Keystone—Arthur Hoyt, Tully Marshall and Augustus Phillips.

"The World and Its Woman" (Goldwyn). Here is Geraldine Farrar's premier effort for 1910. It is an imposing, huge-scened play of Bolshevik Russia, written by Thompson Buchanan, and produced with true magnificence by Samuel & Co. There is a mighty corner of the Nevsky Prospekt, and a vista of the Petrograd Imperial Opera which are beyond criticism, either in detail or sumptuousness. The story itself, after some effective first passages, does not especially convince. The trouble is, I guess, that wild orgies of Bolshevism have ceased to amuse us either in fiction or the newspapers. Lou Tellegen reappears on the screen, playing a Prince, opposite his wife, and the excellent supporting company includes Edward Connelly and Naomi Childers.

"Bill Henry" (Ince-Paramount). Charles Ray in his droll portrait of the earnest young interurban. And the portrait is limned in the finest, truest shades. Mr. Ray is to be found, first as the bicycling vendor of an electric vibrator; the vibrator business being literally stamped out, the sales-agent passes on to many other adventures. Julien Josephson wrote it, Jerome Storm directed it, and Edith Roberts played it. Genuine entertainment.

"The Dark Star" (Cosmopolitan-Paramount). Robert W. Chambers' melodramatic novel, made even more melodramatic. It is a rather opulent production, but it doesn't convince. Marion Davis, pretty, willing but inert, has the principal part. The ship stuff is more or less an absurdity.

"Wagon Tracks" (Ince-Artcraft). William S. Hart deserves unstinted praise for the admirable artistry which characterizes this production throughout. In the first place it is a resolute attempt, and a successful one, to escape from the routine "Westerns," while still telling a Western story. The narrative itself is of no great consequence, but the period of the forty-niners is reproduced magnificently, from the great caravans which formed at the headwaters of the Missouri to the far trails in the dust of the desert at the foot of the Rockies. I would criticize the probability of any caravan leader's departure from his flock to pursue a private feud, however intense, but otherwise I have only recommendation in large doses.

"Upstairs" (Goldwyn). Mabel Normand, in the quaint role of hotel slavey, with the usual timorousness, adventurousness and humor of such a makebelieve person. Miss Normand appears desperately frail—you'd hardly know this thin, big-eyed little girl for the plump person of a season or two ago—but she has gained a certain sense of pathos, and in addition to demonstrating this, her comic ability is at its best here. Cullen Landis is an excellent foil for her. This is not a "Mickey," but it is the best thing Miss Normand has done since "Mickey."

"The Hoodlum" (First National). Mary Pickford devotes her highly artistic efforts, a tremendously fine production, and clever director Sid Franklin to a story which is not believable, and distinctly not true to

life. Get me right on this: it is the story which is wholly at fault. Mary's own work is beyond reproach, and let me say, indeed, that in its finely mingled appearance of both care and abandon it is something which many a lesser actress of much larger head could study to great advantage. We have a New York East Side which simply does not exist, because the author wrote of a mythical district, but neither the director, nor the star, nor the producer was at fault in this. All these have bettered the material. The cardinal error lay in the selection of a story which, after all, leaves a suspicion of mere silliness which would have been a certainty if a person less famous than—no, not at all!—if a person less conscientious and hard-working than Mary Pickford had set it in a film frame.

"Heartsease" (Goldwyn). The old stage story of the stolen opera, doubtless remembered by a great many of you. The production is perfectly life-like, and the action of the principals, headed by the continually-better Tom Moore, and including Alec Francis, Rosemary Theby, Sydney Ainsworth and dainty Helene Chadwick is a leisureed and gracious delineation of a saccharine reminiscence.

"The Hushed Hour" (Garson). A story in which each of four children reviews his or her life, as the case and sex may be, while sitting reminiscently by the coffin of their dead father, sounds off-hand like a bit of Russian-modernist gloom. I do object to the gloom of the fundamental idea, but at the same time I must applaud the daring which prompted the use of the story in the first place, and further, I have nothing but praise for the handling. The cast, in which Blanche Sweet is featured, is superb.

"The House Without Children" (State Rights). A crude, awkward handling of an awkward story which was intended to have a large wallop and a grand moral purpose.

"Deliverance" (State Rights). Etna Ross, a wonderfully sweet and wonderfully clever little girl, is the real star of this photoplay, which, by the way, is the film upon which Helen Keller, that genius of adversity, worked for so long under the direction of George Foster Platt. The Ross baby plays all the child episodes of Miss Keller's life, and her sweetness and rare simulation of a being deprived of both sight and hearing are alike extraordinary. Miss Keller herself is a marvel of intuition and mechanical perfection, but I think the story, the human interest, is almost spoiled by the enormous amount of propaganda so unnecessarily inserted into the last reels.

"The Peace of Roaring River" (Goldwyn). That Pauline Frederick is really a great dramatic actress is proved every time she steps before a camera. Her material varies, however, and this sample is just ordinary. Miss Frederick lifts the thing tremendously by the sheer force of her magnetic feminine personality.

"Told in the Hills" (Paramount). Robert Warwick, in a fairly successful adaptation of Marah Ellis Ryan's popular story.

"The Misleading Widow" (Paramount). An improbable but nevertheless highly entertaining feature, if I might judge from the antics of the audience that watched it with me. Billie Burke handles the principal part with admirable comedy resource. The piece is an adaptation of "Billeted."

"A Society Exile" (Paramount). An illogical story, with a good many unnecessary things besides the plot. It features Elsie Ferguson, but the net result is away below par, compared to her recent pieces.

"The Career of Catherine Bush" (Paramount). There are some who don't like Catherine Calvert's acting, and there are



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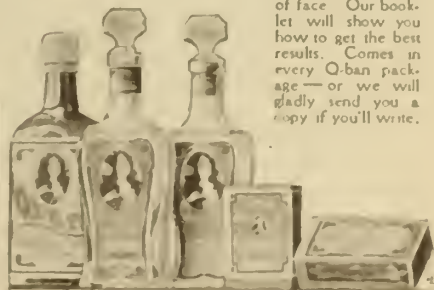
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The Shadow Stage

(Concluded)

some more who don't like Elinor Glyn's stories. As a rule, I belong to the latter class. However, "Catherine Bush" was an exceptional narrative, and I think it was a fair reflection of the times. This picture has been lavishly produced, and Miss Calvert really registers.

"A Man's Fight" (United). Dustin Farnum, in an average Western melodrama.

"The Thirteenth Chair" (Pathe). Yvonne Delva and Creighton Hale, in a photodramatization of Bayard Veiller's mystery play, directed by Leonce Perret.

"The World Aflame" (Pathe). A serious play of industrial unrest, its causes, and suggestions for its cure. Frank Keenan is the star, and Jack Cunningham is the author of the play.

"Evangeline" (Fox). A slow, dreary version of Longfellow's poem, in which Miriam Cooper is about the only redeeming feature. Oh, Mr. Fox, how could you!

"Kathleen Mavourneen" (Fox). A much better picture than "Evangeline," for all it contains Miss Bara, acting tremendously in an endeavor to get a "sweet" part across.

"Rough Riding Romance" (Fox). Tom Mix, in a real Western thriller. Fox has a real card in Mix, and his plays, with their daring feats of horsemanship, have a deserved place all their own.

"The Gamblers" (Vitagraph). It is an axiom of the stage that a poor play may be saved by an imposing finish, but a play which starts strong, only to contract anemia later on, is gone without hope. So Vitagraph's adaptation of Charles Klein's drama, entirely unconvincing at first, really has a great finish which makes it worth while. Harry Morey is the star.

Humorously Speaking

And Eggs are Expensive

Old Comedian—Well, if you are such a great Hamlet, why not induce some movie manager to film the tragedy with you in the role?

Old Tragedian—It would be sacrilege, my friend—sacrilege! It is the lines that count, sir, the text!

Old Comedian—Perhaps. But the screen would be a protection against the impulses of audiences to throw things.—*Judge*.

Not Comedy Pie

Pie—"What is this cap-a-pie?" asked the movie comedian.

"It alludes to a knight's garb in the Middle Ages."

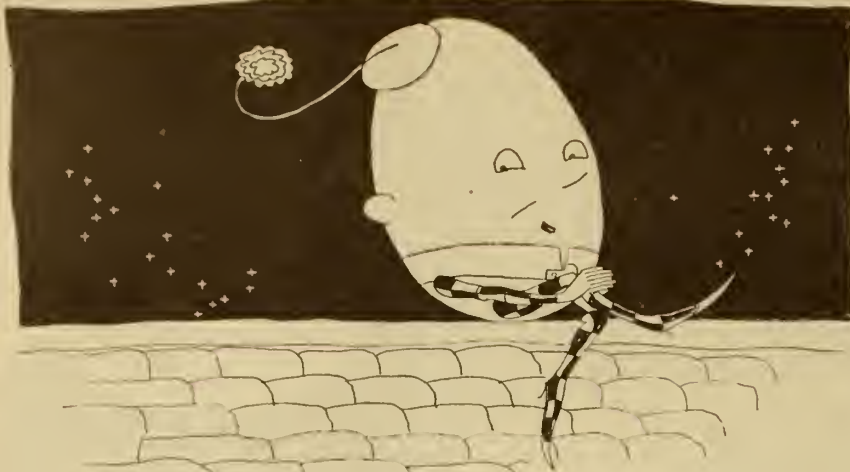
"So? I thought maybe it was something we could use in our biz."—*Kansas City Journal*.

Her Revolt

SHE had given her all to this man. He had drained her dry and what had she got in return?

Hot wrath surged within her. Never in his life had he taken her anywhere. Life was just one dull monotonous round. She had never seen a picture-play.

With an angry toss of her crumpled horns she kicked over the bucket of milk and dashed madly out of the barn.



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The Midnight Man

(Continued from page 85)

would not have faced the truth anyway. But an inexplicable perversity seemed to control her. Time and again when it seemed she had the Midnight Man in her grasp she let him slip away—yes, even actually worked to aid him in escape from Ramah Dhin, from Arnold and from the White Circle crew.

The Hindu, with his uncanny insight, saw the change. He came to believe that she knew things about the Midnight Man and his moves that would make it easier to gain possession of the jade ring. So it became a yet more complicated chase.

One night as Nell rode through the foothills along the Hudson after a futile chase, her driver was fired upon and killed. Her automobile careened off the road and tumbled down the hillside. When she recovered consciousness she was being carried by Ramah Dhin and other strange looking men to an old barn back in the tangled woods.

Nell was threatened with torture and death unless she should reveal the dwelling place of the Midnight Man. When she answered in all truth that she knew nothing of it, her slender throat was seized in hairy hands and the biggest of the Hindu's men thrashed her against the rough wall. Again and again she was plied with questions she could not answer.

The great brute was reaching for her again when the thud of a mighty blow resounded and he fell in a heap at her feet. There was a short, hot struggle and in two minutes the entire gang was overwhelmed. Nell felt herself seized up in the powerful arms of the Midnight Man and hurried off over the narrow trail through the hills. Her body was rigid in his arms and she turned her face from him.

Dissatisfied with his first attempt at cross-examining Nell, the Hindu ordered his men to abduct her again. Bob, escaping from Ramah's torture chamber, one evening saw her forced into a motor car and driven away. He followed. The motor drove up to a cabin on the Hill of Seven Oaks. It was locked when Bob arrived. He could hear the cruel threatening voices of the men within. He could hear the half-sobbing, frightened voice of the girl—and then a scream of terror.

Bob sprang to the roof, with a mighty sweep ripped a hole in it and plunged down into the cabin.

Seeing them together Ramah Dhin seized upon a vicious idea. He called his men to the door and hurried them outside, then followed himself. Then the door was fastened again, from without.

Nell clung to the Midnight Man in terror of what should happen next, as he stood puzzled in the middle of the cabin.

In a moment the building swayed under the impact of a heavy blow. Then came a shower of blows at the foundations of the cabin, standing like a shelf up on the hillside. Bob ran to the door. Even his tremendous strength could not move it.

Then came a splitting crash and the cabin toppled and tumbled over and over down the ravine.

Ramah Dhin and his men, already at the bottom of the hill where they expected to rob Bob's body of the jade seal ring, looked back in dismay and disappointment.

The floor of the cabin had broken loose and caught on the rocks immediately below its site and the Midnight Man and Nell had miraculously escaped by clinging to the floor.

In a moment they climbed off over the rocks and up the hillside to the Hindu's car. In a flash they were gone, leaving Ramah Dhin in his disappointment and wrath.



W. L. DOUGLAS
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The Midnight Man

(Continued)



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QUICKLY REMOVE
PIMPLES, DANDRUFF

THE SKIN THE HAIR

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. SAMPLES FREE. Assorted Cuticura, Dept. W., Boston, U.S.A. Guaranteed.

No two fullblooded young people could go through such adventures with each other without being drawn together. Nell Morgan fought against the secret truth, that filled her cheeks with the blush of shame—that even the strength of her regard for "Jim Stevens" was weakening before a strange, unwelcomed flood of admiration for the daring Midnight Man.

It was a tri-cornered incident which betrayed Bob into his first contact with the life he had led before he became a mad, dare-devil adventurer—the life in Washington, made sweet by the ministrations of Martha Gilmore, his foster mother, a life so suddenly shattered and broken off. It was this same incident that added another force to those already seeking his destruction.

Ever since the day when Bob Gilmore had learned that he was a foundling "brat" and left the family home where he had grown up believing himself the child of Martha and John Gilmore, affairs had gone worse for the wicked foster father. His forgery, for which Bob had assumed responsibility in the eyes of the law, was just an index of the road that John Gilmore was traveling.

John Gilmore's unscrupulous dealings of the past reaped their harvest of mistrust and hard times. Other men, shrewder than he in his own game, got the best of him. Finally, because of her grieving for Bob and the feeling of disgrace which consumed her, Martha Gilmore passed away.

John had never dared to persecute her for money, even though he felt satisfied that it was Bob who had been killed on the railway tracks between Washington and New York. There had been a communication from the Midnight Man, whose fame had gone through the country.

"Your confession of the forgery," it said, "is in my possession and will be used if necessary. Beware."

With Martha dead and no heir to share her fortune John Gilmore decided to take her money and go to New York to start over again.

As Bob in his Midnight Man mask entered the library of Mrs. Moreland, a rich widow, bent on investigating her safe, he found Morgan's gang already at work. Bob surprised the robbers and with a revolver forced them to return to the safe the valuables strewn about, then drove them from the house.

Bob then returned at his leisure to pursue his own quest of papers, when he heard the front door open. The sounds of voices, a man and a woman in conversation, followed. In a moment the woman's voice took on a shrill frightened tone. Bob edged his way to the living room. In the soft glow of the table lamp he saw a man forcing his attentions on a woman.

"What are you doing here?" Bob stretched his fingers about John Gilmore's throat.

"Martha died three months ago," John Gilmore replied.

Before his foster father could go on, Bob dragged him to the front door and chucked him out into the dark. He tossed John Gilmore's hat and coat after him.

The older man, boiling with rage, shouted back—"You're the Midnight Man, and I will make you pay for this."

"Remember the confession," came the taunt from Bob in reply.

With his foster father gone, Bob turned his attention to the woman on the divan. He readjusted his mask, then held water to her lips and dashed it over her face and bare throat.

Like another Ramah Dhin, John Gilmore lurked in the shadows waiting for Bob to

leave Mrs. Moreland's home. All scruples left him. His hatred for the adopted son, smoldering through the years, flamed up. This fire of hate was fanned by the knowledge that Bob had the power to send him off to prison, and a right too to a share in the estate of Martha Gilmore.

As Bob, coming out at last, jumped into a taxicab, there was the sharp crack of a revolver. A bullet bit into the wood not three inches from Bob's head. John Gilmore, seeing that he had missed, slunk off into the dark vowing to shoot better next time.

The elder Gilmore threw himself into the business of tracing the Midnight Man. Ramah Dhin, entering his apartment a few evenings later found his servant, Pietro, mulling in the safe where was kept hidden the clue to the secret of Bob Gilmore's jade ring. Snarling like a wild animal the Hindu lunged at his man. Pietro twisted aside to miss the clutching fingers, then wheeled about. There was the flash of steel in his hand, a struggle, a muffled shot, and Ramah Dhin lay writhing on the floor. Pietro, with the precious bit of paper which opened up to him vistas of great treasure in his hand, ran for the door. On the threshold he encountered John Gilmore, who had come to the Hindu for aid in finding Bob.

Gilmore peered into the room and saw the now quiet figure of the magician. Then he turned to the cowering servant.

"You killed your master—why?" he asked.

"He caught me stealing the paper that tells the secret of the Midnight Man's ring," the terrified fellow confessed, not realizing what he was telling.

John Gilmore looked sternly at the murderer.

"Is the secret so valuable that you would kill another to get it?" he asked. "Oh, I didn't mean to kill him, I didn't mean to kill him," Pietro whined, growing a sickly green. "I only wanted to get the secret of the ring. Shouldn't I have the treasure as well as my master?"

"Here, give it to me," Gilmore commanded. Pietro, used to obeying, handed over the precious scrap without a word.

"The secret lies beneath the seal," Gilmore read aloud. He looked wickedly into space a moment, then beckoned Pietro close.

"Promise to work with me," he whispered, "and no one shall know who killed Ramah Dhin."

* * * * *

As it has been intimated, "Jim Stevens" was in no wise dropped from Neil Morgan's social list. He was the first to be invited, not only to her large and formal affairs, but to those small cozy ones which usually indicate so much more clearly the degree of intimacy one enjoys with the household of the hostess. And he always accepted—in spite of Henry Morgan. As a matter of fact, Bob got a deal of enjoyment out of forcing Morgan into a nonchalant chat on this and that as they met about, while the older man mottled with rage.

"The White Circle Gang" lay low for a while after the jewelry store affair, waiting for its leader to think of some particularly effective way of disposing of the Midnight Man.

When Henry Morgan learned that Nell had invited "Jim Stevens" to be present and to assist her in managing a big Red Cross bazaar which she planned to give in the Morgan ball room, he sent for "Spike."

When the evening came, Morgan secreted his right hand man behind portieres in a room adjoining the ball room where "Spike"

The Midnight Man

(Continued)

could keep his gun handy and watch developments.

The guests proved particularly dull and unresponsive. Nell's pleas for contributions fell on unhearing ears. She looked despairingly at "Jim" from time to time. He kept near her and tried his best to start things moving, but he was no more successful than she. When the entertainment was half over, he sauntered casually away from her, and lost himself in the crowd on the ball room floor.

Two minutes later a clear masculine voice called "hands up" from the doorway. Every one turned. A well groomed young man in evening clothes, face hidden behind a mask, stood facing them with a gun in his hand. The cry of "The Midnight Man" fell from whitening lips all over the room. Women screamed and clutched at their jewels, and the men, though outnumbering the lone bandit a hundred to one, seemed hypnotized into stupidity by the flashing smile. "Go to the end of the room," the young voice ordered calmly. "Don't faint, or be afraid, gentlemen and ladies. I will not hurt you. I only want your money and jewels."

He got them, too, standing with the utmost deference beside each person while he cleaned them of their valuables, then backed out into the hall, after flourishing a good night. While the addled company collected its senses, he dashed up the stairs.

Ten minutes later, while the guests ran hither and yon about the halls and rooms and through the yard, "Jim Stevens" suddenly appeared with his hands overflowing with the precious booty. His hair was mussed, his clothes disheveled and he bore the marks of struggle.

"Gee whiz, I nearly caught him," he laughed boyishly. "Anyway I think I got all your things back."

Joking around in the crowd, Jim did not notice who slipped a note into his hand when the excitement had died down.

"Come to the smoking room a minute," it read.

He slipped out and up the stairs. There was no one in the room when he arrived. He leaned down to the mirror to straighten his hair, still disordered, and as he did so, a secret door in the wall opened noiselessly. A hand appeared through the opening, and a heavy sand bag crushed down on Bob's skull. He fell unconscious. Henry Morzan and "Spike" Gavin stepped quietly through the door, picked him up and carried him down a flight of dark stairs into a dark, dripping chamber far underground.

The two men laid Bob on a tumbled bed. They bound his legs and arms together with thick cords and fastened to him a bulky weight. Then they picked up a square of flooring from the middle of the room and placed it aside, disclosing a pool of greenish water foaming up almost to the level of the boards.

They carried his inert body to the pit, swung him two or three times across the seething hole, then released their hold. Bob Gilmore sank from sight without a struggle. The greenish waters gave him place, then bubbled up again in their accustomed restlessness.

A chalky white spread over the countenances of Henry Morzan and "Spike" Gavin as they turned to climb the slimy stairs to the house. The clammy silence smote them to the marrow. Their teeth chattered together, in spite of their acquaintance with violence, and in their hearts they trembled before some vague and terrible foreboding.

(To be concluded in December PHOTOPLAY)



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Luxurious Lounging



Learn About Vampires from Her

(Concluded from page 58)

name, which harbors such celebrities as John Drew, such playwrights as Samuel Shipman, such scenarionists as the Emersons—and her way down the aisle of tables was a triumphal entry. On every hand: "Mrs. Hopper—how are you?" or "Hello Elda—where's Wolfy?" Once we were seated, the captain asked her: "How ees it in the country? And the baby—"

She is one of these women who can say clever things without making you feel stupid. She looks, I think, as the Queen of the Nile should have looked—and very likely didn't. She has a sort of serpentine grace which would fit in very well with the palm-olive complexion ad's conception of Cleopatra. Then, too, she has a sprightliness which is essentially French and a distinction that is English. She's international, and she is subtle. I have never met another picture woman so complex on acquaintance.

That she has been cast to play mothers to prominent stars seems to me ridiculous. She isn't old enough for one thing, and she doesn't look old enough for another. The other things don't matter. With her own son, to whom she is entirely devoted, she is more of an adored aunt, or a much-older sister, or a pal. I daresay he is spoiled.

"Yes, I want to play vampires," she resumed—from the first paragraph of this story—"but not the vampire of the screen. She is not the real vampire. The woman who really controls destinies—of men, or nations—is not the heavy-lidded, theatrically gowned creature who is usually labeled "vamp." The dangerous woman is the woman of uncertain-thirties; of good-looks; of distinction and wit. She plays with men in the open—not from a chaise-longue in a stuffy boudoir. Your real vampire is a sportswoman—she likes the out-of-doors—which makes her doubly dangerous. To her the one sin is stupidity. She never makes a scene in public. And she is always tastefully gowned—she never strives for effect. I should like to play to perfection that kind of a woman.

"She is the type who plays in politics in England and dabbles in diablerie in France. She might have wrecked kingdoms, not to mention homes, in every period since the world began—but always with finesse."

And Hedda, herself?

She went west with her husband when he made his pictures for Triangle. She had no intention of becoming a pastel person. "I used," she said, "instead of watching Wolfy work, go over to the Griffith sets to watch the director make scenes for 'Intolerance.' I saw the entire Biblical episode in the making. Most of it was never shown."

While she was out there, Bill Farnum started work on a new picture called "The Battle of Hearts." Bill and the Hoppers were—and are still—great friends. Frances Marion, that literary lady-adventuress, wrote the story—and was much concerned over her heroine. "I don't want a mushy ingenue to play her," she said. Her fears fortunately were ungrounded—for a tall wholesome-looking young woman named Elda

Furry was cast for it and Miss Marion said she'd do. "That was the beginning of a friendship that has lasted to this day," said Mrs. Hopper. "But the time I had in that picture! It was my first—and I never had attempted anything so strenuous before. To begin with, most of the scenes were water stuff. Now, I am a brave woman. I can ride most any kind of a horse; I can drive a car any place and any speed; I am not shy of snakes, and if a burglar entered my room and said 'Hands up' I'd laugh at him. But—I am as fond of water as some Greenwich Villager. It is very nice done in oil, and hanging in a nice gold frame—on somebody's wall. I was never made for a mermaid. But I had to do everything in water but be drowned in it—and if the picture had been several reels longer I'd have done that, too. Most of the action took part in an antique sailing vessel—vintage of 1812—in a storm at sea. Mr. Farnum and I—as the hero and heroine—barely escaped doing a last-act Romeo-and-Juliet in the waves. Somehow I have never cared to do any Undine stuff since. And I have always greatly admired the Mack Sennett girls—those of them who get their bathing-suits wet."

When the Hoppers returned to Manhattan Hedda didn't give up her film work. But for variety's sake she changed her name to Elda Millar. "I thought there was something—er—feline in Elda Furry, and I had not then learned to play cats. It's my real name though."

For Triangle, she did "The Food Gamblers" and "Her Excellency the Governor" with Wilfred Lucas. "Then—I don't know whether my pictures had anything to do with it or not, but Triangle died a natural death—and with it, Elda Millar. I took the name of Hedda Hopper—I rather like it, don't you?"

Some outstanding performances of hers were in "The Third Degree" with Alice Joyce; a stage role, that of the lovely nurse in Clara Kummer's comedy "Be Calm Camilla," and then as the arch feline in "Virtuous Wives." With Norma Talmadge she did "By Right of Conquest;" with Billie Burke she has a part in "Twin Souls," the picturization of "Sadie Love" which Marjorie Rameau did in the legitimate. She is busy all the time.

You will notice that DeWolf and small Bill do not intrude at all. This is Hedda's story.

She was born—if it really matters where she was born—in Pittsburgh, where so many wonderful women come from; we said *come from*. Educated near there, too. She was on the stage in "The Quaker Girl;" and one of her screen performances we forgot to mention was "Seven Keys to Baldpate" with George M. Cohan.

"I am quite content," she said finally, "to play any kind of a part until I get to know all the camera can teach me. That is a very great deal. And then—I should like to have a company of my own." And from what we have heard, our intuition tells us her ambition will probably be realized.



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Efficiency

EVERY HOPWOOD, the playwright—whose stage successes have, many of them, been translated into celluloid: Metro is doing "Fair and Warmer" right now—is opposed, according to *Life*, to the efficiency craze. "However," he says, "there are exceptions. There was Boggins, for instance. Boggins was a great efficiency man in the office, but even more so at home. Every time Boggins Junior was naughty his father laid him on the floor and spread a rug over him, so that the beating would kill two birds with one stone."

My Adventures in Pictureland

(Continued from page 73)

We do not ride Pegasus, and the hacks we jog through life on, would much rather be harnessed than be biffed on the nose and sent to the boneyard, while our names are given to other men's nags. It is not perhaps too conceited to say that the average author who is worth buying at all is worth adding to the team.

The innovation which Rex Beach and Samuel Goldwyn have made in film production—and it is an innovation—viz. making the author a co-worker instead of a disgruntled outsider, was mighty good business from a dozen points of view.

Let me reiterate what I have tried to keep harping on before: the fault in the past has not been with individuals but with evolution. The mistakes of the moving picture business—if they were mistakes—were the natural and regular stages of development in any industry or art or civilization. A few dictators always rule the roost at first. Then the despots take counsellors to their aid. An oligarchy grows up, and finally a democracy evolves where every man contributes the best he has to the general progress.

It is easy to criticize the pathfinders through the mountains after great throngs have begun to pour across the whole range and have found dozens of passes where the first pioneers hardly discovered one. But they were great men who first tamed the wilderness.

On the way to California we rode in a private room on cushioned seats, at express speed, through and over mountains, and across bitter deserts. I could not but wonder at the high spirit and tireless courage of the men who pushed through those once terrible regions of mystery on foot, or in prairie schooners with starvation, thirst, ignorance and ruin incessantly threatening their lives.

Later, great adventurers with wealth staked their fortunes and financed armies of toilers who levelled grades and laid steel rails and built engines and cars to carry us along what was once a hell and is now only a scenic route whose wonders make us peevish with surfeit.

So in the moving picture world, I would not seem to criticize, as some have done, with the wisdom of tomorrow, yesterday's bewilderment, I would not diminish the genius and the courage of those who gradually and gropingly penetrated the desert, and made it blossom like the rose.

Many a brilliant financier has gone broke in this field as many a splendid pioneer has left his bones in the goldfields and along the deserts where lesser and later and luckier geniuses prosper. Instead of shovelling easy abuse on the frontiersmen of movie history or making too much ado about the rough ways and easy morals of the early settlers, we should pay the proper tribute to their enterprise and appreciate the conditions that they endured rather than made.

Now, however, the vast continent of Movia is pretty well mapped and understood. The trunk lines are laid out and the train-de luxe are running with fair regularity.

Authors of books and plays and magazine stories should neither be carried as freight nor thrown off as hoboes. They should be made to work their passage. Most of them are willing to and most of them can at least turn a brake at an urgent moment.

I should like to describe the life in Los Angeles. Unfortunately for the vigor and picturesqueness of my narrative, it did not strike me as queer or outlandish or barbaric in the least. I have been long used to the stage and to the studio.



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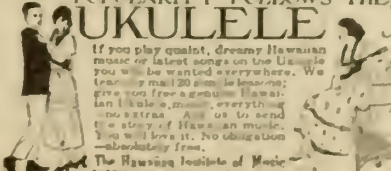
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*Why do dark lashes sweep her cheeks
Like a fairy queen?
The magic word she softly speaks,
It is,—“LASH-BROW-INE.”*

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Like stars of stage and screen;
Delay no more, at once begin
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—E. M. C.

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Boys
and
Girls
Also**



My Adventures in Pictureland

(Concluded)

The sight of make-up was no more a luxury to me than the sight of legs to the London bus conductor. To see a friend or a stranger wearing green eyelids or Bedouin robes or a ball gown at high noon was no more astonishing than to see a plumber in overalls or an author with ink on his nose; it was merely part of the uniform for the job.

I had the privilege of informed chats with Miss Farrar and Will Rogers lunching at adjoining tables in their highly dissimilar costumes. I had the privilege of a long automobile ride and a dinner with Mr. Charles Chaplin, whose keen intellectual dissection of the problems of laughter was profoundly interesting.

These and other artists I met confirmed what I long ago came to understand, that people do not arrive at a planet circling fame without extraordinary gifts supported by almost more extraordinary common sense, analytical intelligence and tireless consideration of the best way to conquer their situations.

I was too busy with my own business to see any but the Goldwyn Studio in operation. The other studios must in their respective degrees show the same characteristics.

A big studio may be regarded as a factory where hardworking men and women toil cheerfully and conscientiously at turning out a high quality of finished products honoring, and honored by, a cherished trademark.

It would be perhaps nearer the truth to regard it as a great academy where a new art is being practiced, studied, experimented with, and developed to greater and greater importance by artists and artisans who are in deadly—or rather in the most lively—earnest.

I am proud to be admitted to the academy even as a tyro.

Not a Sentimental Assistant

SCOTT SIDNEY has found a good joke, and he drew a diagram of it that should be fully appreciated. It is an excerpt from a Christie continuity.

Scene 49—Young man in rose garden with girl, pleads ardently.

Scene 50—Father goes through. Couple continue.

Scene 51—Young man continues to press suit. Another girl enters, youth registers annoyance.

Now here's the joke: the assistant director took an ironing board and an electric iron to the location—[Motion Picture News.

An Efficient Fault-Finder

A YOUNG leading man of the screen was recently married. It wasn't long—only several months, in fact—before he began to be seen around the Alexandria and other cinematic haunts, wearing that hunted look. His friends wondered why; he had a charming wife, a good salary, and a growing fan mail. Finally someone asked him. “It's my mother-in-law,” he admitted; “she finds fault with everything.” “Never mind, old man,” said his friend comfortingly, “you can try to please her.” “No,” returned the leading man, “I've tried, and there's no pleasing her. Why, she'd find fault in the dark!”



Si
Says:

(Accordin' to James Gabelle)

BEIN' a expert swimmer, whenever he has the time Charlie Ray always takes to the water. Sol Swiggins, the town soak, says: "That ain't nuthin'. We all have to take to water now, gosh darn it!"

ELDER BERRY says that Samson's strength lay in his hair, an' that even to-day Mary Picklord's curls draw like a mustard plaster.

MAW is sure goin' to see Frank Keenan in "The Master Man." She says a master man gits up an' builds a fire without bein' called a second time; brings in the wood without grumblin' an' can sit all through the sermon without sleepin'.

THE Shakespeare Study Club met yesterday afternoon an' devoted fifteen minutes to the drama, three hours to Mrs. Gilfudgel's new dress an' ten minutes to Mrs. Slitterzig's made over one.

RUTH ROLAND has been appearing in person before movie audiences. Will B. Snarly says he doesn't suppose it feazes her a bit. She is used to doing dangerous stunts.

PAW ain't seen "The Greatest Problem" but knows all about it. With men it is to make the liquid joy in their cellars last as long as possible, and with women it consists in getting a number nine foot in a number four shoe.

MISS LYDA LOTT, the best dressmaker in town—an' the only one—was greatly disappointed in "The Unpardonable Sin." She thought it meant leaving one's dressmaker bills unpaid.

ASA BUNKUS agrees with Rothafel that moving pitchers are declinin' in interest. He seldom ever sits through the same play more than three times now.

MAW read t'other day that "A Mountain Maid" was filmed eleven thousand feet above sea level. Paw said, "Gosh! That sure is elevatin' the drammar!"

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And LA MEDA itself is as pure and sweet as it will make you look. Highly beneficial to the skin instead of clogging and harsh like old style face powders.

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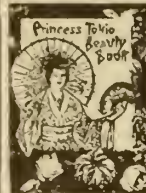


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The Bloom of the Oats

(Concluded from page 63)

straight hero for Mae Marsh, Mabel Normand and Madge Kennedy.

Now he feels that he has only one thing to be ashamed of . . . (his age). He says that he is much too young. He refused to tell me his awful secret and when I told him that PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE knew all and had it on file, he threatened to go around and destroy the papers.

"The producers don't like leading men who are too young. They seem to want them slightly gray at the temples. They are afraid the young men haven't enough poise."

It is only fair to Mr. LaRocque to say that although young, he has poise and plenty of it.

"And I am not married," he continued. "In fact, I shall never marry."

I reminded him that his statement sounded rather youthful and that he had better reconsider it.

"Oh, well, I suppose, I shall marry when I meet the right girl. But sometimes, after a hard day's work of being leading man for some temperamental star, I come home thinking that I am off women for life. I'd rather not marry an actress. That is, I hope the right girl won't be an actress."

"Mabel Normand was a nice star to work with, and so was Madge Kennedy. Gail Kane is a human being, and so is Mae Marsh. Poor Miss Marsh had a hard time. Her directors wanted to make her act all over the place. She is the quiet type whose face is so expressive she doesn't have to wave her arms about to attract attention. Sometimes she would get so exasperated that she would tell her director to go out and engage an actress for the part if he wanted acting."

"Men have the same trouble with directors. The directors keep shouting for 'pep' and 'punch.' And by that they mean that a fellow has to jump a couple of fences and climb a few fire-escapes in every scene; in fact, act like a silly 'life of the party.' The actors whose work I like most are H. B. Warner and Elliott Dexter. They have sense enough to stand still occasionally."

His name is not really Rod LaRocque. It is worse than that. It is Rodrigue La-Rocque. Essanay first insisted on leaving off the "rique" and then asked him to be plain Mr. La Rock.

"But I wouldn't do it. Pretty soon they would have had me down to Rock. Mabel Normand, too, wanted me to be La Rock. She said that the 'que' was too complicated for the public to follow, that it was too much baggage to carry on an up-grade. I nearly followed her advice, but then two of my uncles were well known actors and I have a sort of pride in the family name."

Outside of the studio, he confessed that his favorite indoor sport is calling up his friends on the telephone and "kidding" them under an assumed name.

"But please don't let the real truth about my age leak out," he cautioned me. "It would be terrible if anyone were to suspect that I am young."

No Punch

It was in a moving picture studio and the "set" represented a restaurant and cabaret, with people seated around the tables. "Now, remember," said the director, "There is punch in this scene." "No, can't be done," shouted an extra. "It's ginger-ale we're drinking." **THERESA H. McDONNELL, Atlantic City, N. J.**

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Pudding and Progeny

(Concluded from page 70)

Harold and Herbert Standing, Jr., are twins. Mention of the former makes the father shake his head sadly.

"Ah, I'm afraid he's done for," he said tremulously, "he was a year in the mud and filth of the Flanders trenches and they tell me his lungs are totally b.d.

"But Joan here will be a big success. Mabel Normand says she's a great comedienne. Oh, yes, Aubrey. I'd forgotten about him. He's one of the best tenors in England. He's my seventh son. I can't keep track of them all; there're so many."

Little Jack Standing, the son of the boy whom "old Herb" says was the handsomest man in America before his sad death, is the old actor's pet. The suit he wore at the dinner was bought for him with meticulous care by his grandfather, who had him perched on his knee. The lad has his father's big, blue-grey eyes and splendid physique, his mother's voice, and his grandfather's spunk.

"He's a fine chap," grand daddy confessed. "He's just like his father. God rest his soul, and every time I see him I miss my boy more. Jack was the handsomest man who ever appeared on the screen, and I swear that this fellow is going to follow in his footsteps as far as looks are concerned."

In the Standing scrap-book I found a clipping that told me explicitly that its owner has been on the boards for fifty-three years. His debut was made at the Queen's Theatre, London, which was then owned by the famous Henry Labouchere, the wealthy owner and editor of "Truth." After appearing for a number of years with Irving, Wyndham and Hare, he became actor-manager of the Criterion, and originated parts there as well as being the house's chief executive, when he was co-lessee with Sir Charles Wyndham, among the famous plays in which he created principal characters being "Jim the Penman," "Moths," "The Bells," "Alone in London," "As in a Looking Glass."

In pictures he made one of his great screen impressions as the old monk in "Hypocrites," and played in direct contrast his gypsy chief in "Kilmenny" with Lenore Ulrich; St. Peter in "Peer Gynt" with Cyril Maude, with whom he played in his old London days, and as the president of a South American republic with Blanche Ring in "The Yankee Girl." And since then he has played with Earle Williams, Douglas Fairbanks, Vivian Martin, Mary Pickford, Tom Moore, Madge Kennedy, Anna Held in her only picture, "Mme. La Presidente," Edna Goodrich, Sessue Hayakawa, Cecil B. De Mille, the Smalleys, Marshal Neilan, Maude Allan, Franklyn Farnum, Charlotte Greenwood, William Desmond and Pauline Frederick, not to mention a stage engagement with George Arliss in "Disraeli." Charles Cherry in "Girls" and Marie Tempest in an English play.

"In other countries I'd have been given a" he went on, "medal for having raised all these children, but here I have only the glory, and I prefer that. You know, I didn't see Guy for a long time. We once had an argument, and the first time I saw him after it was when he was playing the drunkard in 'The Right of Way' at the Wallack Theater in N.Yawk, and I was sitting there in a box and he spied me. He just happened to see me as he said his line,

"There's something wrong in my composition, I guess."

"Which he kind of threw at me. And I got mad and I said,

"By God, I guess there is."

"And then I got up and left the box, and now I have to call the boy Sir Guy Standing, God bless 'im."



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"I was making \$15 a week and every penny of it was needed to keep us going. It went on that way for several years—two or three small increases, but not enough to keep up with the rising cost of living. Then one day I woke up! I found I was not getting ahead simply because I had never learned to do anything in particular. As a result whenever an important promotion was to be made, I was passed by. I made up my mind right then to invest an hour after supper each night in my own future, so I wrote to Scranton and arranged for a course that would give me special training for our business.

"I can't understand why I had never realized before that this was the thing to do. Why, in a few months I had a whole new vision of my work! The general manager was about the first to note the change. An opening came and he gave me my first real chance—with an increase. A little later another promotion came with enough money so that we could save \$25 a month. Then another increase—I could put aside \$50 each pay day. And so it went.

"Today I am manager of my department—with two increases this year. We have a thousand dollars saved! And this is only the beginning. We are planning now for a home of our own. There will be new comforts for Rose, little enjoyments we have had to deny ourselves up to now. And there is a real future ahead with more money than I used to dare to dream that I could make. What wonderful hours they are—those hours after supper!"

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You, too, can have the position you want in the work of your choice, you can have the kind of a salary that will make possible money in the bank, a home of your own, the comforts and luxuries you would like your family to have. No matter what your age, your occupation or your means—you can do it!

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"Snub-Nose—Freckle-Face!"

(Concluded from page 37)

Years, however, have changed the appearance of the Starke nose. It's still a little snub, but there aren't any more freckles. In three years she's developed from a homely, scrawny little girl in a green sweater and a large, floppy hat to a handsome woman who wears diamonds set in platinum and blue-and-silver negligee at home.

But—there still remains that ambition to see her name over Broadway, New York, in huge incandescents, to be the big leading lady. That's her only ambition, she says. Doesn't care for housework or very much for a husband, —a quantity which she insists is always more or less minus when a stage career is looming ahead, —or for people to say that she's so very much like someone else.

Pauline, who was born in Joplin, Missouri, was literally lured into pictures by Griffith, who saw her standing on the sidelines watching her mother "act" together with some three hundred other extras. Perhaps it was the green sweater and funny hat she wore that attracted his attention and gave her a place on the dance floor next to Henry Walthall; perhaps it was her old, extremely-different little face with its lustrous eyes. At any rate he gave her a start in the Fine Arts company, and—made her go to school with the other "kids."

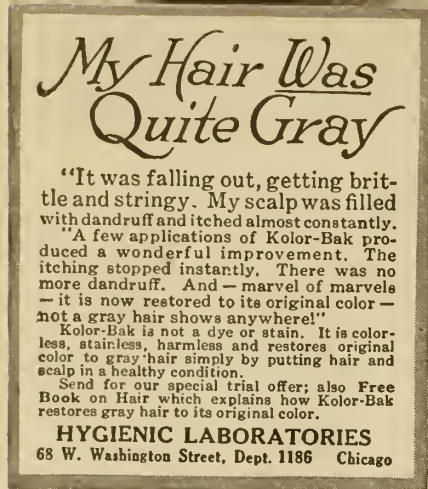
"That was awful," she reminisces. "And I was so ambitious, and—so much older than the rest of the pupils."

At any rate, after a term with Fine Arts, Pauline graduated and went to Triangle, when that worthy organization occupied what is now the Goldwyn studio at Culver City. Her first lead was in "Until They Get Me," and her first starring part in "Innocents' Progress," which, by the way, were two of the few "winners" put out by the Triangle after the resignation of its three angles, Griffith, Ince and Sennett.

Her peculiar, bizarre appeal in the play at once proclaimed her an actress of the first rank, the producers said, and she forewent was cast in "Shoes that Danced" and "Irish Eyes."

But pity her! She has always had to manufacture sympathy—even in her latest work in "Romany Rye" and "Marcene" under the direction of Maurice Tourneur, —whose temperament, by the way, she greatly respects. They've cast her as the slavey, the washerwoman, charlady, factory girl and downtrodden stenographer, and it wasn't until "Soldiers of Fortune" and Allan Dwan came along that she was really allowed to play a "stunner" in real Paris gowns and all that.

However, she's fairly satisfied, this little girl of smiles and tears. Sympathy always has its compensations, they say, and Pauline now has a lovely crop of diamonds, and a wonderful motor car. Plus a little temperament, plus blue negligee and a lot of real ideas about acting.



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HYGIENIC LABORATORIES
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The Corsican Brothers

(Concluded from page 31)

"That was a wonderful association," he said. "Together with Messrs. Roberts and Campeau were John Cope, one of the finest artists in America, and Walter Hale, a fine actor, good writer and probably the best-traveled American in Europe except perhaps Burton Holmes."

A glance at any who's who in the theater will reveal the various different plays that the Corsicans have played in, and one volume in particular will state that Dustin's recreations are motoring and yachting.

However the vigorous star of "The Man in the Open," of Zane Grey's "Light of the Western Stars" and "Durand of the Bad Lands," is credited also with creating the role on the stage of "The Squaw Man" and of "Cameo Kirby." His last stage play was "The Littlest Rebel" and thereby hangs a tale.

His brother Bill had been playing in stock at Syracuse, N. Y. during one of his summer vacations. He wanted a short piece to stage, —one of human sympathy and delicate subtlety. He at length chose "The Littlest Rebel," played it in abbreviated form for a short time, and at length saw an excellent opportunity to again work with his brother, who eventually was cast for the part of the northerner, Lieut.-Col. Morrison opposite William Farnum's southern Capt. Herbert Carey.

The child-labor laws in the days of 1911 were stringent in many of the cities. Consequently considerable difficulty was experienced in retaining a child-actor to play the part of the little rebel. Accordingly two youngsters were carried en tour—Viola Dana, then known as Edna Flugrath, and Mary Miles Minter, a tiny flaxen-haired elfin, who has now grown to big stardom and graces the Zukor starshop in New York at a salary of four thousand dollars a week. But, I

forgot, this story deals with the Farnums.

Pictures claimed both of the Farnum boys because each wanted to try the new art, believing in it. Bill came to Los Angeles with Cecil De Mille, and watched him build up the now great Lasky company from a mere nothing but a vacant lot in Hollywood. He was originally persuaded to do "The Spoilers" by Rex Beach himself, who said that a company in the West, which proved to be Selig, would put on the picture if a suitable lead could be found.

"I had a real interest in pictures," Dusty said. "So had Bill or he wouldn't have given up a successful stage career."

Dustin Farnum on the stage was a matinee idol of national repute, in a word a protegee of the late Col. Roosevelt, who wrote of him in his memoirs. Today both he and his brother occupy unique positions in the film world, and William, through his "Les Miserables," "Riders of the Purple Sage" and "Tale of Two Cities" is without a peer as a characterician.

Pictures, both the boys join in saying, are a greater art than the stage and a far more difficult one. It's easy to make an audience cry by the intonation of the voice. David Warfield on the stage can make his audience cry during a comedy scene. Could David Warfield in pictures do the same, where every stage of each situation must be pantomimed?

Yet Bill Farnum, as *Jean Valjean*, and Dusty, as the big-hearted human man in "The Virginian,"—did cause the tearducts to fill and overflow. Is there a more subtle art?

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New Havens of the Movies

(Concluded from page 55)

craft that is builded these days on old stuff. So Mack usually takes it out and tries it on the dog after he has convinced himself and his studio attaches that he has a laugh-producing vehicle. He operates somewhat differently than does his more serious confrere. He usually takes with him a half dozen assistants who are stationed in different parts of the theater, where they tabulate and analyze the laughs.

They have them all classified—the chuckle, the 'chortle, the smile, the giggle, the roar and that most desired objective of all, the stomach laugh. I'm not familiar with the exact method of operating, but I suppose they keep a score card or something from which a batting average—or laughing average—is compiled.

Several theaters in Los Angeles are utilized and others in neighboring towns, where the comedy is put on "cold"—without any previous announcement, and the result tallied up.

There is one theater the comedy makers never use now. It's a little theater in the colored quarter of Los Angeles, patronized chiefly by kids and colored folks. They laugh at everything, including sad scenes. Any comedy is a riot there. Then there is a theater on a pier at a nearby ocean resort which provides the acid test for a comedy. According to the comedy people, it is the chilliest audience in the world and if a comedy shown there can score a half dozen audible laughs, they know they have a big success.

Venice, another beach town, provides a downtown New York audience, while Pasadena pretty well represents uptown New York for tryout purposes. If the middle west college town is desired, Pomona does for Iowa City and Eagle Rock at South-west Los Angeles will do for Ann Arbor. Another nearby town provides a rural Kansas atmosphere—"not quick on the trigger." As the comedy observer put it, "and rather hard to entuse." Practically every section of the United States has its counterpart in some part of Southern California, according to the tryout experts.

It is the custom of most producers to have a "studio run" upon the completion of a photoplay, where the players and studio attaches gather and praise or "pan" it. In Hollywood the deMille pictures are usually shown at one of the theaters after the regular evening performance and these are often quite ceremonious functions.

A Cameraman May Shoot a King

TRACY MATHEWSON is the cameraman for Kinograms, the news weekly. Mathewson followed the young Prince of Wales about on his visits in Canada and on one occasion had taken several long shots of him at a garden fete at which many dignitaries were present.

Mathewson finally focussed his lenses for close-up of the Prince. The Prince was conversing with a group of distinguished guests and his back was turned to the camera. Mathewson waited a while. The light was growing dimmer. Finally "Hey!" he yelled at the Prince in exasperation—"turn around!" And he got his close-up!



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Walter Edwards— Astronomer

(Continued from page 57)

But while he was with Ince, Mr. Edwards bought a house in Culver City. It is a beautiful white affair, of stucco and tile.

"They called it the village eyesore when I got it," he mused. "I bought it, painted it, cleaned it, brought out my 'junk,' bought a little furniture and moved in. I've been living here ever since."

The junk in question is a rare combination of curios, antiques, and objects d'art, collected from every part of the world. As you enter the drawing room, you are confronted by a wide fireplace, standing on each side of which is a copper kettle and a brass bucket, the latter containing coal and irons. The room is literally loaded with art and antiques. In one corner near a bookshelf is the Edwards desk, piled high with papers and letters, to be illumined by a green-shaded lamp. On the wall before it hang old-time pictures—Edwards as Romeo, various of his actor friends in their character roles, a photograph of little Thelma Salter autographed "To Grand Daddy."

The windows and doors of the apartment are hung with lavender drapes. A table, on which stands a marble lamp and a rack containing the life of Belasco, is in front of the door, back to a wide divan that faces the fireplace. On a small table nearby is a long stemmed vase, always filled with flowers. Flowers everywhere. On one of the walls hangs a rare old tapestry of the last night of Anne Boleyn, which shows her in communion with Cardinal Woolsey. On another wall is a painting of a haywagon being loaded by three ruddy farmers. A tropical swamp in a heavy gilt frame hangs near the fireplace, and on the bookcase, together with a leopard skin, heaps of portraits of Marguerite Clark—whom Mr. Edwards is now directing—books and various bits of bric-a-brac, is a photograph of a soldier. On another wall is a painting of the Maine woods by Walter Russell, the distinguished American artist, while directly over the fireplace hangs the painting of a nun in full regalia, done on lead. This, Mr. Edwards stated, he bought for a dollar in the famous thieves' market in Mexico City. It is worth hundreds.

The mantle of the fireplace is loaded with an old French clock, tall candelabra brought from Florence, Italy, more photographs and bric-a-brac, and a framed portrait of Snowy Baker, the Australian journalist and sporting manager, which bears the autograph:

"To my good American friend, from an admiring Australian."

The upstairs of the house, or rather, the hallway, is similarly filled with the Edwards treasures, which he modestly terms "junk." There are horseshoes worn by such blue-ribboners as Enquirer, Luke Blackburn and Savabelle, a matchbox used by one of Custer's lieutenants, which was saved from the burning ruins of the Custer camp on the plains; three or four Indian feather headdresses and war bonnets, bridles, saddles, spurs, the Edwin Forrest boots with their contents of old-time photographs, all intermingled with the furniture, most of which is of the new futurism.

And here, in his home, alone with his Jap boy, Mr. Edwards plans his studio work.

Mr. Edwards commenced to show the contents of the bucket-top boots. At length he came to a photograph of Eugene Blair, dated 1886.

"That was the year I started in as an actor," he remarked, as he continued to look over the photographs. At length he came upon one of Sarah Truax, who smiled benignly at us from underneath a thatch of unusually lovely hair.

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Walter Edwards Astronomer

(Concluded)

"That was taken when Sarah was just starting in," he reminisced. "She was Otis Skinner's leading woman."

The theatrical who's who will inform its readers that Walter Edwards, after having been born in Michigan and educated there, went onto the boards in 1886 with Frederick Warde in "Virginiaus."

"I played hoarse, gathering murmurs in the piece for a time," he chuckled, "but before the season was out I played every character the author had written about. While I was with Warde—this for another year—we put on sixteen plays, and I have since playing the star part in every one, including Pinero's "The Silver King."

Following his engagement with Warde, Edwards signed with Robert Downing's production of "Spartacus." When this closed, the modern school called him, and the actor spent twelve years as a stock star in Philadelphia, Denver, Pittsburgh, Salt Lake City, Richmond, Va., Atlanta, Nashville, and New Orleans.

Sherlock Holmes had about this time attained his fullest popularity, and Edwards left stock to star in an elaborate production, depicting the wiles of the wary detective in disguise. After gumshoeing for two seasons throughout the country, he became a suave New Yorker, as John Burkett Ryder in "The Lion and the Mouse" under Henry B. Harris's management. Which was played for four years on the road.

The next year Walter Edwards spent as the aforementioned Prince Bellidor with Olga Nethersole—her leading man, for which he was rewarded by the rosary and the autographed photographs and the kind regards of Nethersole, and the recommendation that he would be a splendid leading man for "The Deep Purple," which was to be played in New York with an all-star cast.

This latter production marks the finale of Edwards' traveling career. He was imported to Los Angeles by Oliver Morosco to head the Morosco Producing Company, when the now nationally-known manager was just opening his theater in the western city. Instead, however, of playing the Morosco theater, Edwards joined the Burbank stock company, and remained there thirty-three weeks under Morosco's management.

"And then," he concluded, "the flickers with Ince lured me, and I've been dickering ever since. With Ince four years and the famous Players-Lasky company for two. Now directing Marguerite Clark. Curtain!"

And as I passed out of the cosy Edwards home in Culver City, one more autographed photograph caught my eyes. It was from a friend of his, a young Swedish actor, who looked soulfully down from his place on top of the bookshelf, and who had written in a quaint hand the keynote of Edwards' philosophy:

"Drau de darkest valley a man vill always and his way it dere is only left to him home and live"

Well! Well!

MANAGERS of the Zenaid theatre, in Chicago, let on that they were awfully worried on account of what the censors might do to those Sennett bathing girls supplanting "Yanks Inside in Berlin."

"Wouldn't it be awful," they said, "if the censors would go and make the girls put on more clothes and spoil the show?"

Well, the censors had a heart and also put one over. After viewing the performance the verdict issued was this:

"The censors must wear socks."

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The Miracle Man

(Continued from page 43)



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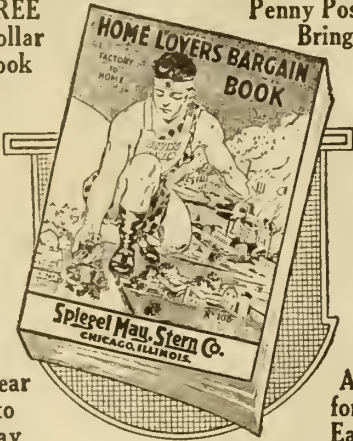
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been saving up his money for years to get enough to come to visit the Miracle Man of Fairhope. So here's your harvest, bo! Now get busy and make good."

They started toward the crowd at the station, and suddenly Burke stopped, stood still, and cursed volubly under his breath. He had forgotten the crippled son of the atheist, and there stood the village dark spot, beside the Frog, sharing the interest and the pity of the crowd. The Frog would be cured, of course, but the crowd would soon forget that in its sympathy for the uncured child. Burke groaned.

"Everything—more than I had hoped—and that d— kid will queer the whole show."

"Well, ain't someone goin' to show me the way?" The Frog was asking plaintively, and it had to be the unawed little cripple who volunteered to lead him to the Patriarch. So the strange procession started, and it was too late for Burke to volunteer. All he could do was stand aside and watch, and hope to gather a few scattered dollars where he had dreamed of thousands.

"Better come along and get a little faith—it's all we are going to get," he told The Dope, pessimistically.

Slowly the little cripple on crutches led the crawling half-semblance of a man up the long hill that led to the Patriarch's cottage overlooking the sea. Behind them came Claire King in her wheel chair, pushed by her brother, and then the strangely mixed throng, villagers, commercial travelers, rich and poor, sick and well.

Rose saw them coming. The numbers astonished her, but she was accustomed to thinking quickly in emergencies. She saw The Frog in the van, and knew that although something unexpected had happened the affair was more or less as it had been planned, so she led the Patriarch out into the sunlit path leading from the vine-clad door of his little cottage, and stood beside him as the throng approached.

Tall and straight, the great age of the Patriarch showed only in deep lines of thought that crossed his calm features, and his snowy hair. He was a commanding figure, there in the sunlight, and not even Burke and The Dope could escape something of the thrill that went through the motley crowd at sight of him. He gave no sign of being aware that anyone was near, and none ever knew what thoughts passed through his mind. His sightless eyes turned a little upward, he simply stood, his hands by his sides, not even clasped in the conventional attitude of prayer, and waited.

The Frog looked toward Burke, who nodded almost imperceptibly. The miracle was on. The Frog crawled, exaggerating even more than usual his contortions, foot by foot, until he lay at the feet of the old man. Then with awful grimaces, squirming, twisting and jerking, he straightened himself, joint by joint, limb by limb, slowly and with a vast show of astonishment—until at last he stood—erect. He was healed!

There was a concerted gasp from the throng which stood at a respectful distance, and a woman started to laugh hysterically—then quickly controlled herself. They had witnessed a miracle. It was true—it was true! The Patriarch could heal. The Dope turned toward Burke with a cynical smile but Burke was staring straight ahead.

"My God! Look!"

The little cripple of the atheist, who never before had been permitted to come to see the Patriarch, had thrown away his crutches, and with happy cries and unsteady little leaps was running toward the straight, immobile old man, who still stood in front of his cottage door.

"That was great stuff, to plant the kid too!" The Dope exclaimed.

"You poor mutt—you poor, ignorant, damn fool mutt—that was real," Burke said slowly. "Do you realize what that means? It means he can do it. This isn't a fake we've got hold of—it's the real thing. This guy can heal people. Get it! Look!"

Again they looked toward the crowd, and now it was Claire King, twelve years helpless with hip disease, who was rising to her feet, cured by her faith in this old man—in this devout Patriarch, whose sole knowledge was the power of good over all human ills. Leaning upon her brother's arm she walked up the path to thank the man who had healed her, through the sweet-faced grand-niece who stood beside him, so solicitous for his welfare, so tender, so perfect a type of girlish purity.

"It is now up to me to be greatly moved," Burke informed The Dope, "and show it by handing the Miracle Man's grand-niece my check for twenty-five thousand bones."

The harvest was quickly garnered. Richard King donated a check for \$50,000 and the other visitors, hearing of his generosity, contributed smaller amounts. Women stripped jewelry from necks, arms and fingers and heaped it upon the little parlor table. It was suggested by Burke that the proceeds of all these collections be turned into a fund to bring sufferers from all parts of the country to be healed. The newspaper man whom The Dope had discovered on the train noted all these things carefully, and after asking Rose a few questions hurried to the telegraph office.

"A real miracle and a reporter to see it!" Burke exclaimed in glee, when the four conspirators were finally alone. "Why is heaven so good to me?"

IN the weeks that followed, Fairhope emerged from obscurity and achieved national fame. The stream of sick minds and sick bodies to the Patriarch's door was continuous, and not one was turned away unhealed. Burke looked on and marveled, but wasted little time in speculation as to the secret of the Miracle Man's cures. The "fund" was increasing beyond his fondest hopes. Everyone was permitted to contribute something, if only a few cents, but the majority of the donations were in checks of four figures. By common consent, Burke was made custodian of the funds, even Richard King, who still lingered at Fairhope while the wheels of his private car rusted to the rails, agreeing to this, as the largest individual contributor. It needed little discernment to note that King's interest was rapidly diverted from the Miracle Man and the fund to the Miracle Man's grand-niece. And Rose, at first perhaps scenting rich game, overlooked no opportunity to encourage his attentions. She visited his sister frequently in the palatial car, and smiled inwardly to learn through Claire that the young millionaire regarded her as his ideal of womanhood.

But there were times when Rose did not smile—when she rebelled against the austerity of life as the sole relative of the Miracle Man—when she longed for the bright lights, the noise, and the glamor of her former careless existence. Then, as quickly, she would grow ashamed of the thought, and steal out under the stars to enjoy the sweetness and calm of this new world that was opening to her. A new light came into her eyes, a new bloom to her cheeks. She was more radiantly beautiful than ever, but one evening when Burke tried to caress her as in the old days she drew away from him.

"You said it yourself, Tom," she reminded

The Miracle Man

(Continued)

him. "We've got to kid ourselves that we are good—good people—that's our job while we're here."

Reluctantly he admitted she was right, and forced his mind into other channels. So absorbed was he in his plans that he did not see what was going on among his three associates. He did notice that The Frog was clean, and had a regular name of his own among the villagers. And The Dope too had a name, a job and a girl. He was working on a nearby farm, and had thrown his needle kit into the ocean the day the farmer's daughter admitted that she loved him. They both refused to take any of Burke's loot, saying they needed nothing so long as they remained in the village. This meant nothing to the leader except that they were willing to let the pile mount up until the final "divvy." It did not occur to him that association with the Miracle Man was curing sin-sick souls of his pals.

If Rose's plan originally was to make King a private victim of her own, and reap a little golden harvest, his sincerity soon disarmed her. Throughout the weeks that he swiftly slipped along, his gentle courtship revealed men and love to her in an amazingly different light from anything her sordid life had known. Tom Burke watched sullenly now as he saw her old, twisted, cynical smile give way to free, hearty, joyous laughter. The crack in his armor was found and one night he came to know that money was not enough—that he had a heart and that he could suffer.

The Frog was giving the Patriarch his evening meal. It was a duty he had assumed of his own accord,—he had demanded it rather as a privilege. If anyone had called it a labor of love he would have growled a protest against any such sentimentality, yet it was nothing less. Burke broke in upon them.

"Where's Rose?" he demanded.

"Out with King in his boat," The Frog replied.

"She's out with King a whole lot too much."

"I think he's a great guy, and I hope she falls for him real. He's a regular guy and he loves her right."

"She's my girl," Burke shouted. "Get that through your ivory dome. And all hell can't get her away from me." With that he rushed out of the house and went to the cliff to watch for the return of the yacht.

"Gee, why can't you help him?" The Frog pleaded into the deaf ear of the Patriarch. "He ain't such a bad guy if you really know him."

And that night Burke knew all the tortures of the damned, for Rose did not return. He tried to forget by counting over and over the hoarded wealth that had streamed in upon him and by letting costly jewels that had been donated to the fund, trickle through his fingers. But his mind returned to Rose—always to Rose—out there somewhere alone with King.

"I'm a wise guy!" he sneered bitterly. "I've just naturally double-crossed myself. Here I've been good—honest, on the level good, and she's been playing up to this millionaire. But she isn't going to belong to anyone else—no, by God!" His eyes fell again upon the pile of rings, bracelets and necklaces, and he snarled sacrilegiously, "What shall it profit a guy if he gains all this coin and loses his girl?"

Then all the lust and rage and fury of his being blazed up in one searing flame, and he loaded the revolver he had put away the first day he came to Fairhope. Thus he waited through the night like any other animal crouching to kill. And it was thus Rose found him, returning home in the first

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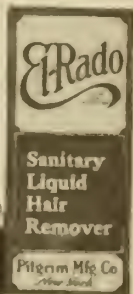
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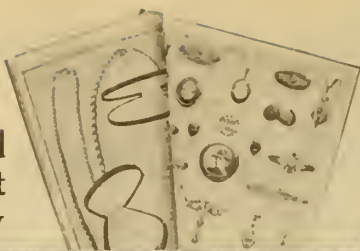
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Ask your theatre manager
when he will show it

The Miracle Man

(Concluded)

light of the dawn—but she looked him straight in the eyes and did not flinch. "Go on," he sneered. "Start your little act. But be sure the dialogue is good. Did you think I was going to sit here and suck my thumb, and share you?"

"Tom!"
"Aw, cut the bunk! Are you trying to kid yourself that you're a sweet, virtuous girl? I tell you I'll break him, crush him, kill him!"

"Listen to me—and believe me," she demanded, and something in her calm manner made him listen while she told the story of the adventure she had just been through. The small yacht had stuck on an island sand bar at low tide and they had to wait until the water rose and floated it off. King had offered to try to swim ashore, but she knew he could not do it, and persuaded him not to try. And for the first time in her life she had been brought closely in contact with a man who was not mastered by his desires. Tom listened, and against his own furious will, believed, and as he believed his sense of ownership of Rose returned.

"I want you Rose—I want you," he whispered as he tried to take her in his arms. "I love you, don't you understand?"

"You don't know what love is," she replied sadly. "Your love is nothing but lust, sin and shame."

"It was the kind of love that made you happy once, and it will again."

"No," she replied. "I have learned what real love is."

Tom's fury blazed up again. So Rose was playing the big game—was going to make King marry her. He glanced out of the window and saw King approaching.

"Here comes the bridegroom," he sneered. "Prepare, gentle maiden, prepare."

"Tom, for God's sake—"

Burke shook her off and she followed him to the door.

"We've all got a suspicion that you're going to take our little rosebud away from us," he said to King, with a nervous laugh.

King looked from one to the other, puzzled by this strange greeting. "I came to say goodbye," he said. "I wanted to see you alone for a few moments."

"I guess we can arrange it," Burke said, and led the way into the house, shutting out Rose. She noticed that he kept his right hand in his pocket, and knew instinctively that it clutched his revolver. She hurried to tell The Dope and The Frog, to get them to save King.

"Can you arrange to stay here always and take charge of everything connected with this work?" King asked as soon as the door was closed. Burke stared at him. "You see, I shall never come here again—or ever see any of you.—I love Rose. I have asked her to marry me, but she has refused. I must go away."

Tom let go his hold on the revolver. What was coming over everyone?

"You will make her happy, won't you?" King went on. "No one else can do it."

And it came to Burke that she was straight—Rose was straight. And King was straight. Even The Dope, the poor old hop-head, without will or force of character, had become a man. All—everyone at Fairhope was right, except himself—Tom Burke. And so he wrung the hand of the man he had a few moments before planned to kill, and muttered something that was intended for a promise and a farewell.

Rose, The Frog and The Dope found him with his head buried in his hands, thinking. And Rose-misconstrued his attitude.

"Don't be afraid—no one will know—you can trust me!" she exclaimed.

"I didn't kill him. Something got to me first. The big boob said he trusted me. Said I could draw on him for any money I wanted. Can you beat this faith stuff?"

"Oh money, money! Don't you think of anything but money?"

"For once, kid, you've got me wrong," Tom replied, and led her to the other room where the jewelry that had tortured his soul the night before still lay heaped upon the table. Out of the pile he picked a plain gold band. "I always wanted to slip one of these on your finger. On the level I did."

Rose looked up into his eyes with new happiness. The thing she desired more than all else in the world had come true.

That evening the four of them sat about the chair of the Patriarch, and discussed what they would do with the money that had come to them as a result of their scheme. There was one point upon which all were agreed—not one cent of it should be touched by any of them.

"If we could only tell him what he has done for us," said Rose.

"Any time you think that guy don't know you're crazy in the head," The Frog replied.

As they turned to look at the Miracle Man a change seemed to come over his features. Something of the sternness, the pathos, melted away. He appeared to be falling asleep, and yet the four of them knew instinctively that it was not mere sleep, but the Great Rest which had come to him.

"Oh God, I want to see him again—I want to see him again!" The Dope cried.

"You will, old pal, you will," The Frog assured him.

"Don't weaken, kid," Burke added. "He will look great alongside a harp."

"And it's up to us to keep the big smile working overtime," said The Frog.

Rose was weeping softly, and Burke put an arm around her shoulder.

"Courage—honey," he said. "A good thought can't die. And that's what he was, a good thought."

Help the Roosevelt Memorial

THE Roosevelt Memorial Association has been formed to provide memorials in accordance with the plans of the National Committee, which will include the erection of a suitable and adequate monumental memorial in Washington; and acquiring, development and maintenance of a park in the town of Oyster Bay, which may ultimately, perhaps, include Sagamore Hill, to be preserved like Mount Vernon and Mr. Lincoln's home at Springfield.

In order to carry this program to success, the Association will need a minimum of \$10,000,000, and so that participation in the creation of this memorial fund may be

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Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 109)

Jack Holt was good in "A Sporting Chance" with Ethel Clayton, too—meaning by that, that he wasn't villainous.

VIOLET L. AND ITA K., MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA—I am really very sorry that I cannot comply with your requests. Please write again—I am always glad to hear from Australians—and ask me something else. Certainly I'll be your friend.

R. A. J. G., FARMVIEW, ILL.—On the contrary I think you have very good taste. Experience in amateur dramatics should help you in a screen career—especially in comedy. It would help you, perhaps, to dodge pies. Norma Talmadge's latest is "By Right of Conquest." Natalie Talmadge also appears in this.

CARMEN D., MONTREAL.—I managed to decipher your French without the aid of a dictionary. Yes, it is true that Harold Lockwood is dead. It is not true that Theda Bara has retired. She has three pictures to be released by Fox. Further than that I don't know her plans but it is thought in the best film circles that she will form her own company. Tout-sweet.

DOROTHY J. D., TRURO.—Why play hookey from school if you have to stay in bed to have it? Your writing is all right. So you'd love to succeed my stenographer. She's quite a success on her own account, thanks. Ask your theatre manager to run the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE SCREEN SUPPLEMENT. The Educational Film Corporation is releasing it.

CATHARINE, WISCONSIN.—Tom Moore sends out pictures, I think. I have one of him but I wouldn't give it to you. You should see my collection. Bill Hart and Wallie Reid are also very good about answering letters. Tony Moreno, too. When do you girls get time to do anything but write letters to your favorites?

GERARD H. H., SOUTH AUSTRALIA.—Anyway is the proper way to address me. I am so good-natured, I laugh at myself sometimes. Well, you can't help being a little behind releases over there but as far as being out-of-date is concerned I never noticed it. I'm a roofer for you Australians, all right. No. Mary Miles Minter was not killed in a motor accident. The little blonde is working hard on "Anne of Green Gables" for Realart. She is not married. You don't bore me at all.

AGNETTA, KENOSHA.—So you wrote to me in one of your vacant periods, in school. Do you have them often? You didn't come to Chicago after all, did you? If so, why didn't you make good your threat—ardon me, promise—to look me up? And over? Why should I tell you how old I am? My business is answering questions—but not about myself. Allan Forrest, who was Mary Miles Minter's leading man in so many American pictures while they were both at Santa Barbara is with Universal now in a serial directed by Jacques Jaccard. I think he would write to you—

YANKEE DOODLE, EPHRATA, PA.—Why are you apologizing to me? You haven't done anything—but I suppose you are apologizing now so that you can err afterwards. No, no—all the United Artists will not play together. They have never been in one picture that I know of—except one I believe they made one for their own amusement, and this of course will never be exhibited for public consumption.



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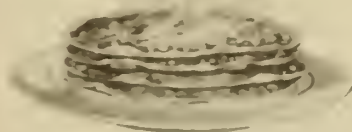
The more children eat the better. The less they eat the more they want of something not so good.

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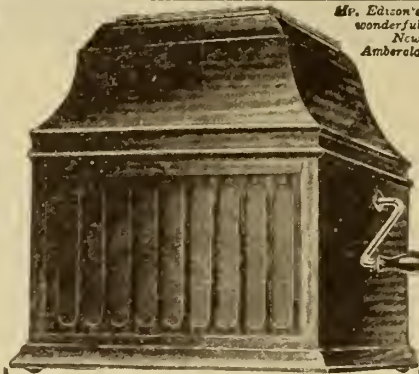
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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

HAROLD D. BARNES, CAMP CUSTER, MICHIGAN.—Maurice Tourneur is producing his own pictures now. His latest two are "Romany Rye" and "Broken Butterfly." Lew Cody, now a star on his own, plays in both. Pauline Starke is in them, too. Tourneur works in Hollywood. No trouble at all; come again soon.

MARIE E., KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS.—If I were you, before sending any scenarios of books to any film company for consideration, I'd get the publisher's permission. And you'll have to use your own judgment as to where to send them; study the particular needs of every producer and you can't go far wrong.

BUG, WELLSVILLE.—Your paper is beautiful; it is rhythmic, in fact. I may say, indeed, that I like it. But will you, please, write in ink hereafter? Gladys Leslie is the little blonde who first became known as the million-dollar-smile baby, for Thanhouser. She is now with Vitagraph, and still blonde and smiling. I am not sure, but I believe Miss Leslie is married. Few of the Vitagraph stars are enjoying single blessedness: Harry Morey is married, Earle Williams has a wife, Corinne Griffith is Mrs. Webster Campbell, Alice Joyce Mrs. Tom Moore. Bessie Love is single but her contract with Vitagraph has expired.

FRANK Y., PERKINE.—Sessue Hayakawa, Sylvia Breamer in "The Temple of Dusk." Hayakawa has a company of his own—the Haworth. A cameraman is under the director's tutelage; he knows all about a camera that there is to know but of course he doesn't pick locations. If I were not familiar with the continuity form I shouldn't attempt to put my ideas into it, if I were you. It would be better to submit a straight synopsis—as condensed as possible.

MR. S., ASTORIA, OREGON.—"The Mystery of the Poison Pool"? That's a new one on me. You say it was shown about two years ago. Does anyone know anything about it? Anyway, I hope the villain got his.

J. W. C., LOUISVILLE.—That picture is too old. Why, the average life of an actor or actress on the stage is just the same as the life of a person in any profession. They don't die young; that's a fallacy. William Courtleigh, Junior, is dead. Ethel Fleming is his widow.

D. M., SAN ANTONIO.—I can't give you any "extra" advice on marketing manuscripts. I can only tell you what I have told everybody else. I wouldn't send your scripts direct to the stars, if I were you, but to the companies. Surprised to hear you never had your scenarios returned; all the reputable companies are quite prompt. Keep me informed on this.

D. M. HOOK, CANTON.—Your letter was funny. I laughed like a squirrel's breakfast. You may be an actress when you are older; I won't stop you. But be careful, in your Shakespearean transports, that they don't give you your last name. Montague Love has been married, I believe. Ethel Clayton is Joseph Kaufman's widow. She returned from Japan some time ago and is working hard at Lasky's Hollywood studios. Write her there. We don't give personal addresses when we can help it.

F. ENRIQUEZ, HAVANA.—I am indebted to you for the interesting things you say in your letter. I hope this department may always please you. Douglas Fairbanks doesn't make a specialty of western plays;

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

Doug does anything in which the action takes place outdoors. It doesn't have to be wild and woolly, necessarily. Bill Hart is our real western actor; although he departs from his beaten path by appearing in something like "The Poppy Girl's Husband." I should advise you, down there, to watch out for this one if you haven't already seen it. Bill's new one is "John Petticoats." Doug's, "His Majesty the American." Harry Carey, Universal City. Molly Malone, Roscoe Arbuckle comedy company.

V. B., DES MOINES, IOWA.—Why, I have no prejudice against nor particular preference for red-haired girls. Only—I had a stenographer once whose hair was of that hue; she always looked determined and as I was never able to discover what it is she was looking so determined about, I fired her. Billie Burke and Olga Petrova have hair that, while not red, approaches that shade. Anyway, that's the safest way of saying it. Theda Bara, Fox; Nazimova, Metro; Jack Warren Kerrigan, Hampton.

BEACON READER.—You enclosed a stamp but failed to give me your name and address, so I must answer you here and hope you'll find it. The best way to get the pictures you want in your theatre is to ask the theatre manager to show them. I am sure he will realize the importance of giving his patrons what they like. If he doesn't he's different from any manager I ever knew.

MARY, LOUISIANA.—Mary Pickford was born in Toronto, but I should call her an American as she has always lived and worked here. She was born in 1893. She is just five feet high in her stock—I beg her pardon, her heel-less slippers; she tips the scales at exactly one hundred pounds, and her hair is golden and her eyes are hazel. I am sure I don't know whether Mary speaks French; but I believe she plays the piano fluently. Her latest to be released, "The Hoodlum." Productions contemplated: "Pollyanna" and "Hop o' my Thumb," by Sir James Barrie.

LILY, NELSON, B. C.—You will call me Lizard if I like? Well, I don't like. Nazimova spells her first name Alla, without an aitch. You must make your other questions more specific next time.

VIOLA C., WINTHROP.—No—I never said fudge was the only kind of home-made candy I like. I like any kind of home-made candy. What kind is your specialty? Eric von Stroheim was the hun in "The Heart of Humanity," with Dorothy Phillips. He has written and directed a new picture for Universal—"The Pinnacle"—which is very fine. Von Stroheim is married but I hear that they are being taken to make that marriage out and void. He's Austrian. Universal City, California, will reach him.

RUTH IDMA D., GENTRY.—I don't like to see anyone pose, even actors—they should pose only before the still camera and not too much then. June Caprice isn't married, she is with the Albert Capellani company. Jane Hildge is married to Frank Badgely, and you may address her care the World Film studios in Fort Lee, N. J.

E. J. J., INVERCARGILL, N. Z.—So you have been engaged to one girl for two years? Well, I never did believe in rushing into things. Constance Talmadge isn't married—and I wish the printer would keep this standing, or that Constance would get married, so I could answer something different for a change.

JOHN S., U. S. S. MANZANILLA.—Write to me between shovelsful whenever you feel like it. No, I never get sore at foolish questions, it doesn't pay. I am about due for a little raise, and until I get it I'm not going to get sore about anything. Nine dollars a week doesn't go very far these days. Charles Ray works in Culver City at the Ince studio. He lives in Hollywood.

EDNA M. F., MONTREAL.—I cannot tell you how much good your letter did me. You have the right idea about pictures and I wish there were more consistent people like you. With two babies and a home and husband to take care of, you still find time to go to the movies three times a week. Ann Little will not play with Wallie Reid any more; she is co-starring in a western serial, "Lightning Bryce." Wanda Hawley and other Lasky leading ladies will support Wallie. I am glad you like these pages. Please write to me again. My best to the babies.

ANNA H., BOSTON.—Monte Blue is signed up with Lasky for a long time to play leads, so you should see him often in the future. If Monte is married you'll die of a broken heart? Well, I'm not sure whether he is or not—are you, Blue? (Lie to the lady, Monte.) Lasky, Hollywood, Cal.

MARTHA, VERSAILLES.—Miriam Nesbitt, who was Queen Elizabeth in the Edison production of "Mary Stuart" years ago—Mary Fuller was Miss Stuart—is in private life Mrs. Marc McDermott. She has not been on the screen for a long time but her husband is playing right along.

LEONA DOBBS, OF DANVILLE.—You must have stepped right out of an English novel. Here are your addresses: Jack Mulhall, Lasky; Mary Miles Minter, Realart; Ruth Roland, Pathe (western); Norma Talmadge, Talmadge studios, New York. I think all of these players will send you pictures of themselves. The first and the last are married.

S. L., N. Y. C.—Pauline Bush, who was well known in the early film days with Universal and Reliance, married Alan Dwan the director, and retired from the screen. She has no children. I heard some time ago that she contemplated a return to pictures, but so far her plans haven't materialized. Yes, I like her very much indeed.

CLARENCE, JR., LARCHMONT.—If I had an office-boy, I'd name him Clarence. It's such a handy name. "Clarence!" you might yell,—and there he would be—not. You are, indeed, something of an artist. When I look at the portrait-drawing you made of me, I might say, "something—but not much." You are absolutely right; I have a staff of punsters, another of epigrammatists, and another of mere answerers who do nothing but look up questions. My punsters wear a black uniform; they are in mourning for Shakespeare.

MARGERY DAW ADMIRER.—We have said something about Margery Daw, before. We like her very much; she is one of the Answer Man's favorite screenesses. There will be a story about her soon. Her real name is Margaret House, her latest to be released—"His Majesty the American," and she is now a featured member of the Marshall Neilan company.

ANTOINETTE.—You're right and mother and dad have the wrong dope. Nazimova made one picture previous to "Revelation," this was her first Metro, but she did "War Brides," her best-known stage vehicle, for

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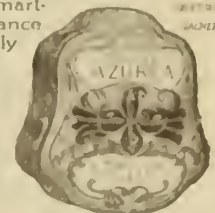
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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

Herbert Brenon. Dick Barthelmess was the young brother in this. Gertrude Berkely, the mother. "Out of the Fog," "The Red Lantern," and "The Brat" are her latest three for Metro, to be released. She is working, at this writing, on "The Hermit Doctor of Gaya," by I. A. R. Wylie. She's Mrs. Charles Bryant.

HELEN G., LAWRENCE.—I should call your paper burnt orange, or canary. So you take elocution and would like to be a movie star. Preparing, perhaps, to acknowledge the receipt of the silver loving-cup from your admirers in Peruna, Kansas. Wallie Reid has one son, Bill. Mrs. Reid is Dorothy Davenport.

WESLEY DRISCOLL.—All the Sennett girls appeared in the first part of "Yankee Doodle in Berlin," but only Marie Prevost had anything to do with the story proper. Harriett Hammond, Marvel Rae, Vera Stedman—now with Fox—Juanita Hansen, graduated from comedy, and Phyllis Haver adorned the beach scenes. Ford Sterling was the Kaiser; Charlie Murray the refractory Irishman in this Sennett extravaganza.

THE ANSWER MAN'S FRIEND, PITTSFORD, N. Y.—You know I am a man; a woman would never answer questions; she'd rather ask them. Priscilla Dean isn't in comedy; she is a Universal star-burglar. The best Dean picture, to my way of thinking, was Bayard Veiller's "Pretty Smooth." Miss Dean can steal my heart any day. Ben Wilson, with Neva Gerber, is doing some good domestic comedies, for Universal. Vola Vale isn't Bill Russell's wife; she's his sister-in-law; married to another Russell, Bill's brother.

ELSIE AND RUTH, IDAHO.—You mean mean Robert Warwick, don't you—late of Flanders, now of Hollywood? He is in "Told in the Hills" now—from the old stage play. Tom Forman is married; divorced.

J. T. R., WHEELING.—So you think that in writing about a great play like "Broken Blossoms" I should take off my hat. I shall take off my shoes instead. Lillian, not Dorothy, did Lucy in that. The plays in which Dorothy Gish and Richard Barthelmess appeared together were: "The Hope Chest," "Boots," "I'll Get Him Yet," "Ralph Graves supports her in "Nobody Home"—which title, I understand, has been changed to "Out of Luck" because a theatrical producer claims the original rights to "Nobody Home."

DEAR DOROTHY, INDIANAPOLIS.—You mustn't send your letters to me, my dear, without an envelope. I can't forward them that way. Write Ralph Graves another nice note, addressed care Griffith studios in Hollywood and he'll probably write to you.

L. H., HAMILTON.—You amaze me. I have never worn a gray suit in my life. However, as you say you're on to me as you have seen me about Clark street in a gray suit and soft hat—I have nothing more to say. Except—guess again, and ask me questions next time.

AUSTRALIAN, VICTORIA.—I think motion pictures will be made in your country by Wilfred Lucas. At any rate it looks that way, as on August first Lucas, his wife, Bess Meredyth, the scenario writer, Agnes or "Brownie" Vernon, leading woman, and Mr. and Mrs. Snowy Baker began their trip to Australia via San Francisco. Snowy will, of course, be the star.

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Questions and Answers

(Concluded)

MARY GRACE LONG, OAKLAND—Your letter is long and time is fleeting. Let's be brief. Here are the addresses. Olive Thomas, Elaine Hammerstein Selznik Pictures Corporation, New York City—they're working at the Biograph studios in the Bronx. Jane and Katherine Lee have their own company now, billed as the Baby Grands. Little Mary McAlister hasn't been playing for some time now. I'll let you know when she comes back. And Virginia Lee Corbin was forming her own company last I heard, she's in Hollywood, Cal.

COURT O. DAYTON—You sound like a detective story. You told me to take a day off when I read your letter so I did. I read it hastily and went swimming. I feel fine today; let me at it. I have been through Dayton. I hope I never have to go through it again. But no—I really like your town. Yes, Earle Foxe can Panthea beautifully. He isn't in pictures just at present; on the stage the last I heard. Accent on the "zini" in Nazimov. I'd go in pictures in a minute if I could decide whether to wear puttees and a megaphone or soup-and-fish with a Marcelle wave. What do you think?

MURIEL G. CHICAGO—Yes, child, I think you do look a little like Mary Pickford. You're a sensible kid to know that looking like Little Mary won't boost you right up to the top of the little old ladder. If you're willing to work—but a resemblance doesn't insure success. Thank you for your interest, and write to me again and ask some questions.

GLADYS H. MCHENRY, N. D.—All right—go your way, gal. But remembah—remembah that it's a long lane that has no yearning. The name of the doctor in the Universal picture "The Blinding Trail" is not given in the cast. Monroe Salisbury is the star.

ANNABELLE, DETROIT—I didn't draw the picture at the head of my first page. I could have drawn it, though. How did you guess I was an artist? I'm not. I decided at an early age that I would pursue an artistic career but somehow I have never caught up with it. The paintings in the Museums are so clever, I am always sorry I didn't do something with my talent. I am not sure just now how you can reach Wilfred Lytell; he was on the stage the last I heard. Try him in care of Bert at the Metro studios in Hollywood. I couldn't help but be disappointed in you now; there is no greener stationery in the world than yours, with the gold border. I can never hope to see it again.

MARY ELIZABETH—I've tasted your candy. Is it home-made? I do like fudge; oh, how I like fudge! I haven't had any for some time now—hmmm. I have never heard of a Jean Mayflower alias Jean Riley nee Rebecca Gray in pictures. Speak up, Jean-Jean-Rebecca.

ELEANOR A—Marguerite Clark isn't dead. She's working hard out on the coast, at the Famous Players-Lasky studios. Her husband is H. Palmerson Williams. Charles Chaplin, his own studios at Hollywood. George Walsh, Fox, also Theda Bara. Madge Kennedy, Goldwyn, Culver City. Ethel Barrymore is in private life Mrs. Russell Colt; she has three children. Marshall Neilan has his own company; Margery Daw is featured player. Harold Lockwood died of the influenza. He was with Metro. Fatty Arbuckle makes comedies for Paramount, he works in California.

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In realization of this truth the Eastman Kodak Company has for twenty-five years devoted specialized effort to every phase of photography. The institution is so organized that when a new problem confronts photography an army of experts can be mobilized to meet that new need.

If it isn't an
Eastman it isn't
KODAK



Around each cake, the booklet of famous skin treatments

IS your skin clear, soft, attractive? If not, it can be changed! Whatever the condition that prevents your skin from being beautiful, there is a special treatment to correct it.

You will find this treatment in the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. The booklet contains complete treatments for the commoner skin troubles, as well as scientific advice on the skin and scalp.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. You will find Woodbury's

on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in United States or Canada. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks.

Sample cake of soap, booklet of famous treatments, samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream, sent to you for 15 Cents.

In the booklet, you will find complete treatments for the commoner skin troubles including:

Conspicuous Nose Pores
Blackheads
Skin Blemishes
Oily Skin and Shiny Nose
Coarsened Skin
Tender Skin
Sluggish Skin, etc.

For 6c 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 15c 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., 511 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 511 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

Woodbury's Facial Soap



One World's Leading Moving Picture Magazine

PHOTOPLAY

December
20 Cents

Magazine



Betty Compson

LIBRARY OF THE
ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURE ARTS AND SCIENCES
135 N. WASHINGTON ST. LOS ANGELES, CALIF.



So Enchanting a Gift
Un Noël très joyeux!

WITH Djer-Kiss Paris-created—Djer-Kiss in joyous Holiday sets! This fairy fountain of Versailles is pictured on the box.

Is it not wonderful, *Madame, Mademoiselle*, that there should be given to those who admire you an opportunity to bestow so enchanting a gift?

Last year, indeed, so many wished for these sets that there were not enough to go 'round. This year there will be more. But you will be wise if you let fall a hint—just a soft little whisper—so that the giver, *lui ou elle*, shall be forewarned and forehanded.

Then, too, if you seek something simpler, each *Spécialité*—whether it be Extract, Face Powder, Talc, Sachet, Toilet Water, Vegetale, Soap or *Rouge—is in itself a gift most acceptable—a gift quite complete in grace and charm.

In the smart little shops. In the leading big shops. In charming Holiday boxes will they be found. These single *Spécialités*. These Djer-Kiss sets—in five varied combinations from most elaborate for *Madame*, for *Mademoiselle*, to the simple three-piece sets so approved by *Monsieur*.
*ROUGE ONLY temporarily made in America.

ALFRED H. SMITH COMPANY
Sole Importers NEW YORK

Djer-Kiss
Made in France only
FOR CHRISTMAS



New Djer-Kiss Calendar

Four beautiful Djer-Kiss pictures reproduced in rich colors. In size each is 6 in. by 9 in. The pictures are tied together with silk cord. This calendar will be attractive and useful in your bedroom or on your desk. It is sent to you in return for 6c. Write to Alfred H. Smith Co., 26 West 34th St., New York.

**WAS
\$100**

**NOW
\$57**

OLIVER

NINE



A Stenographer's Advice On Typewriter Buying How to Save \$43

THE young lady who suggested this advertisement convinced the writer that too few people realize that the Oliver Typewriter has the usual keyboard. A definite propaganda, she insisted, had been spread to lead people to believe that the arrangement of letters on the Oliver keyboard was different, and therefore difficult.

This advertisement is to set people aright. It should be understood once and for all that the Oliver has the same universal arrangement of letters as on all standard typewriters. And it has improvements and simplifications not found elsewhere. Several hundred thousand stenographers use the Oliver daily.

The young lady brought up another point. She said many people might think that the new \$57 Oliver is a second-hand or rebuilt machine of an earlier model.

But note that this advertisement is signed by The Oliver Typewriter Company itself. This is a guarantee that the \$57 Oliver is the exact model formerly priced at \$100. Not a change has been made. It is a new machine. The latest product of our factory.

How We Both Save

The entire saving of \$43 comes from our new sales methods.

During the war we learned that it was unnecessary to have great numbers of traveling salesmen and numerous, expensive branch houses throughout the country. We were also able to discontinue many other superfluous, costly sales methods. You benefit by these savings.

Among the Large Users Are

United States Steel Corporation
Montgomery Ward & Company
Pennsylvania Railroad
Lord & Thomas
Columbia Graphophone Co.
Bethlehem Steel Company
National Cloak & Suit Co.
New York Edison Company
National City Bank of New York

Claett, Peabody & Co.
Hart, Schaffner & Marx
Encyclopedia Britannica
American Bridge Company
Otis Elevator Company
Diamond Match Company
Fore River Ship Building Corporation
Boy Scouts of America
Corn Products Refining Co.
Boston Elevated Railway

Over 700,000 Oliver's have been sold. It is used by the big concerns, as listed below.

This Oliver Nine is a 20-year development. If any typewriter is worth \$100, it is this, our latest and best model.

Free Trial

We ship an Oliver Nine to you for five days free trial. If you decide to keep it, pay us at the rate of \$3 per month. If you return it, we even refund the transportation charges. What could be fairer, simpler? You may order an Oliver Nine for free trial direct from this advertisement. It does not place you under the slightest obligation to keep it.

Used machines accepted in exchange at fair valuation.

Or, you may ask for our free book entitled, "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy." This amazing book exposes the old way of selling and tells where the \$43 used to go.

Read the two-way coupon—then mail it today. Note how simple the whole plan is—how you deal direct with the manufacturer.

Canadian Price, \$72.00

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY

1479 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago (92.02)

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY

1479 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

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 your hands until fully paid for.

My shipping point is.....
This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," our deluxe catalogue and further information.

Name.....

Street Address.....

City..... State.....

Occupation or Business.....

Mail Today—Don't Delay



The New Paramount-Artcraft Pictures

Listed alphabetically, released
in September and October. Save
the list! And see the pictures!

Billie Burke in "SADIE LOVE"
Irene Castle in "THE INVISIBLE BOND"
Marguerite Clark in "LUCK IN PAWN"
Elsie Ferguson in "COUNTERFEIT"
Dorothy Gish in "TURNING THE TABLES"
Houdini in "THE GRIM GAME"
Vivian Martin in "HIS OFFICIAL FIANCEE"
Wallace Reid in "THE LOTTERY MAN"
"The Teeth of the Tiger" All Star Cast
Maurice Tourneur's Production
"THE LIFE LINE"
George Loane Tucker's Production
"THE MIRACLE MAN"
Robert Warwick in "IN MIZZOURA"
Bryant Washburn in "IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE"
"Everywoman"
A Super Special (All Star Cast)
"The Miracle of Love"
A Cosmopolitan Production

Thomas H. Ince Productions
Enid Bennett in "WHAT A WOMAN LEARNS"
Dorothy Dalton in "L'APACHE"
MacLean & May in "23½ HOURS' LEAVE"
Charles Ray in "CROOKED STRAIGHT"

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one each month
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two each month
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one each month
Paramount-Briggs Comedy
one each week

Paramount Short Subjects

Paramount Magazine *issued weekly*
Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel
Pictures *one each week*
Paramount-Post Nature Pictures
issued every other week
Paramount-Burlingham Adventure
Pictures *every other week*

And remember that any Para-
mount or Artcraft picture that
you haven't seen is as new as
a book you have never read

~and they both
show the same pictures!

WHETHER you attend a million-dollar palace of the screen in the big city, or a tiny hall in a backwoods hamlet, you will find that it is always the best and most prosperous theatre in the community that is exhibiting Paramount-Artcraft Pictures.

It does not matter whether you arrive in a limousine, a jitney, on trolley or afoot, you are immediately taken out of yourself by these great pictures which delight so many thousands of audiences every day in the week.

Human nature has deep-down similarities wherever you find it, and Famous Players-Lasky Corporation has made the bigger and better theatres possible by supplying a great variety of photo-plays which touch the roots of human nature with absolute certainty.

A theatre cannot be better than the pictures it shows. Good music, wide aisles, luxurious seating and fine presentation have all naturally followed as the appropriate setting for Paramount-Artcraft Pictures.

Find the theatre or theatres in any town that show Paramount Artcraft Pictures, and you have found the spots where time flies.

Paramount Artcraft Motion Pictures

These two trade-marks are the sure way of identifying *Paramount-Artcraft* Pictures—and the theatres that show them.



FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR Pres. JESSE L. LASKY Vice Pres. 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*

VOL. XVII

No. 1

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The Murder of Colonel Acorn

SUPPOSE your favorite morning paper were to startle you out of your grapefruit some morning by an announcement like this:

TOMORROW

Be sure and read the Times-Despatch, as it will contain the authentic, the smashing, story of the horrible murder of the illustrious Col. Montgomery Acorn.

Of course, the Colonel is not murdered as yet, but the day is young and he doubtless will lie cold and dead by nightfall.

Remember—the story of the terrible catastrophe—in this paper tomorrow.

A newspaper cannot foresee its great fact stories. The very nutrition of its existence is the calories of the unexpected.

However, the Times-Despatch always carries superior accounts of the latest sensations, and, realizing that, you prefer it to the other papers.

Same with PHOTOPLAY. Our ambition and our record lie in being up-to-the-minute in our pages, particularly as regards our big fact features. The greater the story, the more unpremeditated it is; hence our inability to forecast it.

But we have, under way and ready to print at the earliest possible moment, the rarest and most interesting materials that we have ever put before the nation-wide assemblage of intelligent and discriminating picture patrons who constitute this publication's audience.

Taking some of these things at random, we might consider first an illuminating essay which Jesse L. Lasky has written: "What Makes Screen Success?" Perhaps of all men engaged in the direction of motion picture manufacture, Mr. Lasky is best qualified to answer, for he has been a manufacturer

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EDWIN M. COLVIN, Pres. JAMES R. QUIRK, Vice Pres. R. M. EASTMAN, Sec.-Treas.
W. M. HART, Adv. Mgr. ALFRED A. COHN, Pacific Coast Representative.
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a long time, and he has been particularly allied with the production end. The greatest stars of the screen have grown to be such under his scrutiny—whether they were in his organization or some other—and he will give the key to their triumph.

* * *

ADELA ROGERS-St. Johns, who writes about the movies with a typewriter ribbon dyed in Cooper-Hewitt blue, will hand over to her perusing friends next month the most piquant and the most original of all her typed intimacies upon the films. It is called "A Flyer in Past," and discloses the secrets of—no, no star or stars; these secrets are the hopes and aspirations of the biggest hippodrome of stellar mothers ever assembled in one ring—what they hoped, once upon a time that their children would be, all told in their own manner of speaking, and with many a shy confession that sometimes loses its humor in its deep humanity.

* * *

Stewart Edward White, novelist and real big game hunter, affords an opportunity for a "personality story" as interesting as any of his vivid novels or stirring photoplays, and this opportunity has been taken advantage of to its fullest extent in a modest tale entitled "—And a Couple of Lions!" But you must read the whole story to learn that Mr. White, before the "couple of lions," had accounted personally for forty-nine rhinoceros, in the heart of Africa, and twenty-seven leopards.

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Ask your dealer for a free copy of “What to Look for in Buying a Phonograph.” You will want this interesting instructive booklet before you buy because it is authentic. It was written by Henry Purmort Eames, LL.B., Concert Pianist and Lecturer, Director Pianoforte Dept., Cosmopolitan School of Music, Chicago.



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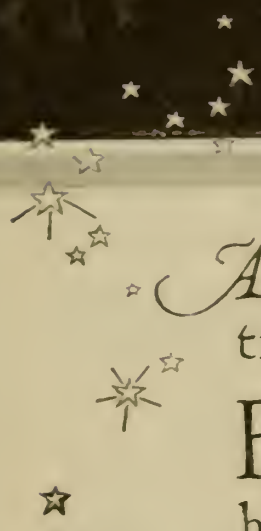
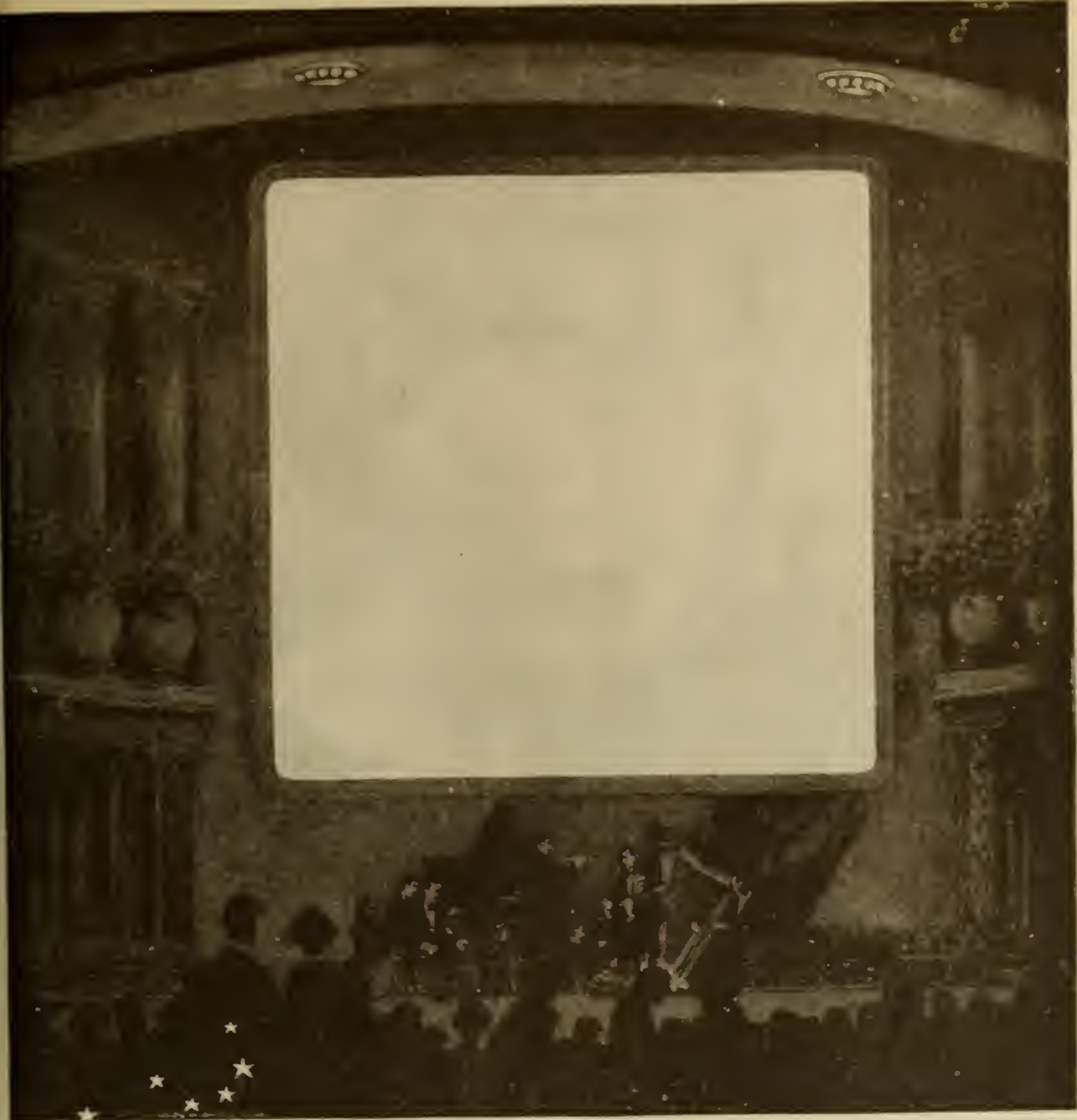
CARL LAEMMLE Offers
STROHEIM'S WONDER-PLAY
BLIND HUSBANDS
UNIVERSAL-JEWEL DE LUXE ATTRACTION
PRODUCED BY STROHEIM HIMSELF

IN all my years as a Producer of the best photoplays that the Art has created I have not known more delightful entertainment than is provided by this amazingly artistic drama, written and directed to the uttermost detail by Erich Stroheim who, furthermore, plays the leading part. If you miss this *wonder-play* you will be depriving yourself of a pleasure which otherwise would linger in your heart and mind for many years.

Carl Laemmle

President.

When you see this Picture you will know what Universal can do.



AN expectant hush of intense anticipation precedes the flashing on the screen of
FOX ENTERTAINMENTS
because great stars and great authors have combined to provide the best in motion pictures.

FOX FILM CORPORATION

Attend the theatre that presents them.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



For the Best Drawings of Clara Kimball Young's Eyes

Professional artists, that is, persons who make a livelihood by drawing, sketching, or painting, are the only ones barred from this contest. It is for amateurs only.

Clara Kimball Young's eyes are the most distinctive of any screen artist's, and it should not be difficult to draw them. There is no contest whatever on the facial expression or drawing of the face. It will be sufficient to make a mere outline tracing of the head, drawing in the eyes in detail and to the best of your ability.

\$500
IN PRIZES
For Amateur Artists

First Prize . . .	\$150.00
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Fifth " . . .	25.00
Sixth " . . .	25.00
Seventh " . . .	25.00
Eighth " . . .	25.00
Ninth " . . .	25.00

Neither is it necessary that the eyes look exactly as they look in the original photograph. The contest is on the nearest approximation to the likeness of Miss Young's eyes.

The judges are Clara Kimball Young, Rolf Armstrong—PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S celebrated cover artist, and James R. Quirk, Publisher of PHOTOPLAY.

**The contest closes at midnight,
 February 29th.**

All sketches should be forwarded to Miss Clara Kimball Young, care of

EQUITY PICTURES CORPORATION, 33 W. 42nd St., New York City

ALICE JOYCE

in

“The Vengeance of Durand”

By REX BEACH

Directed by TOM TERRISS

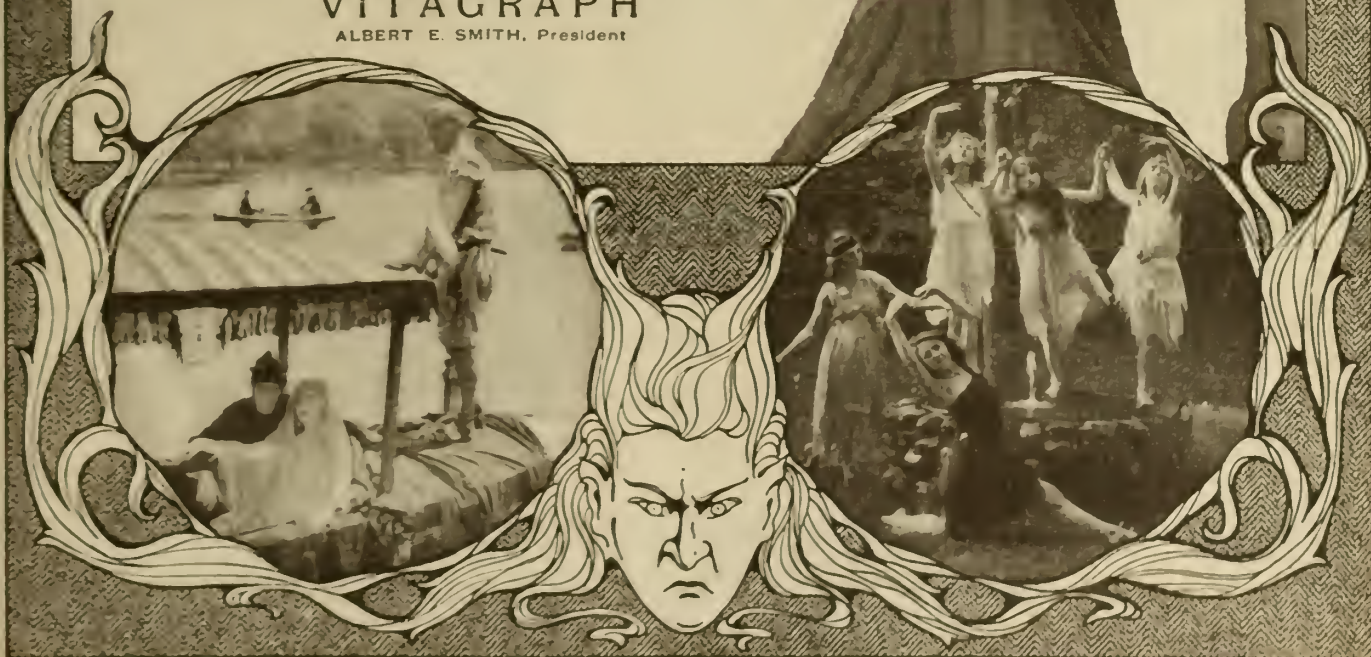
Here is one of a great author's greatest stories made into a photoplay. It is vibrant with emotion and drama.

The insane jealousy of Henri Durand tortures his beautiful and faithful wife. At a costume fete she meets an old friend, Tom Franklin. Blind with jealous rage, Durand wrongly accuses her. In despair she kills herself. Durand uses his young daughter to wreak his vowed revenge on Franklin.

She makes Franklin love her and then repudiates him on their wedding day. When he seeks death the real love for him asserts itself and she becomes his wife.

VITAGRAPH

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Check and mail the coupon NOW for full particulars and Free Bulletin.

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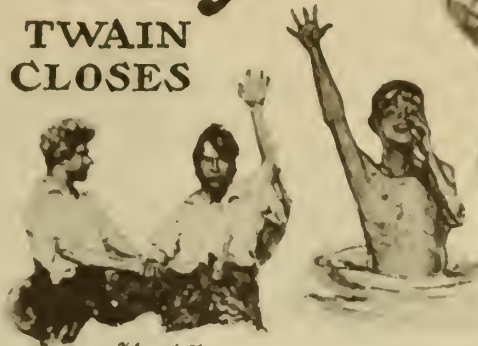
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“DON’T be so cold,” he screamed at the other man. “I’m not jealous! You’d make a fine lover—I don’t think. Kiss her as though you meant it!”

Scandalous! Shocking!

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This is only one of the many delightful little motion-picture visits to the studios and homes of celebrated personalities in the wonderful land of filmdom that come to your theatre every month if your theatre manager is trying to give you the best entertainment he can secure. If the Photoplay Magazine Screen Supplement does not come to your theatre, ask the manager or the box office girl when it will be shown.

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“The Stars as They Are at Home and at Studio”

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Sing Stasny Songs



SING Stasny Songs because everybody likes to hear them. Wherever a dozen jolly young people are gathered about a piano for a "sing," you may be sure the new Stasny Song, "I'm Forever Thinking of You" is on the music rack. It's such a likable, friendly sort of song that everyone takes to it at once. Like all Stasny Songs it is clean and bright, equally good on the stage or in the home, just the sort you would like to sing to your sweetheart, or in the presence of your mother or sister.

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You are always safe in buying Stasny Music, every piece is popular, every piece is worth singing. You will see Stasny Music on pianos wherever you go. Ask your dealer to show you Stasny Song Hits.



My Gal

Words by [unclear] Music by [unclear]

Every chap knows a girl he'd like to sing this song to, every girl knows some chap she would like to have sing it to her. Get it for your piano today.



Lullaby Land

Words by [unclear] Music by [unclear]

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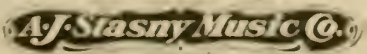
- "Evening Brings Love Dreams of You"
- "Just Like the Will o' the Wisp"
- "Somebody Misses Somebody's Kisses"
- "I'm Not Jealous But I Just Don't Like It"
- "Sweetheart Land"

- "Some Day"
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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 work. 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). Bound in elegant cloth and gold cover, 50 cents. Address, Paul von Boeckmann, Studio No. 54, 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:

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"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."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse, such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

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 Clason 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.

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., Jesse J. Goldburg, general manager, 310 Times Building, New York City.

GOLDWYN FILM CORP., 169 Fifth Avenue, 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); 1925 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 PICTURES CORPORATION (s), 807 East 175th St., 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).



Business and Professional Women

must be keenly alert mentally—they must have steady nerves and a sturdy constitution to meet successfully the competition they find at every hand.

Their first business asset is health.

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Liquid-Food-Tonic

replenishes used nerve force—nourishes under-fed-body tissues—rebuilds worn vitality. By drinking Malt-Nutrine at every meal and before retiring, you will stimulate a healthy appetite and restful sleep.

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ANHEUSER-BUSCH ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.





Every day the right treatment for your skin

See how it will help to make it clear, lovely in color

*Lovely complexions don't just "happen."
The right daily care will make yours
lovely, too.*

YOUR complexion, too, can be lovely! If you would have that most potent of all charms — a clear, fresh complexion, lovely in color — look to the daily care of your skin!

Look to its tissues! Their texture can make your complexion coarse or fine, rough or smooth. Look to its millions of pores! They can breathe and give your skin freshness and life. Look to its little blood vessels! They can cause the delicate color to come and go.

You cannot have a clear, smooth skin—you cannot have fresh, natural beauty—unless you are giving your skin *every day* the treatment that will stimulate the small muscular fibres, bring the blood to the surface of the skin, keep its millions of pores fine, its tissues soft and smooth as a baby's.

Every day, as old skin dies, new skin is forming to take its place. The right daily care will keep this new skin fine in texture, lovely in color.

Begin tonight the following famous Woodbury treatment:

Lather your washcloth well with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. Now with the tips of your fingers work this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse first with warm water, then with cold — the colder the better. Finish by rubbing your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. Always be careful to dry the skin thoroughly.

The very first time you use it, you will feel the glow this treatment leaves on your skin. Use it day after day. Notice the steady improvement it makes in your skin. See how soft and lovely just the right daily care keeps your skin!

You will find Woodbury's Facial Soap on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. Get a cake today and begin tonight this treatment. A 25 cent cake will last a month or six weeks.

Sample cake of soap, booklet of famous treatments, samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream, sent to you for 15c.

For 6c. 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 15c we will send you the booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 512 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 512 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

"A SKIN YOU LOVE TO TOUCH"

The booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, contains successful treatments for:

- Skin Blemishes
- Conspicuous Nose Pores
- Blackheads
- Oily Skin and Shiny Nose
- Coarsened Skin
- Sluggish Skin
- Pale, Sallow Skin, etc.





Alfred Cheney Johnston

MR. ZIEGFELD, manager of the institution of beauty which bears his name, should voice a protest against the films. Some of his most prominent decorations have deserted him for the pastels. Among them, Ruby DeRemer.



Alfred Cheney Johnston

WHO ever thought that Carmel Myers, California's dusky daughter, would forsake her native state and screen to come to Broadway, there to grace musical comedy? Griffith discovered Carmel; and she was last in Universal films.



Alfred Cheney Johnston

AFTER her long run in "Three Faces East," Violet Heming went to California, where she played the title role in the Famous Players-Lasky production of "Everywoman." She has done previous screen work, for J. Stuart Blackton.



PICCADILLY JIM," from a story by Pelham Grenville Wodehouse, has been chosen as Owen Moore's initial vehicle for Selznick. It will mark Owen's debut as a lone star—in a characterization both whimsical and dramatic.



Hartook

SINCE the days when she was Vitagraph's chief brunette, Clara Kimball Young has occupied a definite place in pictures. Now she has her own company; and they are announcing The Eyes of Young in "The Eyes of Youth."



SHE is one of our most consistent screen women: Gladys Brockwell, whose varied celluloid career has included appearances with Lubin, Reliance, Universal, Fine Arts and Fox. She has been seen lately in "Broken Commandments."



HARRY MOREY'S career has always been with Vitagraph. First he was a villain; but the vogue of the sport-shirt died, and Harry came into his own. You can see him now in "The Gamblers," from Charles' Klein's Play.



NOT The Gunwoman, here! Texas Guinan laid aside her chaps and stetson long enough to provide a centerpiece for some of California's best scenery. Miss Guinan from Texas is now working in a new serial for Sherrill.

The World's Leading Moving Picture Magazine

PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XVII

December, 1919

No. 1

To a
Certain
Girl:



YOU have been our best-beloved child, and just because of you we could wish that all calendars were destroyed and all clocks outlawed. With you, we would wish always to be among the flowers of May.

But neither the world nor we were made to do without clocks and calendars. And when we open our eyes it must be to see that the changes these unkind implements measure are rightly called Progress; and that when we view it in the right perspective Today is better than Yesterday; and upon our own part we ought to be finer men and women at thirty than we were at twenty-five.

You, Girl, are at the threshold of summer. We who watched you so earnestly through April flowers and May sunshine are waiting, now, to see you walk forward into the full glory of ripening June. The splendor of early womanhood awaits you.

Somehow, there is anxiety in your eyes. You seem to linger, wondering if our devotion can survive the passing of the curls and the coming of a coiffure. Is it just a curl your millions love? Is it only a dirty face or torn overalls, or merely a gingham pinafore?

But everything goes forward in this world as in all others, and we know that our little girl is growing up.

Sometimes, now, won't you please be a woman for us, depicting a woman's hopes and perils and joys?

Please do not be afraid to grow up, Mary Pickford.



Vendredi, the African lion of the L-KO studio, is affectionately called "Von," by his trainer, Monsieur Gay. Here, "Von" entered a blacksmith shop, unannounced, and broke up the wooing of the proprietor and a buxom country damsel. Lions are trained for picture work with a whip. Unless they are born in captivity they are very wild, and have to learn to respect force. A training whip is loaded with lead at the end, but this is not used unless absolutely necessary.

Have you ever wondered works so enthusiastically by clever Joe Martin Charlie? Here are

IF you could ask just one question about the animal actors of the various studios, what would it be? Altogether, now—"How do they do it?"

Of course; that's what we all want to know. When, in a screen comedy, we see Charlie, the Universal elephant, walk up to a house "set," insert his proboscis through the window, and lift out a struggling, sputtering tramp, and with heavy, placid tread, deposit him in an ash can or a muddy pool, we want to know what made him do it; was it a club, a bag of peanuts, or a repetition of the stunt for two or three grueling hours?

When Vendredi, the L-Ko lion, snarls wickedly through the screen into the very face of the shuddering audience, and threatens to chew the neck of the slap-stick comedian, what is it that makes him behave so rudely? Does the cameraman wait until his nibs the lion works himself into a rage—is he starved into a bad humor, or does he just naturally like to chew comedians' necks?

When Teddy, the wonder dog of the Sennett studio, scrubs the floor, puts the baby to bed, and exhibits a variety of other super-canine accomplishments, what is it makes him go through his paces? The bribe of a bone, the intimidation of a stick, or the rehearsal of his "part" the day before?

How do they do it? Do they work cheerfully, sullenly, or temperamentally? Are they camera-shy, and do they mind visitors? Are they aware of their ability and do they lord it over the less gifted animals?

"Curly" Stecker, animal trainer at Universal City, is an expert in his line, and it is through his untiring efforts that Joe Martin, the orang-outang, Charlie, the elephant, and other inhabitants of the Universal menagerie have reached their present high state of intelligence.

"Curly" was exercising Joe in the space outside his cage, and the big orang-outang greeted me solemnly by extending a hairy paw and kissing my hand.

This ceremony over, he held out his paw suggestively and stared at me with sad brown eyes until I took the hint and brought out a bag of candy, which he immediately seized upon.

"Monkeys are the easiest animals to train," "Curly" told me. "They're naturally imitative, and you can talk to them as you would to a human being. Joe is an orang-outang, and I got him in Borneo about seven years ago—raised him from a pup. He understands what I'm saying just as well as you do—don't you, Joe?"

Joe paused in the act of dissecting a piece of peanut-brittle, and gave vent to a series of chattering squeaks.

"He says he does," interpreted "Curly." And I took his word for it.

How Do T



Untrained dogs are worked with food. Here, the barrelful of puppies is having a chunk of meat offered to it, to command camera attention. Fox terriers are reputed, on the stage, to be the most intelligent of all canines, and fox terriers have done some remarkable work in the movies, but dogs are like human beings: you can't classify or catalogue genius. Teddy, the Great Dane, is the unquestioned genius of picture dogdom, and certainly no four-year-old would ever mistake him for a fox terrier.



why Keystone Teddy cally? Are you puzzled or patient Elephant the explanations.

hey Do It?



By

EMMA LINDSAY SQUIER

"Joe isn't really trained to do any of his stunts," he continued. "He never knows what he's to do until the camera is set up and everything is ready. Then I bring him onto the set, and—here comes the camera, now." He broke off. "You'll get a chance to see him work."

Sure enough, an automobile had stopped outside the menagerie gate, loaded with cameras and props. While they briskly adjusted the cameras and set up the reflecting screens, the director explained to "Curly" what Joe was to do, the monk watching him, with sad brown eyes which seemed only slightly sub-human.

A little pig was squealing in a pen near at hand.

"Come here, Joe," commanded "Curly," and the orang-outang followed obediently, sidling along like a crab on all fours.

"You're to go in there, pick up that pig, and bring him out here onto the railing," directed "Curly" in an impressive, yet purely conversational tone. "Go on and get the pig—see?"

Joe watched his master's face with a concentrated earnestness that was almost pathetic in its intentness. "Curly" opened the door of the pen, and Joe sidled into it, corraled the shrieking young porker, who did not in the least fancy playing support to the monk's leads, and holding him in his hairy paws, leaped lightly to the railing and held the struggling, squealing piglet, while his trainer gave further directions.

"Hold him up a little higher—like this—" illustrating with his hands. "Now kiss him—put him under the hydrant—hydrant—right by you! That's right! Turn on the water—turn it! Like this—" placing Joe's hands upon the handle. "Look down at the pig—don't look at me—down—look down! That's right! Now turn the water off—off—the other way—clear off! That'll do!"

After the one rehearsal the scene was taken.

"Curly" Stecker, of Universal City, taking orang-outang Joe Martin through his camera paces. It is through Stecker's untiring efforts that Joe has become the one rival of Sennett's Teddy in the race for first place among the famous animals of motion pictures. Joe in one respect has it on all the speechless actors: he appears in more plays, and with more companies, than any four animal actors combined.

"That's the way I work him," "Curly" explained. "I'm the only one who can handle him that easily, though. He has it in for some of the fellows around the lot because they tease him; he's like an elephant—never forgets."

"And is he camera-hy?" I asked.

"I should say not!" his trainer replied. "He never



Bruno, the bear who toils at Gale Henry's studio, is temperamental, and has to be coaxed into acting, generally with food. Here, the director is trying to get Bruno to put his head into the bucket, and is using a nice ripe banana as bear-bait.

pays any attention to it. He's better than most human actors in that respect; he never has to be told not to look into the camera."

"We're ready for Charlie," called the director, and Joe, at "Curly's" command, sidled obediently to his cage, and pulled the door shut.

"He's insured for \$25,000," he went on, as we crossed the lot to the set where the elephant was to work.

Charlie was standing in his cement-floored stable, swaying heavily from side to side, brushing flies off his huge sides with a switch of straw which he carried in his long pliable trunk. His small eyes surveyed us with sardonic indifference, but he obeyed quickly enough when ordered into the inclosure where he was to work.

"Charlie doesn't take to pictures like Joe does," "Curly" informed me. "Joe loves 'em, but Charlie only works because he has to."

He was carrying a long stick with a heavy iron prong at the end. I asked about it, because it looked like cruelty to animals.

"He gets his signals with this stick," he informed me. "Of course I give him his orders too, but for some of his stunts it is easier to make him understand with this."

Charlie Elephant was to pick up from the ground a supposedly unconscious man, and carry him, head downward, across the lot, out of the range of the camera. The actor, looking rather nervous, and not at all keen about dangling at the end of Charlie's proboscis, threw himself on the ground, with an admonition to "Curly" to keep his eye on the brute "for the love of Mike!"

Then came the rehearsal. "Curly" gently tapped Charlie's trunk with the stick, until it lowered to the ground, then he placed it around the ankles of the recumbent man, and struck the trunk lightly from underneath.

"Up!" he commanded. "Lift him up!" Charlie nonchalantly obeyed, lifting the man clear of the ground.



"Charlie doesn't take to pictures like Joe Martin does," Curly Stecker said. "Joe loves 'em, but Charlie works because he has to." Stecker was carrying a long stick with a heavy iron prong at the end. He gets his signals with this—I give him orders, too, but sometimes he has to be reminded!"

"Come on, this way," called his trainer, walking backwards and beckoning to the elephant, "come on, make it snappy—hurry up—"

With thudding strides that seemed very clumsy and slow, yet which in reality were very rapid indeed, Charlie Elephant paced the length of the lot, and deposited his human burden with a careful nicety on a strip of green grass.

This performance was repeated once more, this time with "Curly" calling directions from behind the camera. But Charlie had his part perfectly memorized. He went through his previous maneuvers, even to placing the man on the strip of grass—a bit not called for in the script.

"Charlie doesn't mind the camera now," "Curly" informed me, as the big elephant padded back into his stable, doubtless pondering on the queerness of human beings in general, "but

at first he was afraid of it. I let him feel it all over with his trunk, and he made up his mind it was all right. There's one cameraman that he doesn't like, though—he'd brain him if he ever got hold of him. What did the fellow do? Oh, he gave Charlie some tobacco wrapped in a banana peeling. Believe me, he'll never forget it!"

It seemed to be animal day on the Universal lot, for over on one set, Hedda Nova was struggling with a black-faced lamb who was to appear with her in a close-up, but who didn't appreciate the honor in the least, and kept bleating miserably that he didn't want to be a movie star, and wouldn't she please put him down so he could go to his ma-a-a; and on another, Allen Holubar, with lovely Dorothy Phillips, who is his leading lady in real life, as well, was trying to make a Russian wolf-hound laugh for a close-up.

"Try making him run," suggested Miss Phillips. "If he's panting it will look like a laugh."

Mr. Holubar approved of the idea, and took the dog—who looked as if someone had pulled him out of shape when he was young—for a romp on the lawn. It was warm weather, and when they came back to the set the director was panting as hard as the director; but when the dog was lifted up so that his head was on a level with the camera, the wide and hearty "laugh" registered beautifully.

On still another set, an assorted variety of dogs were being put through their paces for an animal comedy, and all breeds were being used, from a pugnacious looking bull-dog who wanted to lick the crowd to an elongated dachshund who looked like an elongated bologna and who barked in Pro-German. The set represented a grocery store, and the dogs were to demolish the place after having driven out the proprietor. They were lured on to their work of destruction by bits of meat concealed in barrels, flour sacks, and fruit baskets,

Teddy, of Sennett's, is unquestionably the greatest dog who ever appeared in pictures. He performs as intelligently as a human being.

Theda Bara—no vampire, but merely the L-Ko mule—must needs be lured to the stage by a bottle. And July first made no difference in Theda's bibulous habits!



and though a fight started every other minute, the scene was taken with no fatalities, and with a vividly realistic effect.

Over at the L-Ko studio I came upon Vendredi, the African lion who is affectionately dubbed "Von" by his trainer, and who is getting along in years so that his teeth aren't as dangerous as they once were—though they still make a good showing on the screen. Vendredi is in reality a good-natured, home loving beast; but it is his sad lot, like that of many another worthy actor, to be cast in reprehensible parts where he snarls and shows his teeth, invades peaceable domiciles, and raises Cain generally.

His trainer, Monsieur Gay, was demonstrating how a perfectly tame lion could be made to look like a dangerous beast on the screen. Vendredi was to enter a blacksmith shop, un-

(Continued on page 104)



REIDS AND RAWLINSONS OF SWEDEN

IN addition to having more telephones per capita than any other country—or whatever you say about telephones—Sweden has, today, probably larger and better organized film interests than any European nation except Italy. During the war Swedish films in common with all 'cross-Atlantic celluloid interests, were considerably subjugated in favor of the explosive demands of Mars. In fact, even import was restricted because the Allies believed that Germany drew films from Sweden merely to scrap them and make high explosives. However, no sooner had the conflict ceased than picture energy began to reassert itself up and down the Scandinavian peninsula, and the first photoplay of importance to come over here was "The Girl from the Marsh Croft," a picturization of the celebrated novel of Selma Lagerlöf. We have Swedish beauties in our own pictures—the Swansons and the Hansons please write—but Swedish Reids and Rawlinsons are a new quantity. They have plenty of 'em; and they're going to send their shadows, at least, across.

Mary Johnson and Gustaf Fredrikson in a scene from "Puss in Boots." Fredrikson, eighty years of age, is the Nestor of Swedish stage actors, and has just turned to the screen as a means of expression. Above, Miss Johnson and Carlo Keil-Moller in an exterior study. Miss Johnson is an ingenue leading woman, of a type that we make favorites of in America. Location work in Sweden hasn't become a bore, evidently, as both town and country people, impressed by the novelty of the thing, are heartily inclined to make the companies their guests instead of momentary and suspected tenants.



Gösta Ekman (left) and Carlo Keil-Moller, two of the foremost young picture actors of Scandinavia. They are now completing a version of the familiar "Puss in Boots," and this, when finished, will be shown in America. The Scandia Film Corporation, the employer of these young stars, is doing some really big plays on the screen. Among them are several pieces of Bjornsterne Bjornson, and a modern drama of social conditions by the Danish playwright, Pontoppidan. The title of this is "The Bomb." The Scandia film corporation has just finished the construction of a great glass studio, modelled after and lighted by American methods, near Langangen, north of Stockholm.



Mildred Harris Chaplin and Her Home

MILDRED HARRIS CHAPLIN has returned to us—a woman. She was a fluff-haired blonde child when she went away, after her marriage to Charles Spencer Chaplin attracted the attention of the whole world. The birth of her short-lived little son gave her an entirely new personality; it added a soft radiance to her youthful charm, rounded the awkward contours of eighteen-year-old girlhood, and put a shining light in her blue eyes. You can see her, here. Her mother, Mrs. Harris, is pictured below, on the veranda of the Chaplin home. Above, a corner of the drawing-room.



Her days of convalescence were spent in this Hollywood home; this *real* home, to which she came as a bride. You remember the Chaplins were married October 23, 1918. Her motherhood was a bitter-sweet experience, which gave her a different dignity and a more mature charm. She spent several months winning back her health and strength and in those months she tried to forget all about pictures; but while she was playing she gave more than a thought to that new career which is waiting for her.



Above—It isn't often we see Charles Chaplin in such a mood—at least when there's a photographer around to catch the manifestations of it; but this smile is likely accounted for by the fact that across the page the leading woman of his domestic drama is smiling at him. Just below, a view of one of the sunnyspacious rooms of the Chaplin home. There is a fire-place in almost every room, because Charlie likes them; and there's a bird here for Mildred.

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To the left, the entrance hall, with a glimpse of the dining room at the left of the picture, and of the breakfast room down the hall. The gray tones are carried out here, too, and as elsewhere in the house, an almost austere simplicity in decoration is maintained. Charles Chaplin, personally, has the simplest tastes and he wishes his home to be as restful and as quiet as his studio is busy and bustling. One gets a sort of aesthetic thrill thinking that through this hall, Charles Chaplin goes to work and returns, and that Mildred Harris will pass through it to make "Old Dad" at the Louis B. Mayer studios.



To the right, the living room of the very English house designed by the screen's greatest comedian. Good taste is apparent in all its furnishings, from the soft gray carpet to the harmonizing draperies and the gray-tinted walls to the few very good pictures hanging on them. There is a grand piano, and the remarkable thing about the grand piano is that someone plays it every day.



"There is a stronger thing in life than love, and that is friendship. My wife and I are friends—comrades, in every sense of the word. For two people to be able to laugh at the same things is the best guarantee of happiness I know." There was a pause as Mr de Mille ceased speak

THROUGH the speaking tube, attached to my helmet, Cecil B. de Mille's voice sounded hollow and sepulchral.

"I am," he intoned, with an assumption of much gravity, "a great believer in the philosophy which says that nothing in life is worth taking too seriously."

This was on the occasion of the first interview which ever *really* took place in an aeroplane. He had shut off the motor, which, incidentally, did not make me feel very comfortable. It was my first flight and I had an awkward idea that he might not be able to get the old engine started again. I turned, nodding a hasty agreement, and was reassured by hearing it pick up in a steady hum.

We were moving slowly—that is, I thought we were moving slowly—over the oil fields on the outskirts of Los Angeles. During the entire flight, I had only three uncomfortable moments and this seeming slowness of movement was the cause of the first of them.

We had reached de Mille field about five o'clock in the afternoon, the best possible time in which to fly. But we had a wait of several minutes while a search was instituted for the helmet with the speaking tube, which is not used very often and was in consequence difficult to find.

"We'll be travelling, at the slowest," said Mr. de Mille, "seventy miles an hour, though you will not think that you are going nearly so fast." Lieutenant Thompson, who was there to give Jeannie MacPherson a lesson on landings, was helping me on with a big leather coat heavily lined. The plane we were to use was a big red one. Manager Flebbe, of the field, came over to ask if I wanted the extra set of controls left in so that I could see how the "ship" was being run.

"It will make it more interesting for you," said "C. B." "But if you touch them we'll be likely to land on an ear."

I said hastily that perhaps they had better be taken out; but they were left after all. I would not, I said emphatically, touch them on purpose, and it was explained that I couldn't possibly touch them accidentally still, I was a little worried.

At the moment when we stopped climbing, I imagined that we were not moving at all. We seemed to be standing quite still with the earth marked out in odd precise little squares stretched out below us. It was then, for the fraction of an instant, that I felt uneasy. I could not believe that we were going at any seventy miles an hour (though we were), and thought that something must have gone wrong. A glance at Mr. de Mille reassured me. He was smiling. He smiled every time I looked at him. For this I was grateful. If he had chosen any one of those moments to feel worried about some detail of his latest picture the entire flight would have been spoiled for me.

"No," he repeated. "Nothing in life is worth worrying over too much, but at the same time I take my work seriously—tragically so, sometimes."

C. B. de Mille's nature is an almost perfect mixture of the mental and emotional. In speech he is keen, incisive, brilliant, and his sense of humor is such that one frequently suspects him of saying things for no other reason than to see how the other person is going to take them. He possesses to a high degree the purely intellectual gifts of satire and sarcasm. With these, he has a broad fine philosophy and an ambition that is absolutely unbounded. He is, he will tell you, the best loafer in the world. He can spend hours lolling on the bank of some mountain stream without giving a thought to anything in particular, enjoying keenly the treat to his senses; the smell of fresh earth, the warm light of sunshine, the sound of the water. It is for this reason that his work never grows stale.

An Interview in the Air

Five thousand feet up, aviator Cecil de Mille philosophizes at seventy miles an hour on God, the future life and womanly virtue.

By

ELIZABETH PELTRET

as a strict Presbyterian, notwithstanding his father's constant connection with the theater.) "As a boy, I pictured Him as a sort of glorified man sitting on a throne in the clouds, pointing out individuals with a golden scepter saying, 'Punish this man, and reward that one.' Now, I do not picture Him at all. I think, though, that He builds forever. I cannot believe that we are put here for fifty or sixty years and that after that there is nothing. If a man has a strong personality I do not see why it should not endure after death, but where and in what form it endures I am willing to wait to find out."

It will be remembered that C. B. de Mille is the author of "The Return of Peter Grimm," a most realistic and sincere play on the subject of spiritualism. It was a Warfield vehicle.

(Continued on page 125)



as as keen a sense of humor as my own, and
eg. once more the motor roared, and we rose."

He directs in a low, even tone of voice and will not permit the least distracting conversation. His people are plastic material with which he can do anything, and yet he requires of them that they have decided individualities of their own.

"One thing I will not have," he said once, "is a lot of little imitation Cecil B. de Milles running around."

But to return to the air and my interview:

Mr. de Mille turned, several times, banking at only a slight angle, making as he said "an easy figure eight," and looking over the tilted edge of the wing I was treated to the unusual spectacle of being able to see equally well on both sides of a mountain at once . . . long rolling country on each side, with little houses—a full mile below us—scattered around at intervals. We were flying due west but the sun appeared to be below us. I most particularly wanted him to talk about God and that, too, he understood.

"My God is a God of nature, of bigness, rather than a personal God," C. B. de Mille went on. He was, by the way, brought up



Miss Peltret says that after her philosophic ride through the clouds a motor trip to the studio seemed excitingly dangerous in comparison.

The Mid

Concluding chapters of a great
as "The Midnight Man," learn
rious gang, and — gains the

Synopsis

BOB GILMORE, the most popular young athlete in Washington, discovered to his dismay, that he is only an adopted son. His "father" is a worthless disolute, but his "mother," Martha, gives him a curious ring which she says was sewn into his baby dress, and is the only clue to his parentage. The ring has a jade top, carved in a queer oriental design. On the inside of the ring is the inscription, "MOR." Martha believes they represent the opening letters of his parents' name, who are wealthy New Yorkers.

Reported dead in a railroad wreck, Bob takes advantage of the misconception to affect a masquerade. He goes to New York, assumes the name of James Stevens, and makes many friends, one of whom is Henry Morgan, a jeweler by day and at night head of a treacherous band called the White Circle Gang.

Every night at the stroke of twelve Bob enters some home whose owner's name begins with the letters "MOR." All his searches for papers concerning his birth are fruitless. But he succeeds in terrorizing the town and setting all the police after "The Midnight Man." One night he enters Henry Morgan's home and is discovered by Nell, the beautiful daughter. Bob's escape piques her and she vows to get the Midnight Man herself. In spite of that, Bob gains considerable amusement out of meeting her socially, as James Stevens. She grows very attached to him, and even discusses the Midnight Man. Also on Bob's trail is an Oriental, Ramah Dhin, in pursuit of the mysterious ring Bob wears, as it holds the secret to a vast fortune. But Bob repeatedly eludes him.

Henry Morgan wants him as head of his Gang. Bob declines with emphasis and although he knows the character of Henry Morgan keeps still for the girl's sake. However, Henry feels unsafe, and orders his gangsters to "get" Bob. Ramah Dhin is killed and the secret of the ring goes to John Gilmore.

One night Bob is trapped by gangsters during a Red Cross bazaar, bound and thrown into a cellar of water to drown.

IF Henry Morgan and Spike Gavin had been in any frame of mind for thinking after throwing "Jim Stevens," unconscious and bound, into the secret pool under Morgan's house they might have taken certain important precautions. These plotting villains had seen quite enough of the charmed life and miraculous escapes of the remarkable "Stevens" to have made them pluperfectly cautious in their des- perations. But they were not.

Morgan and Gavinn turned and ran upstairs again to the scene of the recent conflict and excitement of the "Midnight Man's" appearance at Nell Morgan's charity fete. They did not pause even to restore the flooring over the murky waters of the pool. And so the impossible happened again.

The shock of the cold water swirling about him brought consciousness back into Bob's limp body. He was confounded with the heaviness which seemed to pull him down. Then he tried to swallow and gulped water. He discovered that his hands were tied to his sides, that his feet were fastened together and that instead of rising to the surface as he naturally should after the first plunge he was going down and down in the watery darkness.

It was a matter of seconds that all this went through his mind, like a dream which, flashing for but a moment, reviews the course of years. The events of the evening went through his consciousness—Nell's disappointment in the unresponsiveness of her guests to her pet charity, his appearance as the "Midnight Man," Spike Gavin's attempt to shoot him, the note which summoned him to the smoking room, his bending before the mirror to straighten his hair, then the sudden crackling stars and blackness that snuffed out consciousness until this desperate moment.

Morgan's doing—this predicament, trussed up and thrown to drown like a cat, Bob reflected. But water held no terror for Bob Gilmore, the athlete. Once he measured the odds and conditions any struggle was half won. And he was trained to stay under water for record time.

Bob's assailants in their fevered haste had tied him most insecurely. He slipped the knots with little difficulty and let himself be buoyed to the surface. Clutching a slimy beam, he peered about. No one was in sight, and he clambered out, shaking the water off.

The door to the gloomy stairway leading back to the house stood ajar. Bob found it and groped his way up, straining every nerve in preparation for an attack by some unseen enemy. He reached the top in safety. Light showed through the cracks in the wall, outlining the door. Bob pushed it open easily and found himself again in the room to which he had been summoned. It was deserted.

Bob found his hat and coat, scribbled a note on one of his cards, and as he went out left it with the butler for his hostess.

"I got so badly mussed up in that little tussle with our bandit friend that I'm going to leave you," it read. "This is 'good night.' You will forgive me, won't you?"

"I hope he wasn't hurt," said Nell, solicitously, as she read the note to her father.

The fragile frappé glass in Henry Morgan's hand crashed to the floor. It was a voice from the dead!

BOB GILMORE rose next morning with the air of a man who has determined on an important step. He put the paper which proved John Gilmore's guilt of the forgery—for which he himself had assumed responsibility, to save the feelings of his foster-mother—into his pocket. Then he started down town.

As he approached the curb in front of Henry Morgan's jewelry establishment, he saw his foster-father leave, look about him nervously, then hurry on down the street.

Bob paid his taxi driver, ran up the steps to the front door, and pushed his way, without the usual formalities of being announced, into Morgan's private office.

Morgan sat at his desk, his face furrowed and his eyes narrowed in very disturbing thought. He did not know what to expect of "Tim Stevens" after that deal of last night. "Stevens," of course, would suspect that he was responsible. Morgan knew that he must act—and act first.

Then another consideration had come in to upset his peace of mind. Vistas of great wealth controlled by the jade ring which "Jim Stevens" always wore on his finger had been brought him not half an hour ago by John Gilmore.

"There's a secret under the seal," Gilmore had said. "This fellow has been too slick for me. If you can help me get the ring, we'll split the money."

Morgan was combing his mind for a last diabolical plot which would get the ring and silence "Jim Stevens" forever. Since John Gilmore's call, he was glad that he and "Spike" had



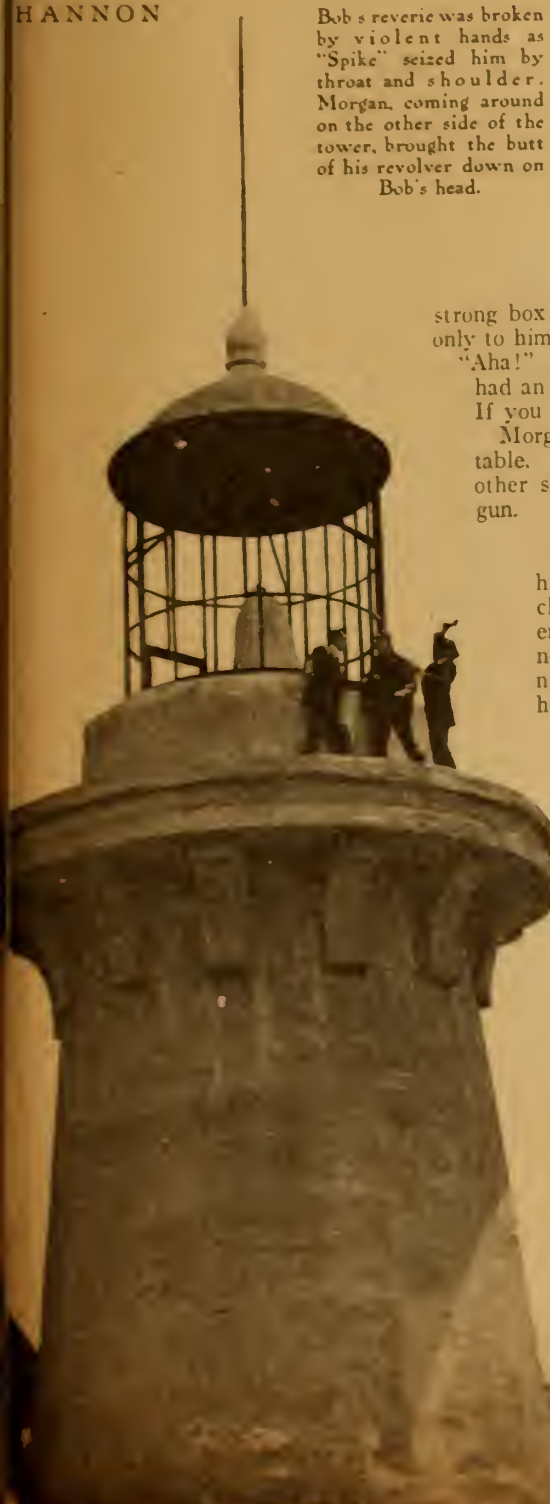
Light Man

l, wherein James J. Corbett,
is past, rides a city of a noto-
t of a certain young woman.

By

BETTY
HANNON

Bob's reverie was broken by violent hands as "Spike" seized him by throat and shoulder. Morgan, coming around on the other side of the tower, brought the butt of his revolver down on Bob's head.



failed in their efforts last night. If they had succeeded, the ring would have been lost and the fortune of which it held the secret would have gone with it.

Morgan's jaw dropped as the very active incarnation of the object of his thoughts burst open the door, thrust a dapper clerk aside, and turned the lock behind him.

Bob came close to the big mahogany desk, and leaned down above the jeweler with blazing eyes. Morgan, though shaken, could not refrain from glancing at Bob's ring. The young man followed his glance.

"Yes, I know that Gilmore's been here," he said. "Listen, Morgan, you've gone too far. I've stood all I'm going to stand, and now you're going to get what's coming to you—both you and that cur who just left your office. I took the blame off his shoulders one time to protect a woman. And I've kept still on you. But I've got all I can endure. I'm ready to give up my game and I'm going to see that you both give up yours."

It appeared to Henry Morgan, after "Stevens" had left, that there was only one thing for him to do. That was to get out of the country while the getting was good. He knew that his power over the "White Circle Gang" was almost at an end. "Spike" had shown signs of rebellion lately. The safe here in the office was this moment filled with swag which would not have to be divided with the gunmen if Morgan got away soon enough.

Morgan chose from the bags always ready in the office the most spacious one. Then he got down on his knees before his safe, and commenced emptying it of its dishonestly gotten treasure.

This was a morning of surprises for him. As he worked before the strong box the secret door in the back paneling of the inner office, which was known only to himself and "Spike," pushed rudely open.

"Aha!" came the harsh, triumphant voice of Morgan's erstwhile henchman. "we had an idee this'd be yer game. Thought you'd git away with the swag, didn't you? If you think yer gonna git away widout squarin' up, forgit it!"

Morgan avoided "Spike's" lunge at him by stepping quickly backward to the table. While the gangster faced about and contracted his muscles ready for another spring, the jeweler pulled open the drawer behind him and yanked out a gun.

"Hand over your shooting piece!" he commanded.

"Spike" obeyed. Morgan pushed him back into the inner office and trussed him up in a winding of rope that he kept handy for emergencies. Then he closed the door to the inside room, locking in the gagged gunman, finished emptying the safe, and in a voice so low that the one in the inside room could not hear, he telephoned his man to arrange for his yacht to pick him up that night at Loma Point, a small lighthouse village down the Jersey coast. Then he went home. He repulsed Nell's affectionate greeting with gruff shortness.

"Pack up. Take clothes enough for a long trip. We're going out to Loma Point and the yacht will pick us up later. Don't tell anybody and don't ask any foolish questions."

Nell did not immediately go to her room. She was not pleased with this sudden interruption in her plans. "Jim Stevens" had not yet asked her to marry him, but he almost had done so. She might accept him if he did—on the other hand, there was the pleasant, illusive "Midnight Man" whom she had not captured and whose mystery she wanted to solve. She did not want to be suddenly pulled away from romance which was in the bud, just ready to flower for her.

Her father had been unreasonable in his demands that she tell no one. She went to the telephone and called "Jim Stevens'" apartment, then the Cosmopolitan Club. He was at neither place.

"If Mr. Stevens calls up, say that we've gone down to Loma Point and that we'll sail from there to-night on the yacht," she instructed the butler. Then she went reluctantly to her packing.

When "Jim Stevens" finally got around to telephone Nell Morgan, after a morning of futile attempts to corner John Gilmore, he was given her message.

THE keeper of the Loma light was growing old. He could no longer carry on his work without assistance. But assistants were growing scarce. The sign "Helper Wanted" beside his fence had been there several weeks without results.

Bob Gilmore, arriving at the Point several hours after Henry Morgan's big touring car had deposited the jeweler and his daughter at the light keeper's door, spotted the sign and met the old keeper just as he was coming out of the gate.

"I'd like to apply for the position," Bob said, indicating the sign. Help was too scarce to ask questions. The old man took in Bob's stalwart frame in a glance.

"Come on in and get some oilskins, and if you ain't got no other clothes than them with you, we'll fit you out in some old 'uns. Them's you got on's too slick for lighthouse tendin'," he said cordially, leading the way to a tiny room on the second floor of his home. "An' when you've done changin' you can go down an' clean up the dory on the beach for the gentleman who's got to be tuk out in it to his private ship to-night."

Bob could not have asked for any better luck than this. In the clothes of a fisherman he could pry about the village and locate Nell and her father without exciting the suspicions of the villagers.

Henry Morgan had come many times to Loma Point. The two best rooms in the cottage, on the ground floor right off the sitting room, were always in a state of preparedness against an unexpected visit from the jeweler and his daughter.

Henry Morgan, in his room, saw "Jim Stevens" enter the cottage, and saw him depart again for the beach. Morgan made sure that his pistol was in his pocket. Then he slipped out after him.

Nell Morgan, in sweater and short skirt, and with hair whipping fetchingly about her face, was down on the sand. The tide was coming in, and the creeping up of the white line of foam on the shore fascinated her. Each time that the water receded she ran after it as if to catch it, and then when it turned and came piling back to the shore, she threw back her head and flew before it like a bird.

She paid no heed to the figure in oilskin coat and hat which had come down to the beach to clean out the big dory near the base of the lighthouse. It was just one of the men.

But one time as she came back before the tide, the wind stinging her face and her hair flying in her eyes, so that she ran half-blindly, she stumbled on a stone, and fell into the arms of some one big and strong—some one in an oilskin coat. She pulled herself away and stepped back almost haughtily to thank the fellow for catching her. But the arms reached out for her again. She looked up angrily. Then her face lit up like a sea which catches the glint of sun after a dark day.

"Jim Stevens, you darling," she cried. This time her arms went around the oilskin coat.

"You're going to marry me to-morrow," said the lighthouse keeper's assistant, bending down to kiss her.

The Midnight Man

NARRATED, by permission, from the motion picture serial by James W. Horne, and Kenneth B. Clarke, as produced by Universal with the following cast:

Bob Gilmore.....James Corbett
NellKathleen O'Connor
Morgan.....Joseph W. Girard
John Gilmore...Frank Jonasson
ArnoldJoseph Singleton
RamahOrral Humphrey
MarthaGeorgie Woodthorpe
HargreavesWilliam Sauter
SpikeNoble Johnson

Nell Morgan did not say a word. She just kissed back.

IF Henry Morgan had thought he was rid of the "White Circle Gang" forever when he headed for Loma Point, he was mistaken. He had forgotten the extreme thinness of the partition between his outer and inner offices, and he had underestimated the carrying power of his own voice.

"Spike" had not only heard Morgan's plans for sailing, but he had managed to work off the ropes with which Morgan had bound him. He knew that Morgan stayed at the light keeper's cottage at Loma Point, and as soon as he could get his high-powered car from the garage he was on his way.

Henry Morgan, from a hiding place behind a wall of stones, watched the meeting of his daughter with the man whom he feared more than any one else on earth.

He was sheltered from the view of the cottage by bushes which grew in the yard. He pulled his gun from his pocket and toyed with it nervously. It was a silence pistol. He would wait his chance, then use it.

Morgan pulled back further into the bushes as Nell ran up to the cottage. It was nearly supper time. Bob lingered to finish his work. Ten minutes later he came whistling towards the cottage. Morgan steadied the gun against a stone ready to let go the moment the young man crossed in a line with the fence.

Just as he was about ready to pull the trigger, a hand reached around him from behind, and jerked the gun away.

"What's the idee. Tryin' to shoot a fisherman?" came the query in "Spike" Gavin's voice.

Gilmore went on to the house, unmindful of his close call. "That was Jim Stevens, you boob," Morgan snarled, shoving "Spike" away from him with an exasperated push. "He's got a ring that's worth one million dollars, and if you'd minded your own business we'd have had it by now."

"You'd had the million, you mean," sneered "Spike," bringing the gun around into Morgan's belt threateningly. "Don't try any of your monkey business with me."

It was Bob's task to trim the light and set it burning that evening.

Morgan and Gavin watched him enter the tower, and followed him up the stairs.

Jim went out through the door of the lamp chamber onto the circular cornice, and walked around the narrow ledge to where he could look out on the sea. He leaned back against the firm, cement side of the lighthouse tower and breathed deep of the beauty that was spread beneath and before him.

His reverie was broken by violent hands, as "Spike" seized him by throat and shoulder. Bob swung around, getting a good hold himself on the gunman, but only as Morgan, coming around on the other side, brought the butt of his revolver down on Bob's head. He fell as though he were dead. The two men searched his clothes for the curious jade ring, since it was not on his finger. But they could not find it, and they kicked his body off to the rocks thirty feet below.

The two assailants ran quickly down the stairs.

"You ain't getting away to-night with any of that swag in your valise?" "Spike" leered at his former boss. "Come on back to town with me, or I'll squeal."

In the cottage Morgan encountered Nell. She was helping the keeper's wife with the supper dishes.

"I'm sorry, dear," he said to her. "I've just had word of an important business engagement in town. I've simply got to go in. I'll be back to-morrow morning and then we'll start—for sure! Be a good girl." She sighed



Morgan pushed Spike back into the inner office and trussed him to a chair with a winding of rope that he kept handy for such emergencies.

I wondered at the goodness of Fate and the change in her father that would give her one whole evening alone with "Jim Stevens" on a beach as perfect as Loma Point.

After the supper things were put away, Nell ran down to the shore to look for "Jim." It had grown quite dusky. The light should be lit by now. She looked up at the tower. The windows reflected the strong yellow of the western sky, but the lamp was not burning. She scanned the beach. No "Jim" here, there, anywhere. Her eyes turned towards the sea—and she was startled by a vague dark object, tossed back and forth by the waves near a big rock at the base of the tower. It—whatever it was—seemed to be struggling to gain a grasp on the rock; a grasp which the sea would not let it keep.

Nell ran with frenzied breath back to the cottage, where the keeper and some of his cronies were in friendly council.

"There's a man in the water—drowning!" he cried.

They hurried with her to the water's edge, where the strongest of them lunged into the waves, and came back carrying "Jim Stevens" in his arms. They laid him on the sand. He was unconscious, and Nell knelt beside him, while she wiped his bruised cold forehead with her handkerchief.

"Must 'a' got dizzy," spoke the old light keeper, shaking his snowy head. "Some folks does the first time they goes to the top. Good thing the tide was in or he'd 'a' been clean dead by now on them snags."

Nell sent the old man in to telephone.

"Call up Dr. Jones at the Cosmopolitan Club in the city and tell him that Jim Stevens is hurt and he is to come to Loma Point at once!" the girl commanded.

The old man did as he was told, but the message did not reach the physician. He was not at the club. John Gilmore, sitting near the telephone in the club's lounging room, heard the bell boy repeat the message to one of Dr. Jones' friends. He summoned Pietro and they were soon on their way to Loma Point.

Nell stayed with "Jim" on the beach until his fluttering lids showed that consciousness was returning. Then she ran on to the cottage to prepare his bed. His clothes were in a neat little pile on a backless chair beside the cot. Nell stooped to pick them up and to lay them on the table, and as she did so something white fell to the floor. She found it to be a bunch of cards held together by a rubber band. Inadvertently she turned the little packet over so that she could read its inscription, whatever it might be. An involuntary cry issued from her lips, and she grasped at the bedpost to steady herself. In the center of the cards was the impress of a star and crescent seal which had been reproduced in every newspaper the country over, and written on them in a bold hand were the words, "Who am I?" Signed, "The Midnight Man."

When "Jim" came to the house, supported by the fishermen, Nell was in her room off the sitting room. She could not trust herself to see him.

Bob Gilmore did not know, of

(Continued on page 102)

"You know that I am honest," said Bob. "Trust me for just a little while longer. Kiss me, dear—and try to understand!"



Of the Sub-Deb Squad

Jean Paige is one of the more prominent members of our cinematic younger set.

By

WALES FORTHE



Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

She is of debutante age, but her philosophy is what you might expect of a young lady who at twenty-one is pretty well known outside the family circle.

DO you remember that girl you went to school with? The one, I mean, with slightly curly hair, and the very brief nose, and the mouth that was always a little parted to show her white and even teeth? When she laughed her nose crinkled—a little.

You carried her books; then, when you were both a little older, you took her to her first dance, and yours. You sent her something for her birthday. And, later on, you wanted very much to marry her.

Jean Paige is that kind of a girl. You associate her—even in a studio dressing-room—with sunny fields and wind-swept hills, soft brown forests, pools and winding lanes, dizzy sweet with the breath of honeysuckle.

But she roused us from our reverie. "Yes, I was born in Paris—Illinois," she was saying matter-of-factly. "And I always did want to do something in a dramatic line."

It wasn't quite two years ago that she was part of the sweetness and light in Paris, Illinois. And all the time, of course, she was dreaming of New York. Her home surroundings were delightful. But that little bug called ambition bit her. . . .

"And then," she went on. "Martin Justice came to Paris—Illinois—on his vacation. I met him and—he changed my plans. No—you're wrong! He saw in me—he said—the girl to play in some of the O. Henry stories he was dramatizing for Vitagraph, if I would come to New York. Would I? Well—"

Youth and a fresh beauty, transplanted to New York; adaptability to entirely new surroundings, but most of all work—hard work, made up Jean Paige's success. She happened to be the ideal type to play the little girl he—the hero—left behind him; the child-woman who loved him all the time—he usually being Harry Morey. Or she does those shop-girls of O Henry, the soul-bound young ladies who yearn for a freer expression and a broader horizon.

She puts much of herself into such characters, although Jean is really a contented person and shares the philosophy of a certain Little Disturber who once remarked via the subtitle, "If you don't get what you want, want what you can get," or captions to that effect.

"Picture audiences like sweet girls in their plays," she believes, "but after a while they get awfully tired of the self-sacrificing little female who stands calmly by and watches some gorgeous and willowy lady impose upon the affections of the man she loves. Because, after all, girls today don't do that sort of thing. If things don't go right, they mix in—and straighten things out. There are mighty few Enoch Ardens today and Elaine the Lily-Maid simply doesn't exist, that's

all. I have in mind several real women I'd like to do on the screen, sometime, and they're all ladies who fight their own battles."

You have probably seen her in "The Skylight Room," "The Count and the Wedding Guests," "Discounters of Money"—all Vitagraphs of sometime ago. With Harry Morey she appeared in such pictures as "Tangled Lives," in which hers was one of the entangled existences, Harry's and Betty Blythe's, I believe, being the others. And in "The Desired Woman"—remember that one?—and "The King of Diamonds." She is also in the Bushman-and-Bayne Vitagraph, "Daring Hearts."

Jean is working right along, for Vitagraph, and as the Vitagraph studios are in Brooklyn, she lives there, so as to be near—and she likes it.

Furthermore, she has very blue eyes and one hundred and fifteen well-distributed pounds. And she's just twenty-one.



A PICTURE which might best be described: *Law-Abiding Citizen*. The naughty tea-topper at your left is Marshall Neilan. Next to him is Louis B. Mayer. Anita Stewart's impresario. The third figure is one of the most interesting men in the movies, who hasn't been photographed in a long, long time: Col. William N. Selig. The fourth is the young Chicago film manufacturer, Watterson R. Rothacker. Location, Hollywood.

GRAND CROSSING IMPRESSIONS

By
DELIGHT EVANS

THE Janitor
In the Building
Where PHOTOPLAY
Has its Office,
Saw Jim Corbett
Knock out Sullivan
In New Orleans,
In 1894.
"An' the Missus,"
He chuckled,
"Used to See him Act
On the Stage—
Jim's a Fine Actor—
And she Kept his Picture
On the Dresser
Even
After we was Married!"

I Never Saw
Jim Corbett Fight—
But if he Can Fight
Like he Can Smile,
No Wonder
It was Goodnight Sullivan!
Confidentially,
I Can Tell You
How it All Happened.
You May Have Heard
About the Blow he Gave
Sullivan, that Knocked
Him Out—
Well, this is
The Real Dope:
Jim Just Smiled at him;
That's All.
I Saw him Between Games—
Ball Games
He'd Made Every Game
At the Polo Grounds
When he was in New York,
Since 1800—and
He wasn't Going
To Let me Stop him.
"Oh, Pictures? Sure—
I Like 'em Fine!"

HE Looked Wistfully
Out of the Window—
I Knew

He Could Just See
The Players Warming Up—
"Yes—I'll Like Pictures
Better than Ever, now
That I'm Going to Do
Features.
Tough Proposition,
Though—
Your First Feature.
Did you Know
I Made One
A Long Time Ago—
They Called it
'The Man from the Golden West'—
Or Something like that anyway,
It was Pretty Bad, and
I Want the Next One
To Be Darn Good
To Make Up for it."

THE Extras
Were all Scared to Death
To Fight with him
In "The Midnight Man"—
"But fact is," said Mr. Corbett,
"They had Less to Fear from Me
Than an Amateur.
Well, I would go at them
Like this—"
And he Made
A Little Pass at My Eye—
"And told them
To Use this One—"
Landing a little Wallop near my Jaw—
"And then I could Come Back at them
In a Manner
Something like this—"

I Changed the Subject:
"You were on the Stage
For Quite a While,
Weren't You?"

"Well," he Smiled,
"I Played Everything,
I Guess.
Burlesque;
Stock;
Musical Comedy;
Repertoire—"

"SAY," he Broke Off,
"Did you Ever See
That Fellow Nehf?"
I didn't Know
Whether Nehf
Was a Pitcher
Or a Catcher, so
I Thought
It was Time to Go.
So I Walked a Way
Up the Street with him—
It was Broadway—
Say, did you ever
Walk Up Main Street
With the Captain
Of the Winning Football Team—
Or the Only Boy in Town
Who Won the Croix de Guerre?
Well, it was Like That.
But
We didn't Get Very Far.
"Hello, Jim—
Here for a While?"
Or
"When did you Get in Town?"
Mr. Corbett
Was Nice to them,
But he Kept Right on Going
As Fast as he Could.
When—
"Hello, Jim!"
It was Bill Brady.
"How's Things Coming?"
I Said Goodbye
Then and There; and
Left them—
Bill and Jim—
Talking, on the Corner.
I Wonder
If Jim Corbett
Ever Saw that Ball Game?

Peacocks of

Startling, bizarre little in common.

Picture

EDITOR'S NOTE: Where is the "dude" of yesterday? Dead as the word that described him, yet the dude spirit breaks out afresh, and in new form, in every generation. The occasional chromatic actor seems to be the current or series manifestation. Every studio has at least one, maybe more, of the perambulating petunias so fragrantly described below.

THE moving-picture industry's staggering and far-reaching effects on American life have not yet been given proper recognition by our historians and scientists. The late Professor Hugo Münsterberg, a pundit of rare learning and discernment, devoted an entire volume to the subject without once touching, for instance, upon the anthropological aspects of the situation. And yet the new quasi-human male species which has been developed by the movies strikes me as the most conspicuous result of cinematographic environment. Without any deliberate process of differentiation, the silent drama has evolved a startling, bizarre, rococo creature which has but little in common with any of the recognized and recorded Darwinian strains.

This new and astonishing genus constitutes a race apart, possessing its own extraordinary instincts, its own curious manner of personal adornment, its own strange habits and customs, its own peculiarities of behavior, speech and mentation. It has a unique set of

social prejudices, physical eccentricities and mental idiosyncrasies. It moves, dances, talks, eats and gesticulates in a manner radically distinct from that of the human norm. This new and unearthly specimen of the movies is *sui generis*, a Whatisit, a Nonesuch, a Neverbefore.

In the "profession" there has always been a certain number of elegant and exquisite males of the "matinee idol" variety, whose occupation oozed from every pore; but the moving-picture industry has produced a *pavo real* which outstrips the Hal Reid hero of yesterday and the older stock-company leading man as the New Guinea bird of paradise outstrips the buff orpington bantam of Iowa.

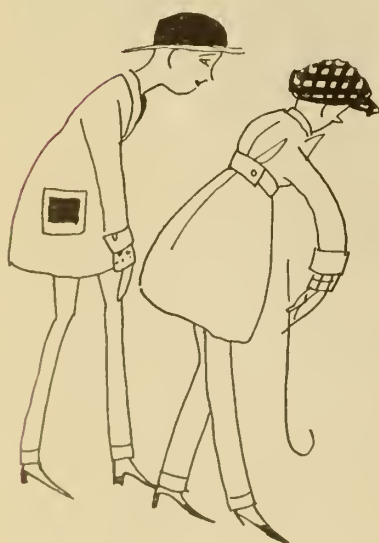
There is no mistaking these rare and radiant canaries, these choice and precious popinjays, these matchless and magnificent peacocks of the film. Every glance and gesture, every word, act and sartorial detail, unmistakably bespeaks their calling. No matter how large or mixed the gathering, they stand forth in vivid relief, penetrating the human darkness about them like sky-rockets on a starless night. They assault the eye and stagger the brain.

The clothes with which this ineffable actorial brotherhood bedecks itself are unlike the integuments worn by the members of any other trade or vocation. They constitute a wholly original style, and bear only the vaguest and most distant relationship to any of the prescribed male fashions. These garments cannot even be called modifications or variations of the current modes: they are reconstructions, metamorphoses, creations, with their own individual curves, proportions, angles, lines, parabolas and hyperboles.

The garment which with this new species takes the place of the average male's coat, is cut very narrow in the shoulders, the arm-hole seam being located at least one-third of the way from the deltoid to the neck. The garment is then drawn in snugly under the arms to give the effect of a waist-line across the shoulder-blades; and from here the coat descends in a wide, flowing, skirt-like manner, full of folds, to a length considerably longer than a regular coat. Moreover, the garment is slit up the back to within eight inches of the collar.



Willard Huntington Wright is an editor, novelist, critic, world-authority on painting, and perhaps the first of living American satirists. He is a Californian, making his home in San Francisco.



the Movies

By
WILLARD
HUNTINGTON
WRIGHT



features evolved by the silent drama, having but with any of the recognized Darwinian strains.

Herb Roth

The coat in front presents a still stranger and more awe-inspiring appearance. To begin with, it is fastened either with one button, located midway of the sternum, or with two small buttons set so close together that their outer circumferences touch. Occasionally there are two buttonholes, one on either edge of the coat; and two buttons on a short string are inserted in them. The buttons are sometimes of carved, polished bone, sometimes of mother-of-pearl, and not infrequently they are covered with figured satin or leather.

The lapels of the coat are especially startling. They are wide and high, and shaped like pelican wings; and the points are so long that, from a rear view of the wearer, they can be seen projecting like spires above the collarbone.

The pockets of this garment are imaginative *chefs-d'oeuvre*. The apertures generally run vertically, and possess buttoned, triangular flaps, although there are also semi-circular openings with braided edges and box-plaits. Not infrequently the pockets are cut at sharp angles, with silken "frogs" at the corners and with scrolled flaps. Now and then, by way of variety, the upper (or breast) pockets are of one design, while the lower pockets are of another. From the upper left pocket protrudes a silk "property" handkerchief with a colored design or chromatic border, and a large embroidered monogram.

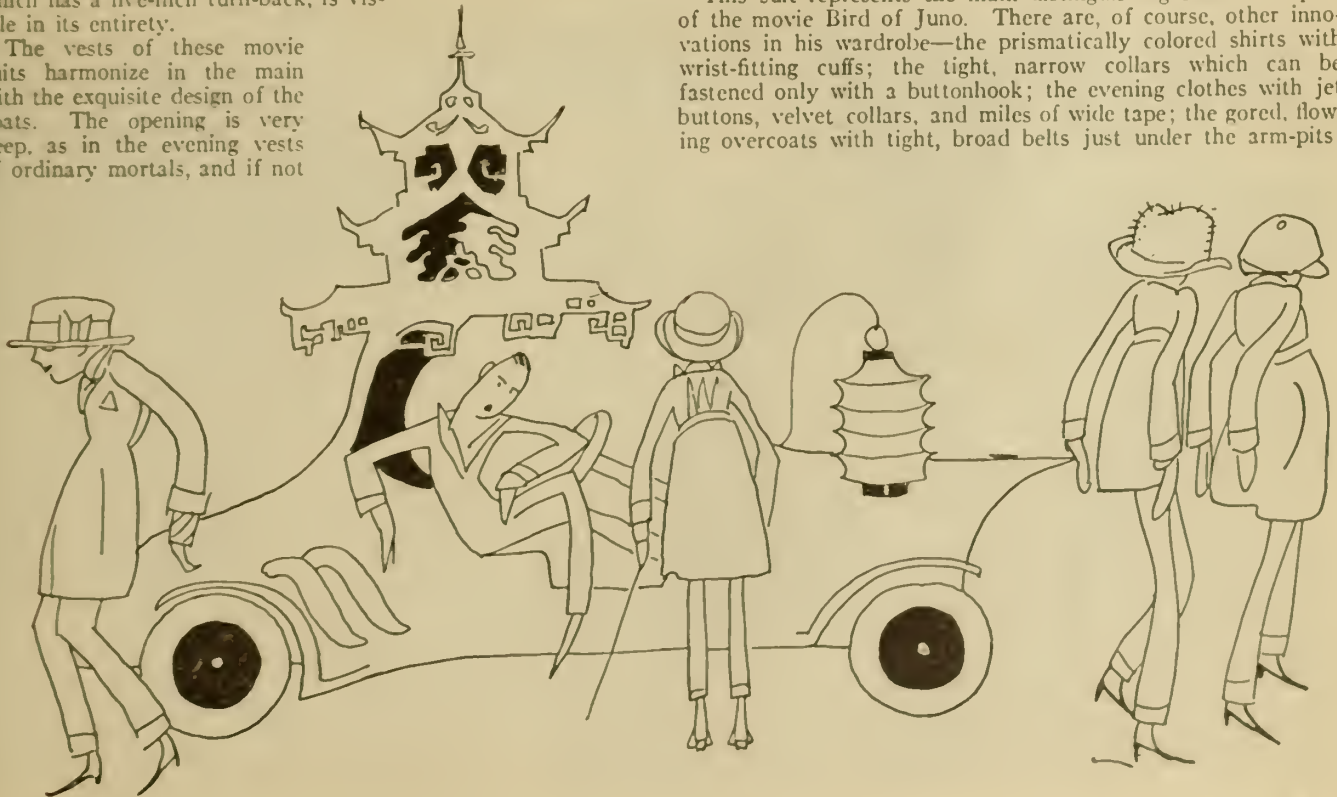
The sleeves of the coat are so tight that only when the hand is copiously greased will it pass through; and in length they reach only a little over half way from the elbow to the wrist. Moreover, they are equipped with a six-inch slit, the edges of which are ornamented with a row of decoy buttons. The shirt-cuff, which comes well down on the hand and which has a five-inch turn-back, is visible in its entirety.

The vests of these movie suits harmonize in the main with the exquisite design of the coats. The opening is very deep, as in the evening vests of ordinary mortals, and if not

equipped with enormous lapels, the edges are beautifully taped. Sometimes these vests are double-breasted, with a single button at the bottom. In any event, they are so tight that they invariably wrinkle across the midriff. (It is physically impossible to fasten the lower button without forceps and a windlass.) The pockets are designed to match those of the coat, and from the right-hand lower pocket a polished silver cigarette steamer trunk protrudes conspicuously.

The trousers of this suit more closely resemble the regular masculine fashion than does either the coat or vest. Save for their length and circumference they are, in fact, of conventional contour and design. Instead, however, of touching the instep, they are cut so as to end a little above the top of high shoes. And the circumference is regulated by the size of the wearer's foot. That is to say, if the maximum circumference of the foot, when naked and compressed, is twelve and a half inches, then the trousers are made twelve and a half inches around—the reason for this being that a trouser-leg too narrow to permit of the penetration of the foot is impractical. All movie trousers, therefore, are large enough for the owner to get into.

This suit represents the main distinguishing sartorial aspect of the movie *Bird of Juno*. There are, of course, other innovations in his wardrobe—the prismatically colored shirts with wrist-fitting cuffs; the tight, narrow collars which can be fastened only with a buttonhook; the evening clothes with jet buttons, velvet collars, and miles of wide tape; the gored, flowing overcoats with tight, broad belts just under the arm-pits;



the enormous caps, and the felt hats resting on the ears; the full brogued and perforated tan shoes, the white low canvas oxfords with red leather lattice-work decoration, the patent leather buttoned shoes with pearl gray cloth tops; and other novelties of dress too numerous to be described here.

Mention, however, should be made of the copious perfumes, toilet waters, sachets, unguents, powders, cosmetics and scented salves used in connection with these various innovations, as well as of the bear-grease or butter with which the hair is plastered down. This latter device makes the hair look as if it were painted on the scalp, and at the same time confers on it a gloss which, in an emergency, can be used as a mirror.

Once ready for the public gaze, his marvellous garments donned and adjusted, his eye-brows cold-creamed, his hair slicked and larded, and the fumes of Djer-Kiss encircling him like a miasmatic aura, this baroque and lovely creature—this rare and fantastic fauna—steps forth. But the very manner of his stepping forth constitutes a novel and individual type of locomotion. *Imprimis*, his general bearing is at divergence with that of the rest of evolutionary humanity. He possesses what has colloquially and superficially been termed the "movie hump." His body is shaped like the letter S. The head and chin are projected far forward, the neck bent to an angle of sixty degrees. The shoulders are acutely rounded, the arc of curvature extending far down the spine. Then the line swings forward at the coccyx and retreats again at the knees, which are slightly crooked.

When movement is introduced into this physical attitude, the feet, held exactly parallel, are moved forward alternately in steps ranging from one-third to one-half the length of the normal man's step. The head, shoulders and arms are kept rigid, the effect of the gait being that of skating.

This new and sybaritical product of the moving-picture industry possesses a strong instinct for ball-room dancing—always in public, and preferably in cafés. And his manner of dancing is but a modification of his manner of walking. No matter how crowded the floor, one may infallibly locate him by his frozen shoulders, his rigid, protruding head, his curved spine, his short straight-footed steps, his empty, contemptuous stare, his side-ward grinding on one spot, his stiff, slow gliding movement, as if he were a wooden figure being drawn about on rollers,—the Gondola complex!

Another characterizing instinct in this new *genus histrionicus* is for automobiling; and accompanying this desire is a lurid taste for garish and fantastic machines. In the construction and decoration of his car he reveals the same diabolical ingenuity and delirious imagination he does in the designing of his clothes, with the result that his specially-built auto body is a thing to rattle one's aesthetic slats, upend the hair, inflame the hormones, and send one to the pavement with Cheyne-Stokes breathing. It is one of the few authentic manifestations of modern *heliogabolisme*—a symptom of tertiary esthesiomania.

These special bodies are, as a rule, painted in pure pastel shades, such as pink, turquoise, mauve, magenta, and canary yellow. They are of all imaginable shapes, suggesting now a sardella, now a submarine, now a lizard, now a vermiform appendix. Some of them are underslung to such an extent that they all but scrape the ground. And they are equipped with all manner of trappings and fixtures—carved leather streamers, silver and aluminum scroll-work, brass newel posts, white satin upholstery, cut-glass orchid holders, tiger-skin rugs, stained glass windows, embroidered lambrequins, ivory manicure sets, brocade satin curtains, and Tiffany-glass cuspidors.

Again, this new strain of cinema actor has evolved an individual and unique system of phonetic intercourse. His language, however, bears a certain resemblance to the current English tongue, its chief points of departure being the pronunciation and the intonation. It has a rising inflection corresponding to the "slur" in music, and its placement is quite high—an "upper register" tone—with a sort of stifled and oleaginous delivery. Moreover, it is full of elisions and open vowel sounds. Thus, "library" is delivered: "lah-bry." And "really" becomes "rully." The final English "r" is persistently omitted or misplaced. "Never" is rendered "neveh"; and "idea" is changed to "ideer." This new language can be understood in the main, with close attention, by the English-speaking peoples, although it is constantly drifting further away from its original source—so much so, in fact, that even now it at times more closely resembles Volapük, Universal, Esperanto and Ido than it does the common English tongue.

There are numerous other traits distinguishing this new and elegant type of *fantoccini*, but lack of space forbids further consideration of the subject. I am not an anthropologist, and my observations are not intended to be final or inclusive.



Powell: Chapter II

More about the handsome Welshman whom Photo-play Magazine once hailed as "the military heart-breaker."

By

FRANCES DENTON



Above we see Mr. Powell and the only bust he has known since July 1. A little south-by-south-east, a pair of studies proving that he swings a mean look.

HE looks like an Englishman en profile—but when he turns to you and smiles, you are sure he must be French. As a matter of fact he is neither, but Welsh. He was born in Scotland of Welsh parents; and until he was seven and his family moved to this country, he'd never spoken and seldom heard anything but Welsh.

"I can remember," said David Powell, as we waited upon the will of director Chet Withey, in the New York Famous Players studio, "when I was a tiny shaver and they took me to the crystal Palace. I was awed into silence for a few minutes—then I began to prattle and ask questions. Two women standing near spoke: 'What fine French that little boy is talking!' As a matter of fact, Welsh is not at all like French."

He twisted his mustaches. They are pointed, like the Frenchman's in musical comedy. There is a certain psychology about Mr. Powell's mustache.

"Of course, a mustache makes a man look like a villain. No matter how many good kind things I do in pictures, small boys will always point at me and say, 'He's bad.' I have been bad—but lately, well, I expiated all my screen sins in 'The Firing Line' when I ended my futile life that Irene Castle and Vernon Steele might be happy. And in 'The Teeth of the Tiger' that I'm doing now I am a merry French Robin Hood—we had to change the story because he killed seven men in the original version and Withey said it would begin to be funny after the fourth murder."

He lives in New York—a splendid sort of existence he has, too. He is not a furiously energetic man; he has a continental laziness which manifests itself in slow speech and a slow smile that begins in his eyes and spreads to the tips of his mustaches. He likes to work, once he is at it, but he does not believe in making a great fuss about it.

"I liked 'The Firing Line' because I wasn't in very much of it and I had such a corking time down in Florida between scenes. You know?"

Right now—or when I talked with him—he was having his troubles. His troubles: one burly Irishman whom he calls his trainer. He



hired him to come every morning at seven o'clock sharp and give him a massage and put him through a lot of exercises.

"And—he comes," said Powell worriedly, "that's the sad part of it—he always comes."

Every once in a while he does something like that. Just as he answers his fan letters: "I get so many after a successful picture I read them all and pick out the most interesting and answer those myself, in long hand. I don't have a secretary—that's rot. Someone told me I shouldn't answer them myself because it will look as though I don't get many. What do you think?"

He has a delightful apartment in Manhattan and so many friends that he never gets lonesome. He has books and likes good ones and collects first editions. Another hobby of his is photography, but I don't believe he has much time to practice it. David Powell is one of these perfectly useless persons—from an interviewer's standpoint. He is much too busy living and working to have cultivated any idiosyncrasies that you can write about.

Mr. Powell, director Chet Withey, and that perfectly adorable child, Marguerite Courtot, all in "The Teeth of the Tiger."



Don't Cheat Your

IT'S too bad James Whitcomb Riley didn't know Charlie Ray.

In the very nature of things, they would have been bound to foregather, and Riley would have been inspired to write some scenarios for him. Between them they might have produced the ideal photoplay—something to the screen what "An Old Sweetheart of Mine" is to modern poetry.

I can describe Charles Ray, to-day probably the most-to-be-reckoned-with masculine star on the screen horizon, in one simple phrase. He is exactly the sort of man you would want your daughter to marry. And even if you haven't a daughter, you've imagination enough to know what kind of a man you'd want her to marry if you had.

In order that Mr. Ray may not find a few battalions of fond mammas upon his doorstep after such a recommendation, let me hasten to add that he already has one perfectly good wife—of whom more anon—and he didn't show any earmarks of desiring to move to Turkey or Salt Lake.

I am the last person to underestimate the effect of moods and surroundings on the feminine mind when gaining an impression of a man. There are times and places when I couldn't be civil to Marshal Foch. Then there are others when the boy next door who hasn't any chin but writes poetry would be welcome. This I openly label an alibi if I appear to rave a bit anent one Charles Ray. Under normal circumstances, I don't rave—much.

It was a summer night in California. There was a big, luscious moon hanging in the tropic blue sky above the shadowy hills and flower terraced lawns of Beverly Hills, Los Angeles' most fashionable and exclusive suburb. The spicy sea breezes

It always pays to play fair with the women, marriage is a tremendous success, it would

By ADELA ROGERS

and the warm fragrance of roses mingled about the charming, honeymoon-home-of-your-dreams house that stood alone beneath its odd, thatched roof. An immaculate Japanese butler ushered me smilingly into a living room that gave me the sensation I have always imagined I would receive if someone would fix it for me to step into one of those white, fluffy cloud banks that pile in masses against the horizon—a sensation of absolute comfort and content and don't-call-me-till-I-ring.

The walls were covered with an exquisite ashes of roses brocade. Beneath my feet a silk Persian rug, in vague but luxurious shades of rose and tan, melted at every step. An amber and gold piano lamp above a dull polished grand piano, half hidden beneath a foam of silver threaded gauze, shed a delicate light about the deep, velvet chairs, the genuine ivory statuettes, the sixteenth century Italian fireplace with its artistic carving and mingling of colors.

Into this atmosphere walked a young man, an extremely good-looking young man, clad in a blue serge suit that quietly marked broad shoulders and a slim waist, a gray silk shirt, and a *nice* smile!



Sweetheart

Charles Ray says; and as his own appear that he practices his precepts.

ST. JOHNS

I ask you, does it sound like the opening of a Robert W. Chambers' romance, or does it not? Is it to be wondered that I was in a receptive—nay, one might almost say a mellow mood? Could any sane novelist refuse either my setting or my hero?

I had been warned about Mr. Ray. I knew all about the "Hay Foot Straw Foot" type of hero he has been creating of late—the decent, rural young man above reproach. But I instantly rejected the popular twisting of an old saying, "Nobody loves a good man." I found in the face of the very young man who had taken a big brown chair opposite me the kind of charm that wins love from both men and women. There were the earnest, one-track eyes of the practical idealist, the broad, open contour that spoiled his chances of being handsome, but which to a physiognomist conveyed mental honesty, open mindedness, almost gullibility. There was strength in the poise of the round, rather obstinate head, su-



Apexed on terraced green lawns, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ray is one of the most charming residences in Beverly Hills, an aristocratic suburb of Los Angeles noted for the refinement and distinction of its luxurious dwellings.



persensitiveness in the wide, sweet mouth, the intense power of concentration of a student in the high, round forehead, breeding in the well-set ears.

Any type of woman in the world might fall in love with Charlie Ray—be she good or bad. In fact, I decided that there were just as good vamps in the sea of respectability as have ever been caught. I spoke some such thought to the young star, who seemed a bit shyly waiting for me to open the conversation and from the apprehensive expression on his face not right sure whether I might not ask to look at his teeth and his heels.

"Wherefore the idea that a man who isn't a regular devil must be prosaic and unattractive and wear funny collars?" I demanded.

"Oh, that's because the regular devil is a natural-born press agent," he said, in a nice, boyish voice.

He has a trick of forgetting to finish his sentences—as though the thought were complete in his mind and should have been grasped by his listener without further waste of time and breath.

"You can talk up a market for most anything. Why, I even knew an old lady who left all her money to an orphan asylum because she said orphans couldn't be ungrateful to their parents. *Somebody* had talked up a market for those orphans. We hear such a lot about the fascinations of the roué, the lady's man, the lounge lizard, the free love artist, the crook, the ne'er-do-well, the 'male vampire,' as he has recently been styled, that for a time we forget the merits of the good, reliable three hundred and sixty-five days in the year guy.

"There are a lot of fellows who aren't home wreckers or safe crackers from sheer disinclination—not from inability. Personally, I've studied, portrayed and advocated the 'square

guy' on the screen—and off—because I have an enormous amount of faith in the ultimate good sense of the public, especially women. Other merchants haven't found it smart in the long run to cater to the cheap, fleeting, temperamental trade. There are women who naturally patronize the loud house of phony bargains, but the majority of them go to a sane, conservative, value-received store. There are always sixteen ounces to a pound, and it doesn't take the smartest woman in the world to figure that if there are four ounces of trimmings and package and gold labels, she's getting short weight somewhere.

"A woman may be talked into a bad bargain, but heaven help the cheater when she finds him out, that's all! And nothing gives her so much real satisfaction as a good bargain. Let a woman realize she's got the best or as good on a deal, and she's your friend for life, whether it's real estate or heart interest.

"The reason it's always the good girl who marries the roué is because she's an inexperienced buyer. She's deceived by the package. Women, as a rule, though, are better judges of values than men. They want their money's worth. That reminds me of old Sarah Jenkins, whom I knew when I was a boy. They found every dollar she'd ever had hid in the attic, and every one had a dent in it where she'd bitten it to be sure it was good.

"That's why I figure that the man who succeeds in cheating a woman, probably is trading with one who hasn't so much to offer herself. The increasing popularity—and success—of breach of promise suits shows that the dear ladies aren't nearly as tickled over being the chosen prey of some gay deceiver as they once were.

"A woman's got an immense amount of sound judgment every place except where men are concerned, and even there it's apt to crop up once in a while. I admit there are women who don't think a man's worth listening to unless he's hard to believe and easy to look at. There were lots of people who fell for the pea under the shell, too. But I think most of 'em have a real, honest preference for a man who is apt to make 'em happy."

That seemed to remind him of his wife, and he went upstairs to get her. Before he went, he turned on his favorite toy, one of those marvelous electrical pianos, and to its dulcet tones I meditated. As soon as I saw Mrs. Ray, I began to understand the perfect taste of the room in which I was sitting, the quiet "human" manners of her actor husband, and the Oriental courtesy of her servants.

A young man is a good deal to be judged by his wife. The man who marries a pretty-pretty face, is apt to care more about the binding of a book than about the things he could

learn from it. The chap who ties up to a girl that wants to wear \$10,000 worth of capital on her back that might be drawing seven percent, will buy something the other fellow hasn't got and sell something they haven't got, and then try to make up the difference out of the firm's cash drawer. A poor man who marries a girl who can't cook, ought to starve to death and probably will.

Therefore when you see an attractive young man, who, though he doesn't make a specialty of the ladies, might have had his pick of a few, and whose salary might even interest many highly-situated mammas, married to a slim, unassuming young woman, far from pretty, but with the sweetest mouth and the truest eyes and the gentlest voice imaginable, you can pretty near bank he's got sense and will get on in the world. When she further turns out to be a cultured person, who paints charmingly, plays the piano more than well, knows editions, periods, and the price of supplies, embroiders beautiful bedspreads and makes cushions you couldn't buy, you gain for him the respect a woman always has for a man who hasn't been bamboozled by the artifices of her sex.

Trailing her graceful, white silk gown, she showed me the dining room, with its satin walls, heavy silver and dark, stately furniture, and then I was permitted a peep at their bedroom. A Chinese bedroom, bright with myriads of fairy lights gleaming through butterflies, brilliant Chinese embroideries blending softly into a perfect color scheme of blue and gray, and adorable twin beds, lacquered in Chinese designs as perfect as enamel and as delicate. (And where the heavy linen sheets were turned back, I saw a dainty, pink silk nightie peeping from one, and a pair of those lovely, monogrammed pongee pajamas on the other.)

"It's been a beautiful experience to buy and furnish our own home."

said little Mrs. Ray, while her husband showed me designs in water colors for his den. "It's taken us seven months to get just four rooms right but we have enjoyed every minute of it. I'm grateful every day that all this has come to us while we're young and enthusiastic and can enjoy it. So many of the things we've bought we've dreamed over before we could afford them."

They came out on the terrace to say good night and pointed out the garden that-is-to-be and showed me where Charles has decided all the flower beds are to be laid. As I drove away, I saw them hand in hand in the moonlight like two happy children, swinging their way back toward the glowing, open door.

But still, Charlie Ray has one fault. His wife told me so. She says it takes an hour to get him up in the morning.



The reel Charles Ray, you know, never has anything better than a tubercular flivver, a motorcycle with neuritis, or a bicycle that came to California for its health. The real Charles Ray drives a Locomobile!





Kipling was Wrong!

West isn't west, nor is East east, as far as the Hayakawas are concerned.

AS my title suggests, Kipling wasn't right when he came to philosophizing on the West and the East. He referred to the East Indies and England when he said in his poem

"... and never the twain shall meet,"

and not to Japan, judging from the Occidental experiences of our two screen Japanese, Sessue Hayakawa, and his chic wife, Tsuru Aoki.

The Hayakawas are typically products of this country, although both were born in the land of cherry blossoms and Mme. Butterflies. When Leopold Godowsky, the piano virtuoso, once told me that I would be surprised when I met them at the dinner he was giving in their honor, I refused to think that I should be. But now, after an acquaintance of several months with the man whom David Warfield once termed the screen's greatest dramatic actor, I'm forced to believe that I erred seriously.

In the first place, the Hayakawas live in a great, old-English-looking manse that sets on top of a hill in Hollywood. It looks on the outside something like one of those old feudal castles that you've undoubtedly seen in old-time woodcuts, and inside it's still more perplexing.

As you go in you see a large room furnished after the prevalent modernistic style. A huge velvet carpet on the floor. A divan against one wall; a large library table in the center of the room. Paintings of trees and things hung on the walls. A fireplace along one end of the room, on whose mantelpiece is a combination of bric-

By

TRUMAN

B.

HANDY



a-brac Japanese and American. The library, too, is a surprise. Tiers of bookcases. Paintings and tapestries on the walls. A portrait of Hayakawa over the door that leads into the dining room, which is just exactly the same as ten million other dining rooms in homes of luxury, with its silver and cut-glass service, its polished mahogany appointments and its cool, gray rug overspreading the floor. The music room, on the north end of the house, has its baby-grand piano, its victrola, its music cabinet. Walls in

(Continued on page 124)

The showplace of Shogun Sessue, in—yes, Hollywood. The lady at the piano is Tsuru Aoki-Hayakawa, who was a celebrity before her husband.



Eyes

In which the
of high resolve
ing — swings

B3



As he spoke, the dancing man turned the key in the door and stepped toward Gina. She crouched in the chair, but he dragged her to her feet and ripped the gown from her shoulders.

PEACEFUL Vanfield lay semi-dormant in the heat of the mid-day sun, whose rays penetrated even into the dusty office of Asa Ashling. On his desk in front of him were bills,—nothing but bills, and a note from the Vanfield bank that told him his collateral wasn't sufficient for the loan he wanted.

Nor was he particularly comforted by the attitude of Kenneth, his son, whose words spoken as he left the office, were ringing in his ears. Just what did he mean, the impudent young upstart? How came he to think that he could show his father methods of efficiency in manufacturing? Wasn't he, Asa Ashling, regarded as Vanfield's wealthiest citizen? What could his college-bred son possibly know about affairs of the world?

As he was brooding, the door of the office opened, and a woman, beautiful in her perfect maturity, entered. Everything about her denoted ease and grace,—her clothes, her easy carriage, and, when she spoke, her softly-modulated voice. Her skin was clear and white and pink and she had wonderful dark eyes that looked out from underneath curled lashes.

"Father, you sent for me?" she said, half crooningly. "Is anything wrong?"

"Yes, Gina," he said slowly. "Everything is wrong. Kenneth's been bothering me again, drat him. Bank won't advance the loan that I calculated would keep us going over the dry spell. We'll have to let the motor go and,"—his eyes lighted as the thought flashed through his mind,—"and you can tell Goring that you'll marry him. It's all right."

"Oh, no, father!" the girl answered. "Goring? Robert Goring? But he's so ugly and fat, and, beside, I don't love him,

with his effusive greeting.

He was past middle age, highly perfumed and manicured, and his toupee made him look perhaps three years younger than he really was. His eyes never left Gina.

"I must be going," she said, at length. "You are coming to the house tonight, Mr. Goring?" Bowing a "good-day," she left the office.

As she walked to her home under the row of poplars and elms, the scene of an hour or so before was in her mind. It was all she could think of. And things were so different now that the Ashling family was to be perforce economical. To give up Peter Judson would break her heart, she thought, for in her brain was the memory of the handsome young engineer who only a few moments hence took her in his arms and told her that he loved her and—kissed her. She commenced to sob, and the old elms, stirred by the wind, nodded wisely, as they sheltered her from the sun.

"Oh, Peter, Peter, come back to me," were the choked words. "Why must you leave me to go to South America! Come back to me, for I love you."

II

IN another part of the world, an old priest, his long robes and flowing, white beard blown by the Indian wind, filled the Lamp of the Centuries in the stone temple that the cult-followers said was older than Mankind. For months he, Adept, had prayed for the soul of the Yogi whom he and God had sent forth into the world to bestow Truth upon his brothers

of Youth

111

door of many Tomorrows — some full and romance; some sordid and despair-back on the mystic hinge of a crystal ball.

JOHN TEN EYCK

of the West, who are wont to see into the stock market rather than the soul.

As he let the last drop of the pine's blood fall into the interior of the lamp, he knelt in front of the Stone of Life on which the *rah-gi* was wont to repose, and the night wind that souged through the corridors of the Temple, bore his prayer out over the earth and through the dim vastness of the Himalayas.

In the cupola of the temple sat Swami, Adept's fellow, who read to the World each night from the Book of Creation, where it has been ordained that a Yogi will go forth to save the suffering. As he read, and as the wind blew the stone against the temple bell and made it ring, Adept joined him.

"He is wandering, afar off," the old priest said to Swami. "The lamp told me."

"Yogi will save a soul tonight," answered the latter. "We will pray for him."

THE western world had received Yogi with its customary coldness and laughter, and from the time he landed in San Francisco to the hour in which he found himself trudging in the dust of the Vanfield highway he had failed in his mission. He was dusty and tired, and his robes were threadbare. The crystal ball that he carried in a turban ribbon was nicked, where the woman in the middle west had thrown it to the ground and told Yogi that he was an evil-doer and called the dogs.

"Ah, it is Life," he sighed as he trod along wearily. "Surely though, there is Someone who would learn about Truth."

Strangely enough, Gina Ashling, too, had been thinking about the Truth all that day. Her father, when he came home from the office, told her that Goring demanded her decision at once. She had also heard from Peter Judson by telephone, who said that he was in conference with several Latin American gentlemen in regard to a contract, and who added, almost between every word, that he loved her; that she was his.

"But am I?" Gina asked herself as she dressed for dinner and the reception that was to follow. And Rita, her younger, less sensible sister, who burst into her room to borrow a bit of finery, she asked vaguely.

"Did you ever feel that you'd like to look into the future, Rita?"

The younger girl was dumbfounded. To her, serious consideration of any problem—never occurred.

"Don't you talk strangely,



"Was what you said on the telephone true?" he asked, as he kissed her. "You couldn't have meant it?" "I thought I did," she confessed, weakly. "I—guess—I didn't, though!"



The musicale was a success, at least from the assemblage and judging by the manner in which Gina sang. Everybody of importance in Vanfield was there. When Gina finished the aria *De Salvo*, the impresario, clapped his hands delightedly.

though?" she asked, curious. "What's up now?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing," Gina asked. "I only wish that I could look into a book and see what I'm going to be in five years."

"You're so serious," Rita advised her. "Why don't you take life more easily? Do as I do. If you keep on worrying about things you'll get wrinkles."

And she disappeared down the hall to make herself pretty for the evening's festivities.

There were two guests at dinner, one of whom, Goring, came to hear Gina's answer to his proposal of marriage, and the other, Louis Anthony, the cashier of the Vanfield bank, to see if it were possible to interest Gina in him.

After the dinner, Goring retired to the smoking room with Ashling, while Louis and Gina walked to the rose arbor. They stood under the trellis for, it seemed to Gina, ages.

"Come," she said finally. "Some of the guests will have arrived. I must be there."

"Marry me," Anthony said forcefully. "We can be very happy. You won't say no?"

"Please, Louis," was the answer. "How can you forget yourself?" And with that she withdrew her arm from his grip, and walked toward the house.

The musicale was what might be termed a success, at least from the assemblage and judging by the manner in which Gina sang. Everybody of importance in Vanfield was there, including Goring, who made it a point to be as close as possible to Gina, while De Salvo, the eminent operatic impresario, gave a piano recital.

He, with his long, carefully brushed beard and tapering fingers, was an imposing figure, and as he glanced at intervals in Gina's direction, she could not help but feel flattered. But De Salvo seemed interested only in her voice.

A great voice was his religion. He had discovered and placed several operatic luminaries, and on the Continent his

judgment was law. When he arrived in Vanfield a short time ago he saw only a small town, and had he not missed his train Gina would have been unknown to him. As it was, he had stopped in at church, heard her solo, and was offering her every inducement to journey to Europe—and a career.

When Gina at length finished the aria that he asked her to sing, he clapped his hands delightedly. "Marvelous," he said. "I kiss your hand."

Ashling carefully avoided De Salvo, even though the latter ran to him and embraced him.

"Like the piano the person is but the instrument," the maestro continued. "It has a beautiful case, but without the sound it is merely a piece of furniture."

"Is your admiration always so impersonal, Signor?" Goring queried sarcastically, overhearing the impresario.

"You do not doubt my motives?" De Salvo questioned, his dignity wounded. "Always my wife will be with her. She shall be treated as our own child."

Kenneth, who remained silent during the interval, suddenly stepped forward. "You grab it, Gina," he cried. "We can take care of ourselves. Don't waste your talents on this one-horse town. Paris! Gee! Take her with you, Seenyore."

"Oh, Kenneth, if I only knew what to do," his sister said, as she buried her face in his shoulder.

"My wife and I sail the day after to-morrow," the maestro said laconically. "I require an answer to-night."

To Peter Judson, however, in New York, the time was hanging heavy until he could return to Gina before he should leave for his work in Brazil. The conditions of the contract were satisfactory, his grip was packed, and he found himself in Grand Central Station, in a telephone booth. He was calling the Ashlings'.

But at the Ashlings', as the guests were leaving, there were two who remained. Goring had had a hasty consultation with old Asa, in which he had learned that the decision would rest

Eyes of Youth

NARRATED, by permission, from the Garson photoplay of the same name, by Max Marcin and Charles Guernon, produced by Albert Parker with the following cast:

Gina Ashling.....Clara Kimball Young
Asa Ashling.....Sam Sothern
Kenneth Ashling.....Gareth Hughes
Paolo De Salvo.....William Courtleigh
Louis Anthony.....Milton Sills
Peter Judson.....Edmond Lowe
Robert Goring.....Ralph Lewis
Rita Ashling.....Pauline Starke
Dancing Master.....Rodolfo Valantino
Attorney.....E. M. Kimball
The Yogi.....Vincent Serrano

Yogi held in his palms, she heard the answer.

"This will tell you. Believe and desire with a pure heart."

IV

AT first Gina saw nothing. Gradually, however, the crystal became misty within. As she suddenly looked up from the glass ball, the lights of the room were growing dimmer, she noticed, and the Yogi was less distinct. The mist in the crystal cleared and a door, with **PATH OF DUTY** over it, confronted Gina, who saw that she had accepted the offer of a place made to her by Louis Anthony and

become a teacher in the Vanfield school.

"It is your call to duty," he said to her, and she believed him.

Her work was hard, unremittent. She became old, broken, unhappy. Her methods of teaching became old-fashioned. The children no longer treated her with respect.

Old, ugly, tired, Louis Anthony cared no more for her, and one day Rita told her that Anthony had asked her to be his wife.

"I'm sorry, Gina," Louis told her, "but you've become set and unhappy in your peculiar sense of duty. Rita is young,—and pretty, and,—I love her."

Kenneth came home from work. He was tired and cross. She tried to comfort him, but he only scoffed at her.

"All you've ever done," he shrieked, "was to tie me up in
(Continued on page 126)

ultimately with Gina, and he, at the last moment, feared to face her.

Louis Anthony, however, remained to advise Gina. It hurt him to see her body shaken with sobs, and for once in his life, he felt utterly insufficient.

"What is that? Who's screaming?" cried Gina suddenly.

It was Rita's voice outside—on the veranda.

Kenneth, Anthony and Mr. Ashling rushed outdoors. Gina followed, and on the veranda took Rita into her arms. The child was crying.

"I did not mean to frighten the young lady," a quiet voice in the darkness said. "I merely meant to ask for bread. I am very sorry."

As he finished his speech, an odd-looking man with dark skin, who wore a turban, and tattered, dirty clothes, and who carried something wrapped in what looked like a handkerchief, stepped forth into the glimmering light shed by the porch lamp. His gaze was intent upon Gina. He looked so miserable, so poor, so hungry.

"Get him bread, father," the girl said. "Kenneth, water, quick! Louis, help father with the light, and Rita, go inside. You'll catch cold."

"Gina, someone wants you on the 'phone," interrupted Rita at this point. "It's long distance."

The low French windows of the old-fashioned country house were open, and Gina stepped through one. The light shed peculiar shadows about, and illuminated the white gown she wore. The stranger on the steps watched her carefully.

"A million apologies, Gina," said the voice—Peter's voice. "In five minutes I'll be on my way out to you, and for your father's verdict."

"You know I love you, Peter," Gina said slowly, "but father,—Rita,—Kenneth,—er,—something happened to-day. They need me. It's my duty."

"Duty is all right, Gina, but you must think of your own future—"

Peter would have said more, but Gina, with a sob, hung up the receiver, and was leaning against the table.

"Duty!" she sobbed aloud. "If I only knew which path to take! If I could only see into the future!"

Her words stirred the stranger on the porch, who arose and walked to the open window. Gina looked crushed, and he pitied her.

"I am a Yogi," said the stranger. "I have come to your country from India to show you Truth. Do not despise me, nor fear me. I come neither to sell you rugs nor to do you harm."

"A Yogi?" Gina asked, startled. "How very strange! How can you show me Truth? I wish that you only could! How I want to see into the future!"

As Gina finished speaking, the Yogi looked at her intently, and at length, unwrapping the dirty-looking handkerchief from something, he held up a crystal sphere.

"With this," he said, much to Gina's wonderment, "you can project yourself into the future say, five years, and you will see just what you have let those years make of you,—whether your spirit has gone forward and upward or not."

"You mean," Gina half whispered, "that if I determine to do a definite thing, devote myself to a particular career, I can see the consequences and decide differently?"

"But if it were to help you to decide how to get the greatest fortune I would not raise a finger. It is the effect the decision will have on your soul. It is the spirit only that matters," the seer rejoined, concentrating upon her.

"I see the real meaning," she said. "Help me, won't you?"

"You shall have three opportunities," promised the Yogi. "Use them wisely."

"Is it my duty to remain at home?" she asked, and as she looked deep into the crystal which the



"With this," the Yogi said, much to Gina's wonderment, "you can project yourself into the future five years, and you will see just what you have let those years make of you."

An Everyday Diana

Mary MacLaren leaves pictures behind her when she closes her dressing-room door

By

LOUISE CATHERINE
ANDERSON



A TERRIBLE thing has happened to me. For years it has hung above my head, a sort of dread sword of fancy. At last it has descended.

I have been interviewed—and am now writing an interview—with a perfectly normal person.

I know it may not sound so terrible to you. But think—think of the weapons, the ammunition of which I am robbed at one fell swoop. Nobody ever writes about perfectly normal things. Just glance through your copy of the morning paper, or your favorite monthly magazine, and see if I'm not right. They may admire, reverence and acclaim—but they don't write about 'em.

Probably the rarest thing in the world is a perfectly normal person. Do you know any? I once heard a famous lawyer deliver a brilliant address upon the subject "Are we all crazy?" Before he got through I was beyond argument. In a long and varied career of interviewing every kind of person from a President to a lizard that could go nine months without water, I have found but two—before. As for my personal acquaintances, my relations—let us draw a kindly veil. Of those two one was a six-day-old baby born in a jitney bus, and the other was a widow with a past. Perhaps hers was merely fatigue.

Mary MacLaren is the third.

Mary the normal had just reached home after a hard day's work at the Universal studio when I found her. At least she said it had been a hard day, but there was nothing in her serene, girlish face and figure to support her statement. She looked as fresh, as wholesomely, as delightfully arcadian, from her shining, smooth hair to her pretty, slippered feet, as a hollyhock in an English garden.

She has a pretty, interesting, intelligent face. She has a well modulated, medium-pitched voice. She is of a pleasing soft blondness that gratifies, but does not startle. She has all the qualifications of your sweetheart's sister—if you know what I mean. You could like her and admire her and enjoy every minute of her society and think she was the best scout and the finest kid and the squarest little sport without ever having it affect your loyalty to your own sweetheart in the least.

And that, I decided, is the hold which she has acquired and is daily increasing, upon a public that first learned to know her in that famous Lois Weber production "Shoes." She's made a chum of her public and that sort of regard will outlast more violent infatuations.



The picture at the right deserves a poetic caption, but, looking at Mary, as you doubtless are and as we know we are—how can one write about the ocean?





She has no startling characteristics, no marked tastes, no fantastic idiosyncrasies—it only goes to show that it can be done.

it seems strange, too. I'm nineteen now, you know. Wasn't it a lucky omen—I was nineteen on the 19th of July, 1919.

"It is my chief regret that I didn't get a chance to go to college. That is a foundation that can never be replaced. Every girl should go if she can, should take advantage of every possible educational advantage that is offered her."

It is rather characteristic that Mary does not live in the famous movie colony in Hollywood.

"How do you happen to live 'way over here instead of in Hollywood?" I asked her.

"I think I need a change of atmosphere," she said slowly, as though considering it herself. "When working hours are over, I want to forget the actual mechanism of my work. It doesn't broaden one's outlook, you know, to keep within the same small circle. Besides, we girls have always been used

(Continued on page 122)



Owen Talks About Mary

As all ancient avenues led to Rome, so all film roads of reminiscence go back to Griffith and the Biograph of Pickford-Moore days.

YOU don't know what good nature really is until you have met Owen Moore. By good nature, I don't mean the ordinary garden variety that is capable of forgiving you with the sweetness of a Christian martyr and making you feel like less than the dust for the rest of the day. In short, I mean the jolly good fellowship that treats your blunder like a good joke which you both are in on. I mean the way Owen Moore acts when you break an engagement.

By ALISON SMITH

"Sure you didn't," he interrupted, grinning broader than ever. "Anyway it was all my fault."

"Of course it was not your fault," I snapped, determined to have my fight out anyway.

"Well, then, it was yours," he beamed, "but who cares anyway? While I was waiting for you I won two dollars at penny ante. Come on in and have some coffee."

It was one of those vague elusive engagements with no definite time or place and in a space where you can't get anyone on the phone to confirm it. At two o'clock, I doubted that any such engagement existed, at three I was sure I had never made it and along toward evening I began to wonder miserably if perhaps I hadn't said I'd be there after all. But in the morning, no one left me any chance for doubt. I was goaded to the divine fury of one who knows perfectly well that she is in the wrong. And with the inventive genius of persons in that position, I started in to frame excuses.

So over coffee and cigarettes and funny little cakes, we forgot about the feud in gossip about the screen. And as all roads lead back to Griffith, we went back to those first days of the old Biograph when a studio was an abandoned barn and lighting was left to the gods and the weather.

The names that he recalled as belonging to those old times sounded like a page from "Who's Who" in the film world of to-day. There were Henry Walthall and Alice Joyce and Mack Sennett and Blanche Sweet and Fatty Arbuckle. And, of course, Mary Pickford.

Most of them were fairly plausible and all of them were good. They began with things like "An unavoidable accident prevented—" and "How could I possibly know that—" and all the other good old alibis for use in tight places. And then I finally did meet Owen Moore and instead of the glowering sulking bulk of masculinity I expected, there was a perfectly cool, cheerful young man who beamed on me with the famous Moore smile and twinkled with the half humorous, half pensive Moore eyes. Still I was determined to take no chances.

"My wife," he said simply, "from the very first showed promise of what moving picture acting might eventually become. We all saw it as well as Griffith, which was exceptional, for usually we couldn't see anything that Griffith saw. I remember those old fights about whether the public would ever stand for anything as long as the two-reel picture. And the row over the close-up! Everybody yelled 'Where are their feet?' But Griffith won out on every count. He knows how to handle the close-up. So many directors do not. Sometimes I wonder if he wishes he had never invented it."

"It was most unfortunate about yesterday," I began stiffly, "but of course I didn't expect—"

"Griffith has always had a deep admiration for the French
(Continued on page 122)



Alfred Cheney Johnston

ARLINE—Pretty by name and nature. She is appearing in fifteen episodes now—the heroine of a serial, "The Woman in Gray." Arline was the optical upper-cut in Jess Willard's late picture, "The Challenge of Chance."

On and Off the
Lot in California
Studios



Anna Q. Nilsson and her four faithful hounds. Reading from right to wrong—that is to say, starting with Anna and walking East—there are Ward Crane, Norman Kerry, Nip Nilsson and Tuck Nilsson. The lady and the hound quartette are on location for "Soldiers of Fortune."



Wilhelmina Rogers, the new bathing beauty at Sennett's. (Feeling that we won't get away with this lie, after all, we confess that this is just old friend Will, of the rope and the political talk, indulging in a splash-me contest between films at Goldwyn's.)



Gloria Swanson, visited by her father, Capt. Joseph Swanson, A. E. F. The soldier's daughter, here, is one of Eye's little sisters, in an allegorical scene from "Male and Female."



Frankie Lee has been an actor a long, long time—almost a year, now—but Pauline Frederick is still his favorite leading lady. In the oval you will find the psychology of seashore crowds; this particular bit of aquatic psychology is named Josephine Hill, and she comedies for her frocks and food.



Was it Dr. Samuel or Tefft Johnson who composed the classic proverb: "Where there's smoke there must be some smoke-pots"? The languid arsonists on our side of the flyver are supplying the vapors of excitement—Gosh, you can't burn a Ford! We've tried!



Bobbed!

Referring to a coiffure which has come into great favor with some of our stars



IRENE CASTLE started it all.

Ever since she clipped her curls, girls of the stage, girls of the screen, and girls—just girls—have been doing it, too. Of the pastel-stars who have followed her suit, we picture some of the more prominent. In the center, Viola Dana, Metro's enfant vamp, who changed her coiffure at Nazimova's instigation. Upper left: this is a wig Dorothy is wearing. However, as the youngest Gish wears it all the time she works, and as she works all the time, it is her most familiar coiffure. Upper right: Constance Talmadge. With true esprit, so to say, she really cut her blonde hair; and now she says her coiffure has it all over her chum Dorothy's, who had the conviction and the hair but lacked, alas, the courage. Lower left, Irene Castle, the responsible party.



Star or Starve

Betty Blythe is no bolshevik—
she just had large ambitions

*Photographs by
Rangs, N. Y.*



FIRST of all, it's her real name. Blythe that way as well as by nature.

When she remarked to herself a little over two years ago—after two previous years studying for opera in Paris, a season with Oliver Morosco in musical comedy, and a road tour in "Experience"—that she was going to arrive at a stellar position soon or starve in the attempt, she meant it. She wasn't going to do anything halfway. So when she had an offer to play "Ophelia" she grabbed it with both hands.

"I played it," she remarked reminiscently. "I played it—though never to a real audience. I may say I lived that part. I studied the part night and day. I was the healthiest, the most material Ophelia you ever saw. I wandered about reciting the lines and simulating madness until my family nearly went mad—and got mad. Then, the production was called off. However, the hard work did me a lot of good, and I wasn't to be put off in my determination to get there. For a while I thought of doing a little Ophelia of my own; but I met a moving picture director before I had a chance to carry out any desperate plans and I was given a part in 'His Own People.'"

Miss Blythe made a real impression in her first picture and pretty soon Vitagraph promoted her to the position of leading woman to Harry Meroy. He was the colorful headlight of "Fighting Destiny," "Beating the Odds," "Beauty Proof" and "The Man Who Won." After two years in the Brooklyn School for stars she went with Guy Empey's company to do "The Undercurrent." A meeting with Mrs. Rex Beach brought about a contract to appear in "The Silver Horde" for Goldwyn.

Just as a matter of record, she was born in 1893 in Los

Angeles—but she has spent most of her life in Manhattan. Culver City is her present optic home.

Perhaps the secret of Bee Bee's success in pictures lies in the fact that she abhors the conventional "leading woman" business, and thinks that beauty has very little place when it comes to the qualifications for acting. You'd naturally expect such sentiments from a young person with poor teeth, Ben Turpin eyes and no hair or complexion to speak of; whereas Miss Blythe is—well, take a look for yourself!

"The first thing I do when I get any role," she says, "is to figure out what I would do myself under similar circumstances. Then when I have done that, I consider the particular circumstances and surroundings of this particular woman. What would *she* have done in my place? That, I want you to understand, involves two operations, entirely distinct and separate, and one leads directly to the other. You've heard lots of actresses say 'What would I have done in that woman's place?' That I think is a superficial approach to the subject. It seems perfectly logical to me to first of all consider myself in the same position—and then to study, carefully, how that 'other woman's' position would have been modified by her beliefs, her mode of life, and her training and education.

"Now, I can hear some of my associates murmur: 'Isn't that the fine bunk to hand an interviewer, though! If she ever *really* did that—worked out her own character conception, and so on—what would that have to do with the director's little notion of how the part should be played?' And to that I'll answer just this: I have never yet had a director who wasn't profoundly grateful for a little real study and co-operation on the part of the performer."

By
ADELA
ROGERS
ST. JOHNS

At the right Mr. Vidor, standing, instructs Zasu Pitts how to inhale an all-day sucker. Below, he is directing one of his wife's love-scenes.



PERHAPS King Vidor won't like my calling him a Young Crusader. But the resemblance is so strong that it becomes an ethical duty to the interviewer. No other phrase could give so accurate a picture of

this young director whose work and ideas have lately jolted the serene passage of moving pictures.

There are a great many men with messages in this world. But the man who is possessed by a determination to deliver that message no matter what the cost is as rare as an anarchist's job.

King Vidor needs slight, if any, introduction to the moving picture public today. Though so far but one picture of his direction has been released, that picture has made him one of the vital possibilities in the future of the screen. It is difficult today to consider the future of moving pictures without wondering what this youngster, who alone, and in spite of terrific obstacles, wrote, directed and produced "The Turn in the Road" will accomplish with his way of making pictures.

Incidentally, King Vidor is also the husband of Florence Vidor, whose charming performances in "Old Wives for New" and other Lasky productions have endeared her to fans who admire sincere and finished work, and he is the father of six months old Miss Suzanne Vidor—of whom more anon.

"I believe in the motion picture that carries a message to humanity. I believe in the picture that will help humanity to free itself from the shackles of fear and suffering that have so long bound it with iron chains. I will not knowingly produce a picture that contains anything I do not believe to be absolutely true to human nature, anything that could injure anyone nor anything unclean in thought and action. I will never picture evil or wrong, except to show the way to overcome it. As long as I direct pictures, I will direct only those founded upon the principle of right and I will endeavor so to live that I may draw upon the inexhaustible source of Good for my stories, my guidance and my inspiration."

That, briefly, is the creed that I learned from King Vidor. It is the creed which he has declared and over which many of the wise ones have lifted skeptical eyebrows. And yet—we have "The Turn in the Road" which, according to exhibitor's reports, is a tremendous success, though it bears no star banner and no great author's name.

We sat, one warm, California morning, in his office at the Brentwood Film Corporation studio in Hollywood. It wasn't much of an office. Frankly, it wasn't much of a studio. But there pervaded it an air of honest endeavor, of sincere work, of small but inevitably widening beginnings more impressive than marble columns. Its slight dinginess, its ramshackle surround-

A Young Crusader

King Vidor, who made "The Turn in the Road," believes in entertaining pictures, but only in those entertaining pictures which carry a message to humanity.

ings, its sacrifice of comfort and ease to the necessities of work, stood symbolic of King Vidor's intellectual freedom to make his own pictures in his own way.

In this office I sat opposite a very young man (actually, I believe he is twenty-six, but he looks even younger) who talked sincerely, deeply; about humanity, and principle and brotherhood; a young man with shining eyes unmarred by pose, or self consciousness, armed with faith that the motion picture can be used as a means of lightening the world's burden. It is significant of the mental and spiritual force of the man that I cannot in the least remember what he wore, or the color of his eyes or hair. As to his physical appearance, I have a vague recollection that he looked clean cut, boyish and like a thousand other young men as to size, shape and clothes.

Now everyone in the world wanted to see the Turks driven from the Holy Land. But not everyone was willing to leave all to become a Crusader.

Probably everyone would like to see clean, fine, idealistic and helpful moving pictures gain the day, but not everyone has the courage to stake all upon the determination to make them so. That is why I call King Vidor a Crusader. He is fighting for a Cause—and though he may be beaten, he will go down I am sure, with colors flying.

"Now please don't think I want to preach a sermon," said Vidor, with a little frown. "Don't like sermons myself. Always did hate to be preached at. But I've discovered that the way to be healthier and happier and stronger is to think right. I want everyone to know that and I believe I can help to teach them through the right kind of pictures.

"There are a thousand and one superstitions, beliefs, limitations accepted by people that are all 'the bunk.' People can be freed from them by learning how to think about them. If they can learn, for example, or if they can be awakened to even imagine, that there isn't any necessity for growing old, they will make an effort to learn how *not* to grow old, won't they? How can that message be conveyed to them better than by a real,

interesting, dramatic picturization of how some one man or woman discovered the fact and actually learned how to stay young?

"I am making a picture now, it is about half done, called 'The Other Half.' You know, 'One half the world doesn't know how the other half lives.' That is true. The only way to settle the differences today menacing the world between capital and labor is to get each of them to know how the other half lives. In this picture, I have taken two men, one from the classes, one from the masses, both just back from war where the great leveler has placed them side by side to fight the common enemy. They have become friends.

"Once more at home, each has his problems to face. And while the man from the masses loses his physical eyesight, the



"I will not knowingly produce a picture that contains anything I do not believe to be absolutely true to human nature. I will never picture evil or wrong, except to show the way to overcome it."

man from the classes has the eyes of his soul, his understanding, opened by war, closed again. The parallel is carried through.

"Every picture must have a principle back of it, or it will not, cannot live. What is the picture of all others that stands out in memory? 'The Clansman.' Why? Because it shows the greatest battle for human freedom, for equality, for right, that ever took place. Behind the story, the characters, the scenes, that principle lives, and grips the heart now as it did then.

"After all, the play is alive in the mind of the audience only. That is why I try to have all my scenes laid in towns of about 60,000, and all my characters real folks. I want everyone out there to feel its personal application and possibility. I

want you to say 'Why, that's mother—' Or, 'That might be me. I've been right up against that.' I do not believe abnormal settings, forced characters or unnatural situations grow into the mind as do the real stories."

"And you believe you have to live up to the high principles you want to give others in your own life?" I asked, as he paused, "You think the life a man lives will eventually get over in his work?"

He hesitated again. He is extremely sensitive and intensely morally honest. He is stampeded into speech about these things only because he believes it may help his cause. I saw him glance at a picture on his desk, Mrs. Vidor, with her pretty face bent above a tiny, snuggling head.

"But of course," he cried, with that glow in his eyes that quite definitely sets him apart from the thousand other young men he resembles, "Hasn't it always been so? Why should it be different in pictures? Unless the principles I try to show are my own, part of my life, I cannot make others look upon them as living things. A man's work is himself. Just as soon as it isn't, it ceases to have the slightest merit. Unless, I am

doing good, acting honestly, endeavoring to follow out the theory that only as I live by the law of right can I benefit those about me, I cannot put those things into my pictures with enough force and life to make them catch hold of others."

I heard a step, a soft rustle, and Mrs. Vidor stood in the doorway. She looked very sweet, and pretty, and *loving* as she smiled at the man at the desk.

"My new leading woman," said Mr. Vidor with a grin.

"Oh," said I. "How splendid. How do you get along, working together?"

Mrs. Vidor laughed. "Well, I do the acting and he does the directing and that way it works out beautifully. We—get along rather well, anyway."

King Vidor slipped his arm about her. "It's my ambition," he said slowly, "never to produce a picture that my wife can't act in and my daughter can't go to see."

Nice, wasn't it? I came away feeling—fresh, and clean and happy. Really, I did. Personally, I shall go to see King Vidor's pictures. There are a lot of superstitions I'd like to get rid of.



The Wardrobe Lady

The Bradstreet and Dun of
the motion picture business.

By
LEIGH METCALFE

Sketches by
Russell Patterson



I'M not much on looks but I'm pretty important around here at that. The beauties may be boss on the studio floor but I'd like to see them start things in this department. . . . I keep the whole crowd mended. Even Mary doesn't dare go on without passing here for a double-O. . . . We're just like a big family . . . always scrapping. Well, it's all in a lifetime.

SAKES alive, what a mess of clothes! This gown has *some* history. Two years ago Annabelle Western wore it in that big costume serial. Then she willed it to Kitty Maloy. It was twice too big for Kitty but I re-modelled it. Then Kitty struck it right over at Fort Lee and left the gown in the extras' room. Now I don't know what to make of it. . . . Let's see . . . It might make a neglayjay. . . .

I COULD tell some fancy stories if I minded. How pretty Ruthie Morrison lives in daily terror of being cast in a short-dress role—and she bow-legged as a barrel stave. How Ellen — big-hearted Ellen — secretly pays the room rent for half a dozen extra girls while they dream for fame. Then there's Percy McSpadden — what a tale I could tell! He's getting a thousand a week now. . . . I remember when he called me down the hall for the loan of a dollar. Not that I minded . . . but I never got it back.



YESTERDAY I nearly died laughing at that little Maguire girl. . . . Right pretty. Well, I was trying that French peasant costume on her. She said she was in love with the drug clerk near her home. But she wouldn't marry him because she wanted a career. . . . "Your career, dearie," I told her, "is rocking a cradle. The world's got too many bum actors and not enough good mothers."

C L O S E - U P S

EDITORIAL EXPRESSION AND TIMELY COMMENT

Uphold America! There is at this time a particular and peculiar service which American film manufacturers can render a distraught nation: possessing a means of propaganda as powerful as the newspapers, it should be their duty to uphold America, to uphold its traditions, to uphold its ideals, and to give no direct aid nor comfort to the enemies who assail it within as, one year ago, enemies no more evil were battering its armies without.

In the main, these patriotic services are being performed, but the only thing which will assure their future and continuous performance is watchfulness and more direct application to the task of service in hand.

It is a common saying that the world has never known such unrest, and the commonness of the saying makes it none the less true. Every man has his own cure-all, and nearly every man who vends a material or intellectual nostrum is, in his way, a disturber. Some assail the peace and some acclaim it. Some are for ownership by the public of its utilities, and some say that that way lies the degeneration of civilization. Some are for the administrative partnership of labor, and some are only for higher wages, but all are for less onerous conditions of living.

Now the great danger of these cross-currents and ill-fitting opinions is not that any one of them in themselves will make or unmake revolution or public disorder. The real trouble is that we are unconsciously falling into a frame of mind where it is only too easy to say "The country's no good!" In a country in which we have faith we can cure anything or fix anything, no matter how serious the disease or how bad the disaster. In a country in which very many of us seem to have no faith, in which altogether too many of us get along with ill grace and a snarl, very slight troubles — and our troubles are slight compared to the troubles of other peoples — may prove the forerunners of incredible misery. A man with a healthy body and clean blood does not fear even big wounds; a

man with an unhealthy body and tainted blood pales, and properly, at the sight of a scratch on his finger.

It is within the power of the great propaganda forces which play constantly before the American people to prevent this taint, this insidious weariness, this concealed, half-conscious spirit of anarchy which only prepares the ground for the work of the real enemies of civilization.

Let the screen preach now, as never before, the fresh, youthful health and sanity which is the real America, and not only the real America, but the real hope of the whole world. When we say "preach," we do not mean it in the sense of sermonizing. Sermonizing gets nowhere, for its deliberate moral effort repels rather than attracts. We mean preaching by example — the showing of that fine thing which really is, against the immoral thing which is said to be.

Let the screen beware of joining issues, or sowing dissemination, or breeding class hatred. It is not up to the films to argue out the peace treaty or adjust the Plumb Plan. Once we spoke of showing other lands that America was a good place, a fine place to live, a great place to work. In the grime of our surface disturbances, in the dust of class quarrels, we have half ceased to believe some of our own enthusiastic words.

Let us on the screen, as never before, uphold America by showing the real, the clean, the progressive and orderly America behind the dark mask of misunderstanding. We need to be reminded of that right here at home.

7

Mephisto a Poor Linguist. Lydia Yeamans Titus tells of an elderly, kindly, and utterly devout Irishwoman, of small schooling but much native wit, who had been doing extra work for many months at Universal City.

Some smart young actor noted her piety,



Oh, Look
at Cecil!

FOR a month or more, according to creditable accounts, Cecil B. DeMille has been trying to locate the government of Hungary. Reason, he wants to buy that historic jewel, the crown of St. Stephen.

The alleged Hungarian government, feeling a thrifty streak coming on, has been endeavoring to sell this souvenir of an early day in which a king could be so good that after death he was canonized.

We presume that Mr. DeMille, who invented puttees and riding breeches as inevitable directoral accompaniments, to say nothing of the drooping pipe, the silver bugle and the Louis XV hat, feels the need of warmer headgear for location work during the winter solstice. St. Stephen's diadem has a good many very warm jewels in it.

Besides, what a thing to put over the garden variety of director who has a choice of only wearing a mere hat or going bare-headed.

her rigorous attendance upon Mass and other services of the church, in all sorts of weather, and even at times when it interfered with her picture welfare.

"What are you always going to these fine services for, Aunt Katie? Half of it's in Latin—now you don't mean to tell me you understand Latin?"

"I know I don't. But what difference that makes I can't see at all, at all!"

"Tell me," purred her tormentor, "why they put the services of your church in Latin in the first place?"

"Because," returned the old lady, in a flash, "it's the only language the divvil can't understand!"



Caesar's Clay. The Avon poet speaks of the dust of great Julius, converted in the grand cosmic turnover to a plug for a wind-leaking aperture. Such a fate has befallen the royal stables in Munich, where the director of the National Theatre, perceiving the clutch of the film upon the German heart, has planned a grand state movie concern, with the spacious grounds and buildings of these stables as the "lot" for this enterprise. This may be a horse on a noble house, speaking in terms of poker dice, but in any event it is infinitely better for the Bavarians. From the source of what once rode over them may come the vehicles upon which their own freed fancies may ride. A part of the earnest official campaign to lend government support to movies made in Germany is to counteract the absolute dominance of the American film. Charlie Chaplin was Berlin's chief source of laughter in the darkest days of the war, and even today the whole heavy, clumsy German film-product is *ersatz* compared to the American photoplay.



Crowding the Feature. For the first time since five-reelers became the standard for celluloid story telling, the five-reeler has a rival. To speak more correctly, it has a cluster of rivals: the short films.

The rise of the two-reel drama in the past year has been not so much a rise as a return; in the early days of the movies two reels was considered a pretty good allotment of space for any story, the action was rapid, and the thing as a whole seldom bored because it didn't have time to become a bore. On the other hand, no one can deny the enormous padding necessary to stretch at least half the so-called features of today into hour and a quarter length.

Many a manager today—even as you read this—is trying the experiment of a composite bill, without the five-reel mainstay which for no particular reason, we had come to consider the backlog in any programme. The diversity possible in such an essay cannot be denied. The neighborhood house can present any one of the several brands of two-reel drama which are having increasing vogue; a news reel, a comedy,

a travelogue, an industrial-educational—and lo! he has turned his clock around in the same manner as before, but he has added great diversity to his entertainment.

It all goes back to the old slogan "make a story its proper length, and no longer." The feature which is a feature, whether it demands five, seven or eight reels, will never lack an audience. The empty, synthetic five-reeler—forty-five hundred feet of a thousand-foot story—will have to look a little out.



Start Something, Professor! The educational possibilities of the Motion Picture have been duly discussed, demonstrated and re-demonstrated.

From time to time a teacher finds this out all by himself, and, in his isolation, considers himself a Columbus. From time to time a minister recognizes the supreme moral force of a medium which disguises a sermon as sheer entertainment. We believe that in one or two places—notably New York and Los Angeles—school and college boards of control have themselves added projectors to the class-room and laboratory equipment of the institutions they govern.

But compared to the great educational forces of America as a whole these singular recognitions are as drops of water in an artesian well. Motion picture instruction is generally left to the random adventures of men who are in the business of motion picture entertainment.

Why is this? Why is the very greatest new force of exhibition and demonstration still being passed up by the pedagogic majority?

We choose to believe that it is not because the book-teachers fear for their jobs, as did the toilers of half a century ago in their stolid opposition to machinery. Rather, hurrying through their beaten paths, intent upon getting there in the old way, they have not seen the great white road, the new road, just beyond the fence of conservatism.

But it is time that some influential member of the clan of teaching climbed the fence.

Start something, professor!



Another Optic Assurance. In the old picture days the skeptical medical sharps predicted that motion pictures

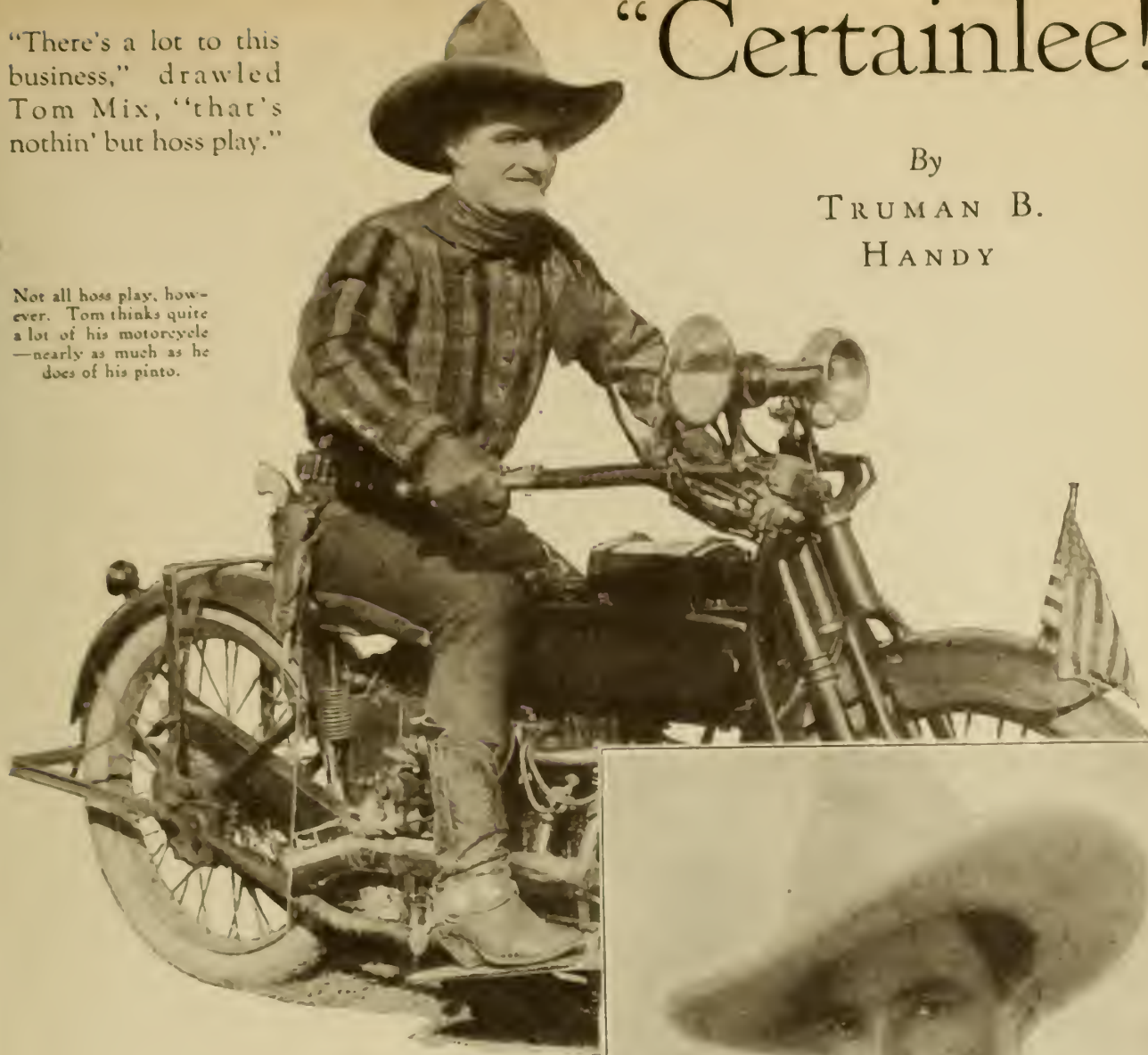
indulged in to any extent would result in eye-strain, if nothing worse. Their argument was like that of the howlers against the original railroad, who predicted that the steam engine would scare the live-stock into fits, set buildings on fire and sear all the vegetation along the right-of-way.

These days are happily past—both for the movie and the Mogul.

The Scientific American says, in a recent issue: "Moving pictures, under favorable conditions, do not cause as much fatigue of the eye as the same period of concentrated reading."

"There's a lot to this business," drawled Tom Mix, "that's nothin' but hoss play."

Not all hoss play, however. Tom thinks quite a lot of his motorcycle—nearly as much as he does of his pinto.



"Certainlee!"

By
TRUMAN B.
HANDY



"O H. bull—gimme a match!"
Silence. Then:
"Don't make so much noise, you boob, or they'll ketch us smokin' here."

It developed that dragging on the filthy weed isn't honored at the Fox studio; underwriters object, you know. They let Theda Bara carry a torch over the whole lot, but cigarettes—seegars? Horrors—no! However, the cowboys are reckless, doggone 'em, and seemed to keep up the customary blue haze of cigarette smoke that the Bohemians always say denotes a state of Art.

But we started out to write a story about Tom Mix and we're telling you all only troubles.

The scene is one of those famous motion picture drawing rooms with Chippendale furniture, a grand piano and a profusion of lamps—oriental and otherwise,—some rugs, and a table with the customary bottle of movie liquid "joy,"—raspberry juice of course.

The buckaroos in question were stealing a smoke, behind a set that Gladys Brockwell was using as a suitable background for the cinematic ruination of her latest fillum victim, while to their right Madlaine Travers winked her eye slyly at her supposed great aunt as she slipped coquettishly out of the studio window and into the Klieg moonlight.

There were six of 'em, ranging in size from Shorty, who is all of five feet in his high-heeled boots, to Pete, a long, slim drink of water with a miraculous vocabulary of cuss words, and a wide-brimmed hat. Always the wide-brimmed hat.

Then—

Mr. Tom Mix, of the West, all duded up. "The only thing I know is cowpunching," he says regretfully. "I'm the toughest human being that ever lived, and I like stunts. When I get soft and don't feel like ridin' and doin' stunts any more—then I'll quit the business and go back to the range—back to Oklahoma."

"Certainlee," someone in the drawing room drawled. "Certainlee. There's an awful lot to this business that's nothin' more than hoss play."

It was Tom Mix, so we were informed by the knights. He talks just like all the subtitle-writers make him talk on the screen, and when we looked at him, we discovered that he dresses just like the woolly-wild novels we'd always read. However, the accoutrement of the romanticised "cowboy" looks genuine on him and lacks the fresh unused effect of your "eastern westerner."

He is one of those genuine, honest-to-goodness parties with a big smile, and a diamond on the little finger of his left hand. In his right hand he held a rope, and in the other, a powder puff and a stick of Stein's very best juvenile pink. He has an aversion to callow interviewers, although if he only knew it, he is perhaps the best copy in the film profession. He's straightforward, uses cuss words when they're necessary, talks nicely to his leading woman, was sure the Allies would win in a walk, that the great West is his only home, that God's good, and that a "hoss" is nine times out of ten more intelligent than the man who rides him.

"I had a hoss," he commenced to say, "that knew better than I did what I wanted him to do. That's because he wasn't scared o' me, and knew I wouldn't lick him if something went wrong. Speakin' of hosses.—"

We ventured that we liked horses and all that, but that we had come to see him ease into the serious drama. Whereupon he informed us that drama is always serious, and as proof, bade us take a look at Gladys Brockwell who was doing one of her famous deaths.

"The first time I ever even saw a picture was at Kaw City," he recollected, striking a match. "And I had the unique pleasure there too of seeing the first picture actor. We'd all heard that a company was coming to town, and had lined up to meet 'em."

The popular conception those days of cinema artists was that all actresses wore diamonds and picture hats and all actors loud vests, spats and pompadours. Which didn't happen to be the case at all, according to Tom. Otis Turner was the director and Myrtle Stedman, leading woman. The cowboys vented their disappointment in a series of whoops and

yells, and afterward betook themselves to a fence to watch proceedings and whittle.

"Otis Turner looked at me an' said, 'There's my leading man over there.' I didn't know what he was talkin' about, but I guessed it was all right, an' when he said he wanted to hire us

to do some ridin' for him and the beautiful lady I was kind of pleased. I did just what he told me to do, an' I never realized that I was playin' the hero."

When the company offered him \$35 a week to go to Chicago as a regular, he got so upstage he wouldn't speak to the whole town. He went to Chicago.

"But there's where I got into the wrong corral," he laughed. "I never could find my way home to the Loop, where I lived, from the Selig studio."

You will remember Tawm in those old Selig days when he played a series of hair-breadth escapes with the best cow talent of the day. He was once a member of the Army, later a deputy sheriff in Oklahoma, and once a full-fledged Texas ranger. When the Spanish-American War broke out he volunteered, and was with the late Col. Theodore Roosevelt as a rough rider in Cuba. Today he speaks feelingly of the

departed patriot, with whom he hunted in the Western mountains at one time. "Roosevelt was always with the boys."

Mix was with Madero, too, in Mexico, although he never went into the heart of the southern republic. And in the world war he was a government intelligence agent, and did some "scoutin' after Huns."

"When I get soft and don't feel like riding and doing stunts any more, I'll cease publication in the subtitles, and quit the business and go back to the range. That is, Vicky and I will go back to Oklahoma."

Vicky?
He referred to Victoria Forde, his wife, formerly his leading woman, now director-general of the Mix affairs.

Tom is a true western type — strong,

clean-cut, good natured; devoted to his wife, fond of his Stutz and its "innards," and of dancing.

And girls, he's some dancer.



No, Tom isn't really musical—he is just composing some shadow-music to sing to the shero.



"I had a hoss," says Mix, "that knew better than I did what I wanted him to do. That's because he wasn't scared o' me." And here is the "hoss" he rides in all his pictures—and one reason why Tom isn't willin' to ease into serious drama—yet.

A Review of
the New Pictures

The Shadow Stage

Reg. U. S. Pat., Off.

By
JULIAN JOHNSON



"Male and Female" is a gorgeous panorama—elegant, glittering and audacious. What sympathy the piece possesses is carted away wholesale by the dimpling Lila Lee, as "Tweeny." Here she realizes, for the first time, Lasky's dream of her cinematic possibility.

SOUND the horn, boil the oil, grease up the rack and try out the thumb-screw! I am embarking upon the most dangerous topic in pictures—

Sex.

Rather, the sex element in all of our current photoplays. It is the sex element which has always been at the bottom of censorship agitations. It is the sex element which has caused the leagues for better pictures to come into being. It is the sex element which has caused such fierce managerial divisions over what constitutes "clean" and "unclean" films. It is the sex element which is the basic theme of nearly every photoplay. It is the sex element which will eternally be with us as the main motive force of emotional drama.

You see we have a problem there that will never be solved by banning or dismission. It is like the right quantity of strychnine in the heart stimulant, the perique in the pipe mixture, the not-too-rich and not-too-lean compound in the carburetor. Nor is this a matter of adding a forbidden tang in discreetly legal quantities. Sex cannot be forbidden, and it has nothing more to do with legality than a cyclone. It is the motive force of the world. Channing Pollock—a pretty sane man except for his one mania, the thieving picture business—once said that the basis of all literature was rape, robbery and murder. Granted that this is a strong speech originally intended to apply to the theater and the bound classics, the residual fact is left us that the primary concerns of the human race are two: self-preservation and reproduction, and the struggles of humanity along those two lines, and the infinite variants of those two lines that civilization have brought us, are the main material for our various fictional analyses by pen or pantomime or paint.

But the picture-maker, in dealing with sex, is confronted by restrictions which never troubled the maker of books or the carpenter of spoken dramas. The novelist could assert, with some degree of honesty, that he was, or was not, addressing an audience of mature persons, and guard his flow of language accordingly. The theater writer asserted that he spoke to the sophisticated. As a general thing, he did.

The photoplay has become the most pervasive, the most all-class, all-age form of fiction ever contrived. It is everyman's amusement, yet it is every child's, too. It diverts more crowds of mature and sophisticated people than playhouse and

novels—yet the same thing that entralls the throng goes to the neighborhood, and the home, and into the bosom of a million families.

Here, obviously, is a problem in the presentation of life's actualities that has not been solved. I do not pretend to a solution. I am only stating it. Let me state, too, what may seem an astonishing thing to many people: the motion picture, by and large, is the cleanest and most wholesome fictional diversion ever contrived. That statement, now, is absolutely true as far as the American photoplay is concerned, and the American photoplay is all we need consider at the present moment. From first to last the manufacturers are centered upon wholesomeness, and the exceptions to-day are so few, so futile, and so short-lived that they have practically no evil influence—because they are not allowed to have.

Again, this is not answering the big question, for it is quite apparent that the motion picture is the American national art, and any national art is not a real art unless it is an observation of life, with all its potentialities for tragedy and comedy,



"The Last of the Duanes" presents William Farnum in a story of the Texas Rangers, some gunplay and a fighting redemption.



Making an Englishman out of an Irishman is a hard matter, but it is done successfully with Tom Moore, in "The Gay Lord Quex."



In the Loos-Emerson "A Temperamental Wife" we have a gallivanting comedy of men and a man-hater—who is Constance Talmadge.

with all its eternal accompaniments of love and faith, sacrifice and sin. In a sentence, the novel is a property of private life, the drama is a property of public life, the photoplay is a property of family life, and we cannot, in justice to childhood and its inalienable twin rights of innocence and idealism, treat of life in the average photoplay as exactly—and yet as nobly and purely—as it is sometimes treated in novels and plays.

So far, the only answer is directing genius. Mr. Griffith seldom dodges anything or any consideration—yet Mr. Griffith never offends. If he flashes the rites of the temple of Ishtar, in Babylon, he does it so deftly, and amid such a whirl of incident and magnificence, that he is telling a double story—and only the sophisticated mind will grasp his full intent. Mr. Tucker superbly manifests the same ability in "The Miracle Man," where to the man and woman he becomes as frank as Balzac—and yet to the childish mind is relating a simple parable of the triumph of a good thought.

It is hard to point to any photoplay and say "This is the ideal." In fact, it oughtn't to be done. But we can point to other photoplays, that bear a clean picture label a yard long, and say with great distinctness, "These are *not* the ideal." Of such are tales encumbered with the always and perfectly noble hero who never once in his white life had a wrong thought or a selfish motive; the tales in which iniquity *always* meets a direct and dreadful reward; the tales in which marriage solves everything; the tales in which every woman who is not utterly damned is less emotional and colder than a marble statue; the tales which breed class hatred by insidiously picturing an "idle rich" which never existed, and "society" which never was off the burlesque stage. These are real immoralities because they leave utterly false conclusions upon life. If they were taken seriously they would demoralize the next generation.

MALE AND FEMALE—Artcraft

A truly gorgeous panorama, unwound about the story contained in J. M. Barrie's play, "The Admirable Crichton," with Miss MacPherson as the composer of the optic version, and Mr. deMille as the conductor and expounder. It is a typical deMille production—audacious, glittering, intriguing, superlatively elegant and quite without heart. It reminds me of one of our great California flowers, glowing with all the colors of the rainbow and devoid of fragrance. Sir James' play has twice been timely: when it was written, a great occasion for sneering at snobbery; and now, when class bickering and class leveling seem to be going on the world over. With the departures and liberties which the photoplay always affords the converted stage medium, the present version, in all its expansion, is quite faithful to Barrie's incidents, and, as far as I can see, wholly faithful to Barrie's spirit. Like all good stories, a summary of this can be compressed into a few words: In the London household of Lord Loam, Crichton, a butler, is the real factotum in an establishment of general inability and servility. When Lord Loam and his daughter, the patrician Lady Mary, put to sea, it is Crichton who accompanies the party as major-domo. And when they are spewed up by a typhoon on some uncharted coral strand it is Crichton who makes fires with a burning glass, food from the tropic products, shelter from the forest, and clothes from the skins of birds and beasts. Likewise, in the return to nature, it is Crichton who becomes the natural master—and the affianced lover of Lady Mary. But in a return to civilization the old course of life is taken up perforce; Lady Mary marries her original pursuer, the well-meaning but inefficient Lord Brocklehurst, while Crichton ties up to and goes to America with his devoted little slave of all-along, Tweenie, the wee maid of the scullery. So much for the invisible power of civilization. One could write a glossary of complimentary things and use a battery of adjectives without overdoing the description of these various appearances. With a cast which looks like a page from the picture *Who's Who* and with all the strategy of sunshine which his experience and resources could command, Mr. deMille has compounded a fabric upon which adventure is mildly imposed upon a main base of luxury, beauty and supreme sensuousness. What sympathy the piece possesses is carted away wholesale by the dimpling Lila Lee, as Tweenie. Here Miss Lee realizes, for the first time, the cinematic dream that Mr. Lasky had when he espied her shrouded in vaudeville. Mr. Meighan, fresh in the public mind from his great performance in "The Miracle Man," advances another step by his discreet, forceful, and albeit heartfelt delineation of Crichton, the butler who was pri-

marily and always a man. But it is upon Miss Swanson that Mr. deMille lavishes his most insidious arts. Does Miss Swanson require a bed—as she does in the introductory passages of the play? It is such a bed, and such a boudoir, as have never been seen before. And in the bed, within the boudoir, the glorious Gloria is quite literally uncovered to view. With somewhat more sanity as to couture, Miss Swanson then proceeds along Fashion Way, with a shipful of gowns that are in several ways revelations. As Lady Mary, she conveys perfectly the hauteur, the splendor and the almost decadent hire and luxury of a person of her class—a word which, in these premises, should contain an “h” as its fourth letter for pronunciation’s sake. In the moments where the soul of a woman is almost but not quite born in this tigerish and silken body Miss Swanson does not particularly impress, but at all times she is assuredly an eyefull, and an eye full was about all that Lady Mary could have amounted to in reality. Theodore Roberts, as the very earthy Lord Loam, whose noble island occupation is to get more to eat than anyone else, contributes not only a perfect portrait, but the most subtle and lingering humor contained in this mile-long tapestry of sun and sea and gold and flesh. Mr. Hatton as a braggart lordling is characteristically effective. Little Wesley Barry, as the Buttons of Loam’s household, introduces the characters somewhat brazenly by peering through their respective and let us add respectable keyholes of a morning. Robert Cain is well disposed as the eventual noble spouse of Lady Mary. The flashing beauty of Bebe Daniels illuminates a scene of doubtfully effective allegory. The subtitling, perhaps too wordy in places, is mainly a matter of discriminating intelligence.

THE BRAT—Metro

The Brat was a chorus girl. She must have had an extremely old-fashioned family, for “brat” went out of fashion as a colloquialism about the time Roscoe Conkling came into prominence, and that elegant and descriptive term “kid” entered the *lingo Americana* to describe almost everything of that and many other sorts. However, the Brat was an exceptionally noble and unselfish chorus girl, so perhaps she justified the antiquated appellation. We find her entirely ignorant, not devoid of an elfish charm, and so unwilling to make use of the ordinary practices of her profession—that is to say, the extraction of favors without return—that she is cast out in the rain, against a wicked adventure, into the night court, and through it, into her final happiness of home, comfort, plenty of eats, plenty of clothes and a lot of kindness. Maude Fulton wrote the original play, produced by Oliver Morosco. I don’t know the impression that left, because I didn’t see it, but the photoplay leaves a blank expression of unreality. It is relieved only by the very fine acting of Nazimova herself—she always manages to find some humanity even in her most inhuman subjects—and the very fine and careful production which the Rowland cohort supplied by the California studios. Particularly annoying is that consummate ass, MacMillan Forrester, the chivalrous writer-rescuer. Seizing upon the Brat as copy, he brings her to his house to be repeatedly insulted by his unreal and impossible family, and, when moved by the ecstasies of composition, sits down, grinning like an idiot or throwing some other spell which writers are supposed to have when their pains take them, to embalm his impressions in sentences. His conduct and his household, and all that it contains, are as inexcusable as the fairy-story of the play itself. As for me, I would have taken to heart that stately lady, the scornful Angela, with fires no doubt beneath her icy exterior, in preference to all the Brats the author could produce. The sub-titles are mainly stupid, but the performances of Frank Currier, as a gluttonous cleric; of Bonnie Hill, as Angela; of Darrell Ross, as Stephen, and, as we said before, of the exotic and artful Nazimova, as the Brat, are delightful. Charles Bryant does not get off well as the novelist. Cursed with an assinine part, he contrives only to make it worse.

THE LAST OF THE DUANES—Fox

A story of the Texas Rangers, some gunplay, and a fighting redemption. This story makes no pretense to be other than a Western melodrama, but it is so replete with surging action, so livened by punchy personalities of men and likable women, so illuminated by splendid scenes and reaches of an outdoors

(Continued on page 115)



Elaine Hammerstein’s latest Selznick picture is “The Country Cousin,” in which Walter McGrail plays the leading supporting role.



Corinne Griffith and Percy Marmont lead in Vitagraph’s photodramatization of Clyde Fitch’s “The Climbers.”



“The Life-Line” was made from “Romany Rye” by Tourneur. Story flimsy, but foreign atmosphere perfect.

Rescued From the River!

Westlake Park and the hero had remembered the days when he was only a hero in his own mirror and had gone to his palatial suite, removed his collar and had filled his throat from cellar to attic with as much of the two-seventy-five stuff as he could procure.

We'll say it was a dull afternoon.

That is for everyone but the young lady before mentioned.

She was having what might be termed a fairly interesting time. She had her arms wrapped about a log and she was trying desperately to hold on to the log with her feet and was only batting about .200 in doing so.

For, let it be chronicled, the log was in motion. In fact it was in the center of the mountain stream aforementioned and the auburn-haired party was clinging to it in most desperate fashion. Sometimes the river was on top, and as Charlie Case would say, sometimes the girl was on the bottom.

To make her position less comfortable, a very cruel individual rode a very tired horse along the bank of the stream and from time to time fired a revolver at the lady and the log.

But his heart was not in his work and there was no lead in them cartridges.

At the end of the flume the girl was dragged out of the water by a perspiring director and the log, left to its own resources, picked out a nice, quiet,



Above, Miss Compson in a Christy diversion entitled "Hist at Six O'Clock." Below, with Thomas Meighan in the greatest photoplay of recent months, "The Miracle Man."

FOR an otherwise dull afternoon, the girl with the auburn hair was having a fairly interesting time.

The weather was fairly warm, in fact, if it had been any place in the world except Southern California, we might have said the weather was a bit hot. Little heat waves roamed across the roads that lay shimmering in the afternoon sun while the pungent aroma of sage blossom and elder filled the air of the box canyon that fell away gently from precipitous cliffs to the pit of the gorge where a mountain torrent roared and lashed itself into fury of froth as it thundered through a rocky flume of nature's own making.

Practically all the members of the company had gone to the ball game or the beaches or wherever members of the company go on hot afternoons when they have no work to do.

The lounge lizards were flitting from lounge to lounge, the vampires were dragging moist eyes over trembling victims somewhere in the jungles of



Betty Compson lived the comedy life, went in for Westerns, and was finally saved from perils aquatic and acrobatic by The Miracle Man.

By
ROBERT
M. YOST,
JR.

sunny spot on the bank and went to sleep.

The young lady was in the pursuit of art. Art is a funny thing to pursue. While you are searching diligently for it, it sometimes sneaks up in back and bites you. And so it was in this case.

The girl was Betty Compson.

She had planned a career for herself and was sticking with it, even to the extent of riding logs down mountain torrents.

But fate is not always cruel. When she had been dried and plastered with a few bandages, a young stranger stepped up to her and told her that George Loane Tucker would like to see her that evening at the Athletic Club.

Tucker had been searching for a type to play the complicated character role of Rose, in "The Miracle Man." He had searched the high, the middle, and the low and at last had seen a picture of Betty Compson in various poses and decided she might be the girl.

That night, the tired and fagged out Betty arrived at the Athletic Club. She was so doggone tired she could hardly put one foot in front of the other.

Tucker met her. He had to have a girl who could appear forlorn, yet world wise; inspired yet cynical; a girl capable of violent spasms of temper, yet as tender and lovely as an ingenue.

It was a large order but Tucker, after having mercilessly badgered his visitor until every mood desired had flashed across her lovely face, decided he had found a wonder female. Critics who have seen "The Miracle Man" agree with him.

Betty Compson was born in Beaver, Utah, at least several years ago. She is not a Mormon, but she admits it might have been good publicity for her if she had been.

When just a baby her father and mother took her to Frisco, the same state—a silver mining district—and there little Betty grew up, her playhouse a big slag dump, her friends the big fellows who worked the ore.



"The American desire to see debutantes slide on banana peelings has discouraged many a promising comedienne. . . . I realized that to be a great comedienne you have to be born for it. There was very little comedy in Beaver, Utah, the day I was born."

Later they went to Salt Lake and there she of the blue eyes began a study of the violin that ultimately was to take her to the stage and its successes.

Her father died and she obtained work in the orchestra of a vaudeville house.

"I wanted to go on the stage, but I didn't have the nerve," says Miss Compson.

"But one day, one of the acts didn't arrive. Demon rum was chasing the man who composed the act through a forest of egg plant, peopled by cerise elephants and four-legged ostriches.

"I told the manager I thought I could put on a violin number that would do and he agreed to give me a chance. I didn't know just what to do. My wardrobe did not include a ball gown and at last in the face of necessity I decided to appear as a ragged street urchin. The costume was more becoming to my purse. I did very well with the act and later, with my mother, I went to San Francisco and finally got a booking over the big time.

"In Los Angeles, Al Christie, who was then at Universal, saw my act and asked me to try pictures. So I played in Christie comedies for four years. (Concluded on page 125)



The gown of the evil-doer, as demonstrated by Miss Daniels, the ex-comedy Bebe who grew up. As *Vice* in "Everywoman" she wears a cloth-of-gold gown and as if its own shimmer were not enough, an elaborate embroidery of jewels is added. Over this, Bebe wears a wrap of sequin bands with strips of thin net. The white aigrettes are wings of a jet head-dress.



A gown of black jet is worn by Clara Kimball Young, who chose it as a fitting costume for a prima donna, which part she was called upon to play lately. Miss Young sent to New York—to Joseph, one of the most fashionable of Manhattan designers—for this. It is a combination of the jet and black chiffon, with self ornaments in a simple pattern.



Ladies, this is a negligee! But a most unusual and complicated negligee, of blue and jet paillettes. A wide fringe of silk starts in the back and after forming a graceful drape ends as a hanging sleeve, and besides there are long twin trains, embroidered and tasselled, and soft bracelets and bandings of sealskin. Edna Mae Cooper's is the bright morning face above it.

New Gowns Worn In Current Photoplays



The face under the white-angora hat is May Allison's, and she is pensive because this is the morning after her cocktail scene in "Fair and Warmer." The black velvet of the hat and body of the stole contrasts well with her blonde beauty, — and all of it is augmented with chenille fringe trimming and appliqued flowers of chenille.

In striking contrast to the negligee-ed lady across the page, is this dinner-gowned damsel, with her enchanting profile outlined against the fan. She is the quintessence of smart simplicity, in her all-chiffon gown. Let us explain that the under dress is gold-colored chiffon and the outer draping is of ecru chiffon. The only ornamentations are strands and ornaments of jet.

The Strike Is Over!

New day for motion pictures dawns since producers pledged better films; selection to suit local needs the present problem.

By

JANET PRIEST

BY the use of every means in its power, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, with the active aid of The Better Photoplay League of America and its various branches, has been declaring a "strike" against unclean pictures and their producers. The strike is now over, with every demand met and the fight for clean pictures absolutely won!

The readers of this magazine already know that the nation's motion picture producers now voluntarily submit their dramatic output to the people to be ratified. The National Board of Review, to which the power of approval or disapproval of films was accorded at the now historic Rochester motion picture convention, is made up of "all sorts and conditions of men" (not to mention women)—reflecting truly the judgment of the people. Furthermore, any citizen is invited to file his difference of opinion in regard to any film,—this in direct contrast to the methods employed by the political state and municipal censors, whose findings are secretly arrived at, and who are legally accountable to nobody, not even to the people who placed them in power. Political censorship as sometimes practiced too closely resembles those "*lettres de cachet*," the sealed contents of which doomed the bearers to death or imprisonment. The system does not suit well the spirit of this age. Every finding of a political censorship board is a secret treaty, the workings of which are withheld from the public.

Another great step forward is the recent decision of the Poster Advertising Company to refuse bill-posting space to pictures which violate the decencies, and come under the ban of the censorship committee of the National Association of the Motion Picture Industry, of which committee Gabriel L. Hess is chairman. This is directly in line with the appeal made by The Better Photoplay League in the article, "That Sly, Dishonest Poster," in a recent number of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

It becomes evident that better film workers everywhere have succeeded beyond their expectations,—perhaps even beyond the expectations of the far-seeing president and founder of the League, James R. Quirk, who has continued to direct his heavy artillery fire against the fortifications of those whose pictures were casting discredit on an otherwise admirable industry.

The strike is over! The Better Photoplay League's persistent propaganda in behalf of clean pictures is no longer necessary, since nothing but clean pictures will now be made, with the possible exception of the sporadic efforts of "fly-by-night" producers who can easily be taken care of by the proper authorities. To a man, the recognized producers have declared themselves in favor of "better films," and have placed their product in the hands of the public's representatives. It would scarcely be an evidence of good faith to continue to campaign for clean pictures and clean bill-boards after these have been promised unreservedly,—after everything for which The Better Photoplay League has striven has been granted. Now then, let's give the producers a chance to make those promises good! The attitude of the League has never been one of carping criticism, but rather a definite effort at constructive aid. So for the present, and until there seems further need of them, propaganda articles in behalf of clean pictures will be discontinued in these pages. The League stands on the sidewalk waving its hat and shouting "Three cheers!" while the parade of better

film producers goes by. Let's follow the procession, and see that they reach their destination with the bugles all playing.

THERE remains, however, the service of aiding those who have the welfare of their communities at heart, to choose the best pictures from among the many "better films" offered. Lists will be sent when asked for, and always, as in the past, the pictures of more than one company will be mentioned, to avoid the charge of favoritism in behalf of any single firm.

Many communities are preparing to enjoy to the full the excellent screen fare to be provided. Selection of the best films for their special uses will form the program of the new Branch League at Bradentown, Fla. The officers are Mrs. Sam Sawyer, chairman; Mrs. E. P. Hubbell and Mrs. G. P. Smyth, vice-chairmen; Mrs. H. S. Glazier, secretary; original members, Mmes. Charles T. Curry, O. K. Reaves, L. L. Hine, White Turner, E. B. Road, G. W. Riggan, T. R. Easterling, W. V. Lathrope, Tracy, Spodengurger, Parsons, and H. E. Mower.

This plan is well characterized by a Duxbury, Mass., woman, who writes: "I wish to do away if possible with the attitude of some of the mothers who say, 'We must take the pictures as they come.' We must not," the writer protests, "we must have them come as we take them!" A little care will result in a wise selection that will suit the needs and tastes of each community.

The Better Films Committee of the Parent-Teacher Association of Morris, Minn., under the leadership of its chairman, Mrs. F. A. Stever, has begun its work in a practical way. Writes Mrs. Stever: "We gave our theater manager a list of the pictures wanted, and he has been getting them as he is able. We hope to continue that plan. Many managers, I find, are not reading men, and they buy according to the advertising. Our men are willing to buy what we ask for, so we will help settle our problem by simply asking."

Asking judiciously can only be done, as Mrs. Stever and her co-workers are doing, by keeping informed in regard to the available pictures. It will be wise to follow the Shadow Stage department in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, to subscribe to one of the motion picture "trade" journals, or to obtain the lists of the National Board of Review, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York, or those of the National Juvenile Motion Picture League, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York. A reasonable fee is charged for these lists, which can be obtained by writing to the address given above.

The Welfare Society of Potsdam, N. Y., is another organization which is working in a practical fashion.

Mrs. Olive H. Ferris, corresponding secretary, writes that the society has already given several children's programs with excellent results. Their experience has been that mixed programs which can be shown for less than twenty cents prove the most successful.

The League and PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will continue to do a valuable work in as interesting a way as possible. Just now, however, the fair thing, the progressive thing, seems to be to encourage those who, having seen the light, are doing their best to follow it. Let us rejoice in the dawn of a new day in motion pictures!

THE League's booklet, "Hints and Helps in Obtaining Better Films," will continue to be sent. This has been of much benefit, better film workers report. Address Secretary, the Better Photoplay League of America, at the Chicago office of this publication.

The League and Photoplay magazine will continue to do the valuable work of upholding film standards in a timely and interesting way. But the active campaigning of the League has borne its fruits; its battles are won—temporarily, at least.



Why she Failed to Pass the Test of Critical Eyes

A dozen times a day some little unconscious movement of the hands betrays you

CAREFULLY gowned, pretty, attractive—yet she failed to pass the test of the other woman's scrutiny.

In the one small index to good breeding that never escapes the eyes of a critical person the girl was deficient. Her hands were not well-groomed.

How often, without our knowledge, each one of us is judged by this test!

A well known social leader said, "I can overlook shabby clothes, but ragged looking nails and cuticle are something that I cannot forgive anyone. They prove a lack of personal fastidiousness which simply means vulgarity to me."

Yet most of us have learned from sad experience how impossible it is to keep our own nails well-groomed by the old fashioned cuticle cutting method. The cuticle only seems to grow up faster, to get thicker and rougher.

For cuticle, like hair is coarsened and thickened by constant cutting.

It is very easy, though, by the proper softening method, to keep always a lovely unbroken nail margin. The Cutex method of caring for the nails and cuticle—the most popular method in America—will keep your nails always charming. With Cutex you just soften the cuticle and wash it off instead of ruthlessly cutting.

Regularly once or twice a week give yourself a Cutex manicure. You will never again be embarrassed when you feel eyes upon your hands. Your nails and cuticle will always be one of your chief charms.

Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 35c and 65c bottles. Cutex Nail White and Nail Polish are each 35c.

*A complete manicure set
for only 20c.*

Mail the coupon below with 20c 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. 712, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 712, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.



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Gosh, How They Hate Him!



The personal epic of Count Erich Oswald Hans Carl Maria Stroheim von Nordenwall, who served his adopted country best by becoming her pictorial enemy.

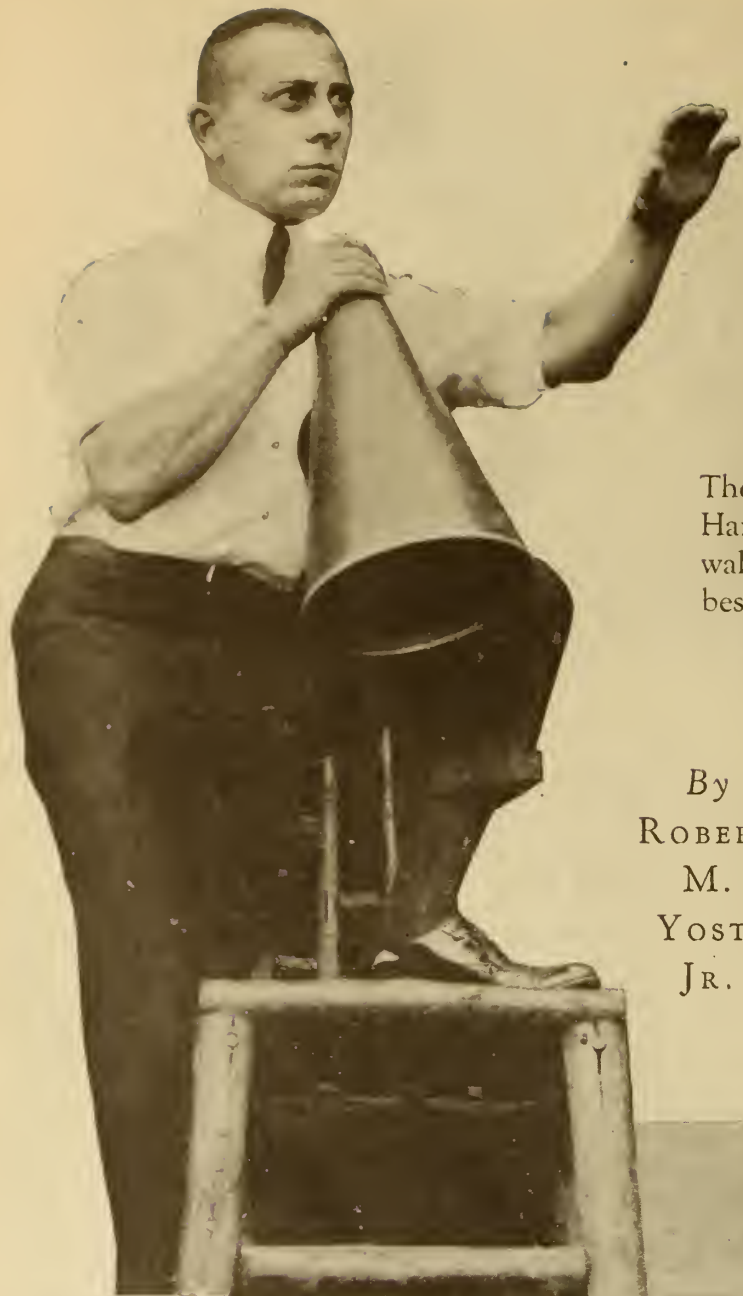
By
ROBERT
M.
YOST,
JR.

at your person or at the person of your car. The subject of this calendar of sorrow is Erich Oswald Hans Carl Maria Stroheim von Nordenwall, known to the screen and the American public as Eric von Stroheim, the man who did much to make Germans popular objects upon which to commit mayhem during the late war.

The story of von Stroheim is one of the most interesting. To tell it intelligently, it is necessary to begin at the end and go back to the beginning.

With the dust of war settling over Germany and the comet of victory streaming through the Allied heavens, we can view him dispassionately and say a few complimentary things that we "dassent" have said before.

(Continued on page 82)



ULTIMATELY it might become a source of annoyance—provided you were a law-abiding American citizen—if every time you walked into a cafe or a restaurant or a lunch counter or a chop house, some overgrown fellow citizen gave you a "dirty" look and remarked, "Throw that damned Hun out of here." while the cook, with malice aforethought, would drop your steak on the floor or cut up onions in your ice cream.

Or viewing it from another angle, it might ruffle the surface of your outward calm if, when your automobile suffered a relapse on a public highway and you waited patiently for the arrival of a mechanic and a tow car, small boys gathered about you and placed their soiled thumbs against their soiled noses and wiggled their fingers in your direction, punctuating this chiropractic performance with stones, large and small, hurled either



Facsimiles of Mr. von Stroheim writing and directing his own photoplay, made by Sunshine, the well-known heavenly photographer. In the little oval at the top Mr. von Stroheim is giving Dorothy Phillips something she doesn't want



The appeal of beauty

WHAT person lives who is not attracted by beauty—beauty of face, beauty of voice, beauty of complexion?

Not all can have beautiful features, nor can all have beautiful voices, but a beautiful complexion depends largely upon the care that is given to it.

Don't neglect those ugly little blemishes, that excessive oiliness, those enlarged pores. Resinol Soap contains just the necessary requisites to aid in overcoming these defects. It is pure, mild and cleansing.

Compounded with the greatest care, it cannot harm the most delicate skin, yet it usually gets right at the root of the complexion trouble, and aids in obtaining the desired beauty of skin.

RESINOL SOAP FOR THE HAIR HELPS TO GIVE IT LUSTER, AND TO PROMOTE THE HEALTH OF THE SCALP.



Resinol Soap

RESINOL SHAVING STICK gives to men a real pleasure in the daily shave.

At present von Stroheim is a director at Universal, and recently has completed his splendid first picture, "The Pinnacle." It's a fitting title, for it represents the thing its maker has been striving for during the past four years. Von Stroheim has arrived. Let's take a look at him.

He's of medium build and slightly under medium height. He is muscular, and his head has the contour that has marked the warriors of the Central Empires from the beginning of all time. His nose is pronounced. He is one of three men in the United States who can wear a monocle without looking as if he had eaten a green persimmon. I have forgotten the names of the other two, but I think one of them has died.

Shortly after the entry of these United States into the war von Stroheim made his official appearance. He played the role of a German officer in Griffith's "Hearts of the World." Also the German officer in a government film, "The Unbeliever," then another German officer in "The Hun Within," and finally the unspeakable German officer in "Heart of Humanity"—you remember: the fellow who attacked the Red Cross nurse and threw the baby out of the window.

Things reached a point where ordinarily sane men, after witnessing von Stroheim with his arrogant Prussian ways and his German clothes, would go home and melt up the baby buggy, fashion it into a trench knife and go downtown to join the Marines.

And your Uncle Sam would smile the smile that makes the Eagle lay victory eggs, and would whisper to our detested hero: "Go to it, Erich Oswald Hans Carl Maria Stroheim von Nordenwall—make 'em growl!" And Erich made 'em growl, and they threw rocks at him and called him tough names for two well-booked seasons.

However, von Stroheim is not a German at all, and has no desire to be. You'll laugh when you hear where they got him, when they wanted a man for this sort of propaganda. He was up at the rather well known military camp at Plattsburg, training as an expeditionary officer for the express purpose of causing as much remorse in the families of the real German soldiery as possible. At that time he was a member of Squad C, First Cavalry, National Guard of New York. He was born in Vienna, Austria, and had come to the United States in 1909. At the time we entered the war he had taken out his first papers and was hourly expecting his second.

The successes of von Stroheim are interesting, but his failures are magnificent. He got away to a flying start early in life. He was born a count and if war hadn't put an end to the count business, he would still be a count. His mother was a baroness and lady-in-waiting to the ill-fated Empress Elizabeth of Austria. His father was also a count, and a colonel in the Sixth Dragoons.

As is the custom, the young man went in for the military. In 1908 Austria and Bosnia engaged in physical violence which proved decidedly disastrous for both Bosnia and von Stroheim. It seems that Stroheim went into Bosnia on horseback and came out in an ambulance with sixteen inches of Bosnian cold steel through him, and it took a group of Vienna surgeons and the aid of several of Dr. Murphy's popular buttons to button him together again.

After it was all over and the lad had been given an honorary job he became one of the dashing young officers of the Palace Guard. Then something went wrong—as the novelists tell us is usually the case among young officers of any Palace Guard—and on a sunny morning von Stroheim found himself standing with the heels of his polished boots together and his various bracelets jangling on his wrists while he heard the words which banished him to a foreign soil for a period of five years.

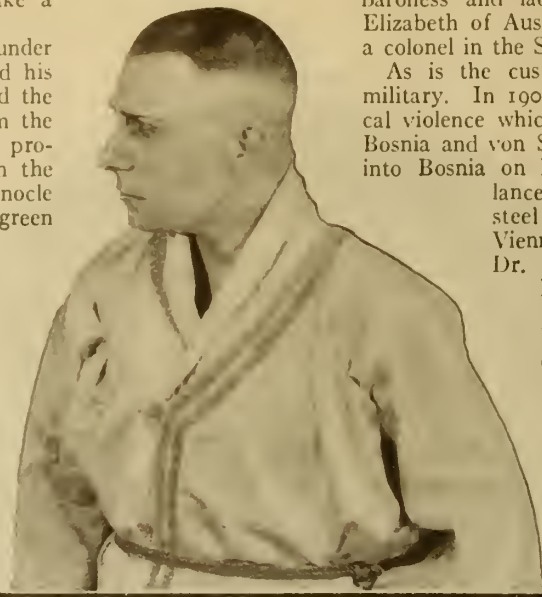
"It comes under the head of private troubles," was the laconic description of the banished.

The scene changes. We are now in a livery stable in a beautiful suburb of Los Angeles. If you will hark back to the scene between McIntyre and Heath in "The Ham Tree," and listen to the dulcet tones of Heath as he drew the unwilling McIntyre from his soft job to the glare of the minstrel troupe, you will find something of a parallel.

Stroheim had found his way to San Francisco. He had written an act and appeared for several consecutive nights in it in vaudeville. This was in 1914. He accepted a position as boatman and life saver at Lake Tahoe for the summer. There were no lives to save. No one fell in the water—therefore there was no one to pull out. Horses had to be taken for three hundred miles down to their home livery stable in Pasadena. Stroheim listened to

the song of the siren. He could go to Pasadena as riding master, and there, basking in the sunshine of the millionaire tourists at the big hotels he could, etc., etc. Anyway, it scounded so good that he went, and upon arriving in Pasadena was given the position of stable boy, which was no regular job

(Continued on page 123)



In "The Pinnacle," as Count Eric von Steuben. (He came rather near his own name there, didn't he?) The young woman is Francelia Billington, who plays the American doctor's wife—a wife who looks a bit too earnestly for romance in the Alps.



The things you must watch for in caring for your skin

FIVE SPITEFUL LITTLE FOES ARE WORKING, WORKING ALL THE TIME TO MAR YOUR BEAUTY

One's skin has enemies on every side! They are Cold, Wind, Dust, Fatigue, Time. All of them are working, working, to mar one's beauty. Luckily, with the right knowledge, each of these spiteful little foes can be downed.

WIND and Time refuse to permit your face to stay powdered. Between them both the finest of powders soon floats airily away from your face and leaves it as shiny as ever!

You can *make* the powder stay on two or three times as long as ever before! Before you powder, rub just the least bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream into your face. Instantly it disappears. Then see how smoothly the powder goes on, how natural it looks. This cream contains no oil, so it cannot reappear in a shine. Skin specialists say that the use of a powder base is a great protection to the skin itself.

WATCH, too, for a deeper injury from Wind and Cold! The way to



It irritates your skin; cold roughens and chaps it. Pond's Vanishing Cream will protect your skin. It will not reappear in a shine.

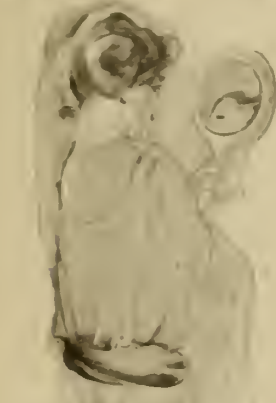
prevent this is to rub a little Pond's Vanishing Cream on your face and hands before you go out. This keeps them soft and smooth all winter.

BEWARE of going out in the evening with a *tired* looking skin. When you want to look especially charming, take the tired look out of your complexion. Just rub a little Pond's Vanishing Cream over your face. Your skin will drink in the fragrant cooling freshness. The tense look around your mouth and eyes will relax. Your complexion will take on new freshness, new transparency.

GUARD against a *dull* look in your skin. This look means that your face needs a thorough cleansing, not just a freshening up. Not Vanishing Cream for this—but a *cold cream bath*. Before you go to bed, and in the daytime after a dusty trip, rub Pond's Cold Cream into your face. Wipe it off with a soft cloth. You will wonder where so much dirt could have come from—you will delight in the clearness of your skin, its thoroughly clean sensation. Pond's Cold Cream is also especially effective for massage.

Remember your skin needs two creams

Your many daytime and evening needs require a cream that will not gliten. For this purpose Pond's *Vanishing Cream* was formulated. Use it for a powder base, to protect your skin from chapping and roughness, to freshen it at a moment's notice. *It has no oil* and will not reappear in a shine. On the other hand, the cream you should use for cleansing and massage must have an oil base. Pond's *Cold Cream* is made especially for this purpose. It contains *just the amount of oil required* to give a proper cleansing. Neither cream will encourage the growth of hair on the face. Get these two creams at any drug or department store today.



Dust gets deep in every pore and continues to lurk unless you cleanse your face with Pond's Cold Cream.

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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 larger samples checked below, for which I enclose the required amount:

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A 5c sample of Pond's Cold Cream

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POND'S Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

One with an oil base and one without any oil

Tired you may be; tired you may look; but you need not stay looking that way. The cool touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream will freshen your skin and make the powder stay on



Mott:
There are nuts for every season.
But there's none to rhyme with reason.

FIVE monkey face owls—very rare specimens—were recently found in Indiana. They were sent to a zoo in Cincinnati.

OFFICIALS found a hog in Detroit that had been in cold storage for 25 years.

A MASSACHUSETTS woman wants to remake the world for the children. From what we know about them the children will make it to suit themselves and probably make a better job of it, too.

THE armadillo has 92 teeth. How many have you?

A PANNA, ILL., man found that grasshoppers were destroying his clover crop so he spent \$10 to build a trap for them. He caught 18 bushels the first week and dried them. He found they made excellent food for the chickens and hoes and proceeded to lay in a winter supply.

A RANCHER near Lodi, Cal., thinks he has a great curiosity in a two-legged calf which he is training to walk upright. We know quite a few of the same species.

MARK TWAIN did a great deal of writing in bed. He said that if a bed was a good place to die in it was good enough to live in. Inasmuch as he smoked stogies maybe he just wanted to be prepared for any emergency.

A CALIFORNIA woman sued for divorce because her husband killed her pet canary. She's free now to buy another canary.

THE maid question is serious enough in this country but think what it must be in England. Recently a woman noted for her efficient house staff died and the neighbors came to the house before the funeral trying to get the maids.

HERE are the names of some of the heroes who helped win the war as taken from the files of the war risk insurance bureau: Paris Green of Huntington, W. Va.; Little Kittie Karr of Norfolk, Va.; Dinner Bell Page of Urick, Mo.; Asad Experience Wilson of Van Hook, N. D.; Mih Gosh of Chicago; Green Horn of Statesboro, Ga.; Velvet Couch of Brinkley, Ark.; Will Swindle of Center, Tex.; Slaughter Bug of Oscar Tarbin, La.; E. Pluribus Brown of Perry, Ga. Others enlisted were Chocolate Candy Clark, Owen Money, Willie Darling, Great Britton Turner, Wiley Fox Hunter, Green Berry Anderson, Youstus Horrible Riner, George Sleeps From House, Handson Pleasant Ayres, Green Hic Jackson, Lloyd George Parliament, Grief Grimes, Precious Eugene Grant, Free Office Graves, Huckleberry Shell, Isaac Didnot Butcher and Fine German.

A LOS ANGELES man has invented an alarm clock with a phonograph attachment. Now he is awakened by a jazz band instead of a jangling gong. There's no accounting for tastes.

IT is said there is one grain of gold in every 100,000,000 of salt water. There are 1,270,106,300,000,000,000 tons of salt water in the seas of the

world. Therefore, there are ninety billion tons of gold in them. You can have our share.

TWO shipwrecked sailors were on a desert island. They were starving and suffering from cold. One turned to his companion in misery and asked:

"Can you pray, Bill?"

"No."

"Can you sing a hymn?"

"No."

magazine. Certainly goes Ben Turpin, the Sen- nect cross-eyed comedian, one better, as Ben can only look in two directions at once.

"WOMEN used to weep over novels."

"Well?"

"But they don't seem to cry over the vicissitudes of the heroine in the moving pictures."

"Possibly, the knowledge that she is getting \$10,000 a week has something to do with it."—Pittsburg Sun.



London Sketch

The Latest Form of Beauty Spot

ONCE upon a time young ladies would turn pale even at the thought of the tiniest of spiders. But now in London they wear large ones as beauty spots, a supplemental fad to the hare back itself. Miss Jane Ayr is the young lady whose costume towers through two climates. She is the leading lady in "The Latest Craze," playing at a London theatre.

"Well, let's have something religious; let's have a collection."—London Tit-Bits.

AT this writing Kaiser Bill is still in Holland, unwept, unhonored and—unhung.

SOMEbody twitted Secretary Daniels for his pre-war ban on drink. Mr. Daniels smiled and said: "Well, you know a navy fights best on water."

THE scene I am to paint can be seen from either of three directions," says a writer advising incipient young daubers in a current

HERE is something we are not clear about. We always thought that our American dollars were derived from the Spanish, but it seems that in 1519 Count Schlick began to issue silver coins, weighing one ounce, at Joachimsthal, Bohemia. These were known as Joachims thalers and later shortened to "thalers." Their use in England brought the term first to "dalers," then to dollars. Of course, we are not so much concerned about their derivation as we are in getting hold of them.

THE wedding ring is not a sign of bondage. Rather it signifies a transfer of power. After Pharaoh had made Joseph supreme "over all the land of Egypt," the Bible says: "And Pharaoh took off his ring from his hand and put it upon Joseph's hand." Gen. xii, 42. The Romans placed the wedding ring on the third finger of the left hand because it was believed that the nerve in that finger ran directly to the heart. Cheer up, little bride, a little gold band on your hand signifies that you've got him lashed to the mast.

THERE is a certain long-suffering father whose nerves sometimes give way under the constant fire of questions from his talkative eight-year-old son.

"Dad," asked the youngster, just as the old man had one evening settled down for a perusal of his newspaper. "Dad, am I made of dust?"

"I think not!" responded the unhappy parent; "otherwise you'd dry up now and then."

A MEMBER of a national medical association tells the following story at the expense of a physician:

"Are you sure," an anxious patient once asked—"are you sure that I shall recover? I have heard that doctors have sometimes given wrong diagnoses and treated a patient for pneumonia who afterward died of typhoid fever."

"You have been woefully misinformed," replied the physician indignantly. "If I treat a man for pneumonia, he dies of pneumonia."—Harper's.

I HEARD a good story the other day of how the late Duc de Penthièvre, that French nobleman of the old school, and popular figure in Paris, delicately snubbed the ex-Kaiser on one occasion. William was standing in the center of a spell-bound group of diplomats holding forth in grandiloquent style, when the old French duke appeared on the scene, and, walking up to him, said: "Have we not met before? I am almost sure I know you. Would you mind recalling your name to me?" And the duke, who was an adept at feigning deafness, repeated the request three times, bending forward in his pretended attempts to catch the reply of the unsuspecting William.

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Sincerely,
Gloria Swanson"



"THE LASH-BROW-INE GIRL"

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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.

FOY GEN—Some women marry in haste and repent at the washboard. Harrison Ford has been married, I believe. He lives in Hollywood, but has recently journeyed to Manhattan, because Famous Players sent him a hurry call to come on and play with Marguerite Clark. Vivian Martin is in New York, also, but she had not at this writing formed a new affiliation.

EDWIN LINCOLN—No, I have never married, but it is not because I took a bachelor's degree in college. It is said that the men who marry blondes prefer brunettes; I like both. Juanita Hansen is doing a new serial for Pathe. She isn't married that I know of. Come again, any time.

FAIRE M. MARION, KANSAS—Do I have trouble meeting my debts? No, I have trouble avoiding them. Norma Talmadge has'n't an olive complexion, but she is very dark. Alice Brady is also brunette.

THERESE, ORLEANS, FRANCE—I never said I didn't like French girls, did I? If I did I take it back, here and now. Pardonnez-moi, and everything. Mary Pickford has hazel eyes. She has a very sweet voice, I think. She was on the stage, you know—a child actress of prominence. She is married, to Owen Moore.

E. MELLER, NEWARK—I note what you say about an art section picture of Ethel Clayton, and I have already seen that your request goes on record. Your other suggestions are all being followed, directly or indirectly. The Editor is always glad to receive good criticism. Lasky has Miss Clayton scheduled for a series of new photoplays. She isn't leaving the screen.

ROSEMARY N., UTICA—Conrad Nagel is not a leading man who would be particularly delighted if you wrote to him and told him he was awfully sweet. Conrad would be awfully bored and probably neglect to answer you. His wife's name was Ruth Helms and she has never been on the stage. Katherine MacDonald was divorced from Malcolm Strass, an artist.

LORRENE BALL, SAND SPRINGS—I have never read that author, either. But since you say he is quite the thing, let's read him and be bored together. You don't write

nonsense; or if it is, it's good. If you think you wrote me a love-letter, you should read my love-letters. But come, let us to the questions at hand. Percy Marmont plays with Corinne Griffith in "The Climbers." Same Marmont who was in "Three Men and a Girl" with Marguerite Clark, and "The Vengeance of Durand," with Alice Joyce.

WARNER E. W., YOUNGSTOWN—I have heard that classic composition, "Take Your Girl to the Movies, If You Can't Make Love at Home." Josephine Hill was a comedienne but she is now in dramma. At Universal City she gets her mail. The L-Ko comedy company has a studio in Hollywood.

RUTHIE, HOUSTON—I don't know why. Gloria Swanson wears so much make-up. I never noticed that she wore too much. As a dramatic actress Gloria gets along swimmingly. See "Male and Female."

M. V., NEW ORLEANS—I shall retire some day. Then I shall keep a dog. I have always wanted a dog. I suppose now I shall find some Pekes and Poms in my morning mail. Doris May, Ince studios, Culver City, Cal. Mildred Hurd is, I believe, one of the L-Ko comedy chickens.

EVELYN MAY—And then again, she may not. However, I am glad to tell you that Elliott Dexter is recovered now and working again at the Lasky studio. Marie Doro is his wife, as I have mentioned before. Bryant Washburn has another little son; born toward the last of September.

HAZEL PALM, CIRCLEVILLE, OHIO—You ask so many questions I must refrain this time from any comments on your opinions. The late William Courtleigh, Jr., was June Caprice's leading man in "Miss U. S. A." Pell Trenton was the soldier in "The Camouflage Kiss," with the same star. Niles Welch was Marguerite Clark's leading man in "Miss George Washington" in "Over There." Charles Richman was the hero. Milton Sill with Fannie Ward in "The Yellow Ticket." May Allison is with Metro. Why yes, call again, said he, drawing a deep breath.

CLEO'S FRIEND, WINNIPEG—Do you mean "The Girl from Nowhere?" Cleo Madison is in that, with Wilfred Lucas. Miss Madison has been married but whether or not it

was permanent I don't know. Hope, with you, that the statuesque brunette has come back to stay.

DONALDA—So you have lost ten pounds since you read Thomas Burke's "Limehouse Nights." Never mind; I like sylphs. Sometimes I wish we had never started this epistolary affair of ours. The woman always pays—the postage. My buoyancy, dear Donald, always came from the heart rather than from the bottle; and even before prohibition a letter from you was better than a here's how.

H. C. G., DUTCH EAST INDIES—"Ancora affamato! Fudge and lemon-cream pie! Ancora affamato, cara sposina mia!" Sure! Frances Mann is in a serial for Pathe, "The Isle of Jewels." In what picture have you seen her? Others answered elsewhere.

LEAH B., MCCOMB, MISS.—House Peters was in New York the last I heard. He is married. With Louise Huff in "The Lonesome Chap." I haven't the exact date of the filming of that picture, but it was about two years ago. Olive Tell in the Universal picture "The Trap."

HELEN, PORTLAND—There are many players who are stars to the public but have not their names in billing as large as the real stars. Margery Daw is a featured lead in the Marshall Neilan productions; that is to say, she will play the principal feminine parts in the young producer's pictures. Wesley Barry will be "Penrod" for Mickey. Great youngster, Wes.

MARJORIE, UNIONVILLE, CONN.—Anyone who doesn't appreciate a fine day, a good cigar, or a Sennett comedy has my profoundest pity. Doris Kenyon is co-starring with John Cumberland in a new stage play, now playing in an adjacent-to-Broadway theatre.

H. J., PORTLAND—I'm glad that writing to my department makes you feel adventurous. Is it, then, such a risky thing to do? You're new to me, aren't you? I can't give you Dorothy Gish's personal address; the Gishes are moving to New York and at this writing haven't settled yet. Care Famous Player Lasky will reach her, however.

(Continued)

KITTY WILLIAMS, LITTLE ROCK. — Oh, there's nothing to this job of mine. The only time it becomes hard is when the age question comes up. Niles Welch has his own company now, I heard. Marguerite Clark, Famous-Prayers eastern; Richard Barthelmess, Griffith.

VIOLET, WINFIELD.—I can, indeed, forgive your deviation from the regular routine of Questions and Answers correspondents. I adore to deviate. The Southern California Producing Company is the correct name for that concern which is responsible for the Elinor Field, Harry Depp comedies. Their address is 6107 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. Submit all material there.

VIRGINIA PEARSON FAN. — That perfectly good bad man, Bob McKim, played the villain in Charles Ray's "Greased Lightning." So you wish Virginia Pearson-Lewis would do better things than "The Bishop's Emeralds." Why don't you write her your criticisms? And you want Mary Pickford to "dress up" her hair. All in good time, my dear.

M. J. B., RHODE ISLAND.—Natalie Talmadge is doing "The Way of a Man," for Thomas Dixon, I hear. You see Norma did "The Way of a Woman" so it's all in the family now, one might say. Viola Dana in "Please Get Married."

MAURICE W., COLUMBUS. — The actor who played Elsie Ferguson's father in "The Avalanche" when she was *Chicita* the Spanish girl, only appeared in a few scenes, and is not cast. William Carleton, Jr., and Lumsden Hare were her leading men in this. Lois Wilson with Dustin Farnum now, not Winifred Kingston.

MURIEL AND EVELYN, SYDNEY.—The film corporation forwarded your letter to the Magazine. Please be careful about sending money to schools purporting to teach you how to act for motion pictures—by mail. It really can't be done, you know. I'd advise you to stick to your own country for a while—it's a pretty good one, I understand.

DMILIA, BROOKLYN. — The only way I can suggest for you to see your favorite is to hang around the studio gate at Vitagraph along about nine or nine-thirty in the morning and watch for her to arrive. Gladys Leslie works in your town and you might write to her and ask her what time she reports for work—usually.

ONE OF OUR GIRLS, MONTANA.—I wish I were rough and western. But the only rough westerner I have ever met—over six feet tall with shoulders so broad he has to go through a door sideways, and a wholesome grin, and a hearty-hand-clasp—he came from Harlem. Besic Love hasn't signed up yet. She was with Vitagraph and one of her late and last pictures for them was "Pegeen," from the pen of Eleanor Hoyt Brainard.

DOT TREVOR, JACKSONVILLE.—Marion Davies was in the Follies. Her new one is "April Folly." Maxine Elliott and William Faversham are producing pictures under

George D. Baker's direction, in Daytona, Florida.

LESLIE B., MONTAUK.—You are a quaint mixture of Irish and French with a dash of Italian, and then you say you're not a vamp. Lady, don't kid yourself. I love to be vulgar; it is so strengthening. When one has uttered a slang phrase, one feels strong enough to go out and lick all the classic references, the delicate verbs and the tender little adjectives—according-to-Webster. Myr-

and "Alice in Wonderland" my favorite book. Lewis Carroll was a professor of mathematics at Oxford, but his heart couldn't have been in his work. "Alice" has never been screened? Alice, where art thou?

W. R. T., LOUISVILLE.—I should say that the classics are all being filmed as fast as the directors can do it. They haven't done "Ben Hur" yet, but I know they are trying to get it. If you scoffers at the screen would only take an inventory now and then of the productions on the market you wouldn't be so ready to carp and criticize. What of the plays of the stage? Thanks for what you said about the Magazine and this department. Write me again.

MARIAN D., ANDERSONVILLE. — It was sweet of you to wonder if my hall bedroom will be cold this winter. I am hoping that the coming season will be a mild one. I always manage to weather it pretty well, thanks. Your letters will warm me up; but don't make them too fiery, if you please. Kay Laurell's first picture for her own company hasn't been named yet; but it is a tale of the Texas and Oklahoma oil fields.

GEORGE S., PITTSBURGH.—Florence Turner, the original "Vitagraph Girl" is with Universal now. Jack Dean is in London, with his wife, Fannie Ward. Hear that Fannie has persuaded Maurice Maeterlinck, a promising author from Belgium, to write a screen-story for her. If it's good she may accept it. I think "The Yellow Ticket" was her next best picture to "The Cheat."

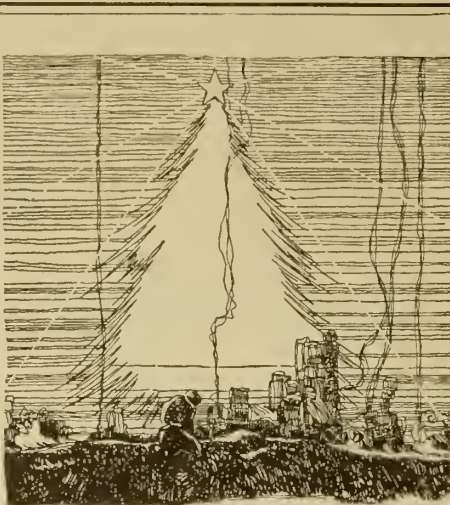
DOLLIE VARDEN.—In spite of the fact that you make fun of me, I still greatly admire myself as the artist sees me at the head of the column. I rather fancy that negligent pose, don't you? I have no assistant. Harold Lloyd has recovered from the accident in which he was burned, with the loss of a thumb and forefinger.

MAXINE ELLIOTT BARGE, SAN GABRIEL.—I think it is nice to be the namesake of a celebrity. If I had a son I should name him Charles Chaplin Query. Jessie Reed is not a motion picture actress; she is a stately brunette beauty who parades the stage in the Ziegfeld entertainments. Dorothy Dickson dances in "The Royal Vagabond" in New York. Carl Hyson is her husband. Peggy Wood went into pictures with Will Rogers; "Almost a Husband" is her first.

BILLIE Z., WASHINGTON. — I'm sorry but I can't fix it up to have Dick Barthelmess and Marguerite Clark play together again. Richard the Ninth is on the road to stardom himself. Geraldine Farrar, or Mrs. Lou Tellegen, is making "The Flame of the Desert" for Goldwyn.

DOROTHY L., HARVEY, NORTH DAKOTA.—An old joke, like an old friend, is the best. Of course we dress them up and trot them out so that they look like new—but really, isn't it a comfort not to have to think about it at all, just laugh and say, "Yes, that's good" or "I always did like that one." John Barrymore's wife was Katherine Harris; they are now divorced.

(Continued on page 128)



Wanted: 350 Christmas Trees

FOR Christmas 1917 three hundred public school kindergartens in New York sent real Christmas stockings to 500 children in 27 villages in devastated northern France. In 1918 American school children sent the equivalent in money for a Christmas celebration to 6,000 children in 150 villages in the destroyed area.

Today there are fifteen thousand returned refugees to the country of ruined homes. This Christmas Americans are asked to help provide a Christmas tree for each of 350 villages.

Perhaps the tree will be in a dug-out; perhaps in a cellar; perhaps in the ruins of a church that has yet part of a roof and three walls standing, where the children will congregate around the candles, and the presents and the symbol of the Christ-child, and will sing their National anthem, followed by the American hymn.

Send a postcard to the *Christmas Department* of the American Committee for Devastated France, 16 East 30th Street, New York City, for a Christmas envelope which you are asked to fill as you feel inclined. If schools, clubs, or individuals will do this, full particulars will be sent as to how your money is spent.

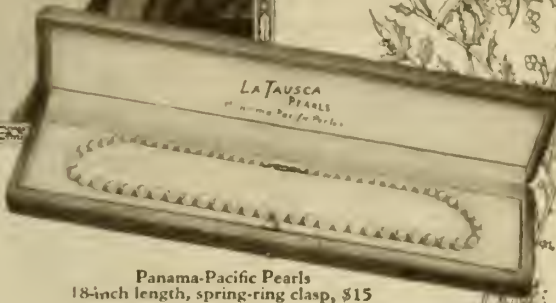
Names of the donors will be sent with the contributions, and letters of thanks received from those who are made happy, will be forwarded to the contributors.

the Stedman in "The Silver Horde," also Betty Blythe. Frank Lloyd directed that—he used to be Bill Farnum's director, at Fox.

ENID C., DARTSMOUTH. — My favorite song? Oh, that one about "the owl and the pussy cat who went to sea in a beautiful pea-green boat." That's my favorite song



Diamond Opera Pearls
24-inch length, diamond white-gold clasp, \$32



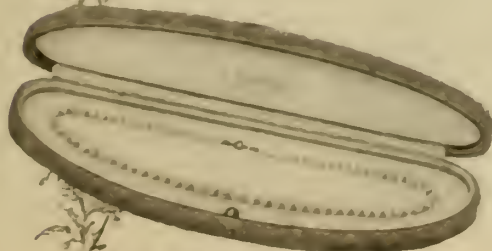
Panama-Pacific Pearls
18-inch length, spring-ring clasp, \$15

Pearls, the Welcome Christmas Gift

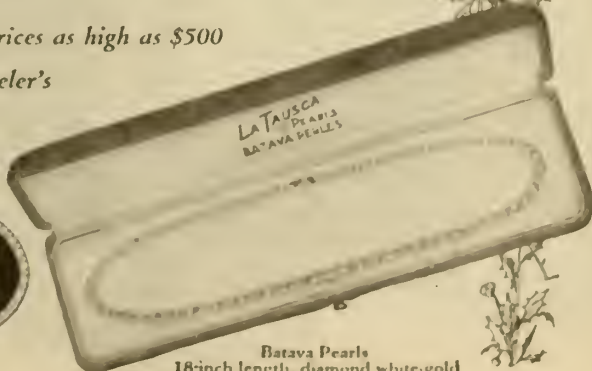
IN choosing the one particular Christmas gift for her, consider what she prefers above all else. Every woman loves the exquisite daintiness and lustre of pearls. Necklaces of *La Tausca* Pearls combine the real beauty and delicate fire of the most expensive orientals.

Each necklace guaranteed Prices as high as \$500

At Your Jeweler's



Perles de Ceylon
Cynthia quality, 15-inch length,
spring-ring clasp, \$20



Batava Pearls
18-inch length, diamond white-gold
clasp, \$55

Plays and Players

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

By CAL YORK

THE Wild West's one rival as the greater outdoor appeal of pictures is the Canadian North. West, and Northwest—especially the latter. And now the Hudson Bay Company, the oldest, largest, and most unique organization of its kind in the world, is, on its own account, going into the movies. The great trading corporation next year will celebrate its 250th anniversary. Its central offices are in London, and from that far distant seat it exercises a control second only to that of the Canadian Government itself. The Hudson Bay's picture deal is with the Educational Films Corporation, and it is said to have been engineered by Earle V. Hammons, vice president and general manager of Educational, when he made his recent trip to England. In addition to producing stories and plays of the Far North, the new concern will in all probability send forth educational and scenic films.

"PENROD" is going into pictures. The best-known boy hero of recent fiction will be screened by Marshall Neilan. Almost every film follower will welcome Wesley Barry in the Booth Tarkington character—homely, freckle-faced little Wes, of "The Unpardonable Sin" and "Daddy Long Legs." The child is Mickey's protégé and the producer expects his find to live up to his large plans for him. Stories about Penrod have been appearing in popular fiction magazines for several years and a play was put on last season with Penrod and his pal Sam in the leading roles.

WILLIAM A. BRADY is again to take an active part in the fortunes of the World Film Company. He will come back as a member of the executive staff of the concern whose destinies he conducted and whose "Brady-Made" pictures he supervised.

WILLIAM PARSONS, or "Smiling Bill" as he was better known, died Sunday, September twenty-eighth, in Los Angeles. Death was due—as far as we are able to ascertain as this item is rushed to press—to pneumonia, and a report adds that his grave condition was aggravated by



Priscilla Dean, with one of the Kitties from Universal City Zoo.

the effects of an accident which happened in a studio about a year ago. Parsons was doing a comedy scene at the time, in which large blocks of ice were used, and a heavy cake fell on his chest, causing a hemorrhage. Besides acting in the Parsons comedies, he was the president of the National Film Corporation, and the exploiter of his wife, Billie Rhodes, in her pictures. Before he was an actor, Parsons was an insurance man, and amassed a comfortable fortune at it. He was born in Middletown, August 14, 1878.

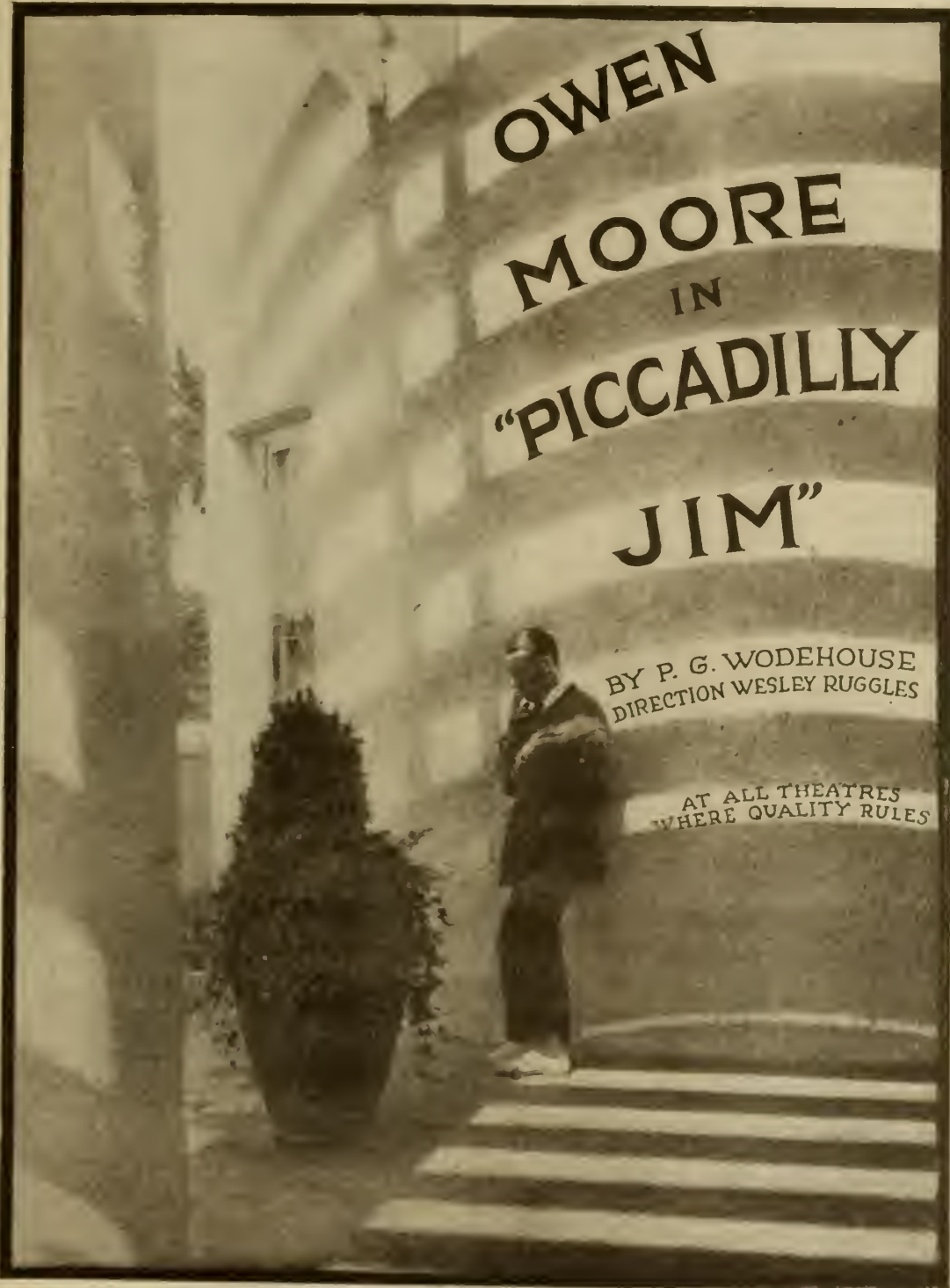
THE Collier kids—Willie and Buster—are having the time of their lives making comedies at the Erbograph studios in New York, for Joseph Schenck, Norma Talmadge's managerial consort. Willie was never particularly fortunate in his screen essays, but his son Buster made a real hit in a Triangle drama of three years ago—or maybe more—called "The Bugle Call." Buster has grown up a little since then, lengthening his trousers and acquiring a responsible air. Both Colliers are crying for scenarios for the new funny pictures; they can't, it seems, get along without them.

ACCORDING to a recently-circulated rumor, Maurice Maeterlinck is to write a film-play for Fannie Ward. Miss Ward met the Belgian and discussed with him the possibilities of picture-writing. Before he knew it, M. Maeterlinck had agreed to think it over and supply Miss Ward with a new vehicle for her dramatic talents. Maeterlinck has been filmed; no one who saw "The Blue Bird" will forget the Tourneur classic.

DAVID WARK GRIFFITH selected a site for his permanent eastern studio at Mamaroneck on Long Island Sound, near New Rochelle, New York. He has leased a property of twenty-eight acres and a large mansion, for a long period of years. Work is being rapidly completed on the new studio, which will cost something nearly approaching a million dollars. With his players—the Gish girls, Bobby Harron, Richard Barthelmess, and others—Griffith will make his future productions in the East.

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN'S stage play is called "The Master Thief." Francis X.,
(Continued on page 92)

SELZNICK PICTURES



OWEN
MOORE
IN
"PICCADILLY
JIM"

BY P. G. WODEHOUSE
DIRECTION WESLEY RUGGLES

AT ALL THEATRES
WHERE QUALITY RULES

When Johnny has the Croup!

That's a cough with a croupy rattle, so hurry for the Musterole and rub it in right over the chest and neck. How it will tingle at first and then grow ever so cool. And how it will reach in and penetrate right to the spot! It will dissipate all the stuffy congestion which causes that hacking cough.

Why shouldn't grandmother swear by Musterole for colds and coughs? It is better than a mustard plaster—good as *that* was in the old days. And the explanation is this:

Musterole is made of oil of mustard and other home simples. It penetrates under the skin, down to the part. Here it generates its own heat, and this heat disperses the congestion. Yet Musterole will not blister. Musterole, on the contrary, feels delightfully cool a few seconds after you apply it.

Try Musterole for Bobby and Helen and Dorothy's croup—and for your own cough, too. Try it for rheumatism—it's a regular router out of all congestions. Always keep a jar handy.

Many doctors and nurses recommend Musterole.

30c and 60c jars—\$2.50 hospital size.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER



One Socket Two Uses

For using light and appliance the **BENJAMIN TWO-WAY PLUG** 3 for \$3.50 OR 1225 EACH At Your Dealer's BENJAMIN ELECTRIC MFG. CO. Chicago New York San Francisco

Benjamin No. 92

BOHN
Refrigerators
An Ideal Christmas gift
ST. PAUL, MINN.

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 90)

Master Thief." Francis X., it is said, wants his wife, Beverly Bayne, to be his legitimate leading woman, but Beverly does not look favorably upon a speaking debut. Besides, she is pretty busy playing mother to Richard Stansbury, the youngest Bushman.

SYDNEY CHAPLIN had quite enough of England and France. He came back to finish his first new comedy at his brother Charlie's Hollywood studios, where conditions are not so difficult nor so expensive.

VICTOR MOORE is coming back—to the screen. He will make a series of comedies, none of them over two reels in length. Moore, you remember, created "Chimmie Fadden" in the films.

OLIVER MOROSCO'S son Walter will "play opposite" Lew Cody in his second production. That is to say, young Morosco will woo the same leading lady as Cody, to win her, very likely, as Lew makes it a rule never to be a Benedict at the final fade-out. Young Mr. Morosco has never done any dramatic or picture work before.

OTIS SKINNER will be "Kismet" on the screen despite reports to the contrary. The Waldorf company, purchasers of the play, have at last lured Skinner with a golden bait too impelling to resist. It is said, too, that Skinner did not relish the thought of any other actor playing his beggar role in the movies. He has always cherished a sort of grudge against the motion picture—ever since Herbert Brenon was to have made "Kismet" and didn't—although Skinner was paid for the services he never performed.

MACLYN ARBUCKLE—"The County Chairman" of the stage—will make pictures for the San Antonio Pictures Cor-

poration. The stories, it is said, will be supplied by such authors as Irvin S. Cobb and George Barr McCutcheon, and they will be written especially for the portly star.

PRODUCTION is under way on "Pollyanna." Paul Powell is directing Mary Pickford in the piece, which will probably be completed about the last of November. Frances Marion—by arrangement with William Randolph Hearst, with whom she holds a contract—made the scenario of the Eleanor H. Porter story.

THE pictorial Darby and Joan, who in real life look younger than some of the stars whose parents they play, James Neill and Edythe Chapman, have severed their long connection with Famous Players-Lasky. They will work at Culver City, hereafter, at the Goldwyn studios.

RECALL Agnes Ayres? She has just signed with Fox to appear opposite Bill Russell. She will have the leading role in "Sacred Silence." Vitagraph held her for three years, during which she enacted, chiefly, the O. Henry heroines.

HARRY BEAUMONT, after directing Tom Moore's best pictures for Goldwyn, will conduct Jack Pickford through "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come." Mrs. Pickford purchased this John Fox, Jr., tale for Jack, and it went with him when he signed his new contract.



Mr. and Mrs. Raoul Walsh—she was Miriam Cooper, the "Friendless One" of "Intolerance"—on the lawn of the Hollywood home they lately left to come to Manhattan.

IT is a bit refreshing, after noting the extravagant advertisements of some of our large producers—meaning producers on a large scale—to come across the naive announcement of a Frenchman who is presenting the first and only male vampire of the screen: "He will make you Happy because you will Make Money."

Plays and Players

(Continued)

ELSIE JANIS will not leave pictures on the release of her first for Selznick. She has signed a new contract which enlists her services for the future. Her next production from the Selznick workshop will be "The Imp," with Edward Ellis, an actor elevated to a directorate, at the megaphone.

MARY MILES MINTER went to the Coast upon completion of "Anne of Green Gables." She and her company, under the direction of William Taylor, worked night and day at the Famous Players New York studio, putting the finishing touches to the filmization of the L. M. Montgomery tale. Supporting the small star are Paul Kelly, a youth of seventeen who played the leading part of Billy Baxter in the Tarkington play "Seventeen"—he is the kid brother of Gregory Kelly who created the role; and Lincoln Stedman, who is the son, it is said, of the beautiful Myrtle Stedman. Miss Minter will next make "Judy of Rogue's Harbor" by Grace Müller White.

RUBY LAFAYETTE, who has played mothers and grandmothers to many of our younger stars, supports Tom Moore in a new picture. A press-agent, inspired, immediately wrote a story with the heading: "Lafayette, she is here!"

In the ingenue role of the Emily Stevens photoplay, "The Sacred Flame," is Muriel O-triche, formerly of Thanhouser and World.

In the days when a rising sun trademark presaged good pictures, Irene Boyle was a Kalem luminary. She has not been heard from for three or four years, but now Edgar Lewis has re-discovered her and she will have the leading role in the new production for his company.

JUANITA HANSEN, who shares with Gloria Swanson the distinction of being one of the purely Swedish types in pictures, has gone into another serial, this to be called "The Red Snows." She will be starred, Pathe having proffered the pen to sign the contract. The exteriors will be filmed in Maine, work beginning the first of the year.

PAULINE FREDERICK, upon the completion of her present Goldwyn production, will come to New York—her first trip east for some months. She will not be "Lady Tony" of Willard Mack's play on the stage, as planned; the Woods agreement evidently has been cancelled by mutual consent. Polly will not remain in the east: he is scheduled to do "The Woman in Room 13"—in Culver City—in one short month.

KENEAN BUEL, who was with Fox, principally as the pilot of the Lee kids, Jane and Katherine, is working on a picture in which Anna Lehr and Ralph Kellard—long missed from the serials—will be featured. It is produced under the auspices of Hallmark Pictures which we do not doubt bears the words "Welcom..." on its brand-new doormat.

IT'S Lady Gordon now. That is to say, Kitty of the musical and shadow stages may claim that title if she cares to do so; her husband is now Lord Beresford, the senior Beresford having died in London recently. The Hon. Vera Beresford, the little blonde English girl who occasionally makes a film appearance, is Miss Gordon's daughter by Lord Beresford.

(Continued on page 95)



Beautiful Teeth Are Now Attained in This Way

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

By Ending Film

A film on your teeth is what discolors them. It is also the basis of tartar.

It is that slimy film which you feel with your tongue. It clings and tartar forms. It gets into crevices and stays. And it causes most tooth troubles.

The tooth brush does not completely remove it. The ordinary tooth paste cannot dissolve it. So millions find that well-brushed teeth discolor and decay.

That film holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Millions of

germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Dental authorities long have known that this film is the great tooth wrecker. They have known that brushing did not end it. They have seen tooth troubles constantly increase.

But now they have found, and amply proved, a way which does combat it. It is based on pepsin, and is now embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent.

It proves itself. You can see the results. So we ask you to try it for ten days and see what it does for your teeth.

A Delightful Test

Pepsodent is delightful. This ten-day test will be simple and pleasant and free. And it has brought to countless homes a new era in teeth cleaning.

Able authorities, for five years have proved it in every way. Leading dentists everywhere advise it. So you owe to yourself this test.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digest-

ant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly combat it.

Pepsin long seemed impossible. It must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science discovered a harmless activating method. And that new method, combined with other agents, gives to Pepsodent its power to fight this film.

PAT OFF
Pepsodent
REG U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant based on activated pepsin, now advised for daily use by leading dentists and sold by druggists everywhere.

*Send the Coupon for a
10-Day Tube*

You know, we believe, that your present methods are inadequate. They do not end film, do not save the teeth. Then let us send you a 10-Day Tube to show what this new way does.

Ten-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,

Dept. 823, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name

Address



A College Cowboy

Roy Stewart seems to be a link between the old and the new West.

By

FREEMAN HENDERSON



THE true-to-life westerner—the man who isn't a shootin' fool, but whose heart is as soft as the purple haze that envelops the Sierras at twilight.—that's Roy Stewart. I've met dozens of westerners just like him—men whose nature is true and tried; whose loves are few and well-chosen; whose thoughts are as simple as the great outdoors around which they are moulded and yet whose temper, when aroused, is as fierce as the windstorm that not infrequently sweeps the great desert.

And Stewart, who has lived in the West ever since he was born, whose father was the second white man to journey to San Diego, California, says that the only trouble nowadays is that the motion-picture-going public has been informed that the westerner is a woolly-wild person. In other words, we've got Diamond Dick ideas, whereas the true cowboy character is the boy who hasn't grown up, who's just natural and hasn't a black heart, who's lovable and big and a part of nature.

"And if he were bad and ugly he wouldn't be a part of nature, which is only good and beautiful," Stewart added.

And from the trend of this conversation we launched into small talk regarding the civilization of the present. Stewart took his mother as the example of the true woman. She was a pioneer of California, who raised a family of ten healthy children, and whose ideas of morality were rigid—quite rigid.

Instead of having his wife bring him his breakfast in bed o' mornings; instead of passing more than half the night fox-trotting at a cafe; instead of carrying the "head" acquired the night before about with him all the next day, Stewart betakes himself to a certain riding academy in Hollywood every morning, where he keeps a half dozen horses.

"Nine-thirty, at the stable?" I queried, shocked, when he made the appointment for this interview. "Terrible!"

But then, when one thinks it over, it wasn't terrible, merely unusual—and extremely healthful. And, meeting there, we besat ourselves upon a bale of hay, and read the sign that said we couldn't smoke. And I remarked that not smoking is quite a hardship, and Stewart looked at me rather pityingly, and asserted that I needed to learn self-control. Which is probably true.

Stewart's great ambition has always been to do a western character that is typical. Ever since he was a youngster there's been that flame of desire burning within him, and now, he says, the anxiety is positively so deep that it hurts him! He wants to put the aforementioned westerner into celluloid form, and some day he's going to do it.

But the westerner is not the only sort of character Stewart can play, or has ever played. Recently he did a society man with Katherine MacDonald in "The Bleeders," and on the stage he's portrayed everything from a deep, hoarse whisper to Romeo, and John Burkett Ryder in "The Lion and the Mouse."

When he went to the University of California his family had a business career all cut out for him. On finishing college he joined a stock company in San Francisco. After a number of months in stock, he was at length induced to play in pictures with the Ammex company, which at the time was producing western pictures at National city, Calif., and was introducing Enid Markey and Joseph Dowling to the silver-screen.

Stewart wasn't overly enthusiastic about pictures at the time, although, he confesses, he was flat "broke" and needed a job. A man met him and liked his possibilities.

"He had a lot of money and a big car," Roy reminisced. "I had neither, and so we compromised. I went to work and he gave me some money. I've been in pictures ever since."

Following his engagement with the old Ammex, which is an abbreviation for American-Mexican productions, he became one of the Griffith forces, playing in "The House Built Upon the Sands," with Lillian Gish, and later in "Daughter of the Poor," with Bessie Love. "Come Through," with Herbert Rawlinson, at Universal was his next venture, and from that company he went to Triangle as a programme star in such plays as "Faith Endurin," "Boss of the Lazy Y," "Cactus Crandall," which he wrote himself, and "One-Shot Ross." One of his greatest successes, however, has been in "The Westerners," Stewart Edward White's story of the plains, and now he is to do a series of other White and Zane Grey plays.



A real buckaroo—yet he wears a degree, doesn't chew tobacco and speaks English instead of movie West.



May Allison

in "Fair and Warmer"

The appearance of fair May always warms the hearts of her admirers. The three guardsmen are evidently executing an enveloping movement about their objective.

Metro Picture

New York City, N. Y.

Dec. 10, 1917

F. F. INGRAM CO.

Necessarily the strictest care of one's complexion must be exercised in photoplay work. Ingram's Milkweed Cream has proved that it does keep my skin in a perfectly healthful condition all the time. I usually employ its aid twice a day for its health-giving effect upon the skin texture.

May Allison



PHOTO BY EVANS

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

Remember the two letters, I C—they stand for Irreproachable Complexion—and also for what makes an irreproachable complexion—Intelligent Care and Ingram's Cream.

The daily use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream corrects any tendencies towards roughness, redness or blemishes before they have a chance to develop.

This cream is not merely cleansing and softening, but it has positive curative properties which promote skin health.

Get a jar at your druggist's today—use it every day.

Buy it in Either 50c or \$1.00 Size



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.

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U. S. A. Residents, address: Frederick F. Ingram Co., 102 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.
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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 perfect shades—Light, Medium and Dark—50c.

Coupon

209

(Look for proper address at left)

I enclose 6 two cent stamps in return for which 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.

Or, sample of Milkweed Cream, Rouge, or Velveola Souveraine Face Powder mailed free on receipt of postage stamp.

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.



Perhaps He Turned the Other Cheek

IN the "Dark Star," with Marion Davies, a man going down the street is fired at from the corner of a building; his left cheek is toward his would-be assassin, yet later when shown in a close-up, the wound is in his right cheek.

G. B. NEWTON, JR., Philadelphia.

Anticipation, Etc.

IN a recent Harry Carey picture a gang of raiders discovered a room full of whisky, and one of the raiders in the foreground actually began to stagger before he had even tasted any of the liquor.

W. CLIFTON JUSTICE, Cincinnati.

A Lively Dead Man

WHEN "Big Rivers" held up the stage in "The Midnight Stage" and killed the driver and passenger, the passenger fell with head and arms out of the left door of the stage. Later the horses halted the stage at the Halfway House and the dead man's head and arms were hanging out of the right door.

J. G. S., Dayton, Ohio.

Maybe Houdini Knows

IN the eleventh episode of "The Tiger Trail," Ruth Roland in her escape from the villain and his party, jumps from a cliff to a tree. The tree bends, but not enough for her to get to the ground.

A rope is thrown and the noose catches her around the left leg. The next picture shows her on top of the cliff and as she is being pulled over, the rope is seen around her waist. How did she get out?

E. P., Rochester.

A Fireless Fireplace

IN Mitchell Lewis' picture, "Jacques of the Silver North," the store-keeper's daughter was kidnaped by two men. It was a cold and stormy night and Lewis came to her rescue. After he fought the villains he and the girl went to the fireplace to get warm but there was no fire in it.

KARL M. LAURIMORE,
Crawfordsville, Ind.

The Immaculate Mr. Reid

IN the picture "The Valley of the Giants" we see a logging train break loose and bump into a caboose, pushing it off down the grade. When the runaway starts down the mountain

the caboose is in front being pushed; later when the hero pulls a rescue act, the caboose has become acrobatic and jumped to the other end of the train; at least it is being pulled. Although he has just had a fight a few moments before, leaving his face dirty and scratched, Mr. Reid evidently stopped to get a shave on his way across the woods, for his face is unusually clean.

WM. B. LANDIS, Nashville, Tenn.

We Would Have a Larger Roll

DOROTHY GISH in "Out of Luck" buys a book on the stars for 10 cents. She hands the man a paper bill and receives no change. They must have 10 cent paper bills now.

JACK HERZOG.

Don't Change Your Hatband

IN "The Clown" Victor Moore wears the same straw hat year after year. It would not have been so bad if he had changed the hatband once every two years.

WM. R. BOONE.

You Might Blame Mr. Burleson

IN the picture "Daddy Long Legs," starring Mary Pickford, I noticed that Miss Pickford receives a letter dated September 15th and opens and reads same in an orchard of trees covered with apple blossoms. The apples were a bit late.

OTTAWA.

A Soothing Subtitle

IN Anita Stewart's "Virtuous Wives" two of the leads were cruising on a lake in a motor boat. The water was very rough; then after a subtitle, the water was calm.

B. V. W., Omaha.

Local Eclipse

IN Pauline Frederick's "A Daughter of the Old South" the lover meets his old sweetheart in front of the hotel in broad daylight. They only walk a few feet and then it's moonlight.

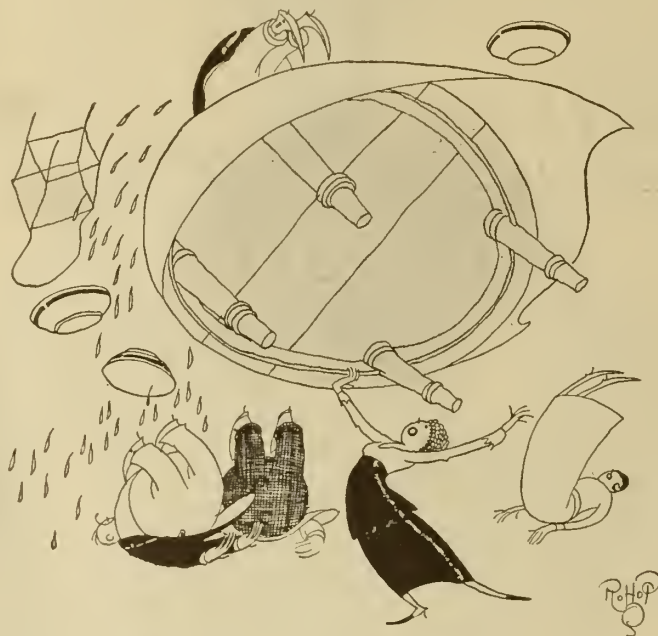
E. F., Chateau.

The Late War

IN the William Fox picture "For Freedom," William Farnum's sister receives a telegram from her husband

dated November 17th, 1918, and yet a few weeks later, while William Farnum is in prison, the news comes that America has declared war with Germany. The armistice was signed November 11th, 1918.

AUBURN TWINS, Sioux City, Ia.



Wasteful Pearl

IN the twelfth episode of "The Lightning Raider," Pearl White rushes into the dining-room of the district attorney's home and overturns a very heavy table, laden with fine china, cut glass, silver and food—just in time to prevent the family from swallowing the poisoned soup. Wonder why she wasted so much strength and pretty things when she might just as easily have warned them of their danger in one or two quick sentences? Then, too—she turned over the table with seemingly no effort.

E. T., Milford, Ohio.

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X21—Tiffany style ring; one perfectly cut diamond. \$65.



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X23—Genuine coral cameo set with two fine diamonds. \$25.50.



X24—One superior diamond in tooth setting. \$50.



X25—Genuine cameo brooch in hand-engraved, solid gold bezel. \$8.



X26—Seven blue-white diamonds, hexagon set in white gold mounting. \$85.



X27—Twin Belcher ring; two blue-white diamonds. \$100.



X28—Gentlemen's tooth ring, one fine diamond. \$45.



X29—Flat Belcher ring, one superior diamond. \$60.



X30—An exceptionally beautiful pattern of green gold, lined with white gold. Brilliant cluster of seven fine diamonds in center; four other perfectly cut diamonds complete the artistic arrangement. \$125.



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Plays and Players

(Continued from page 93)

AFTER a year of Standard Oil, Howard Estabrook is coming back to acting. He left the acting business for the oil business but the fans who saw him in "The Mysteries of Myra" and other continued tales never became quite reconciled. They did not know, perhaps, that he was a director after he was an actor; he conducted the temporary dramatic destinies of Tom Moore and other stars.

HARRISON FORD received a hurry call from the eastern officials of Famous Players-Lasky to pack his apparel and speed eastward to play with Marguerite Clark in "Easy to Get." Ford has played in support of most of the Lasky stars, at various times in his crowded career as a leading man.

THE Carter deHavens, the light comedians, who have made a series of "domestic" playlets for Goldwyn, have transferred their belongings to the Lasky studios. They will make sixteen two-reel comedies.

"THE Innocent Cheat" is the first of the new Carlyle Blackwell releases. In it, Louise Lovely, the Australian blonde of Universal and more recently, Fox pictures, Gloria Hope, and Winter Hall are prominent players.

KING VIDOR will make his own productions in the future. The young director, who has arrived with a vengeance during the past few months with his pictures "The Turn of the Road," "Better Times," and "The Other Half," has left Brentwood, which has been the brand name through which he released to Robertson-Cole, and will come east to make arrangements for his new venture. His wife, Florence Vidor, will continue as his star.

EDWIN AUGUST came back with a bang when he sold his story and himself as its director to World. He stayed away from the screen for some years, only to von-stroheim himself with his scenario "The Poisoned Pen," through which he will conduct June Elvidge into the Fort Lee studio. Included in the cast of it are John Sainpolis, a good bad actor, and George Bunny, funny brother of the late John.

SPOKANE, Washington, is on the picture map. There was, I believe, a company engaged in production there for some time, with a well-equipped studio. Now this studio has been taken over by Wellington Playter, whose name has been associated with Universal in the past; and a new company is shortly to begin work. Irving Cummings, the movie matinee idol who fell from grace to play villains, only to rise more heroic than before, will romp away with leading-man honors. And who do you suppose is his co-star? None other than Anna Quarentina Nilsson, than whom there is no more dazzling blonde on the shadow-stage. That's why we said Spokane is on the picture map.

IT is said that Eddie Polo and his serial troupe are coming home firm in the belief, recently acquired, that Europe as a film location is a great place for tourists. Universal sent the Italian acrobatic star and a director and camera-man and supporting players over to get snappy location stuff for "The Thirteenth Hour," a new episodic thriller,—and now they will probably make the most of it back home in Hollywood. D. W. Griffith found plenty of atmosphere for "Hearts of the World" in actually war-torn Europe, but his greatest battles were fought on the fields of California.

THOMAS MEIGHAN'S mother died during the month of September, in Pittsburgh. Tom came east to see her, alarmed at the illness which threatened her then and which caused her passing. He returned to California and the studios only to receive word of her death.

THOSE young ladies throughout the United States and the Dominion of Canada who have been following the speech-making tours of the Prince of Wales with collected bated breath, will turn a dark green shade when they hear that another young lady—in her early twenties—had an opportunity to view the Prince close-up. The young lady was accompanied by a camera, which she used to commit optic murder on Albion's heir. Louise Lowell is the first lady camera-man, and she was assigned to "cover" the Toronto engagement of the Prince, by the Fox News Weekly.

WITH Enid Bennett in a new picture is Dorcas Matthew, who has performed long and creditably in vamp parts. She is the wife of Robert McKim, once a favorite bad man of the screen, and now a director.

PRODUCTION of "On with the Dance" will be carried on at the former studio of the Triangle, in Yonkers, which Famous-Lasky has leased. George Fitzmaurice is directing the new Mae Murray picture. The eastern Fifty-sixth street studios were bustling with activity and sputtering with lights: there was the Minter company working under William Taylor's direction; Billie Burke and supporting cast with Larry Windom behind the camera; and Lionel Barrymore, making the interiors of "The Copperhead" to soft music in an enclosed set. Dorothy Dalton, the Ince star of the east, is busy at a studio on 125th street.

COLLEEN MOORE is a new acquisition to the Christie studio where she is to be starred in light comedies minus any suggestion of slapstick. Colleen is the former Chicago girl who attracted the attention of D. W. Griffith during the presentation of "Intolerance" in that city. Later she was starred by Selig and then played opposite Charley Ray.

THE romance of June Elvidge and Lieut. Frank C. Badgley of the Canadian Expeditionary Force, which culminated in a marriage last November, came to an end along about the first of this October, when Badgley filed suit for divorce in the Supreme Court. The actress married Badgley when he came back from France, where, from 1914 to 1916, he fought on the western front. He was wounded and gassed, and received the British Military Cross and other decorations. Miss Elvidge has been working right along at the World Fort Lee studios.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S next laugh generator bears the title of "Paradise Alley" which will recall a popular song of an aging generation. It's only the working title but plenty good enough to wear out in the world. The world's chief funmaker, working in a way peculiarly his own, now has on hand a total of one picture completed and untitled—a condition technically known as "on the shelf"—and two pictures in a state of semi-completion, one of them "Paradise Alley," at the time of this chronicling, so that when he gets these all finished up he will have two more to do on that much exploited million dollar contract. Then he will be able to make pictures for the United Artists—the Big Four.

Plays and Players

(Continued)

TEDDY SAMPSON, that vivacious brunette who "came West with Griffith" in the early Biograph invasion is also back before the clicking camera. Teddy is to be featured in Strand Comedies which are created at the studio of the energetic Christie brothers, pioneers of Hollywood.

GFRALDINE FARRAR'S summer vacation has ended and she has returned to the operatic stage, opening her concert tour in Los Angeles on October 2 after closing her cinema season—the aforementioned vacation—on October 1. Of course all Los Angeles, Hollywood and Culver City turned out for the big event. During the "vacation" Miss Farrar made three pictures at the Goldwyn studio in each of which Lou-Tellegen, her husband, played opposite. Miss Farrar has promised to return to the camera stage early next summer. "Jerry" is one great stage artist who really loves motion picture work.

VERA SISSON is coming back to the screen in an important part in "The Splendid Hazard" which was recently completed by Director Art Rosson for the Allan Dwan Productions. Henry Walthall played the stellar role in the Harold McGrath story, that of a descendant of Napoleon, and his friends prophesy that his work in that will do much to re-establish him in the niche which he occupied before his rather sad experience at the National Studio. Rosemary Theby also has a big role in the new Dwan production.

THREE well known members of the Los Angeles film colony died during the month of September. The most prominent of them was Jay Dwiggins, a popular character man and comedian who enacted important roles in a number of the recent Fairbanks pictures. He dropped dead in a Hollywood theater. The following day Edward H. Martin, long a stock player at the Lasky studio, died after a long illness. His last picture was "The Valley of the Giants" with Wallace Reid. Dec Lampton, who had appeared in a number of Rolin comedies as the "fat boy," died of appendicitis. Clifford Bruce, another well known actor, died in New York, during the month.

ALAN FORREST is May Allison's new leading man. The handsome Mr. Forrest played opposite Mary Miles Minter for nearly three years.

MUCH secrecy has attended the filming of George Loane Tucker's successor to "The Miracle Man." It finally leaked out, however, that his subject was a picturization of Alice Duer Miller's novel "Ladies Must Live," a story not much like Tucker's sensational success. Jack Cunningham adapted the novel for the screen and charming Betty Compton has the leading role. In lieu of Tom Meighan, who was grabbed by Cecil deMille, Mr. Tucker engaged Mahlon Hamilton for the leading male role. Others in the cast are Robert Ellis, now a Selznick director, and Arnold Gregg, whose sole claim to fame hitherto was as a double—in appearance—for Wallie Reid. Young Gregg is about 20 years old and those who are in on the Tucker secrets predict that he has a future.

MARIE WALCAMP is bound for the Orient. The episodic blonde will do her serial-work abroad under Henry McCrae's direction, with a cast including Harland Tucker. "The Petal of the Lao-tze" is the present title of the story.

(Continued on page 113)

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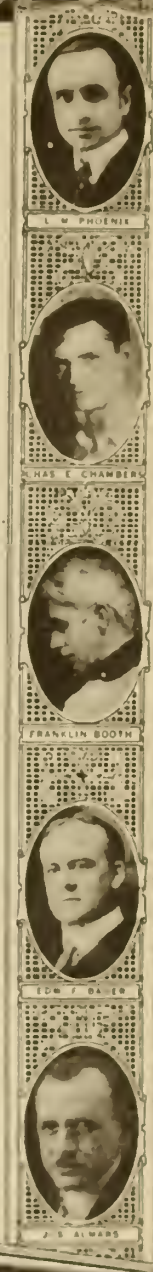
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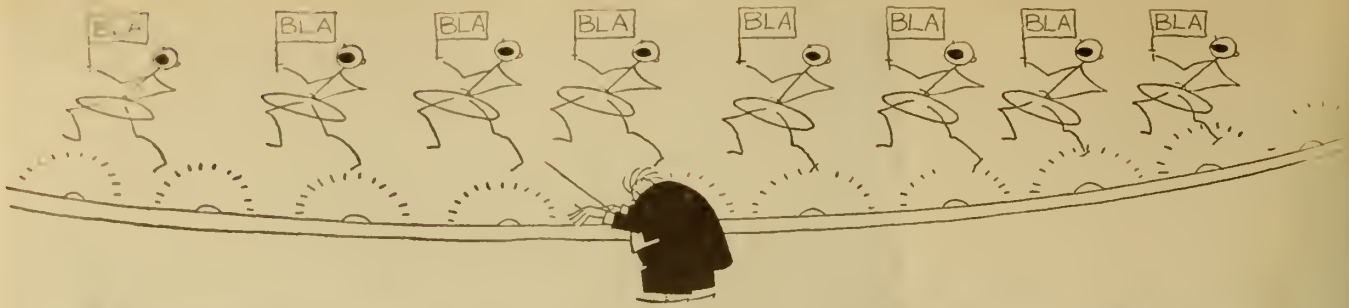
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Shorthand Subtitles—Why Not?

By

LEIGH METCALFE

WHEN you are cozy in the spacious seat of your favorite movie theatre and sigh with contentment, anticipating the beginning of that silver-shadowed diversion which is to help you forget that your room rent is due—isn't it annoying to train your eyes on a succession of subtitles that resemble an eye-worn hodge-podge of Irving Berlin, Southern Pacific tourist prospectus and Elinor Glyn?

Ah—I have your attention! Here is my hand, brother! You agree, then, that this subtitle wheeze is serious, that there is a need for reform—a demand for a new way of saying old things on the screen, or for new sayings, or for some way to keep the producers from saying anything at all, or whatnot.

Just what subtitles should be ousted is the question. There are several, however, on which I am sure we all agree. For instance—in that old tableau wherein the arrow-collar languishes at the feet of the heroine, ejaculating as he has been since Charlie Closeup was in kindergarten:

“My Gaw-w-wd, Ipsilanti! I cannot live without you!”

Who among us has not thrilled at those piercing words, the shrieking plaint of a young soul slipping into oblivion as the only-woman-he-could-ever-love moves out of his grasp. Who among us has not thrilled at 'em, I ask—and then after thrilling time after time, use them as a parquet lullaby?

Or again: after the scene wherein the young mother hesitates a second in the outer hall of the deMincemeat mansion, the subtitle will hush:

“Remember, Buttles, she must nevah know who her real mother was. Which is the shortest way to the river?”

Ah, you smile wanely. You recognize the subtitles. You have perhaps seen this last one a full hundred times. Eighty-seven, you say? That is close enough.

And yet—who shall say that these old conventional subtitles are not an essential part of each picture, after all?

Well . . . let's admit they are. Then—granting it—why not flash 'em on the screen quickly and get it over with? Folks know 'em so well now that all they need is a sniff to get them.

Shorthand 'em!

Establish a code,—a numerical code that will catalog every one of the old subtitles. Give 'em each a number and when it's time to show the subtitle, just flash on their number. Instantly the mind of the movie fan, trained to such emergencies, and having memorized the code book, will know just what the numbers mean. That, if—

54 Oriole 79

—is flashed on the screen, the observer will instantly know that it means—

The days became years. Oriole felt that he was gone forever. Which is deciphered in this way:

54—The days became years.

79—(Blank name) felt that he was gone forever.

How simple! Saving film footage and human tolerance. Now, I have gone into the matter earnestly and have planned a code book, a catalog of just the wheezes that bore us most, as a sort of prospectus to present to a convention of producers when that millenium comes. I will quote at random from this book:

13—“That woman is nothing to me!”

43—“You are fickle! What of that (Blank name) person?”

547—When morning came. . . .

802—He was an old curmudgeon.

1101—This number represents any travelogue scene where the sun sets over the ocean.

156—The City has no heart . . .

748—“I have never before known a girl like you!”

1368—This number for what a City Youth whispers to the Nine-O'clock Girl down by the old mill stream.

586—Twilight brought no peace.

853—Any quotation from the Rubaiyat, as any part of it can easily be applied anywhere to mean anything.

947—(Blank name) was the terror of the West, yet the idol of little children. . . .

1875—Broken in body and spirit, he turned his face from the joys he once had known. . . . and all over a woman!

284—“Oh, sir, how can I thank you!”

And now—let us test my system a moment. Study the following:

“748.”

And then—

“43—Ethel.”

And then—

“13”

Translating, the first man says:

“I have never before known a girl like you!”

And she retorts hotly:

“You are fickle! What of that Ethel person?”

And the man answers:

“That woman is nothing to me!”

And then, following our experiment, let us say that the picture goes on—and on—and finally after much bickering the woman denounces the man as being insincere. Battered and crushed, he stumbles out of the room with his arms held high over his head as though to shut out the inevitable inferno. Then comes this subtitle:

1875—853

Which means, referring to our code book:

Broken in body and spirit, he turned his face from the joys he once had known. . . . and all over a woman!

“—There was a door to which I found no key; There was a veil past which I could not see; Some little talk a while of me and thee There seemed, and then—no more of thee and me.”

See how easily all of that stuff is gotten over with?

Of course we will meet reactionaries. There are many folks to whom mathematics are as the Traumerie to George Cohan. But the great bulk of us—the great fan family—will rejoice at this means of eliminating one of the few lingering bores.

Personally I'm in favor of pushing a bill through Cong—

What's that? Oh, very well, but you must admit the subtitles are tiresome now and then.



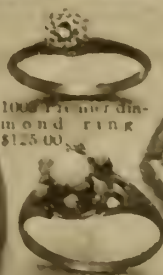
R.H.P.

“Remember, Buttles, she must nevah know who her real mother was. Which is the shortest way to the river?”

Christmas Suggestions

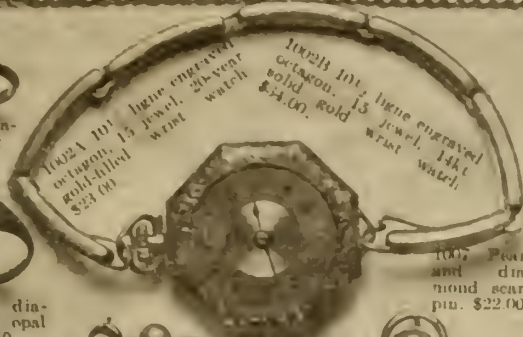


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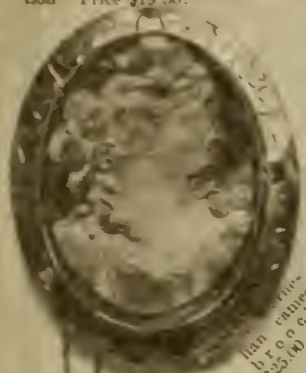


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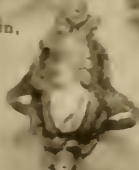
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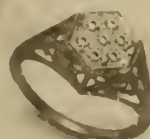
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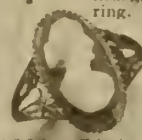
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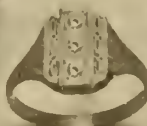
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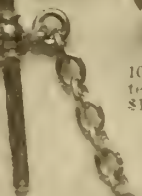
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The Midnight Man

(Continued from page 41)



LOVE on the Mexican Border

Sweetly she smiled into the eyes of both, kisses she took from both—the ruddy American and the dark-skinned Mexican. And in the stroug arms of the man from the North, was it any wonder that for the moment she forgot that Pedro would soon be there? Her punishment? Men of the North laugh coldly and pass on, but the Southern brother below the Rio Grande loves, as he hates, with a singleness that knows no mercy. On this erring woman, going so gayly to her fate, O. Henry could look with excuse and pity, as he did on the weaknesses of women always, everywhere, for he knew their small shoulders bear burdens that would break the backs of men.

O. HENRY

He finds romance everywhere—around the corner—in the department store—in the shop—in the gutter—in the street car. He laughs when he preaches, and preaches when he laughs. He sees what no one else sees—but he sees what we have all subconsciously seen and makes us wonder why we never thought of it before.

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course, that Henry Morgan had abandoned his idea of putting off for the yacht that night, and that he had returned to the city with "Spike."

He only knew that he must not go to bed, that he must stay up to wait for developments, and to see that Nell did not go with her father.

He put on his own clothes, removing the old ones which were drenched with sea water, and then carefully took the jade ring out of its very successful hiding place in the hollow heel of his own shoe. He put the ring on his finger. He did not notice, of course, that the top card of the little pile he always carried in his pocket was missing.

Bob went down stairs and sat down under the cozy hanging lamp before the table in the sitting room, prepared for an all night vigil. But his exposure had tired him out. Scarcely had he seated himself than he began to nod, and in five minutes he was asleep with his head on the table.

There was no sound in the cottage but the sputter of the lamp and the quiet, orderly breathing of Bob, when John Gilmore pushed in the outside door and tiptoed in. He moved soundlessly to Bob's side, stopped to ascertain that he was asleep, brought a shell which lay on the table down over the temple which had already been bruised—then tore the coveted ring from Bob's inert finger.

Gilmore fumbled at the ring's top until he got it off, then dug into the hollow now revealed under the carving, and clawed out the piece of paper, brown with age, which lay within. He unfolded it with trembling fingers—and read:

"One million dollars in gold and precious stones is hidden behind the steel door 153 yards east of Eagle Rock."

His gluttonous eyes fairly burned the paper. He was so intent on the picture of vast wealth that loomed up before him, that he did not hear the door open behind him, and did not know that a third person was in the room until the paper was half torn from his grasp.

So unprepared was John Gilmore for interference, that he let the remaining piece of paper flutter from his hand. He wheeled about, made a lunge towards the hand which had part of the ring's secret, and fell heavily against the table.

The jar and the cool air coming in through the door brought "Jim" to himself. He sat up suddenly. He saw John Gilmore and Nell struggling in the corner. He felt in his pocket and discovered that the confession which would prove his innocence of forgery before the law was not there. The ring was gone!

John Gilmore had learned what he wanted from his brief glance at the paper which was now in two pieces—one on the floor and one in Nell's hand. Rather than run a chance of loosing out on the treasure, he decided to get away without the instructions. He evaded "Jim" and Nell, rushed out through the night to Piedro and the waiting automobile, and was gone in the direction of Eagle Rock, a land mark familiar to every one who knows the Jersey shore.

Bob picked up the scrap of paper which his foster-father had dropped. He read it; slowly, and again.

"Hooray," he shouted suddenly, throwing his arms about Nell. "I knew that this ring would bring me luck!"

"I don't know what you're talking about," answered the girl, releasing herself. "I only know that I found this in your pocket upstairs a few minutes ago. If you are what this card seems to indicate to me, I don't ever want to see you again."

Bob looked at the card. Then he took

Nell's face seriously between his hands and looked down into her eyes.

"You know that I am honest. You must trust me for just a little longer. This paper that we have found tonight may tell me who I am. It may lead to the secret of my birth. I do not know who I am, Nell. Think of the unhappiness of that! That was what 'The Midnight Man' was hunting for. Kiss me, dear—and try to understand. I am going to head off Gilmore."

Nell kissed her lover rather stiffly. She could not understand what all this mystery was about. All of a sudden she felt very sorry for herself, and she wanted the dear mother who had left her in early childhood—and she wanted to cry. She put her head down on the exact spot where "Jim Stevens" had so recently slept and sobbed.

Finally curiosity got the better of her. She looked at the piece of white paper crumpled in her hand. She had not examined it before. Written in a tiny, precise hand were the words, "Death awaits the one who turns the handle of the steel door. Use hinge." "Jim Stevens" had gone to find that door. He might even now be dead!

The villagers retired early and the streets were dark. No such thing as an automobile belonged in the town. Nell's only hope was that some car would pass in which she could get a ride till she approached the vicinity of Eagle Rock. Then she would get out and walk.

Fortunately a small rattle-trap, filled with farmer folk, came by, and made room for her. Whether they believed the tale that she had gone for a walk and had lost herself and was afraid, made no difference to Nell. She was unconscious of the chatter going on about her, and sat with taut muscles and clenched fists, praying that she would be in time.

Near the crossing that led to Eagle Rock she asked to be let out.

"Live near here? Ain't afraid any more?" the automobilists asked her. Nell started on a run down the road without answering, and the riders went on thinking perhaps that she was a little daft.

The moon was shining, and she could see ahead of her into the valley.

Even though she did not see whether any one was here before her, she ran across the little ravine, calling "Stop! Stop!"

Jim, with his hand on the handle to the steel door, heard her cry, paused, and ran back to meet her.

Nell threw herself sobbing in his arms. "Oh, my dear! my dear!—then you are not dead!" she cried, caressing him. "I found some writing on the piece of paper that I tore away. It says that any one who opens the steel door by the handle will be killed, that only the hinges should be used."

"That accounts for what happened to Gilmore!" whispered Bob in a strange burst of tension. "He and another are dead under there—I was not going to tell you." Bob pointed to a pile of fresh branches on the ground. "Gilmore was crushed to death. The other fellow—he looks to me like the servant to that Hindu who used to be after my life—must have raised the door off of Gilmore, and shut it, then carried him a few feet away. Then he must have gone back and tried to open the door himself. I found him dead with a bullet through his heart beside the door. And there was an empty revolver in Gilmore's hand."

Nell shuddered and hid her head against "Jim Stevens" shoulder.

"Gilmore was my foster-father, dear," he said. "I did not know that I had been adopted till a year ago."

Nell clung to him in an agony of ten-

The Midnight Man

(Concluded)

derness, her eyes wet with her tears, as if, by her very love, she would wipe away all the misery which must have been his.

The other men had given their lives on the altar of greed. The dwelling place of the treasure lay open now, and struck back no more.

In the great chest which stood in the middle of the cave floor, and which was filled to overflowing with gems of the rarest and most beautiful coloring, and of gold, was a packet of paper.

Nell, who had opened the lid on this dazzling assortment, handed the parcel to Bob. With trembling fingers he untied the documents and spread them out.

On top was a parchment covered with the penmanship of that same fine hand which had written the secret in the ring.

"William Morley and I were cousins," the writing began. "He had a fortune and I was a beggar before his door. He refused me help and I hated him. My cousin and I looked alike. I conceived the idea of killing him and assuming his identity. The plan worked. William Morley had a child. Remorse overcame me. I converted the fortune into jewels and gold and put it into this cave—where, some day, it will be found. I then put the secret of the hiding place in the hem of the child's dress to stop the work of my servant, Zafara, also known as Ramah Dhin, who shared my secret and tried to rob me. The child I put in an orphanage. Oh, that I might free myself from my great sin!"

Bob and Nell stood with bowed heads.

"It was the work of a madman," Nell said gently at last. "Now I understand."

Nell Morgan and Jim Morley were married the next day; very quietly and with a happiness which was tinged with sadness.

The body of Henry Morgan had been found dead in the debris of a wrecked automobile at the foot of a hill on the road between Loma Point and New York.

The ex-"Midnight Man" helped the police clean up the old gang of which Henry Morgan had been the head. But he saw to it that Morgan's name was never sullied after his death.

THE END

Viola and Shirley Complain

BEING a picture star isn't such a cinch after all, according to Viola Dana who asserts that she lost nearly ten pounds net weight while playing the chief role, that of a Japanese maiden, in "The Willow Tree." It required from two and a half to four hours each day merely to make up—then her "work" began.

THE other star of the Dana family, Shirley Mason, meanwhile had her troubles as "Jim" in "Treasure Island" which Maurice Tourneur recently completed. After harrowing experiences aboard the pirate ship which left a wake of black and blue marks, the climax came when little Shirley undertook to fire an old musket. The weapon kicked, or backfired or something, the butt colliding with Shirley's face. Her mouth was so badly bruised and swollen that she was unable to work for several days.



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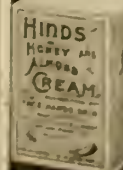
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How Do They Do It?

(Concluded from page 31)

announced, and break up the wooing of the proprietor and a pretty country maid. In response to his trainer's call, he stalked slowly and majestically on to the set, as yet unobserved by the amorous couple.

"Stop!" suddenly commanded the trainer, raising the whip. Vendredi paused, looking in the direction of the blacksmith and his love—which was natural, as M. Gay at that point, just outside the camera lines, stood with an upraised whip. It cracked menacingly in Vendredi's direction, though without intruding into the camera lines, and the old lion, remembering some unpleasant sessions with that whip when he was young and wild, snarled defiantly, then, as the whip cracked again, opened his mouth in a terrifying roar. The blacksmith and his lady-love registered abject terror, and the former fled ignominiously, leaving his sweetheart to the tender mercies of the wild invader.

"All right," said the director, "we'll take it."

"Von" was ushered into the background once more, the camera commenced to grind, and the scene was shot.

"Lions are trained with a whip," said M. Gay in explanation. "Unless they are born in captivity, they are very wild, and have to learn to respect force. A training whip is loaded with lead at the end, and can strike a telling blow, but it is not used unless absolutely necessary. Generally all that is needed is a flick of the lash on their noses, which are very sensitive. Vendredi has not been touched with a whip for five years, but he remembers it, and shows his dislike for it in the way you have seen."

Not all lions are tractable as this one. Some of them are too vicious to have actors work with them, and in that case, double photography is resorted to.

* * *

At the same studio lives Theda Bara—no, not *the* Theda Bara, but a small gray mule, who mostly goes by the name of Theda Bray. She will follow a comedian like a dog, stand on her hind legs, play dead mule, say her prayers, and otherwise disport herself; and the secret of her lamb-like complaisance—well, Theda Bray is a hard drinker. She draws no salary, but she insists on having her bottle; if she gets it, she will work; if not, she will kick. Coca cola, root beer, pop or ginger ale,—in fact, anything in a bottle, except water, she hankers for, and will perform blithely and continuously if assured that it is forthcoming. But woe to the luckless director who has no bottle of ginger ale sticking from his hip pocket. Theda assaults him with malicious intent, and he is lucky if he escapes without a souvenir print of her dainty hoofs somewhere on his anatomy.

No animal story would be complete without some mention of Bruno, the bear, who belongs to the Gale Henry Comedies company, and who can develop a streak of temperament or a fit of gloom with the

rapidity of a lightning change artist on a two-a-day circuit.

Bruno and Work are not on speaking terms, and he has to be tricked into performing through the medium of peanuts, bananas or a pot of honey. If Bruno is to come down to the river bank and stick his head in a bucket, a banana must be in evidence inside of it or behind it, and if Bruno is to come and affectionately lick the face of the sleeping comedian, the actor's countenance must be smeared with honey, and the bear must first be allowed to catch the whiff of the sticky sweetness. If he is to climb a tree, something good to eat must be concealed in the limbs to make his climb worth-while; and if he is to skate on rollers, he must know that a bag of peanuts must be forthcoming after the ball is over—else next time there will be no performance.

Out at the Sennett studio where Teddy, the Great Dane, lives, the actors will tell you that his work is little less than uncanny. He is directed exactly as the other comedians are, and he never misses a cue. He knows the language of the studios, and it is not necessary to show him a table he is to jump up on, he is merely told to do it, and his response is immediate. Teddy is a one-man dog, and will only obey his master, who has trained him from puppyhood.

When I saw him at work, he was to have a tug of war with a small dog of uncertain pedigree, with a rope as the bone of contention. The small dog, while intelligent enough, had to be rehearsed some half a dozen times, and it took considerable repetition to make him understand his part in the picture. Teddy sat by, with a haughty, bored air, and when his canine vis-a-vis was letter perfect in his part, the trainer spoke to the Great Dane without raising his voice.

"Take the other end of the rope and pull it."

Teddy rose with alacrity, walked on to the set, took the rope in his mouth and pulled.

"Now drop it," his master commanded, "and take the dog by the neck—careful—don't hurt him—"

There was a startled *yipe* from the small dog, who had not bargained on slap-stick treatment when he went into comedies, and though he struggled hard to escape, Teddy held him gently but firmly, and the scene was taken after one rehearsal.

* * *

So that is how they do it; and if the work of screen animals as I have described it, sounds a bit exaggerated, remember that these silent actors have come into the films after long training, and are developed to such a high degree of mentality that it is possible to direct them in almost the same manner as the two-legged stars.

And, any director will vouch for this: they are not nearly so temperamental as humans, they never strike for higher wages—and they *never* break a contract; in the best animal circles, it simply isn't done.

Houdini Tells This on Himself

HOU DINI now puts up at the best hotel in Los Angeles, but there was a time when he could not afford chicken and ice cream every day. In those days he had to be content to board at a fifth-rate boarding house and consider himself lucky to find the wherewithal to pay his weekly bill. On one of these occasions his landlady asked him his line of work.

"Oh, I am a specialty actor," he told her.

"What do you do?" she asked.

"Oh, I spend my time getting out of tight places," he replied.

And when she heard this his landlady told him his board and room were payable in advance. [Louella Parsons in N. Y. Telegraph.]



Si Says:

(Accordin' to James Gabelle)

DR. DOSEM objects to the way his fellow medics in the movies call upon patients and never collect a penny or send a bill.

LAFF HINGDIGGLE, proprietor of the Ido'hour, is nothin' if not up-to-date. He has raised the price of admission and installed benches of soft pine for his patterns.

LU TELLEGEN is goin' to support his wife in a series of pictures. Gosh all Hemlock, why shouldn't he support her!

SAM SKIBBLES always goes to the pitchers, tho he's so near-sighted he can't see 'em. He says he enjoys bein' some place where his wife can't talk.

VESTA VIGGINS, the village vampire, has thrown Hank Hardscrabble over. He had the money to take her to a movie all right but couldn't come across with a sundae after it.

PROFESSOR PROSY has absolute-ly no hope for the future of the photoplay. His scenario has come back again.

SPEAKIN' of heroes: Why don't some one film Ezry Dubwitt? He et his wife's first cake, smacked his lips an' ast for more.

MAW used to tell Sis if she wasn't good she wouldn't go to heaven, but it never succeeded. Now she tells her if she isn't good she can't go to the movies—an' it never fails.

MISS LYDA LOTT'S dressmakin' parlor is thronged from mornin' till night. Female wimmin even comin' all the way from Mightypoorsett an' Sink-or-Swim Creek to patternize her. She's showin' a swell dress she says she's makin' fer Mary Pickford.

MARY ALDEN, who takes old women parts, is quite young, but you ought to see Lyda Lott paint powder an' pad to take young girl parts.



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ONE must admit that there are a number of actresses whose popularity barometer might slump below the freezing mark if they were to have their anatomy amputated at the point where their pearl necklaces pendulate. Beauty is only skin deep, but just the same these actresses spend a large part of their incomes on masseurs—or masseuses, if it suits you better—and considerable on cosmetics. Their faces are their fortunes, in other words.

Not so with Bessie Love. Bessie—here unconsciously snapped with her pal, her dawg—has proven that the world is wrong about face—all wrong. She says you don't have to be beautiful to succeed and points to her own success to prove it. "I was only a kid in pigtailed and short dresses when I wandered into the Fine Arts studio, looking for a job," says Bessie. "I got the job; but it wasn't my fair face that got it." And her first real part on the screen was that of

a little Swedish slavey in "The Flying Tornado." Bessie looked the part. And—she's stuck to her rule of wrong-about-face ever since.

Later, however, they did give her a chance to look pretty—which she could, and did. You remember her opposite Bill Hart in "The Aryan;" with Douglas Fairbanks in "The Good-Bad Man" and "Reggie Mixes In." After a list of successes, which included "Stranded," with DeWolf Hopper; "Hell-to-Pay Austin," with Wilfred Lucas, she was made a Fine Arts star, appearing in "A Sister of Six," "The Heiress at Coffee Dan's," "Nina the Flower Girl," and "Wee Lady Betty."

She was with Pathe for a starring engagement; and now Vitagraph has her.

Dressed up, Miss Love is briefly past twenty; a little over five feet tall and one hundred pounds net. As to color, blonde; as to nationality, she's Irish.

HELPING OUT THE P. A.

ONE of the interesting libel suits of the week is that of Susie Achew versus the Flicker & Stopp Film Company. The plaintiff, a bathing beauty, is suing the film company for the recovery of damages to an elaborate bathing suit belonging to her, which was ruined when she was accidentally pushed into the ocean while taking comedy scenes.

Felix J. Foghorn, president of the Flicker & Stopp concern, waives all responsibility for the immersion. "Our bathing girls have been told repeatedly," he says, "to keep away from the water. Under our present seaside comedy policy never to show the girls in bathing, there is no excuse for any of them to be within a block of the shore. If Miss Achew fell in, it was due to her own recklessness."

Susie has a tough job ahead of her, say we.

* * *

THE Goldwyn press agent who sent out that letter, supposedly written by an Indian and sent to Will Rogers, had better look out for our great grandfather, who first read that self-same letter several decades back. However, it's a good letter. Here it goes:

Chickebackie,
Indian Territory.

Heely Pump Co.:

i get the pump witch i by from you. Why for gods sake can you sent me no hanle shure thing you man treat me rite i recd 10 days an my kustomer he holler like Hell for Water for Water for him pump you no he is hel some now an it win be no baw the pump she got no hanle so wet the Hell I goan to do with it Sen them hanle rite quick I sen he back an I goan to order some pump from my kustomer goodbye

PETER MELONTUBBY.
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PETE

* * *

REGINA QUINN, leading woman for George Walsh, offers the following recipe for a very palatable dish of rose-food:

Flavor fresh unsalted butter with rose by packing in a closed vessel surrounded by a two-inch layer of rose petals. Let it stand overnight. Cut thin strips of bread, spread with the perfumed butter and place several petals from fresh rose between the slices. A pretty effect is obtained by letting the edges show.

Or, as the nimrod said: "Nail the carp to a shingle and soak it in salt water for two days; then throw away the carp and eat the shingle."

* * *

IT is estimated (by a Fox P. A.) that 403,780 silk worms worked seven hours a day for eight and a half years to produce the silk used by Miss Traverse for her gowns.

Fortunately, the poor worms didn't have to consider a back to the dress.

* * *

SOME idear of the dangers often faced by screen players can be gained from the following item, written dispassionately, briefly, by a publicity agent for the Penny-saver Film Studios:

'Work on the immense film, 'The Child of the Trees,' was cut short last week when Saeie Fewclothes, playing the role of the wild girl of Cannibal island, ran face to face with a mouse. Miss Fewclothes was in the deep woods, making friends with the blood-hungry tiger, when the mouse appeared on the scene, completely unnerving the young actress. Needless to say, she would not resume her soliloquy with the hungry tiger until the mouse had been trailed to its lair and properly disposed of."

—LIGE MEE.



Make Your Little Girl
Happy With
AN
Add-a-pearl
NECKLACE

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The Family and Friends
Will Keep It Growing
Ask Your Jeweler

BECOME A NURSE

A most dignified and respected profession

BY training at home. An intelligent woman between 19 and 60 can become a successful nurse through our correspondence course. Eighteenth Year—Ten Thousand Graduates earning \$18 to \$30 weekly.

Invaluable for the practical nurse. Entire tuition fee earned in a few weeks, often before graduation. Enrolment includes two months' trial, with money refunded if student desires to discontinue.

Send today for a catalog and sample lessons.
The Chautauqua School of Nursing
582 Main St., Jamestown, N. Y.



BE AN ARTIST

We can teach you DRAWING in your own home during spare time.

Our 19 years of successful teaching prove our ability. 10 Courses in Commercial and Illustrative Drawing. Endorsed by high art authorities.

Students trained by members of our Faculty are filling high-paid art positions. Artist's OUTFIT FREE to Enrolled Students.

Write today for Art Year Book.

SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART
ROOM NO. 9 BATTLE CREEK MICH.

Be a Taxidermy Artist
Marvelous Book Sent FREE

You can now learn Taxidermy, the wonderful art of mounting birds, mammals, game animals, etc. Learn at home, by mail. The free book tells how. Mount your own trophies. Illustrate home and den. Interesting, fascinating, big profits. Send out about \$5,000 students. Success guaranteed. Get our free book about day or send right now. N. W. School of Taxidermy, 1535 Wood Bldg., Omaha, Neb.



A Merry Christmas
TWELVE TIMES
See Page 126



“One of These Is Guilty!”

“I see gold—masses of it—shining—glittering. There are two who are fighting for it—a man and a woman. One of them is a thief. There is only one other who knows the truth, and she is long since dead. If I can talk with her spirit—”

The mystery—the romance—the gripping horror of it all makes a story it is impossible to put down until the breathless end. Read it. It's in this set by

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

(First Uniform Edition)

The sharp crack of a rifle—the softness of a woman's arm in the moonlight, the swish of tropic waters against the steamer's side—he has got them all in his stories. This is the man who said “Romance is not dead!” This is the man who went to Mexico, to Africa, to South America, to England, to Japan—all over the world searching for adventures and romances, and he found them—up in the mountains, on the battlefield, in fashionable drawing rooms. No man ever saw so many kinds of life when it is gayest, when it is fullest of excitement, as RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, and he was so handsome, so lovable, so daring, so kind, that people loved him wherever he went. When a man has seen two wars, a Queen's Jubilee, an Inauguration, and the Coronation of a Czar—all in one year, he has some thrilling stories to tell.

Theodore Roosevelt said: “His heart flamed against cruelty and injustice. His writings form a text-book of Americanism which all our people would do well to read at the present time.”

FREE BOOTH TARKINGTON 5 Volumes

Monsieur Beaucaire The Magnificent Ambersons
The Flirt The Gentleman from Indiana Penrod

Our foremost living American novelist today is Booth Tarkington. Every American sees himself as a boy in “Penrod.” Every American knows the fascinating problem touched in that brilliant novel, “The Flirt.” The world cannot grow tired of his entrancing story, “Monsieur Beaucaire.”

Tarkington hears the very heart-beats of the American people. He is simple, direct, startlingly real. His humor is the humor of the burlesque, but of that finer, bigger kind—with a deep, underlying purpose.

Booth Tarkington knows how to write about love. Nowhere else can you find romance so delightful—so entrancing.

Because of his closeness to real American life, Columbia University's \$1,000 prize for the best novel of 1918 went to Booth Tarkington for “The Magnificent Ambersons.”

This is a remarkable offer and it cannot last long. No American home can afford to be without Richard Harding Davis and Booth Tarkington. Sign and mail the coupon at once and you will get one at low price—the other free.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York

Send me, all charges prepaid, complete set of Richard Harding Davis, 12 volumes. Also send absolutely FREE the set of Booth Tarkington, 5 volumes. If these books are not satisfactory, I will return all sets within 10 days, at your expense. Otherwise, I will send to \$1.50 at once and \$1.50 a month for 12 months. 10% added in Canada for cost of duty.

Name:

Address:

Occupation: Photo 12-19



Ingenué from the Eyes Down

Vivian Martin's brow may be lofty,
but the rest of her is just natural Girl.

By
SANDIA
ALEXANDER

I FOUND her in a room carpeted with dark blue. A few pieces of quite good English furniture—very likely manufactured in Grand Rapids—and one big, delectable couch taking up all the available space.

The windows were open and all the sunshine and fresh air that it is possible to get on Forty-fourth Street came in through them. There were roses in a huge blue vase and over all the room was a fragrance, a wholesomeness that comes only of sunlight, and youth—and suchlike things.

And the little mistress, who seemed to fit in so well with the furnishings? She is slight and trim and dainty. Her skin, unmarred by even the slightest *soupeçon* of makeup, flushes with her changing moods. Her eyes are a cloudy blue-gray, and her hair, such soft bronze gold as it is, is tucked up and pinned securely into place over a broad, serious brow. “Much too serious,” I thought, “to be on speaking terms with the rest of that face. I wonder how this is going to come out?”

Vivian Martin from her eyes up is serious; from the eyes down she is anything but serious. There is rather an impertinent nose, a warm, eager mouth and an entirely frivolous chin, with a faint cleft in its exact center. I needn't have worried over how it was going to come out. It adjusted itself perfectly. It is a case of mind over matter.

And for the rest of her? Well, there were no careless corners about her grooming. She wore a bronze organdy frock with prim little collar and cuffs and her shoes, with their glittering buckles, pointed a perfect finish to the four feet some few inches that she must be.

She stifled a yawn; then said apologetically:

“I've been sleepy ever since I came to New York. I think it must be the change in climate. I have been drowsy ever since I have been here. I don't seem to get enough air; out home—I call California home—we have the most wonderful sunlight and the breeze right off the Pacific

Ingenue from the Eyes Down

(Continued)

streams in all day long—" She broke off and sighed: "And I don't seem to be able to get used to the differences in the East—after California one must get acquainted with New York all over again. I went out



Here, with the lilies, and the smile, and whatever, we behold the young Martin person at eight, while playing in Andrew Mack's company.

to stay six months, and I stayed three years and a half."

"Are you going back?"

"I don't know—I want better screen stories and just whether I'll find them East or West remains to be seen. But I want some really good stories. I don't suppose that's new; we all want better stories. Even the big producers are waking up to the fact that the public is tired of quantity and would like some quality for a change. It's hard to find things—the kind of things I want to do. I have one in mind now. A character part. That's what I like: the sort



She was designed as a leading lady, you might say, from the start. Here she is, at the age of one year, acting as model for a décolleté gown!

that came out all right in the end—the little slavey, who has a spiritual quality in spite of her sordid surroundings; or the tough little girl who learns manners and good breeding and comes into her own. I loved playing 'Merely Mary Ann!'"

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY

The brilliant beauty of Holeproof is as desirable for occasions of social importance as its famous durability is desirable for the strain of sports or every day wear.

Men, women and children can get Holeproof in pure silk, silk faced, or lusterized hosiery, whichever is most pleasing to them. The Holeproof label identifies every pair.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY
Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Limited, London, Ont.
50 York St., Sydney, Australia
© H. H. Co.



This symbol identifies the genuine





DID YOU ever experience the embarrassment of coughing in the theatre and then realizing that you had started half the audience doing the same thing! You can easily avoid this humiliating experience, for S-B Cough Drops will relieve coughing. Pure. No drugs. Just enough charcoal to sweeten the stomach.

Drop that Cough
SMITH BROTHERS of Poughkeepsie
FAMOUS SINCE 1847



My Hair Was Quite Gray

"It was falling out, getting brittle and stringy. My scalp was filled with dandruff and itched almost constantly.

"A few applications of Kolor-Bak produced a wonderful improvement. The itching stopped instantly. There was no more dandruff. And—marvel of marvels—it is now restored to its original color—not a gray hair shows anywhere!"

Kolor-Bak is not a dye or stain. It is colorless, stainless, harmless and restores original color to gray hair simply by putting hair and scalp in a healthy condition.

Send for our special trial offer; also Free Book on Hair which explains how Kolor-Bak restores gray hair to its original color.

HYGIENIC LABORATORIES
68 W. Washington Street, Dept. 1286 Chicago



Basch Book of Money Saving Bargains in DIAMONDS

See the money saving diamond bargains which the great house of Basch still offers in this book, in spite of rising prices. $\frac{1}{2}$ carat at \$48.75; $\frac{3}{4}$ carat at \$72.00. Every diamond sent on free examination; money back guarantee.

Write Get this book; see what Basch offers before you buy a diamond. Big bargains in jewelry and watches, too. A post card brings it free. Write today. L. Basch & Co. Dept. C8521 State and Quincy Streets, Chicago, Illinois



VANITA Makes Beauty

Vanita, the newest, most delightful preparation, banishes wrinkles, eliminates blemishes, gives a glorious new complexion and handsome figure. Endorsed by dozens of refined ladies. A semi-solid cream for massage and night use. COSTS BUT 7c a month. Send for a month's supply or free circular.

I recommend the use of Vanita to all who are troubled with any facial blemishes. RUTH STONEHOUSE.
C. PARK HUMPHREYS
4867 Hazel Ave., Philadelphia

LUDEN'S

MENTHOL COUGH DROPS
SWEETEN THE BREATH

Ingenu from the Eyes Down

(Concluded)

I don't remember how we talked around to Barrie; but we did somehow and she told me that her greatest ambition was to play the heroine of "A Kiss for Cinderella."

"Barrie's things are my ideal. I spent the happiest year of my life playing 'Peter Pan' on the road for Mr. Frohman. It was the year Maude Adams did 'The Jesters.' I had her own musical director and some of the old company. Never have I had such a good time!"

She came from Grand Rapids, where all good furniture comes from. She was a cunning youngster on the stage, with Richard Mansfield in "Cyrano de Bergerac"; growing up—a little—she played in "Officer 666," "Stop Thief," and "The Only Son." Then she peterpanned a while. That is, she petered a while and was never panned once. Vivian began her film career with World; with Holbrook Blinn she made one of her first photoplays. Then Oliver Morosco decided he wanted her for the Morosco-Pallas company, so west she went.

Out there she became a real little picture eminence, and some of her work was done with Jack Pickford. You will remember, too, such Lasky subjects as "Little Miss Optimist," "Mary 'Gusta," and "The Trouble Buster." In her three years and a half on the west coast she fulfilled a long Paramount contract; and some of her latest successes have been "His Official Fiancee" and "The Third Kiss."

It is that same spiritual quality—the rarest thing on the screen, she says—which makes Charles Ray her favorite of all the actors.

"I know it's trite to say—but good, clean, wholesome work does count. There's nothing earthy about his work—it's as though it had a soul; and after all, aren't there mighty few actors of whom it is really true?"

It was time for me to go. I got up and walked over to the refectory table which occupied the entire length of the room. There were morning papers and magazines and books and entirely personal trinkets scattered over its longness. I picked up one of the books. It was D'Annunzio's "A Child of Pleasure." I had a little shock—it was like a cold breath in the whole sunny room. I was almost afraid to ask—

"Do you like D'Annunzio?"

"No, I don't. I'm trying to read this because it was sent to me—but I'm having rather an awful time of it. I don't like this gloomy sort of stuff—this—this intense love—I don't believe in it, do you?"

I didn't answer. I put the book down with relief. It couldn't be possible that I had been mistaken in her. I carried away with me the same impression I had culled at the very start. That Vivian Martin is young and wholesome and sunshiny; that she needs no arts to express her personality, no makeshift of fads and fancies. Hers is not the soul that craves for devious, sensuous, insidious dramas; no need for artificial lights, midnight hangings, mystic incense and heady perfumes, which some of her craft believe in. She is gloriously herself in the things she likes and the things she wants to do.

Cherchez le Villain!

(Or, a tragedy innocently enacted by that splendid screen-outlaw, Frank Campeau.)

By MILDRED A. FREEMAN



The picture she wanted.



The one she got.

THIS is a Boarding School Tragedy. I don't know why it is that Boarding School Tragedies should be more tragic than other tragedies; but they are. It has to do with a girl and a matinee hero—

The Boarding School itself was like all other Boarding Schools; and one of the things in which it was particularly like it was the wholeheartedness in which it developed crushes on people.

You can well imagine then the flutter into

Cherchez le Villain!

(Concluded)

which the whole place was thrown when it was suddenly announced that all who cared to do so might go to see Mr. Dustin Farnum in "The Virginian." The Boarding School was very strict about plays, four or five, carefully selected, being the dissipation of the entire school year.

The Boarding School went. It came back smitten—enamoured—heart shot to pieces!

All previous crushes were declared off! Gone the tragic-looking coachman, the History teacher, little *Monsieur* was most distinctly *persona non grata*. Mr. Farnum, tall and lithe, with his slightly curling dark locks and the wonderful drawl of his voice as he told the little school teacher she was "goin' ter love him—" Well, the Boarding School was in a fair way to lose what mind it possessed!

It smoldered for a day or two, mooning around and answering absently in Senior English or Junior Mathematics. Then it broke out like scarlet fever or something—into letters. Someone had discovered that the beautiful creature lived at The Lambs Club in New York. The out-going school mail bag was stuffed to bursting point.

And the Boarding School didn't even know enough to enclose stamps! But it knew enough to write on scented and delicately tinted notepaper. Louise's letter, I remember, was a work of art—it was lavender and breathed of violets. Louise is now the wife of a man who owns most all the Public Utilities in the middle west. I wonder if she ever told him? And there was Dot; Dot's husband is a brewer in Milwaukee—I'm sure she never told! And Alice, who has never married at all; but who took a course of law at the University of Chicago and is now practising in Toledo. I wonder if she remembers!

There was just one girl who had seen the play and did not write Mr. Farnum. Mr. Farnum had interested her only mildly. Someone else had interested her much more; someone who wasn't so immaculate after having scoured the plains all day on a pinto; someone who trailed well worn chaps around and looked used to them; someone whose angeliness was mostly minus; someone who could handle a revolver knowingly, and whose taste in shirts ran to violent plaids.

So this girl sent her letter to Mr. Frank Campeau.

She told him she had been unfortunate enough to become enamoured of the villain instead of the hero of the piece. She even said she'd forgiven him for the perfectly awful way he had treated Steve—and then she asked for his photograph.

She posted the letter and waited two expectant weeks. One day it came! It was a big, square envelope; all the pictures the girls possessed were small cabinet affairs—this looked as though it were going to be something worth hanging.

She clutched it. I am afraid her fingers trembled a little as she struggled with the knotted string—at last it was undone. She tore it reverently from its numerous wrappings and bristol board and turned it over—she gasped—it was a picture of Mr. Frank Campeau truly—Mr. Frank Campeau resplendent in a dress suit!!!

CORNELIUS HUSK, on his first visit to the seaside, went down to the beach at low tide, and saw a big fisherman making his haul and drying the fish.

"Hello, mister," he said to a fisherman, "how do you get the fish down to the water?"

"We don't take the fish down to the water, mister," said the fisherman. "The water comes up to the boat."

"Correct!" Husk gave a hunch laugh.

"Saw, mister," he said, "I may be from the country, but I ain't gawd to swaller that."

Freeman's FACE POWDER

WHEN *Milady* ventures forth a-visiting or shopping, or on business bent, Freeman's Face Powder goes with her.

Ready at hand to sooth and protect the tender skin from torturing winds and enhance the charm of a lovely complexion. An unrivaled favorite for forty years with supremacy ever maintained by unchanging excellence.

Clings closely to the skin—won't rub off. Contains nothing injurious to the most delicate complexion. All tints 50 cts. plus 2 cts. war tax. Miniature box by mail 4 cts. plus 1 ct. war tax.

The Freeman Perfume Co.
Dept. 101 Cincinnati, Ohio



PIZZO'S "Hair-Dress"



Miss Betty Parker

Makes
stubborn
hair easy
to comb,
neat and
attractive



Jay Dillon

Featured in Jack Norworth's "Odds and Ends"

Adopted by—Screen—Stage—Society

Because Hair-Dress will make the most stubborn hair stay the way you comb it and retain a smooth, dressy appearance the entire evening. With Hair-Dress you can comb your hair any fashionable style—straight back—any way you want it. Hair-Dress will also give to your hair that beautiful lustre so much in vogue with men and women of the stage, the screen and society. It is harmless and acts as an excellent tonic.

Send fifty cents today for a trial jar. Use it five days. If it isn't just what you have been looking for—send 'back. Your money will be cheerfully returned to you. Send United States stamps, coin or money order. You are allowed to return unused, greaseless Hair-Dress will be promptly mailed to you. Send for this wonderful hair dressing today.

Send \$1.00 for Three Months' Supply.

HAIR-DRESS CO., Dept. 124, 920 Windsor Ave., CHICAGO

Copy this Sketch

and let me see what you can do with it. Many newspaper artists earning \$30.00 to \$125.00 or more per week were trained by my course of personal individual lessons by mail. PICTURE CHARTS make original drawing easy to learn. Send sketch of Uncle Sam with 6c in stamps for sample Picture Chart, list of successful students, examples of their work and evidence of what YOU can accomplish. Please state your age.



The Landon School

of CARTOONING and ILLUSTRATING
1207 Schofield Bldg. Cleveland, Ohio

A Delightful Christmas Gift



Three pencils, your name, Holly or Floral Box, 30 cts. Reorder boxes will please the kiddies. Stamp accepted. The Imprint Pencil Co., 530 Broadway, New York City

Sodas or Shaves

Nowadays the merchants can advertise their business on the screen—no matter what they sell.

By
JONAS HOWARD



The Fortune Teller

"I see a man—a dark man. He is talking earnestly to a young girl. She is trying to avoid him. He seizes her by both arms. They struggle. He has his hand at her throat. She falls. He strikes her. He goes—I cannot see where he goes. It is dark—dark—"

What happened then—how this medium knew—that is the perplexing mystery solved only by the marvelous genius of

CRAIG KENNEDY

The American Sherlock Holmes

ARTHUR B. REEVE

The American Conan Doyle

He is the detective genius of our age. He has taken science—science that stands for this age—and allied it to the mystery and romance of detective fiction.

Even to the smallest detail, every bit of the plot is worked out scientifically. For nearly ten years America has been watching this Craig Kennedy, marveling at the strange, new, startling things that detective hero would unfold.

Such plots—such suspense—with real, vivid people moving through the maelstrom of life! Frenchmen have mastered the art of terror stories. English writers have thrilled whole nations by their artful heroes. Russian ingenuity has fashioned wild tales of mystery. But all these seem old-fashioned—out-of-date—beside the infinite variety—the weird excitement of Arthur B. Reeve's tales.

FREE—POE

10 Volumes

To those who send the coupon promptly, we will give FREE a set of Edgar Allan Poe's works in 10 vols.

When the police of New York failed to solve one of the most fearful murder mysteries of the time, Edgar Allan Poe—far off there in Paris—found the solution. The story is in these volumes.

This is a wonderful combination. Here are two of the greatest writers of mystery and scientific detective stories. You can get the Reeve at a remarkably low price and the Poe FREE for a short time only.

TWO SHELVES OF BOOKS

Cut out this coupon
and mail it today

HARPER & BROTHERS, Established 1817, NEW YORK

HARPER & BROTHERS, Photo-12-19

18 Franklin Square, New York

Send me, all charges prepaid, set of Arthur B. Reeve—in 12 volumes. Also send me, absolutely free, the set of Edgar Allan Poe in 10 volumes. If the books are not satisfactory I will return both sets within 10 days at your expense. Otherwise I will send you \$2 a month for 13 months.

Send for Special Canadian Offer.

NAME

ADDRESS

OCCUPATION

If the up to date undertaker or the agent for Ford parts wants to break into the films these days and get his name emblazoned on the white screen, he can do it for \$12. Any retail merchant can now get fifty seconds of lively action, demonstrating the latest styles in coffins, aprons, motor cars, hairdressing, barbering, underwear, shoes, gloves, dyeing and cleaning, etc., etc., etc. Almost a thousand different lines of retail business are represented in these snappy little plays, each with a laugh and a punch, calculated to draw the unwary movie goer into a spending mood. This is the latest wrinkle in movie advertising. No line of business has been found too uninteresting to offer a plot. Even the undertaker can get fifty feet of lively action guaranteed to bring trade.

These films are not only bought and used by the retail merchant himself but are sent to him by his manufacturer as part of what is called the "dealer help" service. For instance, a manufacturer of corsets decides he wants to give the dealers something nifty in advertising. He buys a quantity of the films boosting corsets, has each one decorated with a trailer giving the name and address of each and every dealer and shoots the films out—with instructions.

The dealer who has a hunch in the beginning that a lot of corset-wearing ladies frequent movie shows, beats it around the corner to the nearest movie house and arranges for a premier. The corset film gets a run for a week or two, the theater man gets a little money for it, the ladies get the corsets and the dealer gets the business. Thus, everybody is happy.

Or, the dealer may buy the film himself if he is wide enough awake to the ad that flickers and put it on himself—not the corsets but the film.

Photoplaylets are merely short moving pictures, each containing the semblance of a plot and with plenty of action. The grand idea is to persuade those who see the films that Jones has the best coffins or Peters has the best flowers or Fordyce has the best sundaes. There has got to be a punch in each one in order to hold the attention of the audience between Mary Pickford and the news weekly. The films are usually made from live models—pretty girls—to fame unknown but chic and sweet. Let us examine a few of the plots commonly seen in the ad films:

CORSETS: Mamma buys a new corset and of course we see that it is Lily Brand. She places it on the bed and goes down to get dinner. Willie and Myrtle, aged five and six, enter, spy the corset and begin to have some fun with it. After a tug o'war to show how strongly built the corset is, they toss it in the bath tub which happens to be full of water. No matter, the audience is shown that the water won't hurt it. It's rust proof! Mamma tells the audience all about it in a neat title and Papa advises her to buy Lily Brand always.

SUNDAES: Close up of a nut sundae. Fade in pretty young thing getting away with it. Flash to companion, sleek of pompadour and dark of eye with flannel trousers an' everything. "Lovers Never Quarrel When They Get Their Sodas at Kunkin's," says the title. Back to the lovers. They kiss and depart. Exterior of Kunkin's. Couple stand on the doorstep and swear

that no other shop shall get their soda tax but Kunkin's.

Trailer: "Always Drop in Kunkin's for the Nuttiest Sundae in Town."

AUTO PARTS: (Animated ad cartoon.) Flivver enters the scene and begins to race madly around. Flivver smashes into a post, crumbling into junk. Never mind, Bergson can fix it. Owner rushes into a store, phones Bergson. Bergson hurries to the scene. Then, by movie magic, we see the flivver repair itself under Bergson's expert workmanship in eight seconds—screen time.

View of Bergson's workshop—reminder: Always Phone Bergson when you get in a smash up. Fade out.

SHOES: Scene: Walk in the park. Pair of ill clad feet, male and female enter scene. Owners sit on bench. Funny stuff—spooning. "Will you marry me?" asks the male. "I will," responds the lady, "if you will go down to Smith's and get a pair of his special Fashion shoes." Off dashes youth. Closeup of Smith's shoe store. Youth rushes in. Jump to interior. Grabs clerk, forces him to adjust a pair of Fashion Specials. Pays the bill and rushes out. Regains girl in park. Bear squeeze—acceptance and happiness. "Always buy your shoes at Smith's," admonishes the title. Fade out.

Abbreviated photoplays for retail merchants are among the new novelties of the industry. The successful subjects are those which have plenty of action and which will get a laugh. Theater managers are willing to run them if they are good—the public seems to like them when they are good. Originally these short subjects were confined to the popular animated cartoons. Now the films made from live models are more in demand. Considerable money is spent in making these little productions of a high quality, photographically and in their subject matter. Scenarios are written by an expert ad writer whose job is to cook up novelties. He has to remember that he only has fifty to seventy-five seconds to show what he wants to show and to say what he wants to say. He's got to get it all in—entertainment as well as advertising. Nothing is handed out free. You take the advertising with the amusement.

You may laugh, if you like, but are also asked to buy.

If you are weeping with Bessie Love at nine-forty-five you may be looking at a hosiery ad at ten o'clock.

A sort of object lesson, negative or positive, is given first. Then, when you realize the necessity for new shoes or a safety razor, bang comes the advice to buy them or it at Smith's. It was felt by advertisers that the lantern slide had had its run. People yawned at the still picture on the screen. Some method of knocking them down and dragging them out had to be devised. The little ad-plays turned the trick.

At the Rothacker Studios, one department is given up to Photoplaylets. H. H. Dewey spends his days finding new ways to movie-ize corsets, sodas, razors and even the hammers and saws on the shelves of the hardware store. His catalog of ad playlets reads like the retail directory of Council Bluffs.

He had a hard nut to crack on the undertaker. There are limitations even for the film maker. It was not found hard to get up a neat little plot on the soda fountain or the florist shop.

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 99)

TOM TERRISS will direct "The Great Ruby," a melodrama much relished by the audiences at the Drury Lane. This will be for Vitagraph. Other of the old dramas were purchased by Metro.

THE Robert W. Chambers Film company has been born. It will make, according to report, picturization of all the author's brain-children. Many Chambers tales have been filmed; the Cosmopolitan Production have already made "The Dark Star," and "The Restless Sex." It is not said that Chambers will personally supervise his works in the filming.

A DAYTONA, Florida, studio will be the work-shop of Maxine Elliott and William Faversham when these two distinguished artists begin their first Cosmopolitan Production. George D. Baker will direct the co-stars in two pictures.

ALTHOUGH she had planned to make pictures in New York, Anita Stewart is back in Hollywood where she will remain at least for the winter. Col. William Selig has turned over a part of his big park to Miss Stewart who has her own studio now. Miss Stewart spent several months in New York resting after her strenuous season.

EUGENE WALTER, who has been a pictorial wanderer ever since he first celebrated the announcement of his aversion to the silent drama by selling some of his choice plays to producers, is settled at last. Goldwyn has signed him for an indefinite period to supervise the scenario department—or rather, its output. He is now in Culver City, where he will look on at the production and act as a sort of presiding genius to the various members of the literary division of films.

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE almost won a pennant. That is, his ball team, Vernon of the Pacific Coast League, almost did. It was all quite exciting, that closing week with the premier honors of the West's big league at stake and Roscoe had to go on an extra special diet to make up for the poundage he lost, rooting and worrying. His baseball experience was so successful that Fatty's former slim foil, Al St. John, has threatened to buy a ball team also.

NATALIE, the youngest Talmadge who only went into films on family provocation, is to be on her own at last. She will appear in "The Way of a Man," a Thomas Dixon picture. Sister Norma did "The Way of a Woman." It's all in the family.

CHARLES RAY has two more pictures to do for Thomas H. Ince and Paramount then he hies himself to First National. He expects to be at work for the Circuit about January 1. Pretty Ann May, the film colony's mystery girl, is Charley's new leading lady.

WILLIAM P. S. EARLE, brother of Ferdinand Pinney, is directing Eugene O'Brien in "The Broken Melody," the latest of the perfect lover's Selznick pictures. Earle's latest completed production was Louise Glaum's "The Lone Wolf's Daughter."

MRS. SIDNEY DREW will be "Polly" for Pathe. She will make from eight to ten comedies the coming year, pursuing the sister idea which she adopted after the death of her husband and co-star, Sidney Drew.

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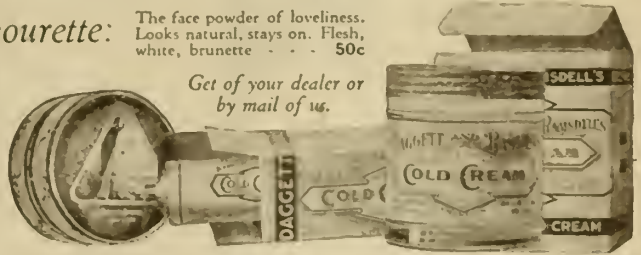
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for Coughs & Colds

Plays and Players

(Concluded)



Long John Silver and Jim Hawkins come to life on the screen! Here is Tourneur, director of "Treasure Island," with Lon Chaney and Shirley Mason, playing her first boy part.

ALL the oldtime fans will remember Rosetta Brice and many are the queries to the Answer Man about her whereabouts. Well, to make a long story short, Rosetta is back in filmland but her name is now Betty Brice. Her return debut will be made in Emerson Hough's Western film play "The Sagebrusher."

VICTOR FLEMING, long the chief crank turner of the Doug Fairbanks camera battery, has been promoted to director and is now making his initial production. The tentative title of Doug's second United Artist vehicle is "Cheer Up." Kathleen Clifford, of Balboa fame, and Chase Herendeen, a beauty of the younger set, are playing the chief feminine roles.

CALIFILMIA turned out in great shape to welcome President Woodrow Wilson when he was on the Coast in September. Among the invited guests at the banquet tendered the nation's chief executive were Major Robert Warwick, Cecil deMille, Thomas H. Ince and D. W. Griffith. The twenty-eight newspapermen in the presidential party spent part of a day at the Brunton studio, where they saw Mary Pickford, Henry Walthall and Jack Kerrigan in the throes of cinemania. Moving pictures were made of the writers with Mary and lunch was served in a synthetic Childs restaurant counter on George Loane Tucker's stage. As the Hollywood society reporter sapidly and correctly said, "a good time was had by all."

IT takes a long time—sometimes—for a person to establish his worth. Take Tommy Meighan frinstance. Tommy played around the Lasky lot for about five years after a dozen or more years on the stage and no one considered him anything much different than the ordinary good leading man. Then came "The Miracle Man" and every big producer in the business suddenly discovered that Tom Meighan was a great actor and should be starred. He was flooded

with offers. Cecil deMille hadn't seen the Tucker masterpiece but he reached the same conclusion seeing Tom act under direction in "Male and Female." So Famous Players-Lasky also entered the competition, offering Mr. Meighan a contract for five years and beginning with a salary about twice that of his previous one. And after going into executive session with his family—Frances Ring Meighan—and talking to his lawyer, Nathan Burkan, Tom decided to remain at Lasky's.

THE Bible is to be filmed, in its entirety. Raymond Wells, a California director,—he made a version of "Julius Caesar" sometime ago—is planning the production now, making 104 reels in all, presenting them in 52 episodes of two reels each. The venture is to be non-sectarian; captions will follow with absolute fidelity the text of the Scriptures; and to insure correct detail an archaeologist will be a member of the staff.

MRS. CHARLES CHAPLIN has her work all mapped out for her. Six stories are already purchased and in the hands of scenario writers, so that the little star will lose no time in continuing her interrupted career. Besides "Old Dad," her first, she has scheduled for her "Pollyop of the Storm Country" by Grace Miller White; "Danger," by H. H. Van Loan; "The Inferior Sex," by Maxine Elliott; "Foolish Youth," by Louise Winter; "Watch Your Wife," by E. Mason Hopper; and "They'll All Bear Watching," of which Alice Roberts is the author.

MYRTLE STEDMAN, the statuesque blonde of many pleasant film performances, has been granted a divorce, in Los Angeles, from Marshall Stedman, on the grounds of desertion. The lady with the sweet contralto eyebrows—as PHOTOPLAY once called her—is now playing *Cherry Malotte*—a role created by Kathlyn Williams in the Selig picturization of "The Spoilers"—in Rex Beach's "The Silver Horde."

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 73)

long familiar and yet never old, that it is far, far better entertainment than many a more pretentious play which is marred by superficiality and untruth to human nature. William Farnum, hithered up for the most part of the picture with a beard most patently his own, plays Buck Duane, the last of a family which nicked many an epitaph on the handles of its guns before its own obits were written in much the same way. G. Raymond Nye, as a desperado of uncouth cut, Charles Clary, equally a desperado, but far from uncouth in manner or shirt. Lamar Johnstone, as Captain of the Rangers, and a number of other players, equally effective though perhaps less well known, surround the husky star. Louise Lovely is a rather stereotyped but nevertheless appealing heroine.

A TEMPERAMENTAL WIFE—First National

A gallivanting comedy of men and a man-hater, chiefly decorated by Constance Talmadge, and made readable throughout by the cheerful and never saccharine philosophy of John Emerson and Anita Loos—the former now turned author, and writing in collaboration with his demi-tasse wife. This is not, indeed, an especially brilliant play, for it had not an especially original drama as its base—"Information, Please"—but it is handled so deftly, and with such human and tolerant philosophy, that it makes far better entertainment than many an effort of greater excitement and less truth. The principal lack is the dazzling captionry that once distinguished everything that issued from the Loos mill. Some of these captions are funny, all are readable, but none scintillate. Miss Talmadge plays a very determined young woman whose passages at love all fall in and around Washington, D. C. She finally marries a young Senator who has a secretary named Smith—and alas! Billie Billings (the young Talmadge person) didn't know that Smith wore skirts until after she had become Mrs. Senator. Hence a wild-looking but harmless elopement, embroiling a count, and ending in a general laugh amid the suspicions of a soured rural inn-keeper whose hotel register, we presume, had too often been profaned in the name of a marriage license. Good, clean-cut direction by Dave Kirkland marks this photoplay, and most intimately concerned with Miss Talmadge are Wyndham Standing, Ben Henricks and Armand Kalisz.

THE GAY LORD QUEX—Goldwyn

Making an Englishman out of an out-and-out Irishman is a pretty hard matter in these Sinn Fein days, but Samuel Goldwyn seems to be doing it pretty successfully with Tom Moore. "The Gay Lord Quex" follows close upon "Lord and Lady Alzy" as a dramatic, romantic and humorous demonstration of the ennobled young Briton in the closing years of the Nineteenth Century. There is an atmosphere of reality and distinction about these succeeding productions which is better than the stories, and, in a way, even better than the acting. What I mean to say is this: we are seeing, not an American vulgarization in the movies of Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's highly insular play, but an artful, intelligent and appreciative transcription of that play without loss of any of its pertinent qualities of locale, romance, satire or observation. This seems to me a real accomplishment. I first saw "The Gay Lord Quex" many years ago, and while the youthful memory of the masterful dramatic document is still vivid, the addition of the



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The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

exterior radiance and the interior opulences of the screen give it merely a re-birth, a 1910 de-luxe edition in green binding, as it were. There have been some changes, of course. Sophy Fullgarney—or so it seemed to me, at the time—was Pinero's favorite character. Here she is slightly abased to the exigencies of the story, but still, she is in nowise distorted. Hazel Daly, whom you first remember, perhaps, in "Skinner's Dress Suit," returns as Sophy, the match-making manicure-detectress, and gives a superb performance. Miss Daly's efforts are a welcome addition to a screen too crowded with mediocrities. Tome Moore gives his characteristic charming and sympathetic delineation of the desultorily serious Marquis of Quex, and Naomi Childers, a young woman who has certainly found herself as a suave, adroit and fascinating portrayer of very well-informed ladies, is opposite him as the Duchess of Strood. Included in the appropriate portraits are the Captain Bastling of Philo McCullough, the Sir Chichester Frayne of Sydney Ainsworth, the quaint Muriel Eden of Gloria Hope, and the Jack Eden of Henry Miller, Jr. Harry Beaumont did the conducting, and is to be applauded for it.

THE KINGDOM OF DREAMS— First National

The kingdom of names, rather. Talk about "all-star" casts. Here is the first I have seen in a long time—indeed, I have seen only a few such in my life—in which every name, from top to bottom of the program, is of feature importance. And here they are: Anita Stewart, Spottiswoode Aitken, Frank Currier, Mahlon Hamilton, Thomas Holding, Kathlyn Williams, Edwin Stevens, Anna Q. Nilsson, Robert McKim, Wesley Barry, Thomas Santschi and Tully Marshall. The story, unfortunately, is rather negative. It has been well done by these people, and well done in its development by Marshall Neilan, but at the same time one cannot but wonder how Mr. Neilan's wits went woolgathering, time and again, when incidents beyond the bounds of all probability crept into the passage of his narrative. Neilan is one of the shrewdest directors in the business, and he knows better than to permit at least half a dozen of the belief-wrenching things that transpire in these tableaux. This is especially true of the scheming woman played by Anna Nilsson; I have no sympathy with the family that suffered from her villainy, for she was as patent and conventional and transparent as the dolled-up adventuresses of the ancient meodrama. Miss Stewart herself depicts a young person excessively wise and excessively innocent; a young person who takes a secretaryship and thwarts the lifelong pilfering of an estate. She is convincing in a role that makes no heavy demands. The big impression of the piece was made upon me by Frank Currier, as James Warren, the elderly banker. I have been watching Currier's endeavors for years, and it seems to me that I have never seen him line out so fine a portrait: an old man austere yet tender, imbued with the fighting spirit to the end, yet saddened by the inevitable tragedy of age, and broken by treachery and ingratitude. If the whole play had gone wrong—which it didn't, be assured—Currier's work would make it worth sitting through.

LOOT—Universal

This current serial, sponsored at Laemmlerville in the San Fernando valley, seems to be a popular episodic entertainment, and we chronicle it as such—though we never could see why every continued story on the screen

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For Boys and Girls Also

The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

had to be crammed with incident until it became unbelievable. "Loot" is an optic transcription of a well-known story by Arthur Somers Roche, appearing in a periodical of general circulation. Its three principal personages are Darrell Foss, Ora Carew and Joseph Girard. William Dowlan is the director.

HIS MAJESTY THE AMERICAN— United Artists

Here goes picture number one, of the Big Four output. Knowing the Big Four, and reading that title, it is almost superfluous to say that his majesty is Douglas Fairbanks. He is, indeed. The piece reminds me, very directly, of the popular romances of mythical Balkan kingdoms—romances of a decade or two decades ago, which were strung around the reading world in the years following Hope's ten-strike with "The Prisoner of Zenda." The Hollywood acrobatic hero is introduced as an adventure-lover in his own small village of New York, where, with few excitements on tap, he has his house fitted out like a fire-station, with gongs, sliding-poles and other get-there-quick whatnot, and he has a pretty time with the police and fire departments until a reform quiets things down, whereupon he goes to Mexico for his thrills—and thence to the mythical kingdom of Elaine, where he straightens out a nation, rescues a princess and marries her, and does many other particularly Fairbankian things by way of incidental diversion and civic excitement. The piece is simply a good-humored diversion in which no one, including the star, seems to take things or himself too seriously. It is a most ordinary story to begin with, lifted up a bit by rapid and unconventional treatment, devoid of bunk or bombast, and peppered with colloquial titles throughout. The treatment and settings have been generous, and one of the latter, a masked-in piece of modern scenic trickery representing the valley of Elaine lying at the foot of Alp-like mountains, is quite striking though it would be palpably paint and canvas if it were left more than a moment, each time, in the spectator's eyes. Mr Fairbanks, alert and brisk as usual, is assisted very cleverly by Sam Sothorn, Frank Campeau, Lillian Langdon, and that sweet child, Margery Daw.

THE THUNDERBOLT—First National

Colin Campbell, a veteran whose distinguishing directorial marks are great care and caution, shapes up this story of a Kentucky feud, and the inner, and final, feuds which result from an ill-starred marriage between the families of the contenders. Sounds like old stuff, and, to a certain extent, it is, but it is interesting. The play suffers from being entirely too long-drawn out. There was material for two reels, and not much more. Katherine McDonald comes to stardom in this, supported by a cast which includes Tom Meighan, Adda Gleason of "Ramona" memory, and Forrest Stanley, who has been absent from the screen a long time.

THE UNDERCURRENT—Select

Gay Emery, here, purveys a rough and ready story of Bolshevism in America. It is not an argument showing much first-hand knowledge of the subject, or much study deeper than a perusal of newspaper headlines and a depository reading of editorials, but it suffices as a melodrama of patriotic import, and in it, as he a way it is things of the kind, the rough and ready Mr Emery is convincing. He himself plays the part

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

of a returned soldier, who, living in a small manufacturing town, becomes embroiled in "Red" plots and counterplots only to perceive the anarchial danger at the ultimate moment, and turn like a bolt of destruction on his fellow-destroyers. He is assisted by a cast which includes Betty Blythe, Charles A. Stevenson and Marguerite Courtot.

LOMBARDI, LTD.—Metro

Here we have Morosco's excessively popular stage success, that play of the erratic and romantic ladies' tailor, written by Frederic and Fanny Locke Hatton, and so charmingly played for two whole years by Leo Carrillo and Grace Valentine—both of whom, through it, were made stars of the first magnitude. Mr. Carrillo, as you probably remember, played Tito Lombardi, the Quixotic gownster, while the svelte Miss Valentine glided about as the whilom model. In the film version the piece suffers a change, for the model is not the chief character among the women. That honor goes to Nora, the faithful little manager who looks after the customers, Tito's love-affairs, and finally, when everyone else has thrown him down, after Tito himself. Jack Conway directed, and Bert Lytell played the graceful man-modiste. The piece has been charmingly put on, and charmingly acted by at least two persons, viz., Alice Lake, as Nora, and Thomas Jefferson as "Hoddy," the affectionate but gloomy old partner. It has a vital defect, and that defect is a stupid and totally uninspired scenario, plus a set of dialectic captions that are as inane, as unfunny and sprawlingly graceless as though they had been the work of a school-boy amateur. Why Maxwell Karger, the energetic and versatile director-general of Metro, permitted this bunch of cheap nonsense to go out is more than I can understand. These may have been the very words Leo Carrillo spoke—I don't remember—but at any rate there is a vast difference in macerated English from the lips of a master comedian in dialect, and the same macerations put in black and white on a screen. This long blithering list of stupid titles is unpardonable; there are men in the country who can write an excellent and witty Italian *patois*. Why, with such an expensive and important production, was not some one of these employed? Bert Lytell is a favorite actor of mine, but I do not think he is particularly happy, with his straightforward American ways, in the habiliments and mental processes of this bizarre continental. The production is opulent and masterly in many of its details. Especially convincing is that exterior bit of Fifth Avenue, showing Lombardi's shop. This is a screen triumph, for it is real New York, which hardly anybody ever gets. Mr. Conway's direction is no more than mediocre at most points.

**THE WITNESS FOR THE
DEFENSE—Arctcraft**

Here is a compact and typically English melodrama, of the finer sort, dealing truly in feminine logic and feminine emotions. Miss Elsie Ferguson, who in spite of her cool poise is a very real emotional actress, is called upon to depict one Stella Derrick, who, as a girl, loves and plans marriage and a home with Dick Hazlewood, a likable chap. But the plans of mice, men and young girls gang aft a-gle, and instead of being cottaged as Mrs. Dick, Stella Derrick finds herself bungalowued under the sun of India, with an extremely ill father. And, eventually, she marries the flashy Captain Ballantyne, who turns out a drunken beast.

The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

She can't cure him, but she can kill him, and that she does. Acquitted, she returns to England—and she was acquitted, all because the strongest witness for the defense, if he had told the truth, would have been the star witness for the prosecution. This person, Henry Thresk, pursues her, reminding her of his love and her frightened promises. But now it is to Hazlewood's arms, and not to Thresk's, that Stella dies—and Thresk tells. Yet in the end, of course, things turn out happily for the lovers. This play is appropriately mounted and finely conducted by George Fitzmaurice, and Miss Ferguson is splendidly artistic and wholly womanly in her portrayal of the varying moods of Stella. Warner Oland is a Ballantyne to the life. Vernon Steel has the conventional part of Hazlewood, and Wynndham Standing is Thresk, the elephant hunter of passion and observation.

THE SPEED MANIAC—Fox

Here's Tom Mix, riding an iron horse. The highly popular Fox star of the corral turns loose here both as a pugilist and an automobile racer, in the latter capacity successfully demonstrating—according to the formula of dramatist H. H. Van Loan—a car of his own invention. In addition to being a fighter and motor-builder, Mix has many another capacity in this piece, which has rapid action, but is more or less a bewildering patchwork of ideas. He is supported by a characteristic cast.

THE MARKET OF SOULS—Ince-Paramount

Here is a drama of splendid power, in which you see a new Dorothy Dalton—a Dorothy Dalton who portrays not the blazing creature which is her habit, but a repressed, somewhat pathetic though ever-splendid and full-blooded young female. In a few words, this is no more than the old, old plot of young country girl who comes to the city, and falls among thieves of the body—only, after a series of cruel adventures, to win her way to triumphant love and ultimate respect. But as the biggest stories and plays seem to be built on the oldest plots in the world, and made successes through fine and sincere human treatment of the universal themes, so with this piece: Lynch has done masterful writing throughout. He has written a prose poem, and C. Gardner Sullivan, his scenarioist, keeps up to his mark except at the very finish, where, by what seems to me an unwarranted use of the camera's tricks, he transforms what would have been—and what apparently was intended to be—an uplifting psychic wallop, into a grim and more or less ghastly ghost story. But as I said before, the sweetness and fineness and tender womanly modesty of Dorothy Dalton, in the part of Helene Armes, got me through and through. Miss Dalton is a big woman to be able to overcome her own flashing, dominant personality like this. This part proves her a genuine actress.

Joseph De Grasse has done some exceptionally fine directing, and Lynch's subtitles are worthy a Eugene Walter play.

THE EGG-CRATE WALLOP—Ince-Paramount

I haven't much to say about this delightful diversion, except to request you specifically to see it, if you haven't done so already. It is simply another of Julien Josephson's true and truly uproarious transcriptions of the life rural, in which Charlie Ray, his favorite unheroic hero, passes from the cobwebby confines of a country express office to the calumny glare of a prize ring in a big city, and wins a fight, his own vindication, an old man's honor, and the girl of his heart—all by that mystic "egg-crate wallop." This combination of Ray and Josephson, with such capable direction by Jerome Storm, and such true-to-life producing, bring the screen close to Tarkingtonian reality in a depiction of middle America's daily life.

THE FAITH OF THE STRONG—Select

Another north woods melodrama, featuring Mitchell

Lewis, is some very beautiful location shots and some very actionful and melodramatic interiors. There is not much to say about this photoplay except to advance it as a simple and unadorned tale for the admirers of Lewis' characteristic screen deportment. It is a rather crude but straight running story, in which good and bad receive the black-and-white contrast of early movie days.

THE CALL OF BOB WHITE—Sherrill

This is by far the finest picture which Texas Guinan ever made, and is one of the most perfect two-reelers ever turned out. In it Miss Guinan, with a bang, seems to have completely found herself. She plays a young girl with all the feminine charm and conviction that one might command, and shows a perfect mastery of those screen assets, one after another, which she has reached for and only sometimes attained in the long series of short Westerns which preceded this enthralling little picture. The story itself is a simple one—of a stage driver and his daughter, in the mountain country; of the working partnership between them, and the whistled "call of Bob White" which serves as a summons in time of need or danger. An Eastern banker and his son come West. The banker is kidnapped by an organized gang of bandits, and is held for ransom. All other pursuits failing, the girl takes up the trail, traps them, holds them at bay—and summons aid with her bird call. The romance, as even the picture wayfarer might suspect, falls between the girl and the banker's son. Both Miss Guinan and her management are to be congratulated upon this picture, at once the crown and the finish—or almost the finish—of her present series of Westerns.

"The novel is a property of private life, the drama is a property of public life, the photoplay is a property of family life, and we cannot, in justice to childhood and its unalienable twin rights of innocence and idealism, treat of life in the average photoplay as exactly—and yet as nobly and purely—as it is sometimes treated in novels and plays."

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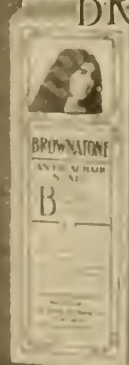
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The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

THE LIFE-LINE—Tournear-Paramount

A screen essay upon the old melodrama, "Romany Rye," made by Mr. Tournear with all of his characteristic facility for perfect foreign atmosphere. The story is flimsy and faltering, and in its clap-trap heroics and improbabilities is quite the weakest in the series of English melodramas which this director has turned out. Nevertheless, he has chosen to make it a combined land-and-sea spectacle, and in this he has eminently succeeded. Such a following of the hounds has never been shot by a camera; we follow the brush with all the breathlessness of born-and-bred Kentuckians at a derby. We are convinced and thrilled by a terrible theatre fire, and finally, we are flung upon the rocks in imagination with our unfortunate friends, the actors, in an absolutely realistic wreck at sea. Notwithstanding the patience and time and expense that DeMille put himself to in getting his wreck in "Male and Female," I think Tournear beat him a considerable distance by the splendid wreck in "The Life Line." Jack Holt is to be observed in a "hero part" at last. Lew Cody supplies convincing villainy, Pauline Starke is a quaint little heroine, and Sena Owen is a gypsy of much charm and far, far more sanitation than any gypsy who ever lived.

IN BRIEF

"Bound and Gagged" (Pathe) A poor name for a serial that is better than ordinary. Produced by George B. Seitz, it features Mr. Seitz and Marguerite Courtot. And after looking at the picture, and considering that Mr. Seitz was also its director, we are of the opinion that he was the original of nothing-to-do-till-tomorrow.

"La Belle Russe" (Fox) David Belasco's old play is not improved in this optic version, and the fault appears to lie nowhere in particular, except in the staleness of the play and the lack of any original ideas in the adaptation. Theda Bara is the chief performer.

"The Lost Battalion" (W. H. Productions) A photoplay based upon the renowned exploit of Col. Whittlesey and his fighting troupe in the Argonne Forest.

"The Woman Under Cover" (Universal) A fair entertainment of more or less usual sort, featuring Fritzi Brunette. The original title of this play, when it was a stage vehicle, was "Playing the Game."

"The Sundown Trail" (Universal) A sort of Western comedy-drama, with considerable melodrama thrown in. Monroe Salisbury is the star.

"Sinbad the Sailor" (Universal) A quaint one-reeler, in which the immortal legend is re-enacted by children.

"The Trap" (Universal) A strong, realistic drama, well played in the main, and containing as its centerpiece the beautiful Olive Tell. But there are also Earl Schenck, Sydney Mason and Rod LaRoque to be reckoned with in this cast—and speaking of beauty, there is also Tallulah Bankhead.

"Her Purchase Price" (Robertson-Cole) An artificial sort of story, which even the personality of Bessie Barriscale cannot contrive to save.

"The Virtuous Model" (Pathe) A cheap, yellow-back title, and the photoplay is pretty much the same. The star, Dolores Cassinelli, is not nearly as good as any one of several members of her support, including Helen Lowell, May Hopkins or Franklin Farnum.

"Broken Commandments" (Fox) This is a distinctly old-time Fox entertainment, of the unregenerate days, and it can only be excused under the general truism that it takes

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The Shadow Stage

(Concluded)

time to revolutionize the policy of a large institution. Seems to me this was one of the insidious old scenarios remaining on hand, and the director, or the scenario editor, or somebody, thought—in an ill-advised moment—that it might just as well be used. It is flatly a dirty picture. Why? Because there is an innuendo in it to the effect that slips from the path of virtue are not such grave errors as the discovery of such slips.

Mind you, I do not say that that thought is ever expressed directly, either in title or action: it is only the impression one gets after viewing the picture as a whole. Not much fault can be found with the scenes actually shown, and the action is discreet enough. Thomas Sautschi and William Scott support Gladys Brockwell. Don't send your young people and you, young people, don't go, for you will not be thrilled but bored



The Song of a Wild Woman

Dedicated to Wallace Reid

By ADRE CARLTON

OH! I love a movie actor,
I love him like—well!
And I'd love him more like heaven,
If he loved me half as well.
(Oh! dear, yes!)

I WEAR him in the locket
That snuggles near my heart.
The honey-names I call him,
Would make his poor ears smart.
(He does blush, doesn't he?)

HE'S pasted in my trunk lid,
That takes me home from school,
He peeps out from my songstous Uke,
Sh-h! don't tell me, I'm a fool.
(I know it!)

AND now here comes the dreadful part—
Come nearer while I speak—
I have a poster big enough
So I can pat his cheek.
(It cost forty cents.)

AND I've tacked it on my closet door—
(Te he!)
And I'm kissing it good-night,
(Oh—oh! . . .)
But believe me—if this were writ to me
I'd kill the guy on sight!!!

Chief Justice of Celluloidia

IF there is any lawyer in the theatrical or photoplay business who has ever occupied so unique a position as Nathan Burkan, we'd like to know it. If there ever has been one, we'd like to know it. He is certainly the wholesale representative. Representing Charlie Chaplin, he drew his first million-dollar contract. Representing Sydney Chaplin, he drew his recent contract with Famous Players. Representing Marshall Neilan, he made that director's contract with First National. He is also the legal representative of Mabel Normand, Theda Bara, Olive Thomas, Jack Pickford, Pearl White, Hale Hamilton, Texas Guinan, Blanche Sweet, Mae Murray, Robert Leonard, Fannie Ward, Charlotte Walker, Marie Rambau, Ina Claire, Henry Lehrman

and Carlyle Blackwell. He represents, also, these authors: Edwin Milton Royle, Le-Roi Cooper Megrue, Winchell Smith, John Golden and Bayard Veiller. He is attorney for and on the board of directors of the "Big Four"—the United Artists. He is the attorney for the Society of Authors & Composers. He is the attorney for Victor Herbert, and for John Philip Sousa. He is the attorney for the Producing Managers' Association of New York City, and represented them throughout the Actors' Equity trouble. He was Jewel Carmen's attorney in her successful action against Fox. In addition to these people and institutions he represents more than one hundred men and women of the theatre, and scores of outside individuals and businesses.



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Owen Talks About Mary

(Concluded from page 58)

films. Once he brought over a two-reel Coquelin film—a lovely little thing it was—an adaptation of "La Tosca." He ran it off in the projection room for all of us, as a model of pantomime. But when we began the next picture, we were all trying to act like the French actors and the result was awful. Griffith never showed those films to us again.

"After all, the demand for material hasn't changed much. Griffith was then doing comedy-drama with plenty of heart interest in one reel and now the public are flocking to heart-interest in comedy-drama in reels from five to eight. Mary made her hit as the half wistful, half roguish sort of heroine and her audiences insist that she appear in the same roles to-day. I have followed all her later pictures and in the success of 'Daddy-Long-Legs' I recognize some of the beginnings in the old days back there."

So much for the past. Owen Moore's future as one of the steadiest of the Selznick stars holds the promise of something new and altogether delightful. You are sure of this when you hear him talk about his plans with his new, young director, Wesley Ruggles. They are working in a picturization of P. G. Wodehouse's "Piccadilly Jim."

"Wes and I understand each other," he told me. "And I'm here to say that every step of our new film together will mean co-operation—the real article. It is temperamental stars that ruin nine-tenths of the films, when it isn't dogmatic directors who think they are little tin gods and surround themselves with mystery and bunk. Wes and I can work together—and fight together if necessary—but it will be team work, all of it."

* * *

Somehow you feel that there won't be much serious fighting. It is hard to imagine anyone failing to "get on" with Owen Moore. Perhaps his professional career would be just as successful (personally) if he had the dis-

position of a Scrooge and the manners of Simon Legree. But his friends and co-workers would lose something, as he would himself. For, in the last analysis, it is the heart without rancor and the memory without bitterness, like the voice with the smile—that wins.

Moore, you know, hadn't done much in a screen way for quite a while before Goldwyn dangled a contract at him for "The Crimson Gardenia," the Rex Beach filmization. Owen came back, in that. And while he was signing contracts I suppose he thought he might just as well do it right, so he affixed his owen-moore to a long-time agreement with Selznick. He and Eugene O'Brien are the only two male Selznick stellar lights.

* * *

Moore has been in pictures—off and on—for ten years—well, since 1909, to be statistical. His first pictures were for Biograph, and in many of them he played opposite his wife, Mary. It was while he was with Biograph that he met and married Miss Pickford. Later they made some Famous Players-Lasky subjects together: "Cinderella" being one of the most popular. Moore was featured by Famous Players in one of his later screen periods: with Irene Fenwick in "A Coney Island Princess" and "A Girl Like That"; with Ann Pennington in "The Boy Scout," and others. And then came his period of inactivity until "The Crimson Gardenia."

He is the oldest of the famous Clan Moore, of whom Tom, Matt, and Joe are all known in the celluloid. Owen was born in Ireland, but came to this country when he was eleven. He was educated in Toledo, Ohio. When he was twenty he went on the stage—he played juvenile leads most of the time. And now he has a film following which never forgets him no matter how long he stays away from the flickering pastels; but he promises, this time, to remain with us indefinitely.

An Everyday Diana

(Concluded from page 57)

to a quiet home life and mother likes it that way, so we live very quietly. I work awfully hard. I have set hours for study.

"When I took my vacation this summer, mother and I went to Coronado, and I went under my own name, Mary McDonald. I look a bit different off the screen,—younger and all, and no one recognized me. I knew some boys in the aviation and the navy down there from our home town, of Pittsburgh, and I met a great many charming young people. We swam and motored and danced and rode, and do you know, they never guessed I had anything to do with the pictures at all? When they were told after I had left they were so surprised.

Now, that experience gave me a viewpoint, a mental rest, that I couldn't have acquired in my professional character."

"Is it true that you teach Sunday School?" I questioned.

"Oh dear," she cried, half between anger and laughter, "yes, it is true that I did have a class. But it's been a regular bugaboo to me. Everybody seems to think it's so queer or so funny, that I've stopped ever mentioning it anymore."

There you have her—Mary MacLaren, screen star. She has no startling characteristics, no marked tastes, no vivid idiosyncrasies. It only goes to show that it can be done.

A RUMOR is going the rounds in picture circles that an exhibitor in Kentucky cancelled "Lips that Touch Liquor Shall Never Touch Mine" on the grounds that the subject is untimely. The facetious report goes further to say that the exhibitor owns and manages the Oilcan Theater.

* * *

A N exhibitor advertised Eugene O'Brien in "The Perfect Liver."

Gosh, How They Hated Him!

(Concluded from page 82)

for a count; and besides, the salary didn't start until the season started and that was a long way off. Being unable to eat hay, Stroheim took his meager earnings and went to Los Angeles. He tried to float his vaudeville act there until his money gave out.

At that time he was living on Main street and every day he walked out to the Griffith studios and stood in the cattle pen waiting for opportunity to strike. It didn't strike. He became very lean at this time for as the crow flies it is several miles between Main street and the Griffith studios, and it's a good deal further as the foot walks.

Finally one day John Emerson passed by the cattle pen. John was all dressed up for the role of the Senior Alving, in "Ghosts." He had on evening clothes, and a red ribbon across his chest.

Stroheim gathered the remnants of his nerve together and stopped Emerson. He informed him that the red ribbon thing looked all right in Hollywood, but it wouldn't get by in Norway where it was supposed to belong. He offered to prepare a real red ribbon for Emerson and was given permission. But in order to fix a red ribbon one must have a red ribbon to fix and in order to get red ribbons one must have monies with which to buy them.

Stroheim borrowed enough from his landlady to get the ribbon.

This started him on his career in pictures. He was picked by Emerson as assistant director for "Old Heidelberg." Then he went back to the cattle pen, and waited for another chance.

Some time later he had an inspiration. He determined to beard Griffith in his den and try and get a real position.

Griffith was at the Alexandria. Stroheim had one of his foreign calling cards, a dress suit that had escaped pawnshop and "four bits" in money. With this sumptuous production he went to the Alexandria and finally secured an audience. Griffith promised him a chance and two or three days later Stroheim started on his upward journey when John Emerson took him to New York as his assistant director in a Fairbanks picture, and for two years thereafter in many other big photoplays.

Stroheim says he will never forget the day of his departure. Emerson hauled him around town in a taxi and paid off his few pitiful debts. Then the young actor went to his little hall room and wrapped up both his shirts and his extra collar in a newspaper and reported at the train for the trip to the foot of the rainbow.

Someone to Write to

Editor PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir

I thought I would write a letter that I would like to see published in your magazine so that some of its readers will write to me. I will answer all letters that I get.

I am a boy of eleven years and live on a farm. I am a cripple and have been in the wheel chair for three years. I have a broken leg and am not able to walk at all. My mother and father wheel me to the movies once in a while. Of all the stars I like Dorothy and Lillian Gish best. All I ever do is read magazines and write letters.

Hoping to receive a bunch of letters,

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Kipling Was Wrong

(Concluded from page 51)

pink and cream. Pink carpet. A tall pink urn in one corner near the tier of windows that art curtained in lace. The whole extremely conventional.

And the people who live in the house are quite as conventional. They've never been known to appear in the streets of Hollywood in kimonos nor sandals. They wear American tailor-made clothes, and they've never traveled in the rickshaw, because their garage houses three things: a perfectly good American chauffeur and two town cars,—one a little roadster.

And the Hayakawas, moreover, have a penchant for society. They entertain lavishly quite often, and in fact, whenever any particularly startling personage arrives in Los Angeles, it's quite de rigueur, as the society editors always say, for him to be feted by the screen's very own Nipponese.

Tsuru Aoki, however, is quite the most American of the two. She speaks English fluently, without an accent. She likes American things, and reads American literature. Her husband, although he is late of the University of Chicago, has the peculiar Nipponese lilt in his voice as he forms his words. His ambition, he says, is to write poetry—in his native tongue.

"I can think of so much more to say," he remarks.

But, enough of this spoiling the illusion. When he talks about his plays he says how extremely difficult it is for him to get vehicles that are Oriental, and yet have an Occidental appeal. Japanese legends aren't at all satisfactory. They're not dramatic enough, and they're too genre, too strictly local, without enough universal appeal.

"Ses-shoe," as his wife affectionately terms him, impresses the casual observer at once as representing the very best in Japanese. He's very quiet, albeit opinionated, with a low voice and a rather reticent smile. At times, he's coldness personified; again, he's the quintessence of jollity. Always reserved, however, and always poised. His wife is exuberant most of the time, generally smiling, and not particularly the serious type that her husband is. And yet, as she confided to me, they're "perfect pals," and what he thinks, she thinks.

Hayakawa, friends tell me, is of old Samurai lineage, and "samurai," the dictionary informs, is Japanese for aristocracy. His father, retired from business, was quite wealthy. Sessue, in his younger days, was brought up with the prevailing Japanese respect for military training. In fact, he adds that his desire was to be a naval officer. He attended the Imperial Academy at Tokyo, later saw service in the navy, and finally,—went onto the stage in Nippon.

But his wife says that the reason he felt the lure of the footlights,—if they have 'em in Japan,—was because he read a novel! A novel that has since been translated into English (I don't give its name, because I can't spell it), and is quite full of thrills like Pearl White used to give us, only Japanese thrills, naturally. Sessue got so excited over the dramatic values of the work that he decided the navy was too tame for him. Shortly after he'd perused the work he met an actor,—and here you have in a nutshell his "breaking into the game."

Mrs. Hayakawa, however, was more or less born into the theater. Her aunt was the distinguished Mme. Satta Yacco, the reformer of the Japanese Theater, and her still more distinguished uncle, Kawakimi, was until his death the owner of the Imperial Theater of Japan. Once Mme. Yacco and Kawakimi brought a company of Japanese players to this country on their way

to the Paris Exposition. Tsuru Aoki was among the number. But in San Francisco they rather frowned upon the sight of a six-year-old on the stage. Which changed the course of her life and made her the adopted daughter of the artist, T. Aoki, who has designed probably more stage settings in this country than any other member of his race.

It was after Sessue Hayakawa had spent some time in the University of Chicago, and his love of the stage and worship of the great Danjuro, the marvelous Japanese histrion, had prompted him to work in the precarious Japanese theater in Los Angeles in an endeavor accurately to record Shakespeare in the tongue of his countrymen, that he met Tsuru Aoki, who was acting before the camera for Thomas H. Ince. She had studied dancing, singing, and was considered quite a success. In fact, she intended to return to Nippon and proceed with the work there of revolutionizing that country's theater, much in the same manner as her aunt, Mme. Yacco, had been doing.

The two had the same ideals; they were lone workers in a country that while not strange, wasn't home. They adored their Art. Finally they fell in love with each other and were married. Later she got him into pictures; he made "The Typhoon," which "made" him, and now you read his name in big letters on the billboards, in such plays as "The Courageous Coward," and "The Bond of Honor."

Ever since they've been married,—and it's nearly six years now,—the Hayakawas have kept up their study. He has written poetry in Japanese. Some day, he says, he may write in English, but inasmuch as he isn't as thoroughly conversant with our tongue, he'll not attempt to express himself poetically in it. Tsuru Aoki, who has been his leading woman for the last two years, has branched away from him professionally, and now heads her own Universal company. All the time that she has played with him, she has had her voice cultivated, and while she herself holds out no hopes for the concert stage, she sings beautifully.

Hayakawa's great ambition is to epitomize the history of his country in films. Some day, he says, he will make such a picture,—some day when he has the million-odd dollars that it will cost. He will call the film "The Open Door," and he will show Japan in her relations with foreign countries, from the time of 3000 B. C. There will be pictured the Korean invasion of 600 B. C., the quarrel of the advocates of Shinto and Buddha when the latter were making a fight for religious supremacy in Japan; the visualization of the Russo-Japanese war; the argument over the trade rights with Holland, and the coming of the Christian era. Nothing domestic; all national, from the time that the world was old, until today, and the signing of the peace treaty.

And Mrs. Hayakawa, the dainty, humming-birdlike person who so adores her "Ses-shoe," will help him, she says. In her old age she will collect his historical material and make him the chop suey that he likes with his dinner. And when he is tired after his day's work, she will do as she does now,—she will sing a little lilting song to him about plum trees in bloom and birds in the trees. They are going to write an American play together some day, and in the dim future Sessue expects to go back to Japan on the stage. But it will only be a passing visit. He loves America. Everything about him is American, particularly his wife.

As I have said, Mr. Kipling was very wrong. The West isn't West, as far as the Hayakawas are personally concerned!

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An Interview in the Air

(Concluded from page 37.)

"I do not believe," he went on, "in making too great a fuss over things. For instance, I am a great believer in goodness and virtue, but if a woman has made a false step, as it is called, I don't see anything to agonize over. She has had an experience, and if she only knows how to profit by her mis-step, she will become all the better.

"Anyhow, the best thing for her to do, in my opinion, is to forget it. Everyone else will forget it too. The 'ruined woman' is out of style; as out of style as the woman of the Victorian era who used to faint at every little alarm. The only reason why a fallen woman shouldn't get up again lies in her own foolishness; not the opinion of the world. Society will forget as soon as she will let it.

"There is a stronger thing in life than love, and that is friendship. Friendship can exist with passion. Some people would say that that makes love, but from what I have heard called love I do not think so. My wife and I are friends, comrades in every sense of the word, true partners in life. And we do not in any way restrict each other's liberty. She has a sense of humor as keen as my own and for two people to be able to laugh at the same things is the best guarantee of happiness."

There was a pause; once more the engine roared, and we rose. Then he shut off the motor and volplaned; an interesting and thrilling sensation. I was always thrilled when the motor was off and always relieved to hear it start again. After this we did another figure eight, and then he warned me, "Don't be afraid," and, shutting off the motor started to dive straight downward. This was my second uncomfortable moment, and my third came a little later; just before we landed. I smelt gasoline. "Good Lord!" I thought, "Maybe we've sprung a leak and are going to catch fire!" I turned towards Mr. de Mille: "I smell gasoline!"

"What?"
 Mine was, you know, the listening end of the speaking tube. Even with the motor off the wind made so much noise that he couldn't hear me though I yelled my little loudest. Finally, in desperation, I resorted to sign language, alternately holding my nose and then pointing vigorously to the motor.
 "Oh, that's all right!" he said laughing, and a few minutes later we landed.

Going back to the studio the automobile seemed—tame? No, speedy in comparison.

Rescued from the River

(Concluded from page 75.)

and wonderful years they were.

"But I was not advancing. Some people leave comedies because of too much plaster of paris shortening in the pies, others because of further peculiar requirements in that business. The American desire to see debutantes slide on banana peels has discouraged many a promising comedienne. The spirit was willing but the flesh wouldn't hold out. Others have quit under orders from their doctors.

"I quit because I realized that to be a great comedienne you have to be born for it. There was very little comedy in Beaver, Utah, the day I was born.

"I tried to get into drama but I couldn't do it at that time, so I made the step that so many people trying to break from comedies take on the upward or downward dramatic path. I went in for Westerns.

"I was shot at by villains, rode horses until I got sea sick every time I drove past a bay field, and finally was playing character leads to a redwood log in the middle of the river when the Miracle Man began to work at his trade and pulled me out."

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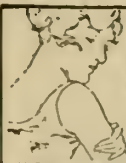
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Eyes of Youth

(Continued from page 55)

this dinky town. My life's a failure. I'm going to the city. I've been robbed of five of the best years of my life."

The mist of the crystal faded, and the Yogi became distinct, as Gina heard Anthony calling to her. She went into the drawing room. There he again impulsively asked her to marry him.

"I saw in the crystal," she said to him, "what a mistake I would make. I can't."

And Anthony went to his home, dejected. Gina, however, returned to the Yogi on the veranda, and begged him to tell her about her operatic career.

"We shall see in the crystal," he said, and Gina saw a ship about to leave for Europe. She was going aboard with the impresario De Salvo, but his wife did not appear.

"She has not been with me for ten years," he told Gina when the ship had left the dock. "Now, I am to have you, my pretty."

In Europe, Gina was the plaything of the schemer, but her studies were successful, and she was prima donna of a company. One night her star tenor could not appear. She would sing with no other. The appeals of the manager were in vain, and when he appeared with the Maestro De Salvo in an attempt to make her sing, she drove them from the room. Her younger sister, Rita, who was in the audience, went to her and asked her to reconsider, and Kenneth, who was studying at the university, appealed to her to nullify the scandals against her good name. She stopped him in a fury.

"My salary wouldn't even buy the clothes I wear," she told him, "much less educate you."

Despairing, he drew a revolver, and threatened to kill himself. She wrested it from him, and it fell to the floor. Her maestro returned at that moment, and Gina told her brother the story of her shame at his hands.

"God!" said the latter, "I'll kill him."

Kenneth and De Salvo fought, and the maestro died, and—the mist in the crystal cleared, and Gina found herself trembling and unhappy.

"Miss Gina," a suave voice said to her in the hallway, "I have come for my answer." It was Paolo De Salvo.

For a moment Gina hesitated. Her father was ruined, she thought, and it behooved her to save the family. There were Kenneth's education and Rita's gowns and—

"If anything happens to Gina in Paris I'll come over and kill her," suddenly threatened Kenneth. "And then I'll kill Mister De Salvo."

"Oh, Kenneth, my boy," Gina sobbed. "I'm not going to Paris. I can't thank you enough, Signor, but I'm not going."

Gina, when she looked for the last time into the depths of the crystal, saw herself married to Goring, who shortly after the marriage, tired of her.

One day a message came that her husband was injured in an automobile accident.

"He is at Pearson's," the message said, "in the room of Farquhar, the dancer."

And Gina, her soul stirred, hurried to the notorious roadhouse on the outskirts of the city, and proceeded at once to the apartment of the tango celebrity.

"It's all right," he said, leering at her. "Your husband is in another room, terribly hurt. They'll bring him here in a moment."

As he spoke, the dancing man turned the key in the door, and stepped toward Gina. She crouched in the chair, but he dragged her to her feet and ripped the gown from her shoulders. As he pinned her against the wall, a key turned somewhere, the door opened, and two detectives with Goring stepped into the room.

In court Gina could offer no defense. Her reward for fidelity was a leer from



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Eyes of Youth

(Concluded)

Farquhar, and the looks of the other women in the courtroom as she passed down the aisle, a disgraced, crushed woman.

Gradually, through shame she took the fatal drug, although she kept her honor and hated men. Her only pleasure was to stand by the door of the fashionable Ritz in New York, and one evening, as she watched the throng of smart people, one of the women dropped her purse.

Gina picked it up quickly, although she didn't keep it. Rather, handed it to a detective who had been watching her, and to whom, because he was kind to her, she told her story. Before its completion, the escort of the woman who lost her chate-laine returned in quest of it. He looked down at Gina, and when she gave it to him, he recognized her.

"Peter!" she cried. "You haven't forgotten me! And you've been a success!"

"I have never forgotten you," he added simply. "I love you, Gina. You are the same that you used to be, except that you are ill," were his words. "Come with me, where I can care for you, and where I can win back the love that I have lost." . . .

V

THE mist faded in the light of an automobile that, coming up the driveway, flooded Gina and the Yogi in a golden ray. It drew up to the veranda, and a man,—Peter,—stepped forth. Gina ran to him, and before she could think, she was in his arms.

"You've come to me!" she cried. "I'm so happy—so happy."

"Was what you said on the telephone—true?" he asked, as he kissed her. "You couldn't have meant it?"

"I thought I did," she confessed, weakly. "I—guess—I didn't, though."

"Say," interrupted her father, who could be heard coming down the hall. "What's all this light? Is there a fire? Gina, come here."

Judson, who had been standing behind Gina, at that moment stepped forward. Ashling surveyed him, and the sneer that was at first on his lips, died away.

"My daughter told me about you this morning," he said to Peter. "I wish you luck."

"Father!" was what Gina started to say, happy.

"Do as you like," Ashling rejoined, "you have my blessing. By the way, did you happen to learn from that Hindoo what is to become of my business?"

"No, daddy, I did not," his daughter said, "but it seems to me that you might take Kenneth—"

"Kenneth? Oh, I'd forgotten about him," Ashling recollected. "I guess I might as well take him in with me, as I can't afford to send him back to school. But he'll drive me crazy with that efficiency talk of his. I'm going to bed. Wish you joy, young folks."

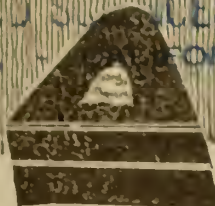
And as Peter again kissed Gina the Yogi slipped away into the black night.

"With the eyes of youth," he said to himself, "she has found the path of her duty. And she has seen the Truth."

Those Clever Foreigners

THE man this joke is on is away up in the "fillum" business. He was walking on Fifth Avenue and in front of the Public Library he met some Australian soldiers and engaged them in conversation. All of a sudden he asked them how long they had been in this country. "Two weeks," replied one of the Kangaroos. "Well, I'll be darned!" said the film magnate. "You picked up English quicker than any foreigners I ever saw."

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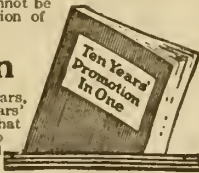
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Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 88)

D. V. M., EL DORADO.—Bill Farnum is with Fox. Louise Lovely is his leading woman in "The Last of the Duanees." The William Farnums have a little adopted daughter, Olive. Both Bill and Dorothy Dalton will send you pictures if you enclose a quarter. I haven't heard that Bill Fox's Farnum is going to retire.

SYBIL MACKAY. — School-girls? I have many of them among my correspondents. Let me warn you, however, never to write letters to me during office—I mean school—hours. I will admit that letters written in the forbidden period are much more piquant than those written at home, with no vigilant professor standing by. Suit yourself. Mary Pickford, Pickford studios in Hollywood. I am sure she will send you her autographed photograph, and you don't have to enclose stamps or anything.

UNCLE DUDLEY. — Are you the original "Tell me" guy? If you are a boy of fourteen who loves horses you haven't a chance to succeed in the movies. If there is one person who, more than another, stands absolutely no chance of breaking in, it's a boy of fourteen who, etc. As the son of the leading man in western plays? Listen: the leading man never has a son. You can't be a good fan or you'd have known that.

E. E. C., STANFORD UNIVERSITY.—Mahlon Hamilton with Mary Pickford in "Daddy Longlegs." Harold Lockwood died of the influenza. Write to Anita Stewart for a picture, care First National Exhibitors Circuit. She's in New York now.

PATTY BY REQUEST.—Don't worry; I seldom get excited. I manage to keep cool in all sorts of weather—especially when I can look out the window and see a blanket of snow spread over the housetops. Gloria Swanson is with DeMille, and she's featured with Tom Meighan in "Why Change Your Wife," another of Cecil's matrimonial screen discussions.

HARRISON FORD ENTHUSIAST.—I hesitate to tell you that you are not unique among my contributors, either in your preference for Mr. Ford or for pale-blue stationery. I like both, however, so rave away. Ford is with Lasky now, not Select. He doesn't plan to re-join the Constance Talmadge company that I am aware. Bebe Daniels and Harold Lloyd are not married, to each other or anyone else.

CLINTON B., HAMBURG, ARK.—Your town has no native film actors that I know of. I hope you are not being merely facetious. Edna Purviance with the Charles Chaplin company. Clarine Seymour is the "Cutie Beautiful" of the Griffith production. She is a gypsy girl in "Scarlet Days," the David Wark romance of the early days in California. Dick Barthelmess, Ralph Graves and Eugenie Besserer are all in this one.

FAY B., KEY WEST.—The sister of Jack Holt in "A Midnight Romance" with Anita Stewart was Helen Yoder. I do not know of her previous or present film work.

EUNICE R., VIVIAN, LA.—Johnny Dooley, the handsome toreador of the burlesque on "Carmen" in the present edition of the Ziegfeld Follies—no, I haven't seen them, either, but I've heard about 'em from fortunate friends who journey to Manhattan ostensibly on business—made some screen comedies.

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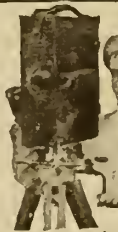


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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

K. L. F., AUSTIN, TEXAS.—I agree with you in everything you say except that I am too polite. I did not know I was polite at all. You see, it is second nature with me. Your opinion is correct in the other matter, however. Virginia Pearson is Mrs.

Sheldon Lewis and she quite recovered from the auto accident of some months ago. Her latest for her own company is "Impossible Kate."

MAJORIE B.—Dreany Daniels is indeed a new name for me. Mary Pickford is Mrs. Owen Moore, Alice Joyce, Mrs. Tom Moore. Owen is with Selznick—"Piccadilly Jim" by Pelham Grenville Wodehouse will be his first. Tom Moore is in Goldwyn pictures; "Heartsease" is one of his films.

L. J. LaROQUE, MONTREAL.—I am not sure I get what you mean. I have no catalogue of Questions and Answers. You must read these columns month by month for information. Several readers have suggested that we put the answers in book form; is that what you mean? Well, you'll have to make that suggestion to friend Editor; I'm much too modest.

MELVIN G. DAVIS, MILLEVILLE.—So far as I have been able to ascertain, none of the Sennett squab are matrimonially engaged. Marie Prevost and Phyllis Haver are singly blessed. Katherine MacDonald has been married—to Malcolm Strauss the artist. Wanda Hawley is married to J. Burton Hawley, who I believe is engaged in the garage business in Los Angeles.

IRENE FISHER, QUEBEC.—I don't like very pretty girls, anyway, Irene; so don't you worry about your freckles and unnaturally curly hair. I like freckles. I have a plentiful bridge of them across my own nose. Yes, Mrs. Castle married again, a very short time after her husband's death, Robert Treman. Then there was another ceremony performed when Irene got back from abroad. This news only leaked out a little while ago.

ELIZABETH G., BALTIMORE.—"Neal of the Navy" was made by Balboa; it's a serial of several years back. In it the late William Courtleigh, Jr., was the lead, and Lillian Lorraine, the beautiful Ziegfeldian was the heroine. Miss Lorraine hasn't done much picture-work since then. PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is the only magazine published by The Photoplay Publishing Company. Julian Johnson is the editor.

ALICE, JARDEN.—I never saw anything like your curiosity over Pearl White's complexion? Are her eyes green? Great guns—I don't know. I told someone else this month the color of Pearl's hair. She will send you a picture; she's very obliging that way.

IVAN W. M., ELWOOD.—Faire is the younger Binney. She was also in "Sporting Life" with Constance and has appeared in a late picture called "Open Your Eyes" with Gaston Glass. Neither of the Binneys is married. Constance's first for Realart is "Erstwhile Susan" which will be changed back to the original title of the book "Barnabette." Mary Atten plays Susan. The Binneys have an apartment in New York; but write Constance care Realart, address given elsewhere.

JOHNNY HINES ADMIRER.—He was with World last. He lives in New York and yes, that smile is just as infectious in still life as it is in the movies.



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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

MARIE B., SAN SALVADOR.—My salary is not much but it means a lot to me. Someone has said salary is a chorus-girl's pin money, but I could not live without mine—nor can I live on it, for that matter. You saw Anita Stewart take scenes for "In Old Kentucky" did you? She is married to Rudolph Cameron, who manages her—business affairs. Lucille Lee Stewart is now with Fox, acting opposite Bill Russell in "Eastward, Ho!" She is Mrs. Ralph Ince.

L. C., WINNIPEG.—I never wear ties with dots. That's a gross libel. You liked "Peggy Does Her Darndest" and want to see more Metros like it. I'll have to speak to Richard Rowland about that.

G. X. R., SOUTH BELLINGHAM, WASH.—Some are born humorists; others go to vaudeville shows. I have often heard that one implying that the Indians—who sold Manhattan Island in the first place for twenty-five dollars and a bottle of rum—could buy it back for a bottle of rum, and no questions asked. Annette Kellerman isn't making pictures just at present.

GRACE THOMAS, WEBSTER GROVE.—Eleven-year-olds are among the things that make living worth while. At eleven, you are quaint and self-conscious, awkward—adorably so—and inclined to admire ladies of the colorful type of La Dalton. I assure you I think Dorothy is beautiful. One of her latest is "The White Rook." Write to her, care Famous Players-Lasky's home office: 485 Fifth Avenue, New York, as she is in the east now.

DOT OF THE HIGH HEELS.—Why do you wear them? Did you hear that Irene Castle's latest Famous Players-Lasky release is entitled, "Should a Wife Forgive?" Dorothy Phillips' new Universal is "The Right to Happiness." Thank you for all the nice things you say about us.

OLGA OF SYDNEY.—Jack Gardner who played in "The Land of the Long Shadows" for Essanay isn't in pictures just now. He is married to Louise Dresser, well-known in the legitimate.

PAT, VICTORIA.—Charles Chaplin's infant son died. Mildred Harris-Chaplin will begin work around the first of the year, for Louis B. Mayer productions. She is only about eighteen. Sonia Markova is no more—she has changed her name back to Gretchen Hartman and her latest for the films is "The House without Children" in which Richard Travers, late of Essanay also appears, and "The Bandbox" a forthcoming Doris Kenyon picture. Miss Hartman is Mrs. Allan Hale in private life.

ESTHER BOBBY, SANDUSKY.—He was born in New York, was Monroe Salisbury, but when he doesn't say. He studied art and music, in boyhood; he has been on the stage since 1898, although his late years have been spent making canned drama. Salisbury has acted with Richard Mansfield, Mrs. Fiske, and John Drew. He is with Universal.

LILLIAN OF THE VALLEY.—I am not conceited. Every time I find myself swelling over some particularly nice letter—such as yours—I go have a manicure and then look at myself. And it never lasts. Besides, you girls are only kidding me half the time, aren't you? Aren't you? (anxiously). Al Ray is Charlie's cousin. Dustin is the elder of the two Farnum brothers:



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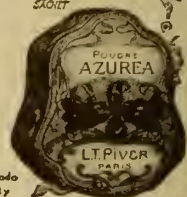
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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

CHARLOTTE V. P. OAKLAND.—If I divulged my age to you you say you would only repeat it to three other people, all told.

ALVIN K. MILWAUKEE.—You're a nice kid. Mary Miles Minter is, at this writing, admittedly seventeen and a half. Her birthday is April 1. Margaret Shelby is her brunette sister. Mary's real name is Juliet Shelby. Drop in any time—like a blimp, or something.

ALPHA, PHILADELPHIA.—Well, I have heard of an undertaker who also advertises a new life-saving device—getting them, it might be said, both coming and going. Cleo Madison is back. Ethel Barrymore is Mrs. Russell Colt. That picture is very old so I will look it up and let you know later.

BEN L., CAL.—Miriam Cooper, June Caprice, Mae Murray, Marjorie Rambeau have not retired. Miss Cooper was lately seen in "Evangeline" for Fox; Miss Murray is with Famous-Lasky in "On With the Dance." June is doing "Little Mother Hubbard" for Capellani, while Miss Rambeau is coming back to the screen under the same direction. Cleo Ridgely is now Mrs. James Horne, retired. Forbes Robertson is on the stage in England.

ROBERTA C., PETERBOROUGH, N. H.—How can I carry all your letters and pictures in my heart pocket without spoiling my manly figure? That's carrying devotion a bit too far. Write to me often if I make you feel so devilishly bohemian. Bill Hart isn't married yet.

R. C., PHILADELPHIA.—If I made an appointment with you I would keep it. I never make appointments if I'm not sure I'll be there. Consequently, I have very few engagements. But if you're ever in Chicago, look me up. Pearl White, Charles Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, and Wallace Reid all have been known to send out pictures.

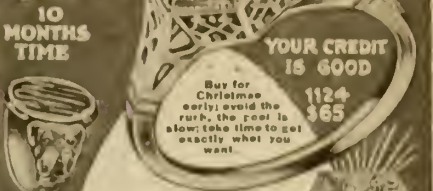
FLORENCE R., HOUSTON, MINN.—I wish I could tell you the story of my life; but it's a long sad one and would take up more space than I have to fill. Meanwhile I'll vouchsafe the short and snappy information that Hazel Dawn is still "Up in Mabel's Room."

C. G., DENVER.—Indifference is a qualification I have never cultivated. I cannot sit and watch the world and remain untouched and unappreciative. So I may have taken a long time to answer you, but I am never indifferent. PHOTOPLAY has had pictures of Lois Weber. The angles of old Triangle were Griffith, Ince, and Sennett. Thanks for voting me a holiday. Wish I could take it.

FRANCES T., CONWAY.—Yes, I think Clarence Seymour is popular. When she appears more often there is no doubt she will be a favorite. Florence Vidor opposite Sessue Hayakawa in "The Honor of His House." Vivian Martin in "You Never Saw Such a Girl," from a story which appeared in The Ladies Home Journal.

CLARE MCD., DALLAS.—There are many things behind the screen that we wot not of—and indeed, why should we? There must be a few trade secrets that the public doesn't know about. You would not be a bit thrilled by a spectacular train wreck or a film fire if you knew just how it was done. So you are crazy about Jules Raucourt because he seems so temperamental? I don't know about that, but he is a good actor. He's in Belgium now, you know.

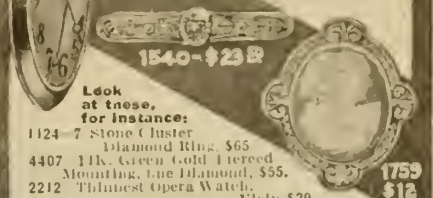
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Questions and Answers

(Concluded)

STELLA L., LA SALLE, ILLINOIS.—That's a unique idea: that I could make more money by blackmailing the people who write to me. Ralph Graves is not married; didn't you read our story about the young man? Please don't repeat any gossip; I have the back of the proverbial duck when it comes to the dirty water of scandal.

GLADYS NYC.—I should say that the Famous Players-Lasky corporation and all its branches employ more actors than any other concern. Elsie and Casson Ferguson are not related. Neva Gerber is co-starring with Ben Wilson, in a serial which Ben directed, "The Trail of the Octopus."

H. E. H., GREYMOUTH, NEW ZEALAND.—I am very wary—and weary—of some advertisements. I know I have got a good memory, that I do not need one of those courses which makes you proficient in everything from remembering your wife's birthday to entertaining with a few pleasant parlor tricks—but when I have read the ads. I become resigned, write out the coupon, and send in my money just the same. You seem to remember Mary Thurman pretty well—and I don't need a memory course for that, either. She's in drama now. Marie Prevost is still with Sennett, in California.

PORTO RICAN FAN.—I've heard from you before. I have a remarkable memory for writing-paper. Robert Leonard is directing now and directors never get into PHOTOPLAY as often as actors. Ella Hall hasn't been playing for some time now; she's married. The Bushmans are going on the stage.

E. B. D., JEBSEY.—You don't absolutely have to be pretty to be an actress or a stenographer; but a pretty woman photographs better than a homely one, and a pretty key-pounder makes up for her own topographical errors. Constance Talmadge has her own film company now, releasing her pictures through First National.

E. M. M., NEW YORK CITY.—"I. R."—initials requested. George Walsh is married to Seena Owen, the lovely blonde "Princess Beloved" of "Intolerance." The wife of another Walsh—brother Raoul, the director—is Miriam Cooper, the "Friendless One" of the modern episode in the same Griffith picture. The George Walshes have one little girl. The Raoul Walshes have adopted a little boy.

M. F., MAYWOOD.—You aren't far from this Windy City, are you? If I ever hear that Constance Talmadge or Mabel Normand or Doug are coming through here I'd be glad to let you know, if there would be time for you to get here to see them. Yep—I've met them all. Miss Normand is with Goldwyn, Culver City. Chaplin has his own studios.

ETHELYN, POWHATTAN, LA.—Molly King is married to Kenneth Dade Alexander. She has a sister, Nellie, and a brother Charles, who is very well-known on the musical comedy and vaudeville stages. Charles is doing a variety act now, on the big-time. He is married to Lila Rhodes. The Dolly Sisters are in New York right now. Jack Pickford, Goldwyn, Culver City.

A DIZZY CADET, FORT WORTH.—Eric von Stroheim thinks all the women will hate him because of his bad film record, but Eric doesn't know much about the disposition of a female's admiration, evidently. He was the hun in "Heart of Humanity," a German lieutenant in "Hearts of the World." The picture which he wrote, directed, and acted in himself "The Pinnacle" has been changed in title to "Blind Husbands." Ah well.

SCOTTY.—Don't call me "your brow lad." I much prefer my original title. And it's been so long since anyone called me anything but Answer Man I don't remember any other. Jack Holt's wife isn't a screen actress.

EVELYN D. H., NEW YORK.—I liked your picture very much indeed. Did you do that tating on your waist? Or is it tating? My time is precious—and without the question-mark after precious, young lady—but with your smiling face before me I haven't the heart to neglect your questions. Write O'Brien care Selznick Pictures Corporation, 720 Seventh Avenue. Don't lose your best girl-friend in an argument over Eugene's scornful bearing. It isn't a pose and he isn't stuck-up.

EDNA W., PITTSBURG, KANSAS.—If I'm not married then why do I refuse to send girls my photograph? Discounting the apparent flippancy of such a question, I might say, modestly, that it is because I don't want to be married. I don't have to advertise my blues in the matrimonial news, either. I'm sure I don't know whether or not Grace Cunard and Joe Moore are separated.

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of Photoplay Magazine published monthly at Chicago, Illinois for October 1, 1919.

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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 433, 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. Hodgkins, Chicago, Ill.; Wilbert Shallenherzer, 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 for 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 any stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this 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 mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is..... (This information is required from daily publications only.) E. M. COLVIN, President.

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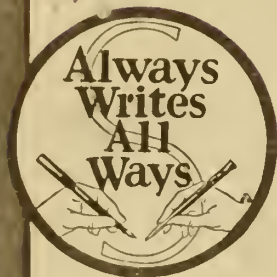
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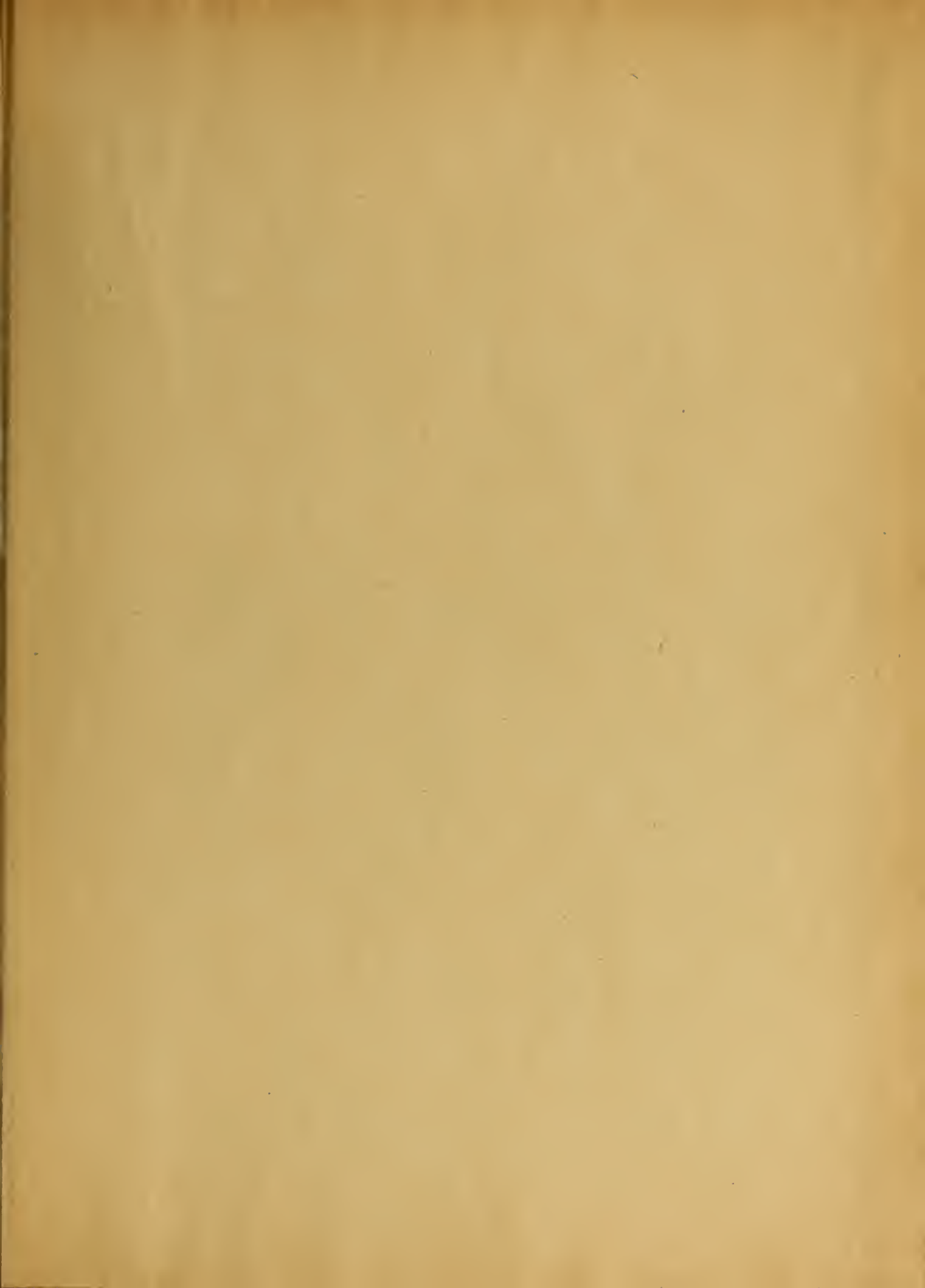
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