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February

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VOL. XI

No. 3

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EDWIN M. COLVIN, Pres.

ROBERT M. EASTMAN, Sec.-Treas.

JAMES R. QUIRK, Vice-Pres. and Gen. Mgr.

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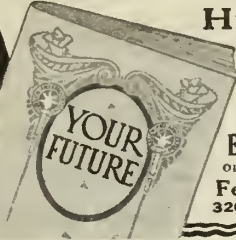
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ALAN FORREST

has so many admirers that it will be wise to get right down to the important facts at once-- he is a native of Ohio, 26 years old; he was married last August to Anna Little, and he has black hair and brown eyes. Now his career: For three years he played vaudeville and stock before going into screen work in 1912 with Universal. Lubin had him two years and recently he has been appearing in Mutual dramas opposite Mary Miles Minter.



HELEN JEROME EDDY

for several months improved the scenery around the University of California. Now, although only 19, she is playing in Morosco films after some preliminary experience in vaudeville and with Lubin. Among other plays she has appeared in "The Tongues of Men," "The Code of Marcia Gray" and "Pasquale." She loves horseback riding, motoring, and Los Angeles where her home is. Important addenda: brown eyes, brown hair, 130 pounds, unmarried.



GLADYS HULETTE

has been acting since she was two years old, and hasn't grown tired of it yet. You may never have heard of Arcade, N. Y., but that is where she was born nevertheless. She was educated by private tutors and learned a lot about life with De Wolf Hopper in "Wang," Nazimova in "The Doll's House" and Kalich in "The Kreutzer Sonata." She joined Vitagraph in 1910 and is now with Thanhouser. She recently shone in "The Shine Girl."



HARRY HILLIARD

started out to be a sawbones in the Miami Medical College but got switched off to the stage, and before he knew it, almost, was appearing with such stars as Lackaye, Dixey and Marie Dressler in the legitimate. Then the inevitable cinema claimed him, and he has been with Fox since December, 1915. "The Strength of the Weak" and "Merely Mary Ann" had him in their casts. He was Romeo to Juliet Bara in the Fox Shakespearean revival.



JOHN BOWERS

played opposite Mary Pickford in "The Eternal Grind," "Hulda from Holland" and other photodramas during an eventful screen career which includes services with Metro and World, as well as Famous Players. The latter pays his salary now. Six years of stage experience gave him a valuable foundation for the leads he plays in pictures. He's another one of those brunettes that the cinemas prefer; is 6 feet tall and is 175 pounds of real American.



Witzel photo

BESSIE BARRISCALE

is up among the top ones of Triangle's six best sellers as a shining star in the Ince constellation. She came to the screen well equipped in stage learning, making her first camera appearance in "The Rose of the Rancho," an early Lasky. Then she went over to Ince. Miss Barriscale is equally effective in emotional and comedy roles as witness her artistry in "The Cup of Life" and "Plain Jane," "The Payment" and "The Corner in Colleens." She is 26.



LOUISE FAZENDA

sounds like the name of a harem beauty, but as a matter of fact Miss Fazenda was born in Lafayette, Indiana, which is a long way from Constantinople. Her parents were Dutch and French which probably accounts for the temperament that makes their daughter a successful comedienne in Keystone plays. Of course stage training in road companies helped. Miss Fazenda loves the outdoors, and although an ash blonde with hazel eyes, is unmarried.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

February, 1917

Vol. XI, No. 3

Harvesting the Serial

AN INTERESTING COMPILATION
OF FACTS ABOUT THE GREAT
MONEY MAKER OF THE MOVIES

By Alfred A. Cohn

Author of "Waste," etc.

"READ it in the Record; See it at the Strand!"

It seems a long time since we first glimpsed this "command" slogan. It is a long time in motion picture history, but in reality it was just yesterday—a brief three years ago. The serial idea itself was conceived but a little more than four years ago, although the basic principle dates back further than definite history picks up the world's story. Edison and Selig and Pathe may quarrel over the fatherhood of the serial, but Scheherazade was its mother. There is no dispute about that. And her record—A Thousand and One Episodes—has

never been approached. But we cannot go back too far as we are dealing with the visual, animated serial and not the oral one. Besides, Selig and Pathe and Edison were never in danger of having their heads lopped off by a wicked Caliph.

Authorities agree that the first serial came from the Edison plant and that the first continuous thriller came from Los Angeles via the Selig Zoo-Studio. The former was "What Happened to Mary;" the latter, "The Adventures of Kathlyn." After that serial history, chronologically speaking, becomes a jumble, a mad scramble and a piling up of golden shekels; a wild



Kathlyn Williams and Tom Santschi in "The Adventures of Kathlyn."



A new and striking pose of Kathlyn Williams, heroine of the first "stunt" serial. She is now a star in the Famous Players—Lasky—Morosco constellation.

search for weird or original ideas, and stars that could draw dimes into the box-office till. Some concoctions were veritable mints for their producers and backers. Conversely, there were some tremendous flivvers. The serial harvest in one instance would be a plethora of gold; the next venture, a harvest of vain regrets.

Perhaps the simplest way to discuss the serial's history is in chronological form. At any rate it should be better understood if told in narrative form, so here goes:

"What Happened to Mary," the first of all screened continuous stories, was a series rather than a serial, with Mary Fuller and Marc McDermott playing the leads. Edison produced it with the cooperation of "The Ladies' World" in which the stories were published prior to their screening. Frederick L. Collins, then editor of that magazine, is credited with having conceived the idea. He is now prominently identified with the McClure syndicate and super-pictures. Horace G.

Plympton, then general manager of the Edison studio, wrote the scenarios.

The first "Mary" series was followed by "Who Will Marry Mary" and "Dolly of the Daillies," also with Mary Fuller. But there were no elaborate advertising campaigns and the general public did not get very well acquainted with "Mary."

Then the daily newspapers stepped in, coincident with the coming of the adventurous Kathlyn. It is said that Col. William Selig's original motive in putting forth the Kathlyn serial was based on his desire to utilize his collection of wild animals which was being brought together in Los Angeles. He had also built a tropical zoo in that city, which is now

one of the most beautiful showplaces of Southern California. Of course he was also prompted by the showman's idea of having a hold on the exhibitors for an extended period, thus assuring a good income for that length of time and permitting of a concentrated campaign of publicity. These form today the basic foundation of the serial's right to live.

The Chicago Tribune published the Kathlyn stories as they were written by Harold McGrath from the scenario of Gilson Willetts. In addition to printing them, the Tribune syndicated the Kathlyn stories to other newspapers in cities where the adventures were being exhibited.

These newspapers paid for the privilege of printing the stories. Now the producers pay the newspapers for publishing them. From this source alone, the Tribune is said to have cleared \$10,000. In addition the Tribune gained something like 60,000 new subscribers because of the Kathlyn stories. Later



A "still" from the original serial—"What Happened to Mary," with Mary Fuller and Marc McDermott.

that forehanded daily participated in the production and profits of "The Million Dollar Mystery." "The Diamond from the Sky" and other serials.

Few exhibitors of those days—the first release was Dec. 29, 1913—will forget how Kathlyn packed their houses. It was a gold mine for the theater owners and it was the means of bringing people into the movies who had previously scorned them. Kathlyn had thirteen episodes of two reels each, issued every two weeks. The exhibitor showing them "first run" paid \$15 a day. A few months ago several theaters paid \$1,000 a week for the privilege of showing "Gloria's Romance." Had "Kathlyn" had present day public-

ity advantages, she would have made millions for her backers. The history of this serial pioneer is not complete without some reference to those who played in it. Kathlyn Williams, of course, played the name part and with her were Tom Santschi and Charles Clary. Frank Grandon was director.



Marguerite Snow in "The Million Dollar Mystery."

Strangely enough, Colonel Selig never produced another serial. He thought he had skimmed the cream off of a new can of milk and that a repetition of the idea would be fruitless. All of which goes to show that one cannot always sometimes tell, even in the movie business.

But others liked the idea and two rival concerns started grinding out "The Million Dollar Mystery" and "The Perils of Pauline." They got into the market about the same time and were big winners. However, the "Mystery" still stands as the biggest money maker ever produced. The total bookings aggregated something like \$1,400,000 and the syndicate which financed it, divided net profits of \$600,000. The "Perils" came from Pathe and had the publicity backing of the Hearst newspapers, while the Chicago Tribune and a nation-wide syndicate of papers published the "Mystery" stories. The latter was in 23 episodes or chapters and there were 20 "Perils," from which Pearl escaped.

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The Thanhouser company, of which the late Charles J. Hite was then president produced "The Million Dollar Mystery" for the Syndicate Film Corporation. This company merely had the rights for the United States and Canada. Thanhouser now has it running in England where it has already made \$40,000 and it is also running in Japan, South America and British Honduras. The original first run releases went at \$25 a night, quite a raise over "Kathlyn," dropping to \$20 for the second week and tapering off to \$5 at the age of six months.

"The Mystery" consisted of 23 episodes of two reels each. All except the last were written by Lloyd Lonergan and the twenty-third was written by Miss Ida Damon of St. Louis who won the \$10,000 prize for the best ending. Mr. Lonergan also took an active part in the direction

It was in "The Perils of Pauline" that Pearl White got her real start to fame and fortune as a movie heroine. Supported by Crane Wilbur as the hero and Paul Panzer as the villain, she went through a series of thrills that are still a well remembered part of movie history. "The Perils" ran close to the million mark in total



"The Perils of Pauline" with Pearl White, Queen of the Serials.

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Six months were required in filming this big winner and because of the multiplicity of scenes mapped out for the millionaire's home, the Francis Wilson property at New Rochelle, N. Y., was purchased outright by the company.

Mr. Hite, who was the guiding spirit of the enterprise, died before it was completed. The syndicate shortly before had had his life insured for something like \$100,000.

The plot of the story was the well-proved formula of a pretty persecuted heroine with enemies more powerful than friends—at least until the climax—and it was embellished with a thrill or more for each chapter. The hero, a newspaper reporter, rescued the heroine at least once per episode. The heroine of the story, as all good movie fans recall, was Florence LaBadie, and the hero was Jimmie Cruze. Marguerite Snow was the lady "willun" and Sidney Bracey doubled as Millionaire Hargreaves and the butler who watched over the heroine.

This serial also started the craze for masked conspirators. There were two reasons for masking the crooks. First, of course, to make them appear thrillingly spooky, and the other—



Francis Ford and Grace Cunard in "Lucille Love."

Well, they were all "atmosphere"—extra people and because of the chance that some of them might get the idea that they were film Booths or Barretts, they were disguised, so that substitutions could be easily made.

Skipping back to the house of Pathe, which is one of the most incorrigible as

well as successful producers of serials, "The Perils of Pauline" proved such a hit that Pathe decided to place Pearl White in another serial. William Randolph Hearst was so well pleased with his initial dip into the film game that he increased his efforts. Two of his best magazine writers Arthur B. Reeve, author of the Craig Kennedy mystery stories and Charles Goddard, who has since become a successful playwright, furnished the "Exploits" and "Elaine" came to the screen, with the Hearst papers closely co-operating. As a concession to the demand for well known stage names, Arnold Daly was obtained for the leading male role and Sheldon Lewis, a well known stage heavy was induced to become the villain.

Of course you remember the mysterious "Clutching Hand" of that serial, the identity of which was successfully concealed until the last episode when it was disclosed as "Shelly" Lewis. The "Exploits" ran



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Lillian Lorraine and Wm. Courtleigh, Jr., in "Neal of the Navy."

for sixteen episodes and it was extended for eight additional episodes under the title "The New Exploits of Elaine." Edwin Arden was engaged for the new villain as Lewis had to be eliminated. Figures are not available but it is said that "Elaine" was a tremendous money maker. It is still doing a good business in Europe and other parts of the world as "The Mysteries of New York." Pearl White is probably as well known in Europe, Japan and the Dutch East Indies as she is at home and, because of little competition, even more of a favorite.

In the interests of chronological accuracy, we will skip to the Pacific Coast, where at Santa Barbara, the American Film Corporation was turning out "The Diamond from the Sky," a thirty chapter "novel" by Roy L. McCardell. It was the successor of "The Million Dollar Mystery" for the Chicago Tribune syndicate. This was the longest serial ever produced. McCardell won a \$10,000 prize for the scenario and a Chicago woman was recently awarded a like prize for the winning sequel. In this serial, Lottie Pickford, sister of the famed Mary, played the lead with Irving Cummings opposite. This was also a big moneymaker and the syndicate which financed it was well rewarded. The success of "The Dia-



Billie Burke and Henry Kolker in "Gloria's Romance."

mond" marked the beginning of the ascendancy of John R. Freuler in the film world.

And now we will skip back to the record flivver of the serials. It was originally christened "Zudora," a Thanhouser product, and was intended as a follow up on "The Million Dollar Mystery." The latter had done so well for the the-

ater people that the mere announcement of another serial by the same concern was enough to create a flood of applications from all points of the compass.

Theater owners in all parts of the country indulged in a grand rush for a chance to show the new serial.

Before an episode had been shown, the advance bookings on "Zudora," totalled more than \$750,000.

Several reasons are assigned for the failure of "Zudora." The most logical is that it took the hero of its predecessor, Jimmie Cruze and made a villain of him. Here we had a likable young fellow who during a period of a half year had been saving the heroine regularly every week and building up a strong following because of such performances. And lo, when he had become the idol, some mistaken impulse transformed him into a villainous creature, operating in an atmosphere of mysticism. No wonder the exhibitors fell over each other cancelling their bookings. Not even



Ruth Roland in "Who Pays?," a series rather than a serial from Balboa's studio.

change of the name to "The Twenty Million Dollar Mystery" availed. The conceiver of this idea probably argued that if a million dollar mystery could prove a winner a twenty million dollar mystery could make twenty times as much. "Runaway June," also released by Mutual, was also a flivver. "Social Pirates," a Kalem serial, was another.

All this time Universal was not asleep at the switch. "Lucille Love," with Francis Ford and Grace Cunard in the leading roles made its appearance during the summer of 1914 and Miss Cunard started after the "Queen of the Serial" honors with Pearl White. Pearl is still way in the lead though Helen Holmes is right on her trail. Universal followed with "The Trey o' Hearts," featuring Cleo Madison and George Larkin; then "The Black Box," by E. Phillips Oppenheim, "The Master Key" with Bob Leonard and Ella Hall; "The Broken Coin," with Ford and Cunard. Since that time Universal has turned out other serials, such as "Graft," "Peg of the Ring," "Liberty" and others. As a rule they have made more money for Universal than any other branch of production.

The high crest of the serial wave was reached just about a year ago when Billie Burke signed her name to a contract call-



Cleo Madison and George Larkin in "The Trey of Hearts."

ing for a salary of \$4,000 a week to play the lead in a twenty-chapter serial entitled "Gloria's Romance." A separate story, and an interesting one, could be written about this record-breaking production, but in this article only the high lights can be touched. Miss Burke drew in salary for her work in this story the sum of \$140,000. A like sum was spent in a well directed advertising campaign and so high did the general expenses run that for a time last summer, it was feared that the financiers of the production would book a heavy loss. However, they emerged without financial injury and may eventually make some money as the serial is still running. Record prices were paid for first run privileges. A number of theaters paid \$1,000 a week, many paid \$100 a day but more paid \$50.

It had been planned to make it a "somewhat different" serial because of the star's personality and great popularity. Rupert Hughes wrote the story and as written it was devoid of thrilling "stunts." But, according to the insiders, they put one over on the author when Captain Hughes went to the border with his company of New York National Guard. Deeds of violence and intended thrills became prominent in the late episodes of the "Romance." Exhibitors complained that the story was too



Helen Holmes in a characteristic stunt in "The Girl and the Game."

"highbrow," and perhaps it was, for a public that had been satiated with Pearl White stunts. Walter Edwin, director of "What Happened to Mary," the original film serial, officiated in like capacity for "Gloria." It is doubtful if "Gloria" will ever be equalled as an expense account, as it cost something like \$600,000.

The charge of "highbrowism" was also directed at the Hearst-Vitagraph "Goddess" which served to popularize Anita Stewart and Earle Williams, but it made money nevertheless for both the publisher and the producer. "The Mysteries of Myra," produced later by Wharton for Hearst, or the International Film Service as it came to be known, was too much impregnated with mysticism to win great popularity although it had plenty of thrills. Vitagraph did well with "The Scarlet Runner," a series of separate adventures of Earle Williams and is now unwinding "The Secret Kingdom" with Charles Richman. The International has turned out a vast amount of publicity concerning "Patria" in which Irene Castle makes her celluloid debut. It is a preparedness serial and so is Pearl White's newest Pathe continued story "Pearl of the Army," which "got the jump" on "Patria" in reaching the public, to use a sporting term.

Another well advertised serial which failed of marked success despite a great star and a heavy advertising expenditure was "The Strange Case of Mary Page," Essanay's sole venture into the realm of the "continued-next-week." Another star of some magnitude, Francis X. Bushman is about to become a serialite and film producers will watch the progress of "The Great Secret" with considerable interest, because of the ambitious plans for exploiting it.

Perhaps one of the "best sellers" among serial stars is Helen Holmes, the original heroine of Kalem's "Hazards of Helen." Interests allied with Mutual, the Freuler following, captured Helen about a year ago and issued her serially in "The Girl and the Game," fifteen episodes of railroad thrills. It was a big moneymaker because the promoters did not try to corral all the money in the world on it. Exhibitors were taxed a maximum of \$15 a day and it had a tremendous circulation. "The Lass of the Lumberlands" is the current serial for exploiting the daring of Miss Holmes.

Reverting again to Pathe, the most prolific dispenser of serials, we come to the series, rather than the serial, the first of which was "Who Pays?" made by Balboa and featuring Ruth Roland and Henry King. It consisted of twelve episodes of three reels each. Each episode was a complete drama in itself and had no connection with any other story of the series. Different roles were played by the principals in each. The series had a sociological twist, as it put up to the spectators the question as to who was morally responsible for the various and sundry misfortunes suffered by the principal characters. "Who Pays?" did a big business and was a pronounced success, though it was in the nature of an experiment that departed from the accepted traditions that a serial must contain mystery, bands of criminals, and other stereotyped appurtenances.

Balboa successively produced also for Pathe, "The Red Circle," with Miss Roland and Frank Mayo; "Neal of the Navy" with Lillian Lorraine and William Courtleigh, Jr., and "The Grip of Evil" with Jackie Saunders and Roland Bottomly. Meanwhile, eastern producers affiliated with Pathe turned out "The New Adventures of Wallingford," starring Burr McIntosh and Max Figman, issued in conjunction with the Hearst papers; "Who's Guilty," with Tom Moore and Anna Q. Nilsson; "The Iron Claw," with Pearl White, Creighton Hale and Sheldon Lewis, and "The Shielding Shadow," with Grace Darmond and Ralph Kellard.

Of the latter group, "The Iron Claw" has drawn a multitude of shekels into the Pathe coffers. A mysterious individual designated as *The Laughing Mask* provided the thrills in this, appearing usually just in time to foil the villain. This part was taken by Creighton Hale. Other recent serials produced under independent auspices were "The Crimson Stain Mystery" in which Maurice Costello resumed cinematic activities, and "The Yellow Menace," in which Edwin Stevens starred.

A year ago, following several notorious failures, the wise ones declared that the serial "game" was a dead one, but it has proved to be a mighty live corpse. Since that time it has been a financial pulmotor for a number of companies that were suffering from a congestion of ideas—or a lack of them—and it bids fair to remain.

Sweet Sobber of The Celluloid

CHORUS GIRL OF 15 BECOMES
A FILM STAR OVER NIGHT;
AND MY! HOW SHE CAN WEEP

By
Grace Kingsley

Photography by Stagge



“OH, yes, she seems different, someway, —one notices her—” This one morning at rehearsal, from Miss Arthur, who had come from New York to Los Angeles to stage “Nobody Home” for Oliver Morosco.

I looked where she indicated, and there stood a fresh-colored, frank-eyed, round-limbed, youthful looking little chorus girl, with her hair down her back in two long golden pig-tails. She was clad in neat gingham rompers, and she looked, even in spite of the traditional chorus-girl get-up, as if she had just stepped out of a convent.



Above: Mary plays at being an artist. Below: she's turning loose the flood gates in a grand old sob.

She didn't mingle with the other chorus girls between dances, but went and sat down quietly by herself. There was an air about her too, as if she felt life to be a significant thing. Her name was Mary MacLaren, and she was 15. That was a year ago.

Then the other night I saw a picture. It was named “Shoes.” And the star's name was Mary MacLaren.

In her dressing room at Universal City, I found her the same modest, quiet, pretty natural child whom I had observed that hot morning at rehearsal.

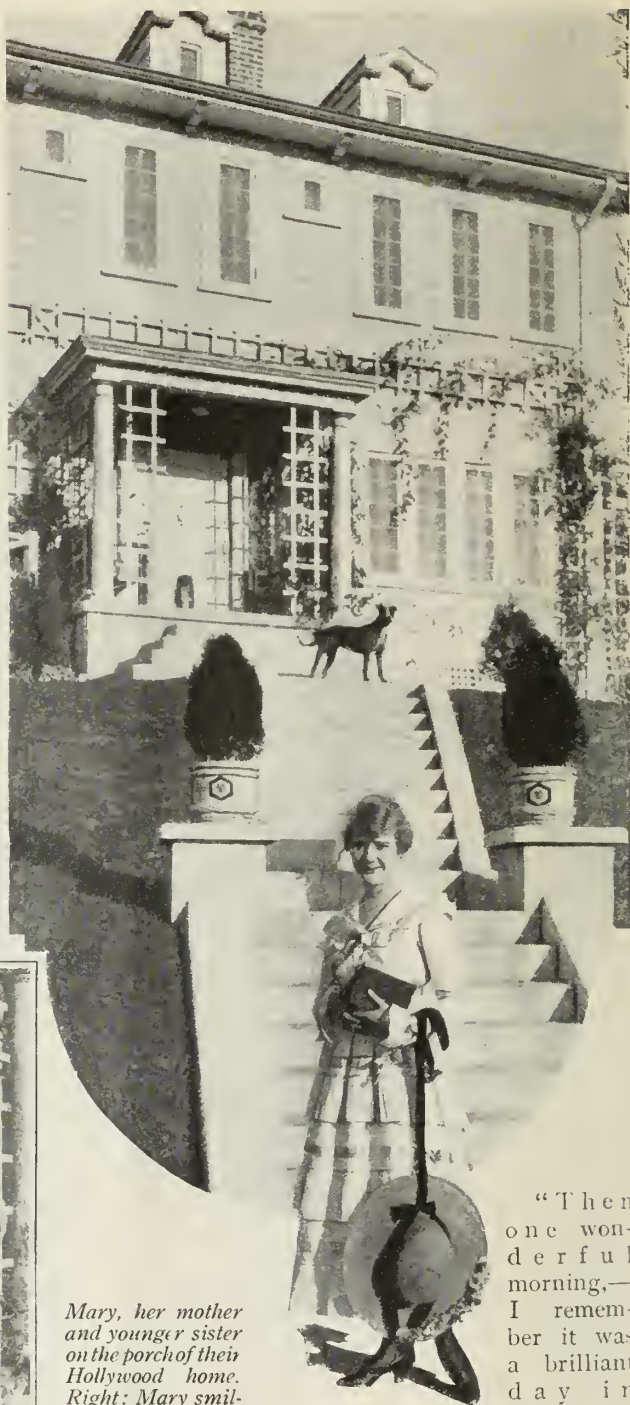
“And here you are a star!” I exclaimed. “How were you discovered?”

"Well, I don't think I ever was discovered," said Miss MacLaren. "I think I just happened. You see when musical comedy left the Morosco theater I had nothing to do. I had no money to go back to New York, and my mother and sister were practically dependent on me. One day a friend took me out to Universal City, and introduced me to the Smalleys, but I think they both forgot me at once. I went home rather discouraged. Later I got work at the Universal as an extra girl.

Our little stock of money was going fast. We were really almost in want sometimes. So far as my shoes were concerned, though I never put pasteboard in the soles of mine, I did get to the point where I painted my shabby dancing slippers over and over again with oil-paints, in different colors, each time a darker shade. We lived in a very tiny flat indeed, and mother did every bit of the work, assisted by my sister, and made my clothes.



Mary, her mother and younger sister on the porch of their Hollywood home. Right: Mary smiling leaves for work. She smiles because at the studio she must cry.



"Then one wonderful morning,— I remember it was a brilliant day in May. — I was standing watching the Smalleys direct a scene. I was feeling very blue despite the
(Continued on page 142)

A Regular Toff

THERE'S NO SWANK ABOUT C. AUBREY,
AND THAT MUSTACHE —

blimey, he is known nearly all over the world and has played in Buenos Aires, Singapore, Yokahama, Vladivostok and all manner of odd places, awfully curious and all that, to say nothing of doing Lunnun with Mrs. Patrick Campbell in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and Sir George Alexander in "The Ambassador." In 1896 he came to the States and played with Maude Adams, Grace George, Forbes-Robertson and others until his screen career began with the Frohman Amusement Company. The leads were his in "John Gayde's Honor," "The Builder of Bridges," "Jaffery" and "The Witching Hour."

His sport? Cricket, old boy.

It's rippin', really!

Just now he is the idol of London's legitimate stage in "Daddy Longlegs."

C. Aubrey Smith in a scene from "Jaffery," one of his best film portrayals.

© Gainsborough Studios, London

C. AUBREY SMITH is a jolly chap, well dressed, well mannered, well liked. And his mustache. O, I say—ripping you know. Some chaps have mustaches, but my eye—at a glance you can tell they are bounders. Really! But C. Aubrey is a toff and one knows that there is no swank about him.

You know when a chap is named Smith he really ought to have something to distinguish him. C. Aubrey has his mustache and his preliminary names. But, my eye, he has talent as well. Why,



THE FODDER OF THE FILM STARS—



ACTORS do eat. So do actresses. They have to in order to act. The pictures scattered round about on this pair of pages merely prove it.

A slave to her sense of color is Bessie Barriscale, who wears brown to match her eyes. She would prefer something of brighter hue, like peaches and cream, but she has to content herself with a mere drab pumpkin pie. Still, she smiles bravely.

At the next table are William Desmond and J. Barney Sherry. They are eating. More than that, they are eating corned beef and cabbage. How do they do it? Who knows? Perhaps the hard life in the films gives them hardy constitutions.

Dorothy Dalton, at the extreme right table, is almost too pretty to eat, but the fact remains that she has here sauer kraut and frankfurters. Otherwise there is nothing against the girl.

Enid Bennett, who came from Australia, struggles with coffee and sinkers. To her it is an interesting phase of American public life.

But here is the terrible revelation of the day: Bill Hart, red bloodist, punch player and what not, confesses a liking for chocolate sodas. Every time his six shooter spits, the fountain fizzes. He has to have 'em.

He has a disciple, too — Margaret Thompson. The evidence on this page was obtained at enormous cost by a Japanese spy who snuk up on her and "Bill" and got the picture.

They do eat!



A CLOSE-UP STUDY IN GASTRONOMY





Dickens—The old and new

“OLIVERTWIST” is now in the cinema as a Lasky production, directed by James Young. The costuming was done with the idea of following with as much fidelity as possible the drawings (some of which are reproduced here) of George Cruickshank, illustrator of Dickens’ works. Above, at the left, are Hobart Bosworth and Ray Hatton as *Bill Sykes* and *The Artful Dodger*; James Neill and Edythe Chapman (*Mrs. Neill*) as *Mr. and Mrs. Brownlow*; to the right, Hatton with Tully Marshall as *Fagin*. In the center is Marie Doro as *Oliver*, and below, Harry L. Rattenbury as *Mr. Bumble*, and Elsie Jane Wilson as *Nancy Sykes*.



The Girl on the Calendar

THAT IS, SHE WAS THERE ONCE,
BUT NOW SHE SMILES ONLY
FOR THE MOVIE CAMERA



THIS young woman who has gray eyes, golden hair and, so the press agent says, an amazing smile worth several million dollars, is Miss Vivian Reed, who draws her salary from Selig.

Have you ever seen her before?

Yes, you have seen her. Perhaps it was when you wanted to write a letter and said: "Darn it anyway! I wonder if this is the 16th or the 17th." And after you'd darned a minute or two you looked at the calendar to learn the truth, there you beheld the entrancing Vivian, and darned no more.

Her face, which has appeared on millions of calendars, was invented, it is said, to bring peace to the soul of the tired business man, but my land, a girl can't always do that, so Vivian went into musical comedy and finally into the movies.

She has quit Los Angeles for Chicago, where she may be seen nearly every day shopping, which is her favorite hobby.



Photo by Hartsok

A Fortune for an Idea

A CHICAGO WOMAN HAD IT AND
SHE CASHED IT IN FOR \$10,000

FROM tons of manuscript from every part of the world the sequel to "The Diamond from the Sky," that serial that bristled with plot and counterplot, has been chosen, and there is one happy little woman in Cook County, Illinois.

She is Mrs. Helen O'Keefe of 3019 Eastwood avenue, Chicago, and because her idea for a sequel was better than thousands of others, she is richer today by \$10,000. What makes her success all the pleasanter is that she needed that money, for she and her husband Andrew had bought a little home of their own and it wasn't all paid for yet.

Mrs. O'Keefe believes now that it's not always bad policy to take a chance. When the American Film Company and the Chicago Tribune announced that \$10,000 would be paid for the best idea for a sequel, Mrs. O'Keefe didn't pay much attention to it. She had seen the serial, and it had interested her. She says it even "stuck in her mind." So one night when the two children were in bed she sat down and sketched out a sequel.

Had she ever written a story? No. Or a scenario? No. Or anything like either? No indeed; she was too busy with her home and children. But just the same she sketched out a sequel, then having done so tossed it aside and promptly forgot about it until the day before the contest closed.

"It won't hurt to send it in anyway," she said. So she sent it.

And now out of 100,000 it has proved the winner. Scenario writers at the American studios took her idea and put it into the best screen form, Terry Ramsaye of the

Mutual Film Company of which American is a part, wrote the fiction story that accompanies the serial's release and which appears in newspapers all over the country, and the judges, bent and old from their efforts, have gone on a vacation. The manuscripts that they waded through and found wanting have been put in a pile and burned and those who wrote them are taking off their hats to Mrs. Helen O'Keefe of 3019 Eastwood ave.



Her first attempt at scenario writing won her \$10,000.

The contest had its interesting features, disclosing as it did, how cursory is the attention paid by the public generally toward the instructions and directions governing contests.

At the outset it was stated that the contestants would merely outline a plot, do it within 1,000 words and pay no attention to literary style, yet every conceivable form of manuscript was received. Some of them were weighty tomes of 75,000 words or more, some were a delight to the rhetorical eye, stylistic as they were; others were cast into scenario form with directions for directors, and still others disregarded not one, but all, of the contest regulations.

All of them, however, showed an earnestness of purpose, and hundreds of very excellent parallel stories, adhering to all the rules, were sent in, but none seemed as satisfactory as did Mrs. O'Keefe's last minute offering.

And though Mrs. O'Keefe has no intention of following a literary career or of plunging into the cinema world, she admits if ever there is another contest she will send in a solution—and the next time it won't be at the last moment either.

TREEING MAE MURRAY JUST TO SHOOT HER



A little inside expose, showing how the ingenue is filmed in a tree-top. This incident occurred on the Lasky ranch. The hatted figure on the platform is director Bob Leonard.

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The Winter Capital of Reel New York

"FLORIDA"—we quote from official pronouncement of the official eulogist of that state, and hasten synchronously to announce our neutrality for fear of retributive justice emanating from Los Angeles—"Florida," we begin again, "has everything that California has—and more." The "more" portion of this boastful acclaim presumably refers to the fact that Jacksonville is only twenty-seven hours from Broadway. This may have had its bearing upon the fact that Jacksonville was chosen by various of the eastern moving picture producers as their winter capital, for outdoor locations at times of the year when snow has blanketed Ft. Lee and Flushing and the Hudson River is too cold for even a villain to be thrown into.

It was Kalem that discovered Jacksonville, cinematically speaking, not by the inspirational methods of C. Columbus and Dr. Cook, but through the dead reckoning made possible by the statistics of the U. S. Weather Bureau. Searching for a minimum of rainfall and cloudy weather in the winter months, Jacksonville was awarded the championship—at least among eastern cities. Jacksonville welcomed the movie pioneers with open arms, and here we return to the veracious chronicles of the chief eulogist:

"Kalem established the first moving picture studio in Jacksonville in 1909. Lubin soon followed, and then Edison. In 1915 Lubin leased its plant to the Vim, and Gaumont took over the old Edison studio. Edwin Thanhouser, after investigating many cities, established in 1915 one of the most complete plants in the country here, with both glass-covered and open air stages. The plant of the Eagle Film Company has capacity for six working companies. The U. S. Film Company has a small studio near the city. The latest announcement of plans for the industry in Jacksonville is that the Garrick Studios and Southeastern Film have secured a 99-year lease on the top of the Union Terminal building, and will erect there what they say will be the largest motion picture studio in the world, 635 by 120 feet, with room for twenty-five working companies."

In addition to these established studios, of course, companies frequently go to Jacksonville for special work, renting a studio temporarily for the occasion and utilizing the natural and artificial beauties of Tampa and other Florida cities.

But whether this ambitious Florida metropolis will be able to undermine the popularity of Los Angeles and its suburbs in the affections of the large number of producers with headquarters there, is something concerning which we desire to remain neutral.



The only difference between New York's skyline and Jacksonville's is a matter of 27 hours and a few high spots, but even at that Jacksonville's waterfront is not to be sneered at. It is one of the busiest ports of the South, and, in winter particularly, the movements of picture people are very heavy. Florida's rich products, soldiers of fortune and Newport heiresses, also find an outlet here. The view was snapped from the South Jacksonville ferry near the Gaumont phot-play foundry, and portions of this ferryboat itself have figured as Atlantic liner locations in many an international romance.

Below may be seen an alligator, sunning him- or herself, regardless of the camera focused on him, or her.





Photo by Chapin

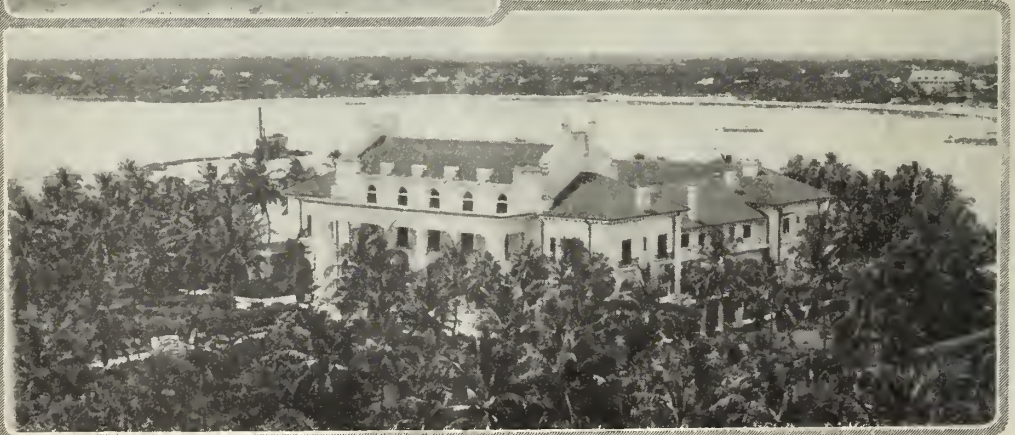
Above is a side shot at the Slave Market in Old St. Augustine, celebrated as the most ancient municipality in the United States. Some of the old-timers who can almost remember back to 1516, insist, however, that a slave was never sold there until the movies discovered it.



Photo
by
Fish-
baugh

At the left is a rather skimpy view of the Tampa Bay Hotel, which has proved useful for Moonsh and Turkish photoplays. When it was built it was called "Plant's folly," after the builder, as million-dollar hostilities hadn't arrived then.

Below is "Whitehall," the winter home of Mrs. Henry M. Flagler. Lake Worth and West Palm Beach are in the background.





Here is one of the most beautiful bits of tropical scenery in the vicinity of Tampa. If cured and dried the entire crop of moss shown depending from the trees would keep all the movie villains and doctors in crepe hair for 32 years.

Photo by Fishbaugh

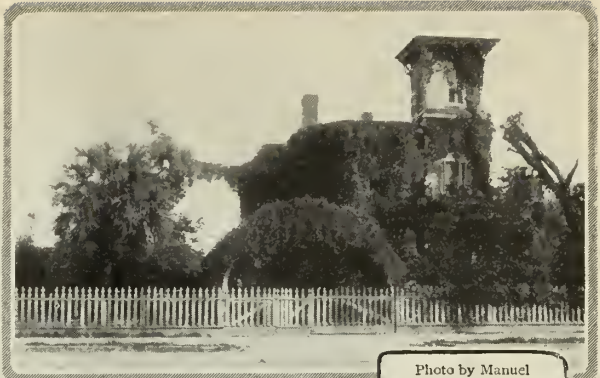
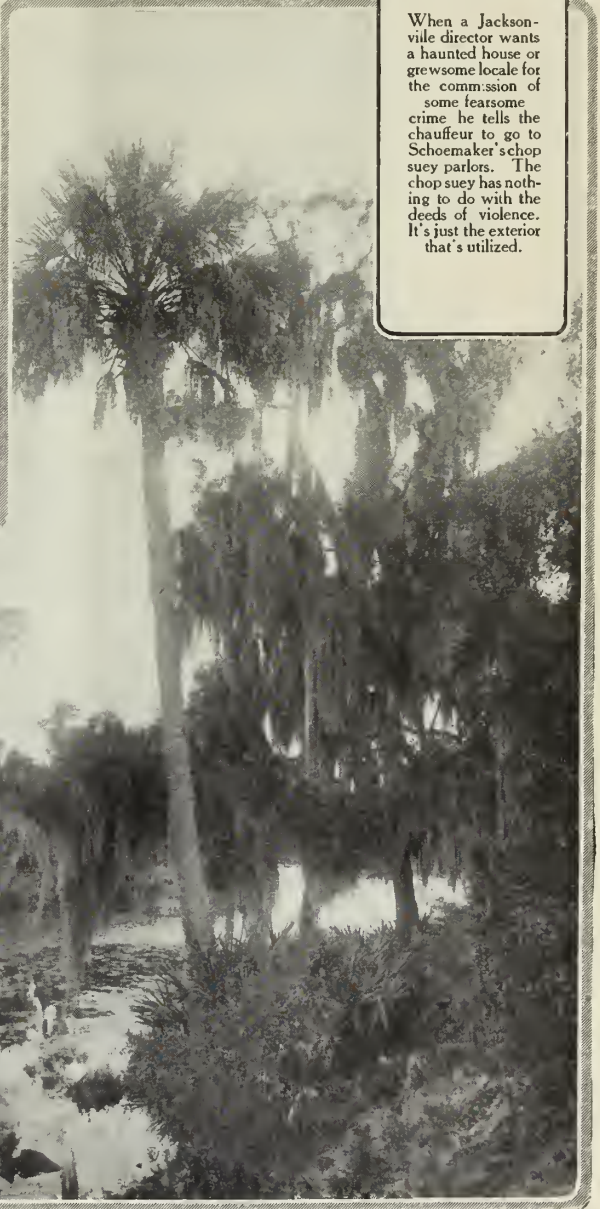


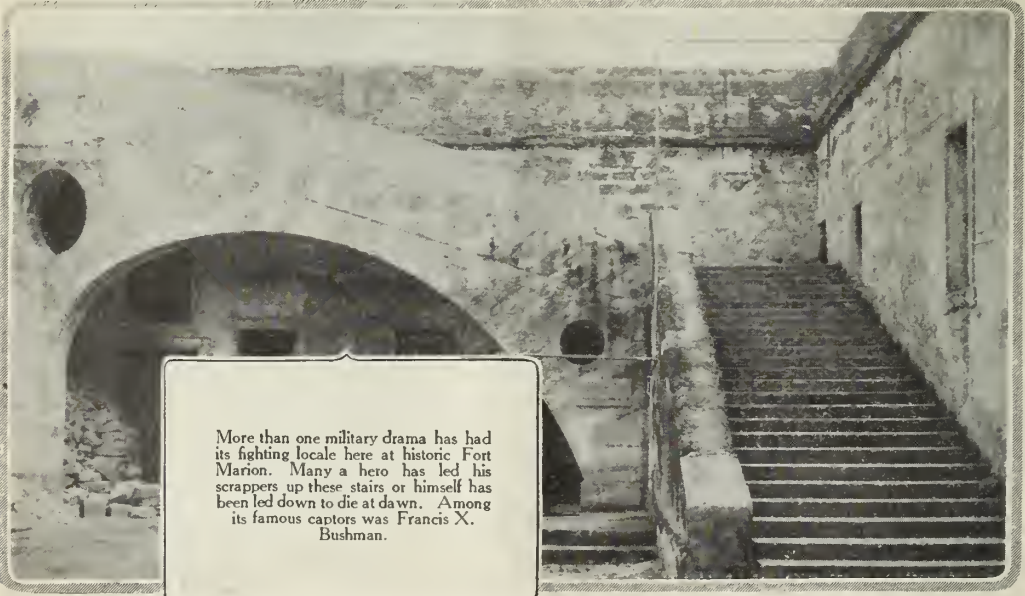
Photo by Manuel

When a Jacksonville director wants a haunted house or grewsome locale for the commission of some fearsome crime he tells the chauffeur to go to Schoemaker's chop suey parlors. The chop suey has nothing to do with the deeds of violence. It's just the exterior that's utilized.



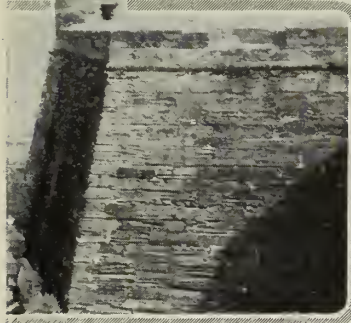


The St. Johns river taken from the Kalem studio. On this stream, which Kalem discovered as a good place for "water stuff," many dramas have been enacted. The four-masted schooner in the distance has also served. The construction of the piers and boat-houses, as one Kalem director noted, suggests the Malay Straits.



More than one military drama has had its fighting locale here at historic Fort Marion. Many a hero has led his scrappers up these stairs or himself has been led down to die at dawn. Among its famous captors was Francis X. Bushman.

When the handsome lead and the beautiful star finally get to the last hundred feet for the "first sweet kiss," the director pilots them out to this lovers' lane of palms, after which the film is dyed to give it a moonlight effect. Nothing like a moonlight clutch for a windup.



In the center is a wide "shot" at Fort Marion, an exterior, as it were. This did great service in "The Yellow Peril," where parts of the fort walls pretended to be the Great Wall of China during the reign of Edwin Stevens. At the right is a group of real thatched roof-huts which were discovered at Pablo Beach, 10 miles from Jacksonville, by some camera Peary. It is a favorite location for Thanouser and many shipwrecked Thanouserites have battled with hula-garbed desperados in this vintage. The grass on these roofs would completely clothe the native population of Honolulu, according to Florida statistics.





A bank is bound to get into pictures no matter where it is. These two have been used almost daily by the moving picture companies.

Jacksonville has been "shot" from one side and the other and just to prove that the cinemas think it worth while in other ways here's a view taken from an aeroplane used in a thrilling drama recently.



Every time there's a movie marriage, either comedy or drama, the director knows just where to turn for his setting—the Duval County court house with its fringe of palms. Right across the street from it is an old Spanish armory that is also used. These two buildings have probably stood for more mock marriages than any others in the country, with the exception of the Los Angeles County court house, which is in continuous operation night and day.

She bit into the poison apple and the seven little dwarfs were just going to bury her when—

Snow White

AN OLD STORY TOLD
IN A NEW WAY

By Mrs. Ray Long

HAVERMAN, the producer, was trying to be polite. He looked as if he were bursting a bloodvessel. But Haverman purposed to be polite at any cost.

"But what, my dear Garvin, should I do with your lingerie play?" he almost sobbed. "Must a man go to the theater now-a-days to see lace and legs? Will he spend two dollars to see swell hosiery on the stage when all he has to do is keep his eyes open? In God's name I ask you, Garvin?"

"Go look at my stenographer, Garvin. Go look at any stenographer. Look at the women you meet on your way to lunch. Can you beat 'em? Because if you think you can, I can't. The law wont let me, Garvin. Why Florrie Ziegfeld himself will have to go out of business if the styles don't change. No, my dear fellow, no. A poor chorus girl hasn't got no chance any more."

Garvin was also trying to be polite. He had disposed his long, handsome body gracefully enough in an armchair, but it irked him to keep it there. He ached all over to assault this pudgy, pig-headed pinhead who had turned down his play. Anyone who would do that was all of these.

He leaned forward and observed as quietly as he could, "I thought you wanted light stuff, breezy stuff—well-dressed stuff?"

Haverman literally held himself down to his chair. "I, Garvin," he gurgled. "What the deuce does it matter what I want? Right across the street, Garvin, they're selling standing room for their "Come Out of The Kitchen" play. A



And the girl herself was a daisy.

block away they're "Pollyannaing" them in droves. And my brother-in-law, Garvin, he tells me the handkerchief business booms all over the country because one little Jane once washed dishes in an orphan asylum. Tears, my dear Garvin, that's what they want—tears, calico, and lingerie like grand-ma used to make."

The playwright picked up his hat.

Haverman wiped his beady forehead. "I'm sorry, Garvin. "You're a bright young man, Garvin. Also I don't want

you to think that I don't like something nice and flossy myself. I do, Garvin. But you got to consider the business, Garvin. Of course classy people like me and you. we want to see something that *is* something when we go to a show. But what can we do when the average man he turns around on us, Garvin?"

Garvin reached for his rejected manuscript and stood up.

The producer watched the young man's preparations to go with varying emotions. He really needed a play. He let Garvin get to the door and then called, "Say, come back. Why can't you write me one of them kitchenette plays, Garvin? You got a good head."

Garvin turned back but without enthusiasm. "They've all been written," he said. "Anyway, there isn't anything to them. All cut off the same old pattern."

Haverman waved his hands in exasperation. "What is it to you about the same old pattern," he yelled. "Aint you cut on the same old pattern? Aint I cut on the same old pattern? What must you care what you write just so it gets bought? Don't be a fool, Garvin. If my competitors get rich on scrubwoman plays, what should I want with you if you can't write me scrubwoman plays? Answer me that, Garvin."

The young man walked back and over to a window. There he stood and viewed the roofs. A twinkle came slowly into his disgusted eyes. He'd had about as much of this office as he could stand and was planning a break with Haverman anyway. Why not have a little fun? "Just got an idea," he said soberly and turned back to the desk. "Want to hear it?"

"Sure. Go ahead."

Garvin sat down again. "It's about a peach of a little girl, who was born princess of a great country and had the devil of a time getting her birthright," he began, putting an impressive, narrative tone quality into his voice. "Really a rich country, you know, great valleys and deep forests and cities with marble buildings, and Wall Streets, and J. P. Morgan banks."

"Something nice in the way of settings," observed Haverman.

"Quite so. And the girl herself was a daisy, a sort of composite of Marguerite Clark and a Harrison Fisher magazine cover. She was undersized and gentle as a kitten but none of it got her anywhere for a long time. Her golden spoon became gummed up with disuse because her mother, the queen, died when she was born, and left the king, then in his dotage, to be snapped up by one of the waiting maids. Brangomar was her name. She was a beauty in a lurid way, and had the grasp of a steel hoisting clamp. Once seated on

that throne she hadn't any intention of letting the little princess occupy even a footstool beside her. She wouldn't even buy shoes for the little girl.

"Now here comes the kitchen stuff, and the way the Brangomar woman worked it was a masterpiece. She made the young princess cook in the great kitchens of the palace like any hireling. Then at the end of a hard

day she would invite the girl to come up into one of the beautiful rooms to talk to her. Of course, the child would be so tired that her eyes would blink. At that Brangomar would berate her for having such bad manners that she was not fit to sit in the halls of her fathers. The poor princess came, in time, to shrink more from being called to her stepmother than from the hard tasks required of her. And she never saw any of the company that Brangomar delighted in having around her."

Here Garvin paused. Haverman seemed busy studying his nails. He did not look up, so Garvin went on.

"One morning, before the little princess had been tired with work and was pink and sweet as a rose, she was sent across a forest stretch on an errand. When well in the woods she met a young huntsman. She stepped, flurried, to one side to let him have the path. But he took a look at the girl and forgot his hurry if he had any. He asked her name and a few days later—bing! The youth came to the palace asking for the hand of the girl. And who should he be but the young prince Flori-

SNOW WHITE

THE film version of this story was produced by the Famous Players with the following cast:
Snow White...Marguerite Clark
Prince Florimond.....
Creighton Hale
Queen Brangomar.....
Dorothy G. Cumming
Berthold.....Lionel Braham
Hex, the Witch..Alice Washburn
Dwarfs—Jimmy Rosen, Herbert Rice, Billy Platt, Major Doyle, Major Criqui, Irwin Emmer, Addie Frank.

mond, heir apparent to the adjoining kingdom and the biggest royal catch of the year.

"Maybe Madame Brangomar wasn't wrathful! In spite of all her precautions to keep the princess out of the way, the queen could not fail to obey the demand that she be produced, and produced as the center of interest for two countries. And worse, she liked the look of Florimond herself and decided that she would have him. So she put on a bereaved expression and asked in well feigned surprise, 'Did' you not know, Florimond, that the princess is dead? Such a sad story. The dear child never was quite right, you know.' This in a confiding tone that could leave nothing but the impression that the poor princess had been an idiot. 'And finally she was relieved of her suffering and we, who loved her, cannot but be thankful.'

"Brangomar tried to keep Florimond interested. She gave a feast and all that. But the prince didn't rise to her bait. He went home promising, however, to come again.

"And now Brangomar got busy. The princess must be got rid of, but how? She worried about the method till she spied a tiny wrinkle at the side of her mouth. Then she decided to have the thing over quickly. She called

old Berthold, her own head huntsman, who had been in the king's service, and told him to kill the little princess."

The playwright's voice was becoming singsongy and he felt like kicking himself for getting himself into such a foolish mess, and like kicking Haverman for letting him maunder on. He stopped. Haverman was still gazing at his hands. After a minute of silence he looked up and exclaimed impatiently, "What's the idea, Garvin? Go on. Just because you've come to the end of the first act must you stop? What happened to the baby doll?"

Garvin looked into the animated eyes opposite him with a start. Was it possible that this up-to-date producer, who had never had a failure, was not stringing him? But it couldn't be. Haverman was a shark in his way. "Oh, what's the use," he told himself. "I'm the goat and I'll have to see it through."

"Now old Berthold did a fit," he went on in his best manner. "He'd helped bring the princess up by hand. He'd rather lose his eyes than harm the little girl. And he

told Brangomar so. And say, what she did to him then was a plenty! She didn't answer back, just called her head keeper and told him to go out and round up Berthold's four little children who were



She wouldn't even buy shoes for the little girl.

playing in the park. When the keeper brought them to her she called several of her body guard and told them to march the little fellows to an old tower in the palace grounds, lock them in, and bring her the key. And when that was done she turned her devilish face to old Berthold and said, 'You know, Berthold, there's no other way out of the tower than through

the door to which I hold the key. Your children will stay in the tower till you bring me back the princess' heart—stay there till they starve.'

"Old Berthold went down on his knees and begged the vamp to let him and his kids off. But she wouldn't listen. Then he prayed her to cut off his hands, to tear off his legs, to do with him what she



So they started that night, old Berthold and the little princess after the queen

would, but to let the princess and his children go free. She only said, "To-night your children will be calling for food, Berthold. To-morrow they will be calling and more loudly. The next day they will be calling but their voices will be fainter. Can't you hear them, Berthold? And the next day there will be only little wails from the tower. Then all will be still."

"Tears, tears," interrupted Haverman with delight.

Garvin nodded indulgently.

"So that night they started, old Berthold and the little princess, after the Queen had received her in the big throne room. The girl thought they were going on a journey and went joyfully. It was only after they had gone deep into the woods

that Berthold could get up courage to tell his princess what he had to do.

"At first the girl rebelled. But when she heard about the children she gave in. Still the old hunter could not plunge the knife into the tender body.

"While they were waiting, both wretched over their trouble, they heard a squeaking. Immediately old Berthold ran toward the sound. With a thrust or two he had cut a small wild pig's throat, opened him up, and cut his heart out. "She'll never know," he explained tremblingly as he held up the red object. "It looks just like a human heart. And you, little girl, fear nothing. Go straight across the forest and you will come to honest people."

"So the little princess set out and old Berthold went home to Brangomar and his kids. Brangomar was wild with delight. She put the heart in a golden case and, as soon as it was dark, went to the home of the witch,



had received them in the big throne room.



She had come across the shack of seven dwarfs living in the heart of the forest.

Hex, who was her friend. She found Hex boiling up a horrible concoction.

"What are you making?" inquired Brangomar.

"A hair lotion for myself," answered Hex. "But it isn't all that it should be because I haven't a young girl's heart to put in. That would give me silky hair."

"I've got just what you want," cried Brangomar, always glad to do Hex a good turn. "Here," and she showed the heart she had brought.

"Great," said Hex, and put the heart into the mess, boiled it for a time, then cooled it and applied it. Both women sat interestedly, waiting till the coating should be removed. Finally, when it was taken off, Hex exclaimed in horror. For there grew from her head instead of fine silky hairs, a covering of curly pig tails. "You've been cheated," she cried. "That wasn't a girl's heart. It was a pig's heart." And the two set to making plans to find the princess and make away with her themselves."

"Good comedy business," remarked Haverman. Garvin smiled a sickly smile and went on.

"And now to get back to our princess. She had come across the shack of seven dwarfs living in the heart of the forest. The old fellows were delighted to have the girl around to cook for them, and she was delighted because she knew how to cook. They had a great time for a while till one day, when the princess was alone, an old woman came selling combs. The princess refused to buy and the old woman went away angry. A few days later she

came back selling apples. She was Brangomar, disguised by Hex, and the apples were poisoned. The princess took one, bit into it and fell to the floor.

"That night the dwarfs found their little housekeeper, Snow White, lifeless on the floor. They made a coffin for her and carried her back to the palace in state, for they had always known who she was.

"When they got there Brangomar was rejoicing. This put the dwarfs in a tremble of anger and they dropped the coffin. The jar dislodged the bite of apple that had remained in the princess' mouth, where the poison on it had caused only unconsciousness. She jumped to her feet as Prince Florimond came in. Florimond left no doubt in anybody's mind about what he thought of the princess and Brangomar retreated to the home of the witch. But even Hex was tired of her

and changed her into a peacock."

Garvin got



The old fellows were delighted to have

up and walked over to the window again. He looked out over the roofs to a big sign badly done and relieved himself by making a grimace at it. The room was entirely quiet and he did not look at Haverman.

"What was the name of your little princess?" finally asked the producer.

"Snow White."

"Snow White," repeated Haverman slowly and with a queer grin.

"It's Grimm, you know," explained Garvin.

"Maybe, Garvin, maybe. But not too grim. It don't matter how many times you kill your heroine just so she comes to life again in the last act. If you can make her happy too, so much the better."

"But it's been done before, done beautifully for kids," protested Garvin.

"Sure," said Haverman still grinning. But only the kids saw it. It'll make a great show, Garvin. And this is the way you should do it, Garvin.

"Your Snow White will be the princess

of New York. Your wicked stepmother wil be some cold, scheming dame who got the upper hand of the baby doll's father before he died of softening of the brain. Old Berthold will be the old man's faithful secretary and the witch some fancy jane of a fortune teller with a pull high up. And the prince, he'll be young Cornelius Vanderpool, son of the copper king and privately staked out by stepmamma Brangomar for her own. There you got it, Garvin, fine as silk."

"But the seven dwarfs," protested the playwright incredulously.

"Seven old miners babying an undiscovered coal claim up in the Alleghenies. Woods, wilderness, possibility, romance."

"But what'll we have to half poison our princess?"

"How should I know, Garvin? Figure that out with some medical chap."



the girl around to cook for them ana she was delighted because she knew how to cook.

BILLIE BURKE IN THE TITLE ROLE OF "MOTHER"



Photo by Sarony, New York

Florence Patricia Burke-Ziegfeld is the name of the little mite of humanity that is being fondly handled by one of America's most popular actresses, Billie Burke—in private life, Mrs. Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr. This photograph was taken when Baby Florence Patricia was three weeks old.



You jest stan off an bow, an parade aroun wid one mitt in de air an den bow some more.

Rum, Romance and Remorse

PETE PROPS PUTS THE PUNCH
IN SOME COLONIAL STUFF VIA
THE EXTRA MEN, AND GETS HIS

By Kenneth McGaffey

I KNOW I ain't no Henry Irving nor any he-Mary-Pickford, but dese guys had better let up on me or I'm goin to crown some of em wid a scantlin. I goes in a scene just to do one of dese nut directors a favor, an I been kidded about it ever since. Now dese fresh hicks in de prop room has taken to writin me mash notes an sendin me bokays. Dere's a limit to all tings an dose guys had better begin to fade out cause dey is hawgin too much footage. I'm liable to buckle and give em all a little static.

It was dis way. We are puttin on dis big feature "Lady de Vronde's Legacy," one of dose "Who Copped de Poipers" dinguses. It's dis George Washington stuff wid de lace cuffs, de corn-startched wig an de Gazooks an' Odd Zounds. Much low bowin and drawin swords. I'm a rutslin props for it and it doggone near runs me ragged cause everybody has to have a hunk of lace curtain in dere mitts for a hankey an de guys are always

Drawings by
E. W. Gale, Jr.

gettin dere swords between dere legs an getting dem all bent up—de swords I mean. Dis stuff should oughta been handled by de wardrobe but dey wish it onto me cause I look easy.

Dese extras could get dere wigs on de funniest of any human being. One guy comes on wid a curl over his shoulder an it took six people to save his life.

Finally de Lady de Vronde is to give a swell rag party at her cave. All de youth and beauty of Mary England is going to be dere all dolled up in de powdered wigs an de lace cuffs. We got all de ball room stuff at de studio out an de engagement department is told to get two hundred couples. We get de music from Levy's an de dancin teacher spends a couple of days teachin dis here minuet which is my idea of no dance atall, cause dere ain't a clinch in it. You jest stan off an bow, an parade aroun wid one mitt in de air an den bow some more. I tink a contortionist on de small time invented de act.



"Hey!" he yells, "dere is a thin liver up dere in de wardrobe, go put Pete in it."

Over in one corner of de set behind some bum palms, or someting like dat, day have got de refreshment booth. De nut director bein strong for realizem, gets about ten gallons of Dago Red an den shoots it full of brandy. I'm in de prop room mixin it up an seein it's de proper temperature, an I get to steppin pretty high myself. We puts it in a big glass punch bowl an den I go out on de stage to see whats doin. Dere is de nut director bawlin de tar out of his assistant.

"Where is me livered servants?" he yells, jumpin up an down. "Where is me livered servants? Here I am wid a million extras an not enough livered servants!!!" "Whatt'dye mean by not gettin me enough? I suppose you are tryin to ruin me liver work by not givin me enough livered servants! How long am I to be persecuted dis here way?"

"You ordered six—an here dey are!" says de assistant.

"Soitenly I ordered six!" yells de nut. "Ain't you supposed to tink for yourself? How do you expect me to make dese wonderful productions if I have to look

after every detail? I gotta have me mind on me art—I have—I can't go tinkin about livered servants an put all me energy an vitality into dese hams. It's too much, dat's all. I will not be harassed!"

"Keep your hair on," says de assistant, "I'll get yeh a coupla of more—just clam yourself. It won't take a minute."

"All right," says de nut director, "gettem. In de meanwhile all dese ladies an gentlemen will sit aroun an wait at de company's expense while you rustle dem up. Costing

of company thousands an thousands of dollars just because a steel-skulled stuge don't know enough to order livered servants. No wonder de photodramatic art is on de fritz. What da you tink of a guy like dat? Not sense enough to know when I say I want six livered servants, I mean eight. I gotta have a new assistant—dat's all. Dere is no use of me wearin me life away an havin to do two men's woik. Dis outfit ain't payin me enough. I can quit an get a good job."

"But you only orders six," say de poor goat. "Dere dey are lined up on de stairs wid nice pink livers on an white wigs," he says, "an real silk stockins."

"I don't care to discuss it no more," says de nut director. "It's plain to be seen dat dere ain't enough servants. Get me two more before I goes mad an walks out an leaves de company flat."

"I ain't doing a ting but standin dere listenin to de poor mutt gettin bawled out an I am here to tell you it did me old heart good cause many is de time he has waded into me. I ain't doin a ting, I tell you, but mindin me own business an maybe fussin aroun de stage a little wid de broom everytime a boss goes by an sayin nuttin.

De nut director suddenly takes a slant aroun de stage. I see him lookin at me so I gets busy wid de broom an chases a little dust out of de cracks of de floor.

"Hey!" he yells at de resistant—"dere is a thin liver up dere in de wardrobe. Go put Pete in it."

"Not me," I says "I am here to handle props, I am, an not to wear no pink livers an silk stockins. I got a lot to do," I says, "I ain't got no time for no actin. Right now I got to go get a chair for anudder director."

"Nuttin doin," he says, "go put on de liver."

"I'm here to tell you I gotta woik," I says.

"Go put on dat liver!" he says—"I don't want no arguments. Besides dere is a five dollar check in it for you," he says.

"Now you are talkin reasonable," I says. "I'll go do it." "But don't let dis get to be a disease," I says. "I'll do it dis time but dat dat ain't no excuse for it to become chronic" I says.

A course I had acted before. I was wid a rep show on de pitcher an bowl circuit where besides ruslin de props and leadin de band I had to play two parts in every bill. I am dere wid dat chest heavin stuff even if I don't brag about it.

So I goes up to de wardrobe an dey crowds one of dese pink unies on me. Gee, I looked sweet enough to a kiss wid me little

white wig, lace bib an stocking on me shapely limbs.

I gets back to de set an de nut director has got one of de hams to deal out de refreshments I had worked so hard to fix real nice. Dat wasn't my idea atall so I runs de guy clear down to de udder end of de room an looks after de flowin bowl meself. Believe me when dose extras got a whiff of de grape, we needed de reserves. I am here to tell you I nearly got killed in de rush. De noive of dem to tink I was goin to waste a lot of good drinkin material on dem when us boys in de prop room has families to support. I had to belt a couple of dem over de head wid de ladle to make dem let go of de glasses.

Course me dealin out dis stuff I has to be sociable an everytime a extra has a drink I had to drink wid him so he wouldn't feel embarrassed. I'm doing real well in de background when de nut director sees me.

"What's de idea?" he says. "You're here to deal out dis stuff, not to lap it up. You're a livered servant," he says "it ain't

An den all of a sudden, dey start to plow up de floor wid dere faces.



for you to get a snoot full. Dats up to Lady de Vronde. She's givin de party. You lay off de swill!"

I starts to explain to him dat it was me Southern hospitality dat made me suffer when I saw anyone drink alone but he wouldn't listen to me.

I will go as far as to say dis. Dere were some of dese extras whose parents had brung dem up right. Every now an den dey would slide a little two-bit piece in my direction as if dey wasn't noticin demselves do it. Dese lads got de best of service. We got realy clubby an was just gettin ready to favor de rest of de mob wid a vocal selection when de nut director calls dem to get ready to shoot Lady de Vronde's arrival.

De nut director an de camera was way out in de middle of de yard so as to get a long shot of de ball room an Lady de Vronde, all dolled up, comin down de grand staircase leanin on de arm of de Duke de Splotz. All de two hundred courtiers, or what ever dey were called, were all lined up an bowed as she came on down de line. Den dey cut to a close up of her registerin surprise when she recognizes de wicked Earl hid behind his crape hair.

I don't know what got to de rest of

de quartet. It may have been de heat because I was all right an only had to hang onto de table to keep straight on me decorated pins, but dese lads were not right. After about half a hours rehearsin he calls camera an dey start to shoot de scene.

Lady de Vronde wid her head in de air is comin down de lane an she and de Duke is bowin high an mighty when it gets to dese guys turn to bow. Dey all bend over wid dere hands on dere chests an den all of a sudden start to plow up de floor wid dere faces. Lady de Vronde, wid her nose in de air, don't see em an—bing!—she does a tumble. Right dere all de noise an excitement in de woild is turned loose. Lady de Vronde is one of dese million dollar a week stars; an some temperamental. All dis trouble makes me sleep so I lays me little head on de ice in de punch bowl—to keep from gettin sun-struck—an takes a little nap. What happens after dat I don't know. But one ting I am here to tell you. Dose guys better leave off kiddin me, or de village quartet will be singin "Lead Kindly Light—"

Excuse me, here comes de auditor to check up me stock of brooms an sawdust; as dough I was a crook!

'PEGGY ROCHE: SALESLADY'

will solicit your first order of attention in March Photoplay, on sale February 1

Here is
The Great Adventure
of

Youth,
Beauty,
Romance, and
American Enterprise,
told in terms of FIGHT
and LOVE and LAUGH-
TER, the three giants
who drive the world.
DON'T MISS IT!

The story by
Victor Rousseau
The illustrations by
Charles D. Mitchell

C L O S E - U P S

EDITORIAL EXPRESSION AND TIMELY COMMENT

**Bernhardt
Never Did
This.**

WHEATLAND, Wyoming, is a town of 800 inhabitants.

It is so off the beaten track of theatre travels that it is doubtful if anybody there ever heard of Lillian Lorraine. Even such inferior celebrities as George Cohan and William Shakespeare are not often in mind in this thrifty stronghold of the provinces.

Yet "The Birth Of a Nation" came along and packed 'em, until it is estimated that every man and woman in the place, as well as every child of intelligent age, had seen the Griffith-Dixon story. And there were many repeaters.

The price was not a backwoods cut-rate. It was the price the crowds paid at the Liberty theatre in New York, at the Illinois theatre in Chicago, at the Cort theatre in San Francisco, at the Auditorium in Los Angeles.

Two dollars.

Two dollars a seat in Wheatland means more than ten dollars a seat in St. Louis. Not because the people haven't the money, but because it isn't being done.

Not even Bernhardt, in her most spectacular hours of tented glory, can trump that record.



**Why the
Eight-Reeler?**

THOSE who assert that the eight-reel photoplay is a sight-ship much too long to be handled at the docks of the average exhibitor should remember that only two or three years ago many pillars of the optic occupation asserted that two reels was nature's standard, and that larger spools were fit only for special exhibitions. Now, two reels

is a comedy standard, and many very thin little dramas are propped and padded to reach the popular measure approximating a mile.

The eight-reeler seems to have been summoned from the deeps of non-existence by the top grade exhibition places, charging a quarter or half a dollar. Unless these houses—such as the Rialto in New York, the Majestic in Detroit, the Studebaker in Chicago, Clune's Auditorium in Los Angeles—can differentiate their programmes from those of the dime shop, they are in a bad way. They are being undersold on the same goods.

Even the nickel shows handle five-reel pictures, and advanced vaudeville has come to regard the five-reeler as a shifty filler to stop sudden holes in a programme. So, either in vaudeville, or a little bit late at the drop-in palaces, one is pretty sure to see every five-act play going.

The eight-reeler, plus a musical programme and a short optic extra or two, can never be duplicated in a house which turns over its whole visual stock several times a night, or in a vaudeville theatre—with this exception: the small time exhibitor who chooses the eight-reeler for his patrons must omit every condiment of comedy or travel and run the big fellow alone. Some have chosen to do this, but it is an all-meat meal.

There is, of course, even more danger of padding, for thinness waered to five reels is positive transparency in eight. Some vehicles contain too much character, too much incident, for even five reels. Here is the true pictured novel, best exempld, at this writing, in "The Common Law."



**Slapstick
Savagery**

EMPTY honors await the modish metaphysician Henri Bergson, who tells us, with an air of imparting secret wisdom, that the cause of all primitive laughter was the suffering or discomfiture of another human being.

We once saw Fred Mace impaled upon a picket fence, stuck in a chimney, choked in a bath-tub, suffocated in a trunk, drawn under an automobile, whacked by a railway train, tipped out of a balloon, trimmed by a Jane, shot at the front, kicked at the stern, cracked with an axe, pasted with pie, soused with seltzer, petted by a bottle, urged by a blacksnake and cajoled by the talons of a mimic wife—as we say, we saw this, and, between our chortlings of deep grief, we had an advance vision of the Bergson idea all our own.

As far as Monsieur le Metaphysician is concerned, photoplay "comedy" has beaten him to it.



**Picture Power
in
Politics.**

HERE are three politico-movie events which are highly significant.

Governor Whitman, Republican candidate for reelection in New York state, ran ahead of Hughes, and the metropolitan newspapers concede that his great lead was principally due to the efforts of motion picture exhibitors, grateful for the gubernatorial veto on the intolerant Crisman censorship bill, a measure as stupid and bigoted as censorship itself. D. W. Griffith contributed his share to the propoganda, making a "feature film" of Whitman which circulated without cost from Buffalo to the distant tip of Long Island.

In Ohio, where Wilson rolled back the Republican old guard in crumpled heaps, the motion picture showing the President in action had its widest circulation during the closing days of the campaign. This film was handled and distributed by motion picture men in the best business ways known to the industry.

The great Republican campaign film, on which thousands of dollars were spent, overshot its mark and was never released. Those who should know say that this celluloid document was designed to depict the iniquities of Mr. Wilson's administration, and what the Republicans were pleased to consider his maladministration in Mexico. But the promoter went a-picturing with more enthusiasm than caution, and the result was a riotous scenario which, while it might have entertained the children, would hardly have been accepted as sober fact by their fathers and newly-voting mothers.

No Chance
for the
Amateur?

THESE five words are enunciated not as a question, but as a statement of bitter fact, by the average photoplaywright quite awhile before his choice collection of editorial rejection slips touches the century mark. However, it is no new thing, this proclamation of an unenviable ring of kept writers; this suspicion of time-clock scenarioists and the mere names of celebrated authors. Producers for the stage, and publishers, too, face the same accusation, even as they toil like Diogenes to find a little honest originality.

It is refreshing to know that the woman winner of the ten-thousand-dollar contest *in re* the sequel to "The Diamond from the Sky" is an amateur of the first water. She had never written a play nor attempted a scenario before becoming interested in this possibility. Nor is she "literary." She went at it straightaway, guided herself by such sane advice concerning photoplay construction as she could find at hand, worked hard—and put forth the best suggestion among the 100,000 received.



As
Miss Peck
Sees It.

NO whilom, smiling sceptic gazing at the silversheet in tolerant amusement is Miss Mary Gray Peck, of the Motion Picture Committee of the General Federation of Women's Clubs! To her the continuous camera is a plumed knight, a vision instead of a voice in the wilderness, a sun-armed harbinger of the millenium.

Listen. She's speaking:

"Moving pictures are going to save our civilization from the destruction which has successively overwhelmed every civilization of the past.

"They provide what every previous civilization has lacked—namely, a means of relief, happiness and mental inspiration to the people at the bottom. Without happiness and inspiration being accessible to those upon whom the social burden rests most heavily there can be no stable social system. Revolutions are born of misery and despair.

"Cheapness was and still is the original virtue of the films. As long as a ticket stays around the price of a drink the saloon has to reckon with the first rival that ever has been able to compete with it and beat it."



Embarrass-
ments of
Petite Lying.

THE ignoramus in the role of Munchausen has his disadvantages.

One of his kind, crossing the Atlantic Ocean in the days when prominent persons were permitted to travel unsubmarined, boasted of his intimate acquaintance with the world's leading literary lights of that day.

Someone began discussing "Romola," and, of course, mentioned George Eliot. The ignoramus beamed. "George was my room-mate at college!" he exclaimed, delightedly.

A young lady starette, asked last month to supply this publication with a few details of her no-doubt-interesting life, replied: "I am a college girl; received my education at *Vaser*."

SOME BRENON MOTIONS, REED EMOTIONS, AND—

Artist Grant T. Reynard swears that the microminature an inch to the left is William Shay.



"Hold that!!" yells Herbert Brenon. And you bet they do!



All the ladies on this page are Florence Reed; the cameraman below is no lady.



AT WORK WITH LADY YOUNG: ALL IN FORT LEE



Miss Young and Mr. Tearle talk it over while M. Capellani does a little shooting himself.



Yes, the signature is Clara Kimball's own.



The above isn't a mob scene; it's the leading lady with some new photographic proofs; at the left, a little incidental music not at all hard on the ears.



Preaching by Pictures

HOW THE FILM IS BECOMING
THE STRONGEST ALLY OF THE
TEACHERS OF THE GOSPEL

ONCE regarded as a contraption of the blasé gentleman who is reputed to rule over the regions where went the souls of the bad little boys who went fishing on Sundays, the motion picture has become an ally of the church, in the course of a very few years.

Viewed first with suspicion by the orthodox and shunned consistently, the screen has gradually felt its way into the house of worship. There is hardly a city that does not now boast of at least one church where film exhibitions are a part of the services. Aside from the fact that the cinema has brought religion home grippingly through the medium of the eye where before its message came only to the ear, it has solved an economic problem—caused previously struggling churches to become self-sustaining.

Recently *The Advance*, publication of the Congregational denomination, offered a prize for articles on the use of the screen in the church. The winner was Rev. Dr. Chester S. Bucher, of Lima, O., and following are some interesting excerpts from Dr. Bucher's article:

"Jesus used a lost coin, a dead sparrow and a little child as object lessons. Beecher auctioned off a slave girl in Plymouth pulpit. Wilberforce made men shudder when he held up the chains of Africans and dropped them with a clanking thud on the floor. Why should the churches disregard this great potential asset, especially since it was a clergyman, the Rev. Hannibal Goodwin, who was the inventor of the flexible film that made motion pictures possible?

"Out in Shansi, China, our own missionary, Wynn C. Fairfield, is using motion pictures while he preaches to people in the

White Pagoda Temple in the center of the city. In America it is estimated that the equivalent of our entire population goes every week to the movies.

"Two years ago, at Grace Church, Cleveland, we decided to use this *perfect Esperanto* in order to speak to people of all races, ages and conditions. The people passed by our church, leaving its pews empty, and filled the seats of the nickel university at the next corner. For thirty-five dollars we bought a secondhand Edison machine; for thirty dollars we secured a

secondhand galvanized iron booth; for about forty dollars we purchased electrical materials, and an electrician in the church installed the equipment himself and operated the machine. Our regular order of service was used on Sunday evenings with the single exception of substituting a scripture lesson on the screen for the lesson which had been formerly read from the pulpit Bible. The

Bible film was the basis of the sermon. The life of Christ was used in a series, one reel each Sunday night.

"We have heard some criticism from other churches where the pews are empty, but the unchurched people who attend our service are grateful, and attentive, and responsive. The loose change offering pays for the expenses of publicity and of films.

"One of our churches in Detroit presents a clean recreational program of pictures on Sunday afternoons, with free admission. A social hour and refreshments follow. Splendid programs exclusively for children can be offered on Saturdays for a penny admission.

"The Bureau of Commercial Economics at Washington, D. C., offers a service of two educational reels gratis each week."

"The Trials of Joseph in Egypt"

in Sermon and

MOTION PICTURES

AT

Congregational Church

FREE

SUNDAY, 7:30

Shadows of Asia

THE INDIAN AND THE COWBOY
ARE THE ONLY UNIVERSAL
SCREEN FAVORITES EAST OF SUEZ



By Homer Croy

Decorations by Grant T. Reynard

*Translated, this interesting eight-sheet probably proclaims:
"Bill Hart here tonight. Come one! Come all!"*



WE had been sliding down the rivers of China for days in their little, flat-bottomed *sam-pans*, carrying the boat on our shoulders when we wished to clear a rapids, until we were far from civilization's pale. A white face was an event, whole crowds following and children crying at sight of us until I imagined we were in the heart of heathendom. Then we stopped at a small village to stay all night—and found ourselves across the street from a motion picture theatre! And, most startling of all, it was showing an American film—an old one, but still American. It was one of the old chase films where one person starts to run away and his avenger sets out in feverish pursuit, another following, upsetting a baby buggy, until half the town is on the warpath. It was that old, and the film was scratched and torn, but the Chinese didn't mind—to them it was as exciting as a Zepelin attack.

The theatre was in a partitioned off space between two high walls, with no manner of ticket. Paper in China is valuable, so what's the use of having tickets when the purchaser has to give them up in a few feet? In this nook between the walls was the picture theatre; it was one of a chain, putting on a show twice a week. The proprietor showed the films here tonight, shoved them into his boat and was kicked up the river by his coolies to another theater the next night. His progress was accomplished by a coolie lying down on his back in the stern of the boat and straining with his feet against the paddles, which, threshing

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in the water, urged the boat along at a rate that gave the picture man all the time he needed to comprehend the scenery.

Thus is the cinematograph film distributed in China. American pictures are the most popular; especially the cowboy and the Indian. They can not get enough of the tall, picturesque cowboy plugging a redskin with a .44. Even the fact that the titles are in English doesn't keep them from enjoying the film. Action, action is what they want: somebody's got to be doing something—preferably shooting another man's shirt full of holes. Such a picture they are content to sit and watch by the hour. No Chinaman would be willing to pay his money, see six reels and go home; if six reels were all a proprietor showed there would be a riot before 9:30. Time does not mean anything to a Chinaman; he's got all the time in the world and when he goes to a show he wants to get his money's worth. He likes to go at six and stay until midnight. He doesn't set a very high standard in the way of quality, but he does demand footage.

In India the change of a picture program is second in importance only to the Durbar. They can't have a change of program very often for the reason that ships don't arrive every week, and when one does arrive only the early birds get seats. The white people have a certain part of the theater reserved for them. There are two performances during the evening, the white people going to the second. They sit in boxes shielded as much as possible from the natives; the reason is apparent to any one acquainted with the sanitary habits of the native son of India's coral strand. And by the way, there isn't a hunk of coral in the whole empire and I didn't come upon a single strand all the time I was there. The latter word, as used there, has to do with a letter of credit.

In Siam the picture theater is about the only form of amuse-



The Chinese cannot get enough of the tall, picturesque cowboy plugging a redskin with a .44.

ment. That and cricket fighting. It is so hot that games are not indulged in to any great extent, the people preferring to take their relaxation sitting down. Their theatres are more like our carnivals. They are



in big enclosures, where you may either go inside the sheltered part where the film is running, or sit outside at little tables and drink cane juice and whisky pegs—or see how hard you can hit a striking bag. And then after you have injured your wrist you can go inside and watch Charley Chaplin.

When a ship comes in there is a change of film, and the King comes down to the theatre and it is society night. I will pause to say that the sacred white elephants of Siam are largely a myth, the same having only a few white hairs on the tail.

While Max Linder was working, before he went to the war, he was much more popular in Egypt than Charlie Chaplin, but now of course it is impossible to get films into that beleaguered city.

Cairo is such a cosmopolitan city that the subtitles have to be in four languages: English,

French, Greek and Egyptian. Sometimes the titles are in only three languages—the first three—with the explanations in Arabic (the national language of Egypt) thrown on the wall close by with a projection machine. The native then has only to look over to the lantern slide to understand what the fat comedian is saying to his two friends who have just pushed him off the cliff.

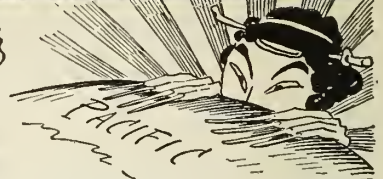
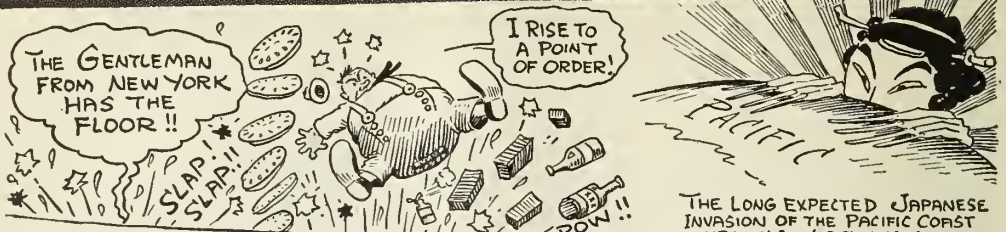
The women never sit in the audience with the men. Never. That would be an everlasting disgrace to an Egyptian woman. She sits in a box, far, far from the seductive eyes of men. The Koran allows each follower four wives, but they don't all have that many helpmeets, for the reason that the average man can't afford four wives.

Every day American films are coming to have more of a grip in the Orient. The war has made them supreme.



WEST COAST NEWS OF NATIONAL SIGNIFICANCE

By E. W. GALE, Jr.



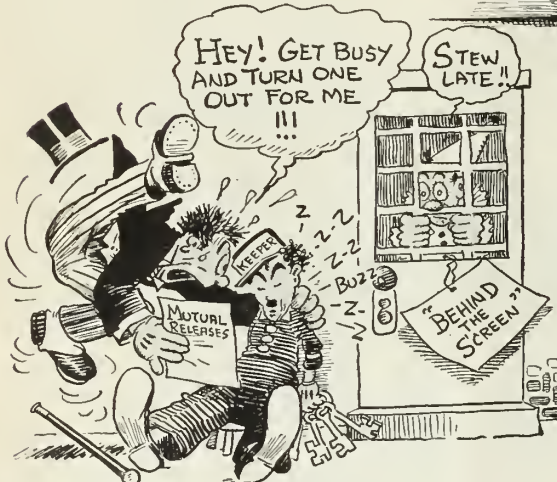
THE LONG EXPECTED JAPANESE INVASION OF THE PACIFIC COAST IS UPON US - LASKY IS SHOOTING "THE DARLING OF THE GODS."

KEYSTONE Co.

BELT CONVEYOR TO THE HOSPITAL



THE "SENNETT" HAS CONVENED. MACK IS BACK!



THE JUDGEMENT DAY.

STARRING MABEL NORMAND.

SUPPORTED BY GABRIEL, WITH HIS WELL KNOWN TRUMPET, AND A LARGE CAST.

WHAT IT BEGINS TO LOOK LIKE MABEL NORMAND'S NEXT RELEASE WILL BE.

GALE LOS ANGELES '36

CHAPLIN MISSED A RELEASE!

DAVID WARK GRIFFITH IS PERSONALLY DISPENSING "INTOLERANCE" TO LOS ANGELES AND SAN FRANCISCO.



INCE IS BACK FROM NEW YORK



Financing the Movies

"INSIDERS" HAVE SKIMMED THE
CREAM OFF SO FAR BUT THE
PUBLIC'S INNING IS NIGH

By Paul H. Davis

Author of "Investing in the Movies."

THE public—that is, the general public—has never taken any part in financing motion picture projects. Perhaps, a certain part of the public has thought it was financing when it was merely investing. There is a wide difference between the two words. The person who buys shares in a company from a friend or broker is merely investing in the security of a concern which has already been financed.

"Insiders" have financed the motion picture industry of today. And to the insiders have accrued the immense profits which have been garnered by the pioneer financiers of an industry which has made tremendous strides during the past few years. There are but two instances of the public having been invited to finance big producing corporations and the public, fearing for its dollars, declined the invitation, and the promoters were forced to fall back upon private bankers. These were the Triangle and the World. They were a little ahead of time. The investing public had become film-shy because of the operations of snide movie companies: They had grown to consider the films as a poor risk, when as a matter of fact, they are often excellent risks.

The public cannot be blamed. It had been stung by either downright grafters and stock jobbers, or men handicapped by a supreme ignorance of the business they were attempting to found.

It is a matter of fact that it has only been in the last few years that the general public has had opportunities to invest in legitimate companies. The "insiders" heretofore have been getting the "gravy," to use a slang term. These were the original promoters and their friends.

The first exchanges were independent

organizations. Each was a dealer who bought from manufacturers his supply of films. These dealers grew until their equipment and good will in many cases had a sale value of a hundred thousand dollars or more. It was by a combination of dealers or exchanges in different parts of the country that the first national exchange company got on the map. This particular company, which is now doing an annual business of several millions of dollars, bought up exchanges in the important cities. These exchanges costing it is said over a million dollars in the aggregate, were paid for by preferred stock of the new company and by notes falling due over a long period of time. The notes were paid out of the earnings of the business. So far as I can find out, no outside money was needed to handle the proposition.

The time is rapidly coming when the business will be too large to be financed by the inside crowd. The public will be given legitimate opportunities to invest in the movies.

Not long after the organization of this company, another exchange organization was formed. This was financed by insiders in a different way. It is said that the fellows who were next to the plans bought exchanges for cash. These exchanges they turned into the new company they were forming for substantial blocks of stock. This stock they in turn sold to their friends—thus reimbursing themselves for their cash outlay. Their friends really financed the purchase of the exchange—and it must be said in fairness to all, that the insiders and the friends both made money out of the transaction. This same concern it appears at one time after expanding too fast, found itself out of spending money. A well known banker who had imagination saw that the concern had the possibility of making good dividends. The report is that he loaned this concern about a quarter of a million dollars. For this service he doubtless received a nice block of common

stock which had a good market sometime later—thanks largely to his efforts. His profit is said to have been nearly fifty per cent.

At the time these exchange companies were formed, the producing companies furnishing the films were owned by individuals, or were close corporations consisting of a few stockholders. Several of these concerns,—still making pictures and mighty good ones,—are today valuable properties. Their worth is the result of profit of the business alone. In some instances where producing companies needed more money than their profits had furnished them, stock was sold to friends of the insiders. Practically none of this stock reached the general public.

At the present time there is a new angle to the ever-changing financing of the movies. Many of the companies require an advance payment from the exhibitors who show their pictures. This advance payment, while it may not be used to extend the company's operations, is put to the corporation credit at the bank. I have heard that in some cases this deposit of advance payments from exhibitors amounts to several hundred thousand dollars. On a deposit of this size a concern can borrow an enormous amount of money with which to finance its new pictures and extensions.

I know of another large distributing corporation that organizes separate companies for each of its new ventures. The stock of these new companies is subscribed for by the insiders and friends of these connected with the company. Occasionally some of these shares reach the general public. Practically all of the ventures of this group have been successful and this corporation is building up a following of investors who are anxious to get in on the new propositions as they come along.

For the most part the money that finances the movies has been made in the business or comes from personal friends and acquaintances of those who have made money in the movies; and from bankers who, after studying the movie situation have decided that the business is a real industry warranting their cooperation.

The time is rapidly coming when the business will be too large to be financed by the inside crowd. The public will be given legitimate opportunities to invest in the movies. I have noticed that during the past year there has been a dearth of fake movie promotions—which is a mighty good thing for the industry. There is also a change of attitude on the part of the men operating the motion picture companies. They see that if they are to get the respect of the public they must give out information concerning themselves and their business just as other folks do—and are meeting the public demand for facts.

The majority of motion picture theatres have been and are financed like a regular mercantile venture. John Smith, who has an eye to business, sees an opportunity to open a house. He takes his own money, and borrows from his friends or his bank, enough to lease the theatre. As he prospers, he extends his business and moves into larger quarters. I have only heard of a few the-

atre ventures that have been financed in a big business way—that is for a group of men to advance the money to get the proposition started, then sell stock to the public to complete the deal. Thus the moving picture industry began with shoe string financial methods and by tumultuous leaps reached the mighty magnitude that is its today.

As I have suggested, you will doubtless in the very near future, not only have an opportunity to invest in the Movies, but will have an opportunity to aid in the financing of the industry. Bearing in mind always that the motion picture industry entails a usual business risk, there may be excellent opportunities for profit. The success of the new ventures as they are brought out—the same as the continuing success of the existing companies,—depends upon the management and personal ability of the men back of the concerns. Therefore, before you part with your money either as an investor or as one who is aiding in the financing of the industry, be sure that the people back of the proposition in which you invest, have been successful *in the motion picture industry.*

Watch for
“The Big Fade-Out”

A humorous and unusual story of the movies in the March Photoplay out February 1.

"The Club, James!"

IT IS THE CAPITOL OF THE
SCREEN RIALTO THIS IMPOSING
PILE IN THE CITY OF ANGELS

*If you don't know
the way call up
"Broadway
444."*

By K. Owen

Photography by Staeg



WHEN Mrs. J. Skerrigan Phil-lum, the little known wife of the famous screen idol, has waited long after the children have been stowed away in the hay, for her renowned spouse to return home, she goes to the telephone and calls up "Broadway 444." If hubby is the kind of a fellow all the girls think he is, he will soon be on his way to the Hollywood bungalow fortified with a holeproof alibi and, mayhap, a highly reliable affidavit man.

When Llewellyn Z. Bustanoby, the famous film idol, reaches the Coast to pose



for the Cyclopean clicker at \$8.33 per click, it's pesos to centavos that he'll say to the taxi pilot: "The club, James;" provided, of course, that his well backgrounded spouse has been left East to enjoy his absence. And the taxi fellow will chauff him unerringly to the corner of Seventh and Olive and turn him over to the liveried doorman.

It's the capitol of the screen rialto—the Lambs, Players and Friars rolled into one—this Los Angeles Athletic Club, where the great and the near-great of film-dom foregather to court physical perfec-

Three successive stages of an aerial flip-flop indulged in by Oliver Morosco, noted stage and screen producer.

tion, enjoy social intercourse, exercise their mental attributes, practice table athletics, and — in rare instances — talk about themselves.

Up on the third floor where the more passive sports obtain, the motto is the Biblical quotation: "He putteth down one and setteth up another." Arm exercises predominate here often to the detriment of the more lower or nether limbs—setting up drill, as they say in the army.

Farther up in the higher altitudes one might explore the sleeping quarters—perchance might pass the very door behind which the celebrated Charles Spencer Chaplin slumbers serenely oblivious of the pies and falls and bumps of the coming day. For this, my fellow-citizens, is the home of that noted comedian of the almost-million-dollar salary, just as it is the home of other famous film players, temporarily or permanently employed in the city.

In the spacious and splendidly equipped gymnasium, the casual visitor is almost certain to bump into some screen notable. "Hobe" Bosworth may be seen wrestling with Noah Young, the club's champion strongman, or trying to break heavy log chains with his ba-a-are-re han-n-n-d-d-ds. Or he may spy Bobby Harron keeping down to weight by use of the rowing machine; or Donald Crisp, actor-director, wrestling or doing "brother" stunts with Elmer Clifton, Griffith juvenile.

If the inquisitive visitor is lucky, he might be treated to a handball game between some of the champions of the studios, Bob Leonard, Charley Ruggles, Harry Ham and Jack Pickford, if the latter happens to be on this side of the continent, or Charles Gerrard. Bosworth, the dean of 'em all, is a sort of bug on keeping fit and does extra duty by working with a business men's gymnasium class. If you've ever joined one of these things you know what a

blow they are to an artistic soul. Business behemoths in the 300 class trying

to "take off," grunt dutifully beside 98-pound barristers who are trying to "put on;"

and the wail of striving souls and riven bodies ascends on high to the housetops.

Now one would not look for stunts from a producing magnate, but if you happen to be around at the right time you can see Oliver Morosco do some ground and lofty tumbling that would do credit to an Arabian tumbler. He knows the first names of all the trick

paraphernalia in the gym, and the flying rings and trapezes and such-like come a running when he whistles. He holds the all-around championship for all weights in the Theatrical and Film Producing Union.

There are also many devotees of what is commonly referred to as the manly art



of self-defense. Ford Sterling, for instance, loves to put the gloves on—someone else, and the other boxing fans are numerous. Fred Mace will still go a few rounds with any bantamweight in Edendale at any hour of the day and Mack Sennett once offered to put on the gloves with Tom Ince.

Next to the

h a n d b a l l courts, probably the most popular place in the huge building at Seventh and Olive streets is the big plunge, referred to by Douglas Gerrard and other sons of Albion as “the tub.”

This is the favorite retreat of Mr. Chaplin, who is now mastering the Australian crawl and the Kellerman climb. Always he is accompanied by Tom, his faithful wallay, who keeps a careful eye on his mealticket. Some of the best swimmers on the Coast, where most of the national aquatic records are held, are members of the L. A. A. C. as well as of some motion picture company. Billy Williams, Billy Gilbert and Cliff Bowes who hold all of the diving records on the Coast are Key-stoners—masters of “water stuff” and Jack Mower, of Vitagraph, is a member of the Club’s water polo team.

It is the less active sports that have provided the designation of “Third Floor Athletes” for the devotees of the cue and ivory spheres. William Farnum is up near the top of the list of billiard experts and other cue stars are his brother Dustin, Allan Hale and Willard Louis. On the same floor may be found the checker and chess appliances and the hoisting apparatus referred to somewhere in the beginning of the foregoing.

Much beneficial exercise is obtained on this floor at stated intervals by such notables as Charles Van Loan, the historian of

Here we have “Hobe” Bosworth wrestling and Donald Crisp holding Elmer Clifton on his hands.



the movies, sometimes scenarioist and offtime golfer; Colonel William Selig and William H. Clune, of producing fame; Walter Edwards, Dave Hartford and Raymond B. West of Inceville and Culver City; Charley Ray and his film father, Frank Keenan; Al Christie and his former comics, Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran; Tyrone Power, of lost children fame, whose favorite recreation is after-dinner speaking; Carter de Haven and a host of others who figure regularly in the Questions and Answers department.

But think not that the Los Angeles Athletic Club is a meeting place of only the film brotherhood. On the contrary it is likewise the magnet which attracts nightly the big men of the Southern California metropolis; business men, authors, newspapermen, mining and oil magnates, doctors, lawyers and the others that make up the backbone of the community. Several of the chief spirits behind the club’s metamorphosis from a physical culture club in a few dingy rooms into a sumptuous palace are prominent in the film industry, among them being Frank Garbutt, president of Pallas Pictures and now manager of studios for the Famous

Player-Lasky-Morosco combination, and Charles Eyton. Mr. Morosco's photoplay representative. Mr. Eyton has been secretary of the club for years.

There is a side "degree" in connection with the club which bears the elevating name of "The Uplifters." This internal organization has on its lists the names of a number of the film colony's leading spirits in addition to several of the Angel City's most democratic millionaires, jurists, doctors and real estate

Every so often they get together in one of the period dining rooms of the club and lift their voices in song and their arms in—well, we might call it homage, to the spirit of good fellowship.

Film stars, such as Chaplin, like the club for the additional reason that it pro-

Bobby Harron keeps in trim by rowing an imaginary boat. In the background Donald Crisp is playing Sandow



vides a degree of privacy that is impossible in a hotel. Privacy is a vital need to a star of Chaplin's luminosity. Otherwise he would be pressed into service as a Los Angeles landmark for rubber-neck guides to megaphone at.

Interest in the club's sports is kept alive by an almost continuous series of tournaments, both for the followers of the strenuous life, and the disciples of the aforementioned passive athletics. There are aquatic contests which draw the water

experts from all over the country, amateur boxing matches for the various Pacific Coast championships.

Loyal L. A. A. C. men declare that they have the finest club in the country. Maybe so—anyhow, they have on their rolls the highest salaried men in the world and a spirit of good fellowship that is found in perhaps no other club in existence.

If you have your doubts about these assertions, just slip across to the City of Angels and tell James "The Club" or ask anyone at "Broadway 444."

Lost: One Small Star

AND WHEN THE WHOLE STUDIO HAD HUNTED HE WAS FOUND IN THE AUGUST COMPANY OF A FRIEND, SOMEWHAT SURGICALLY ENGAGED

THE vaudeville act danced off stage, the lights in the theatre were smothered down, and the screen curtain was lowered. People snuggled in their seats with an audible sigh of satisfaction. Next moment, all over the house:

"Ah!" "Oh!" "The *darling!*" "O—o, o—o, isn't he just the *sweetest!*"

Little Lobby Connelly, whose name in the studios is "Sonny Jim," had stepped upon the canvas, and those in the audience who didn't recognize this genius child-star of the shadow stage recognized at once that he was the most charming mite of an



un-grownup gentleman and discovered presently that he was a really remarkable actor, a little-boy-prodigy without any of the pert and perk and strut and justlookatmewillyou that commonly attend infant genius while it buds. His most recent big hit was in "The Law Decides," and he received ovations everywhere.

Bobby Connelly belongs to his mother (who always dresses him for the camera), but "Sonny Jim" belongs to Vitagraph—and you better let him alone if you're the employing head of a rival company. They think a lot of "Sonny Jim" at Vitagraph, where they pay him, aged six-or-seven-or-six-going-on-seven, every week enough to—oh shucks, what's the good of making useless comparisons? You understand how it is, don't you?

Bobby Boy, alias Sonny Jim, threw the Vitagraph studio into an uproar the other day. Next to his adored mother, the small man loves dogs best of the things that do walk this earth and possess the sacred right to go behind the curtains of Movieland. Of all the dogs he knows (and Bobby B.'s acquaintance is neighborhood-wide and entirely democratic) his chosen favorite is "Big Bob" of Vitagraph studio, a great, shaggy brute.

If there's one thing this little star loves, next to his mother, it's dogs.

When the camera has gone asleep Sonny Jim sports.



The director intimated to Sonny Jim politely that in a few minutes his services would be desired in a "set," and to be ready. Bobby's mother led him off to his dressing-room (oh, yes, indeed, he has one all his own) and dressed him for the part, and sent him out to play it. But the "set" was not quite ready.

Presently it was, and the director called cheerily:

"All right. Sonny Jim on!"

But no Sonny Jim appeared. And never before had he been one minute late when wanted.

Then the whole studio dropped work and hunted him. They found him on the studio "lot," seated on the ground beside "Big Bob," bandaging that canine worthy's leg with strips

At bat he's one Casey!—"Holon: no fair hunchin!"



torn from his handkerchief!

A few days before he had seen a wounded doggie bandaged in exactly the same place—but perhaps in not exactly the same way. They had a great time making Bobbie Boy and Sonny Jim understand that dogs that have not been hurt don't have to be bound up, and that it's the liniment anyway that really does the work.



A Vamp With a Goulash Name

SO YOU SEE THAT SHE
WAS QUITE JUSTIFIED
IN CHANGING IT

She appeared in a few amateur theatricals to which her father objected, but where father made his real big mistake was when he took her to Los Angeles, for there she signed up with the Little Theatre—and made a hit. From that it was but a step to the cinema.

She began as an extra girl with Griffith. It so happened that when she first went to work Griffith had more ingenues than he knew what to do with but was really up against it for “vamps.”

“My kingdom for a vamp!” he cried.

Then Olga arrived.

YOU can't tell Olga Grey that there's nothing in a name because she had to change hers to get along at all.

In Budapest, where she was born, she was called Anushka Zacek which is perfectly simple to anybody who is a Hungarian but goulash to anybody else.

Now when a lady sets out to seize fame by the horns her name must not under any circumstances sound like a goulash, so Anushka changed hers to Olga Grey, which is easy to pronounce and remember.

In the New York schools, where she was educated, she found this made life much easier, and went to work studying music because her father wanted to make her a great violinist.

But every time she drew the bow across the strings she saw not the concert stage before her eyes, but the acting stage, and it was her dream to become an actress.



A Double Twinkler

VIOLA DANA SHINES ALIKE
ON STAGE AND SCREEN

VIOLA DANA made her appearance the same year as the Spanish-American war—1898—but she has lasted a whole lot longer, for which let us give thanks.

When she was eleven she walked into Thomas Jeffer-



son's Rip Van Winkle company and remained for three years. From that time on she became a regular child actress and is still regarded as a stage star.


Two years ago the films claimed her, and after playing before Edison cameras she went to Metro where she has added to her film fame.

She is 4 feet 11 in height, weighs 96 pounds and has light green—green, mind you—eyes and a wealth of beautiful brown hair. She is sensitive, emotional and has a wonderful sense of humor.

The Shadow Stage

A Department
of Photoplay Review

By
Julian Johnson



*Rupert Julian and Ella
Hall, in "The Bugler
of Algiers."*

A YEAR ago. . . .
What *was* hap-
pening a year
ago?

Triangle, for one
thing, was shaking the
eggshell chips from its

pristine down while staring about at an expectant world. Douglas Fairbanks was making a sensational screen bow, and Charlie Ray was listening to a nation's applause for "The Coward." Mack Sennett, uncomfortable in the dress suit of greatness, was trying to make a funny shadow of Raymond Hitchcock. Inceville was blasting out potential celluloids like a munitions factory. The Fine Arts studio, treading with mincing condescension, began to dispense culture to a crude, crude people.

Mr. Fox's interesting replicas began—Vol. 1, No. 1—with the Bara duplication of "Carmen." Mr. Walthall's Poe effort, "The Raven," flapped and flopped. Herbert Brenon had taken his naiads, nereids, notions and Annette to Jamaica. Vitagraph was turning out a programme represented by "Dust of Egypt," one of its current releases. The Lasky studio was steadily at work, as always, on studies of modern life—Cleo Ridgely had just played "The Chorus Lady," Victor Moore was doing "Chimmie Fadden," and Blanche Sweet was her own double in "The Secret Sin."

The Farrar "Carmen" was still dazzlingly new. World was toiling with programme stuff, and Equitable, its short-lived child, was being born. Chaplin was an Essanay asset. Tyrone Power belonged to Selig. Famous was in its eternal struggle to find a proper play for Mary Pickford. Universal performed steadily at the accepted gait nicked on its speedometer, only Lois Weber raising it above the ordinary programme level. And Mr. Griffith, suave and mysterious, reigned on a throne so glittering that no other producer dared turn his eyes that way.

Lots of things have happened in the year 1916. Some on high have been brought down, and some of the lowly have been elevated. There have been so many changes that it is doubtful if there will ever be another year in the history of photodramatic art in which so much will happen. It is not only a matter of improbability; for various reasons, it seems sheer impossibility. There has been revolution or rebellion in every manufacturing kingdom.

These things are of interest to us as they forecast tomorrow; as they tell us who will probably make screen dramas worth while in 1917, and 1918, and the 'teens and twenties after.

During 1916 the one producing institution which has gone on without hesitancy, without waver or change, is the house of Lasky. The tone of Lasky plays has risen in a perfect curve. A great Lasky

drama, "Joan the Woman," which at the writing of these lines has not been seen by anyone, awaits release. It features Geraldine Farrar in an heroic version, past and present, of the "Joan of Arc" tale, directed by Cecil DeMille. This play may set the kingly crown on DeMille's head. It may not. I haven't seen it, and I don't prophesy with my eyes shut.

As for that crown, Griffith still wears it. "Intolerance" is a tremendous, stupendous study which fails to advance its maker. It is a museum of antiquity and a modern picture gallery, but it lacks a story. Mr. Griffith can tell great stories with the simplicity of greatness. He is in the zenith of his powers, and he had better be about his producing, handling his impresari-ship to those who have smaller imaginations and larger adding machines.

In the dust and clatter of Triangle's various financial earthquakes Monsieur Sennett, the one really funny man the photoplays have produced, fell out of his comical bandwagon and hasn't succeeded in climbing back. When Mr. Sennett began to supervise and be a magnate something went wrong in his works. Now his laughs are only echoes.

Mr. Ince, whom this magazine has called "Rodin of Shadows," suffered severely in Triangle's series of punctures. In fact, Mr. Ince is a somewhat abused party, for besides having to hold up two sides of Triangle, to say nothing of bolstering a weakening third, he was presently compelled to go to New York and battle all summer in the monetary reconstruction of the whole organization. This year has been Ince's "King's-Ex." He made money with "Civilization," a big picture of weak story, coward's philosophy, fine acting and setting and most remarkable photography.

The World Film Corporation has been as quiet during the past twelvemonth as Mexico at election-time. The exit of Mr. Selznick was followed by the entry of Arthur H. Spiegel—and Mr. Spiegel's untimely death at the age of thirty-two. Mr. Brady succeeded. In this welter of change and disaster the tone of World pictures went backward instead of forward. Mr. Brady is one of the most energetic men of the theater, and if he stays in long enough, and keeps his interest in the picture business at its present temperature, he will thoroughly rejuvenate his embattled organization.

Mr. Brenon returned from Jamaica only to quarrel with Mr. Fox. His spectacle, "The Daughter of the Gods" seems to be the celluloid mint of New York. Now, Brenon is back to

drama, where he won his original triumphs.

Selznick, virtually forced out of World by a financial combine against him, formed another corporation and tricked and defied the entire industry by proclaiming the individual picture against the programme. Exhibitors support Selznick in a way that threatens to overthrow half the old pillars of the industry. Selznick's big bunch of stars and stellar directors are a mightily potential handful.

Vitagraph, the proud original master, stumbled, tripped, caught itself, went on again half a dozen times. Its output today does not enter the class of DeMille, or Brenon, or Ince, or James Young, Colin Campbell, or George Irving. Lubin is no more. Mr. Selznick has bought the effects.

Mary Pickford, a corporation, still thrashes about for entertaining vehicles and seldom finds them. The Talmadge Film Corporation, the Mae Marsh Film Corporation, the Barriscale Film Corpora-



Helen Ware, in "The Garden of Allah," a forthcoming Selig release.

tion—waves from the big rock Selznick dropped in the old-timers' puddle—are on their respective ways. And most of them are to be regretted.

At Universal City a managerial gentleman named Davis is endeavoring to prove that a time-clock is inspiration's twin brother. As Universal is the most prolific producer in the world Mr. Davis' experiment will be watched with interest.

Metro a year ago was impossible artistically. Today it is a serious factor and produces much that is worth while.

THE *Children Pay*. Here is the sanest, most humanly interesting five-reeler of the month, although in most of its episodes decidedly undramatic. It is such a story of drifting parents, an ever-widening domestic gulf, and the keen sorrows and quaint joys of a pair of little girls as you might expect from the pen of a young William Dean Howells. As a matter of fact, Frank E. Woods of Fine Arts wrote it, and there are deployed in its unrolling such redoubtable character persons as Ralph Lewis, Jennie Lee, Loyola O'Connor and Carl Stockdale. Miss O'Connor, as the demi-artist mother, provides a remarkable exhibit of self-satisfied selfishness, wholly different from the usual sympathetic vehicle accorded her. Lillian Gish plays Millicent, the oldest girl who is the focal center of all the activity. I have never seen Miss Gish draw a more real, interesting and believable young woman. She has literal pep and a c t u a l punch—two qualities which tradition says are extremely unglorified. There are those who say the final legal situation is impossible. I don't know. I do know that the body of the play is a page of life, of which the screen shows far too little.

American Aristocracy. Is Mr. Fair-

banks the star of this picture? Seems to me Miss Anita Loos, who wrote the quaint little burlesque on our bean-can nobility, and the odd little type-phrases which join the illustrations, is the real luminary. Miss Loos was short on plot, but long on laughs. Her melodrama is that of an old-fashioned motion picture; her satire is worthy Irvin Cobb. Mr. Fairbanks is being completely eaten up by his jumping ability. He leaps into his chairs, over his motors, onto his horses, out of his difficulties, like a godson of St. Vitus. Acrobatics and agility are good, but in this picture they are driven into the ground, to the exclusion of much better stuff of which he is entirely capable.

The Microscope Mystery. Another of Fine Arts' stories rather than plays, full of genuine types, and glorified with more accuracy in any hundred feet than the average five reeler's five thousand. A pastoral bit, this, of the country doctor who looked upon the village miser's baby and found her delightful, but who could be spurred

Mary Charleson and Henry Walthall, in "The Truant Soul," an Essanay holiday feature.



into action only by the villainy of the hustling quack doctors. The humbug "specialist" has long been awaiting just such photographic depiction, and here he gets it, eight-cylindered and ninety-horse. Pomeroy Cannon as Dr. Bell, of the Prince Albert and the divine afflatus; Wilfred Lucas as "Doc" Arnold, and Constance "Mountain Girl" Talmadge as the curmudgeon's child are splendid. The shooting of specialist Bell is a thrilling, grisly piece of realism; no fotoflop is this, in neat fashion; the "doctor" subsides in a huddled, ludicrous sprawl, and *sits* on the porch, stone dead.

Children of the Feud. Here we have the oldest and only story of the Tennessee mountains, told for the hundredth time at least in pictures. The perfection of detail in this moonshine yarn makes it not only enduring, but interesting.

A Sister of Six. Bessie Love and the press-agented Fine Arts Kiddies in a story of California of the early days. Well done, but by no means notable.

The Wharf Rat. A boy character for Mae Marsh, who brings to the role no boyishness, and, out of her frocks and in a close-cropped wig, not a particle of femininity. Quite impossible.

Atta Boy's Last Race. A weak-kneed story which has Dorothy Gish and the best of Hollywood's optic machinery, but these serve only to raise it higher, in order to fall harder.

THE Bugler of Algiers. Here is poetry in modern habiliments. Here is the *elan* of France. Here is drama, thrill, romance. Such stories as this, by Robert H. Davis and Perley Poore Sheehan, are written all too infrequently. Anatole Picard and his sister Gabrielle live

in a little French village. The year is 1870. Anatole and Gabrielle's sweetheart, Pierre Dupont, are summoned to the colors in Algiers. While they are away the black maelstrom of Prussia descends upon Northern France, and their little town is wiped out. As they have already been erroneously reported dead Gabrielle, the little sister, wanders to Paris, and is neither heard from nor found. Fifty years pass. Heroes are becoming scarcer and scarcer, and the bestower of decorations of the Legion of Honor is having a hard-enough time to keep his office open, without meeting such sudden emergencies as the death of a candidate to whose prospective embossing President Poincaré has already been invited. In desperation, he uncovers the story of Anatole Picard's forgotten heroism in Algiers. He reads in the musty records of the War Office of Picard's capture by an Algerian chief; of the offer to spare his life if he would sound the retreat

upon his bugle—how the intrepid Picard sounded not the retreat but the charge! Picard is summoned to the capital. He and Pierre, white old cronies, nuisances and fogies in the minds of the young villagers, don their ancient regimentals and decide to *march* to the boulevards. Weaker and weaker grows Picard, but he will not give in, and at last is borne in Pierre's arms

to a farmhouse on the outskirts of the beloved city. He dies. Pierre, impersonating the dead Anatole, goes in his stead, receives the decoration, the congratulations of the president, and the embraces of a little bent old lady—Gabrielle, lost for half a century, and resurrected by that excellent press-agent, the superintendent of archaic heroes. Together they return to the humble *cote* where Anatole lies at peace in the sunset, beneath a banner inscribed "We Are French." The silent soldier receives his decoration before



Lillian Gish, in "The Children Pay."

tendent of archaic heroes. Together they return to the humble *cote* where Anatole lies at peace in the sunset, beneath a banner inscribed "We Are French." The silent soldier receives his decoration before



*Ethel Clayton
and Carlyle Blackwell,
in "Broken Chains."*

the embrace of his aged sister and her bent but not broken lover. Some story? It is one of Universal's finest efforts. Splendidly directed by Rupert Julian, who himself plays Pierre. Ella Hall is the dear wee Gabrielle, and Kingsley Benedict a sturdy Anatole.

The Measure of A

Man. A carefully-made and artistically set-up melodrama of the lumber districts, featuring J. Warren Kerrigan. The first fifty feet prophesies the finish. We know that Mr. Kerrigan's vim and vigor will be victors in Reel V. Louise Lovely is.

Eagle's Wings. Here is an aspiring appeal for preparedness. The best part of it is its views of munitions plants in operation; the worst part the alleged corruption of our legislators by foreign "diplomats." Such "corruption" wouldn't be able to annex peanuts from the goober-pagoda of a blind Neapolitan.

JIM GRIMSBY'S Boy. Here is one of the dwindling supply of Ince-Keenans, and it's a thoroughly worthy entertainment. Keenan plays Jim Grimsby, a Western miner who has been done by the fair sex until his dislike for them equals their record of trickery upon him. His boy isn't a boy, though he resolves from the hour of her birth that she shall be one. But Enid Markey in any other garb than petti-

coats is still an Enid, and as she grows in size and prettiness she is more lass than lad howsoever. Among rough-stuff fathers, Keenan is at once the roughest and the tenderest. Grimsby is a capital characterization in every phase.

The Honorable Algy. Carefully staged, conscientiously acted, but with Charlie Ray miscast in a poor, thin, fluttering story wholly unworthy Tom Ince's virile standard.

The Devil's Double. It is difficult to drape a genuine play about William S. Hart's embattled person every month, but here's an effort which is a success. Like all really good stories, "The Devil's Double" has the virtue of simplicity and directness. Bowie Blake, Rocky Mountain prince of chance and faro-banker, attracts the flickering attention of Van Dyke Tarleton, invalid artist. Westering to fan new life into his last material embers. Tarleton's whim is to use Bowie as a model, a proposition the tough gambler indignantly rejects until the painter's wife persuades

Mary Pickford (left) with Mary Alden and David Powell, in "Less Than the Dust," her first photoplay since she has been a separate "corporation."



him to grant the weak desire of a dying man. Love springs like a flame in Blake's heart. It's a pretty clean love, and he beats it out of the mountains to get away from temptation. Returning, he finds that small-time desperados have attacked the two, and the husband has succumbed. From where you stand you can now see the end of the road. Hart is fine as Blake, Enid Markey is appealing as the wife, and Robert McKim excellent as the fading artist.

The Criminal. A story of the East Side Italian quarter in New York City, without a particle of New York atmosphere. Fairly well acted by all participants, and with especial fervor by William Desmond and Clara Williams.

Bawbs o' Blue Ridge. Not much of a play. Only a passive vehicle for Bessie Barriscale.

An Enemy to the King. This is Sothern dramatically true to form, garnished with the brave boyish beauty of Edith Storey. Had Vitagraph opened its Sothern series with this merry piece of swashbuckle instead of the dreary "Chat-tel," it might have meant a difference of

thousands in the Sothern receipts. As we have endeavored to explain, Mr. Sothern—a perfect type of high comedian—is not limited to long swords and plumed hats; but as romance is a forte of his, and as romance is the thing which has made him beloved of the American people in a long and honorable career, why did he essay extremely dull realism? Picturing is no commencement for Mr. Sothern; it should be an accurate reflection of his greatest stage success, and that success belongs to the days of "If I Were King," and like vehicles. "An Enemy to the King" is a rollicking ballade of ready love and nonchalant murder in the period of Henry of Navarre.

The Dollar and the Law.

Irvin Cobb turns to screen writing here. Result, a poor photoplay, but a mightily interesting treatise on thrift. This picture has the value of a travelogue and a personal introduction to the great. It shows the whole process of banknote manufacture, and it introduces one to Frank A. Vanderlip, of the National City Bank of New York, in his own office.

The Price of Fame. A tiresome trick story dependent for its effectiveness upon double exposure. Marc McDermott seems to share the fate of his one-time team-mate, Mary Fuller. He can't find a vehicle.

THE Cossack Whip. A corking Russian story, evidently made some time ago by Edison, but released only a few weeks since. It has vigor, action, speed, suspense and fine heart interest. Viola Dana has the chief role.

LESS Than the Dust. Here is Mary Pickford's first picture of her "own" release, taking its title from one of Amy Woodforde Finden's "Indian Love Lyrics," of the same name, though the story is not even a speaking acquaintance of the poem. Nothing was left undone to make

this entertainment a twin-six drama worthy Broadway and a high price. It had John Emerson as a director, a perfect cast, all-sufficient settings, and, theoretically, an ideal author. "Less than the Dust" has everything but the absolute essential: a real story. Hector Turnbull's narrative of Rhada, the stray daughter of an opium-devouring colonel on East Indian service, is notably uninspired. Discovering this little brown girl who thinks herself a Hindoo and really seems to belong to no race, we recognize the splendid premise for a big ensuing history. But the history doesn't come. There is an Indian insurrection which does little for Rhada dramatically; a heart-pang—and finally, the proof that she is the lost dead colonel's daughter, the heiress to an English estate, and therefore a perfectly fit wife for Capt. Richard Townsend, whom she first amused and afterward thrilled. The finale is as comfortable and exciting as Sunday afternoon. The best episodes in the picture are its comedy scenes, and the funniest and most human of these Rhada's secret designing of a fashionable English costume to please her lover; temperature, surroundings and ignorance causing her to cut her precious goods into a suit of combination underwear. Miss Pickford as Rhada is the Pickford of tradition, and more. In this play—for the first time?—she unleashes her sex. She is no longer always the child. Her love-making has the conviction of passion. Sometimes she is quaintly, grotesquely funny, sometimes she flashes an almost voluptuous oriental beauty. David Powell could not be bettered as Capt. Townsend.

THE Plow Girl.
"Mae Murray would thrill you in five reels of the Constitution of the

United States!" disgustedly declared one of my *secater* accompanists after "The Plow Girl." And at that, I think she could—provided they had much Murray and not much Constitution. Miss Murray quite aside, "The Plow Girl" is a unique five-reeler, the story of a woman-slave among the Boers of Johannesburg. The yarn frazzles away to almost nothing toward the finish—yet it has this all-redeeming virtue: it forcefully introduces unusual characters in an unusual scene, and provides at least a half-dozen strong situations. This play is Director Robert Leonard's first with Lasky, and he handles it superbly. The most remarkable characterization is Theodore Roberts' indescribable Kregler, the man-driving Boer, half caveman, half gorilla. And there is Mae, naive, sensuous, beautiful child—!

The Years of the Locust. For an absolutely unconvincing celluloid document we recommend this. The story is old, tiresome and insincere.

Fannie Ward

Harold Lockwood and May Allison, in
"Big Tremaine."



photographs perfectly flat as to feature, with not even the shadow of an emotion on her pained, strained face. Jack Dean convinces not at all.

Unprotected. Here is an account of female mistreatment in the Southern convict camps, visualized by Blanche Sweet, Walter Long, Theodore Roberts, Tom Forman, Ernest Joy and others, directed by James Young. Mr. Young's clever hand has saved a play that might have become sordid and dull.

The Hair to the Hoorah. Rollicking entertainment. A

standard play of a decade ago, screened up to its original stage standard, with all values preserved. This is a genuine achievement. Tom Meighan, Anita King, Edythe Chapman, Horace Carpenter, Ernest Joy and other Lasky redoubtables cavort herein.

The Victoria Cross. A melodramatic imagining of India, with the come-back of a British officer who had slipped, and slipped far. Lou-Tellegen recreates this person, so you know he's some tall, some beautiful, some muscular. Cleo Ridgely is M. Lou-Tellegen's skirted assistant.

MISS George Washington: If the sobriquet G. W. means truth-teller for boys, it must mean the opposite for girls, if this pleasant but rather flippant Marguerite Clark vehicle is to be believed. This is the tripping account of a pretty boarding-school minx who is some Sapphira. Miss Clark's fascination for her admirers, like Miss Pickford's, is very much a personal matter, independent of vehicle; though a good play does help.

BOUGHT and Paid For. Here is not only the best World play of the month, but the best World play in many months. Having seen "Bought and Paid For" in its speaking flesh not once but many times, and having obtained a great deal of enjoyment from its vigorous, even though obvious, episodes, I wondered if its shadow self would be other than a mere optic echo. But Virginia Blaine in the silhouette of Alice Brady is as real though not as emotional as the Virginia Blaine of Julia Dean

used to be. Stafford, in the hands of Montagu Love, runs a powerful comparison to Richman's Stafford behind the little lamps. Only Jimmy Gilley — alas! — is not only noiseless but noisome. Frank Conlan plays this prominent hinter and prompt acceptor, and it's quite plain that he was picked for his resemblance to Frank Craven. The scenarioist, also, missed on some of Broadhurst's cleverest lines. Josephine Drake as Fanny is just acceptable.

The Man Who Stood Still. A not very successful Louis Mann play, pictured by Lew Fields. Not only the man

but the picture stands still. *The Madness of Helen.* Two roles by Ethel Clayton, one by Carlyle Blackwell, and fifty or sixty wonders by the audience as to whether or no it's going nutty. A twin-sister mixer, in which the beholder is so confused by misleads and dual personalities that at the finale he believes his pains and perplexities have been caused by a picture torn all to pieces in the censor's hands and flung together regardless. Poor censors! For once they are wrongly suspected. Title should be: *The Madness of the Author.*

(Continued on page 152)



E. H. Sothorn and Edith Storey, in "An Enemy to the King."

Here's the Chaldean Who Built Babylon

IF you wish to know who built Babylon—said to have been quite a lively Manhattan when Mare Island was a colt—you can buy a big blue book for fifteen or twenty dollars which will tell you that nobody knows just who built it. When interviewed, the Assyrian nobleman depicted below upon the throne of a chef of the period called this just darned ignorant hedging. He knows who built Babylon. He built it himself.

Translated from its nebuchadnezzarish syllables into our tongue his name is really very simple: "Huck" Wortman. Yet the ancients have been called such a difficult people to understand!

Frank Huck Wortman, Contractor and Builder, Babylon

The present location of Babylon is the Fine Arts back lot, near Hollywood. Huck's oriental metropolis was erected just for shooting, and now all Hollywood is sore because he won't tear it down. If you are in the vicinity of "Intolerance" any evening you can behold his right nifty little town in all its pristine glory.

Sar Wortman has many interesting reminiscences of his old pal Belshazzar, and all them fellows. "One day me and Bel," says he—but that's another story.

D. W. Griffith, said to have been the Babylonian prime minister before the days of Lloyd-George, one day discovered that his Grand Edificer has been working on the great construction for nearly three months without so much as a Sunday at home.

"Get out of here!" he exclaimed. "I'll bet you'll hardly know your wife and children."

So Huck went home. Three hours of miserable, pacing restlessness followed. Suddenly Mrs. Huck seized the broom.

"Oh, go back to the job if you can't get your mind off it!" she admonished. "You were never made for the idle life."

Perfectly happy, Huck trotted back to the lot. He has indulged in no more dangerous ventures.



The Company on the Cover:



Norma Talmadge, Inc.

TALMADGE, INC., is one of our busiest little American institutions. Recently she rushed from California, where she had been Finearting, to Fort Lee, where she did an actionful and passionate play or two under the direction of Allan Dwan. Then she became a soulless corporation and plunged into "Panthea," a play about a tragic lady who, if we recall all the circumstances, was some loversch. Right in the midst of this the young corporation took a tour into Connecticut, and on her return removed from her old-time home, the Hotel Algonquin, to an apartment-palace on Riverside Drive. Just how we are to account for this without telling the truth about her marriage to Joseph Schenk, Marcus Loew's booking manager, we don't know; you see, the corporation asked us not to mention her marriage—that is, well, anyway: Talmadge, Inc., has now tripped to California for a few days. The study below is a new one taken for PHOTOPLAY in her home on the banks of the Hudson.

Remember when Mrs. Schenk was a shy slip of an ingenue around Vitagraph, in Brooklyn?



PHOTOS BY LUMIERE

Plays and Players

FACTS AND NEAR-FACTS ABOUT THE
GREAT AND NEAR-GREAT OF FILMLAND

By Cal York

PROBABLY no development of recent months in the land-behind-the-screen has occasioned such general regret as the gradual disintegration of the Griffith combination of players—those who have been with the great producer since the early days of his ascendancy. Of those who twinkled faintly in the Biograph days and burgeoned in the Reliance-Majestic era to reach their climax in "The Birth of a Nation," few remain. The last to go are the Gish sisters, Lillian and Dorothy, following closely on the departure of little Mae Marsh. Walthall, the "Little Colonel," was the first to leave something like a year and a half ago. Wally Reid was next. Mary Alden and Ralph Lewis, two other principals in "The Birth" went next. Several of the old Griffith directors, notably Christy Cabanne, Allan Dwan and the Franklin brothers have departed for more lucrative spheres, Dwan accompanying Norma Talmadge, Cabanne to direct Bushman and the Franklins to produce "kid plays" for Fox. With them went most of the Fine Arts kiddies. Dainty little Fay Tincher also departed Fine Arts before the holidays, allowing Douglas Fairbanks to monopolize comedy honors for the "lot," for a little while only, it is said. Well, it was a great combination while it lasted and made much film history.

THE exact status of David Ward Griffith with respect to his former affiliations is a thing of mystery. Since the premiere of "Intolerance," he has steadfastly reiterated that he has nothing to do with Triangle. In effect, he has disowned all Fine Arts productions since the formation of that company. It is generally understood that he has broken with his former associates and it is rumored that fabulous offers have been made him by other concerns.

ANNETTE KELLERMAN recently was advertised to appear in person at a special performance of "A Daughter of the Gods" for New York school teachers. Instead, she made her appearance fully clothed.

HENRY W. SAVAGE has entered the unhurried ranks of the film producers. His initial effort was an elaborate rendition entitled "Robinson Crusoe." The story was not originally written for a photoplay.

GAIL KANE has found her way back to the legitimate stage, playing with Laurette Taylor in "The Harp of Life." As this is written contemporaneously with the play's premiere, the harp by this time may be only a ukulele.



Photo by Witzel

Cleo Madison, the daring, has taken another chance. She eloped and is now Mrs. Don Peake.

NEW YORK'S next-to-the-highest tribunal has decreed against Sunday movies and the decision will affect several million people living outside the city of New York. "Intolerance" had its first showing in New York.

DIRECTOR-GENERAL DAN CUPID hopped back on the job in California after a vacation, so far as film personages are concerned. Universal stars figured in two romances. Cleo Madison,

Mr. Laemmle's foremost emotionalizer, eloped to Riverside, Cal., with Don Peake, an automobile man and Gail Henry, bizarre comedienne of the funny department at Universal City became the bride of her director, Bruno Becker, the nuptials having been celebrated in Los Angeles. Incidentally it became known that Miss Henry's correct name was Gail Trowbridge.

DORIS KENYON, of World fame, is temporarily a Famous Player, having entered the Zukor camp to play opposite Frank McIntyre in "The Traveling Salesman."

WHICH recalls the sad fate of Tom Meighan, ex-Laskyite. Tom, longing for the delights of the metropolis after a long sojourn in Los Angeles, talked himself into a transfer to Famous Players in New York, the two companies having become as one. The sorrowful part has to do with his arrival. He was met at the train by a director who slammed him into a taxi and rushed him to a steamship which departed at once for Cuba. Which was about zero in home-comings.

LOS ANGELES advices emanating from a leugologic scrivener for the press have it that a life-sized portrait of Crane Wilbur is to be hung in the Louvre, or Bourse, or something—in Paris; wherever it is that they hang famous folk. The Horsley star, according to the authorized version, is to pose for a celebrated Italian artist who saw Mr. Wilbur's likeness on the screen in London and decided that the actor is the "real American type of 'manly man,'" or words to that effect.

LEAH BAIRD, who quit Vitagraph for Universal City after a long career at the former has deserted the movie municipality, whose loss is the gain of Jacksonville, Fla., where Miss Baird is now appearing in Vim Comedies.

VIVIAN RICH wore the Selig colors for a month or so this winter. She was "borrowed" from the Fox Company to play the lead in a piece which bears the white slavish title, "Beware of Strangers."

IT required just a half million dollars to induce George M. Cohan to "perpetuate his art" according to Broadway gossip. The well known sponsor of the Red, White and Blue is said to have been persuaded by the Arcraft executives who will handle his pictures with those of Mary Pickford. Cecil DeMille is slated to direct his first picture, a filming of "Broadway Jones."

MAE MARSH'S new contract is said to call for \$2,000 a week for the first year and \$3,000 the second. Her first play will be "Polly of the Circus." This leaves just three actresses who have not been incorporated. Miss Marsh is the first star acquired by the new Goldwyn Company, composed of Samuel Goldfish and the Selwyns, Edgar and Margaret and Arthur Hopkins.

YALE BOSS is back in the films, which should be interesting news to admirers of the boy star. His come-back will be made in "The Half-Back," an Edison production, and, as the name implies, a story of the gridiron.

JAMES YOUNG has denuded Hollywood of his debonair presence and is installed at Essanay's big studio in Chicago as a feature director. He was engaged originally to direct Max Linder, the French comedian, who decided to direct himself.

GILBERT M. ANDERSON, ex-Broncho Billy, seems to have flivvered as a feature director. He undertook to direct a series of eight photoplays starring Kitty Gordon of renowned scapulas, for the Selznick corporations, but his contract was cancelled at the completion of his first production, entitled "Vera the Medium," a contretemps which Vera apparently failed to foresee. Miss Gordon is back with World with her back and all her finery.

ROSE TAPLEY has joined the Chatauqua talkers. She has quit acting and is devoting her time to making illustrating lectures in behalf of Vitagraph films. Her talk is illustrated by a one-reeler showing the inner workings of the business.

GEORGE LARKIN, who has been startling the natives at Jacksonville by his death-dee-fying stunts is nursing a bent and broken nose. A stiff gale blew him from the fo't-gallant royal truck, or, something equally high



© by Paul Grenbeaux

This picture of Mabel Normand and Aviator Joe Bocquel was taken on the day that Bocquel fell and was killed.

up on a sailing vessel, before he was ready to jump, and he struck the water on his face. He is starring in "Grant, Police Reporter," a Kalem serial. Ollie Kirkby, who plays opposite Larkin, also entertained the doctors with a fractured wrist.

GEORGE H. ELWELL, a youthful protegee of Thomas H. Ince who was fast approaching stardom, dropped dead several weeks ago while dancing at a beach resort near Los Angeles. Young Elwell enlisted in the California militia when President Wilson asked for volunteers last summer but was rejected because of a weak heart. He was *Jimmie* in "The Raiders," the first Ince play starring H. B. Warner. He was just 21.

DUSTIN FAR-
NUM has joined Brother Bill at the Fox studio in Los Angeles. The former was a Morosco standby for more than a year and he will be a valuable acquisition for his new employers. His director, W. D. Taylor, went along as pilot.

AND now Bessie Barriscale comes to the front as an incorporation. The little brown-eyed blonde is to quit the Ince-corrall at Culver City when her contract expires. It is presumed that she will give Hubby Howard Hickman a job in her company.

PERHAPS, if you are a resident of the West, you will remember Della Pringle, who used to "knock 'em dead" with "East Lynne," "Two Orphans," et al, out on the kerosene circuit. She is now in the Margarita Fisher company at San Diego. If you can't remember, Ask Dad; he knows.

THERE will be no more burgling on screens in the sovereign Keystone state of Pennsylvania. The state board of censors has decreed and asked that hereafter scenes depicting burglars be sliced off the reel before shown to the common herd. The ban extends also to prizefighters and dopefends. The only ray of sunlight in an otherwise befogged situation is the casting forth of some sixty films on white slavery, an easily endured loss.

APROPOS of the foregoing condition, a new California company is to film "The Ten Commandments." It is a safe guess that

several of the ten won't get by in Pennsylvania.

MAKATO INOKUCHI has gone back to the Flowery Kingdom, having completed his screen education. The former Balboa player believes that there is a great future for a film-wise Jap boy in his native land and he will endeavor to rake in the yens and sens with a company of Nipponese actors.

THE Harold Lockwood-May Allison combination cut a wide swath, socially speaking, in and around Monterey, Cal., just before the holidays, according to authoritative information. The arrival of the Metro-Yorke stars to film scenes for a new photoplay was made a civic affair. There was an address

of welcome "which lasted eight minutes" and, to quote further from the Olivered account of the function, this was followed by "intelligent replies from Producer Balshofer and Harold Lockwood and Bennie Zeidman, the Yorke publicity man."

LASKY'S "The Cheat," probably the most talked about five reeler ever turned out, is to become an opera. Hector Turnbull the author has sold the operatic rights to Camille Erlanger, a noted French composer. The opera is to be known as "La Forfaiture." M. Erlanger is the composer of "Aphrodite," after the story of ancient Alexandria by Pierre Louys.



Here's a new face in the films—Enid Bennett, an Australian, corralled by Tom Ince for a new star.

CREIGHTON HALE and Sheldon Lewis of "Iron Claw" fame are back on the three-dimension stage, so as to say. They are doing a comedy playlet in vaudeville throughout the East.

THERE have been other defections—most of them temporary—from the shadow stage during the last few weeks. Anna Q. Nilsson and her husband Guy Coombs are appearing in a vaudeville sketch bearing the Kellermanic title, "The Naked Lie." Robert Edeson and Edmund Breese are starring in the vocal drama under their own management and Betty Brown, a former Essanay ingenue, is playing in New England stock.

IN this connection there should be reference to Geraldine Farrar, the Lasky screen star, who essayed several grand opera roles during

the winter in Chicago. She is said to have a pleasing voice. Her husband, M. Lou-Tellegen also had a recrudescence of stageitis but it only lasted five weeks. The vehicle was his last year's more or less, success "A King of No-Where."

ON the other hand, the celluloid draws a new recruit from the footlights in Marjorie Rambeau, a Californian recently discovered by Broadway. Miss Rambeau is the star in "Cheating Cheaters" one of the season's big hits in New York. In private life she is Mrs. Willard Mack of stage and screen fame. She is to appear on the Mutual program under Frank Powell auspices while also playing on the stage.

HARRISON FORD, well known to the stage, is a recent acquisition by Universal to take the place of J. Warren Kerrigan. He has been playing in stock in Los Angeles.

BILLIE BURKE returns to the footlights early in February and it is unlikely that the screen will know her for some time to come. Miss Burke will resume her vocal efforts in a new comedy drama that is being written by Edward Sheldon, and under the direction of her husband Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr.

EXPERIENCE is not the teacher it is cracked up to be. At any rate Burr McIntosh, who starred in "The Adventures of Wallingford" on the screen, recently filed a petition in bankruptcy.

AFTER matriculating from Columbia University, he engaged, etc.," says a recently published eulogy of Harold Lockwood. This captures the monthly prize.

CONSIDERABLE publicity is being unwound concerning the next big Ince feature. It is all to the effect that the father of "Civilization" is doping out a new one that will make that harrowing peace lesson look like an animated ad for a tombstone works. C. Gardner Sullivan has been rusticated in New York in



Yale Boss is coming back in the "Half-Back." He is now almost a man and is again an Edisonite.

York by Tom Ince last summer.

MABEL NORMAND gave Arizona a treat during the state fair at Phoenix in November. She and her company of 17 attended that function at Phoenix and filmed many scenes for her new play in that city. Phoenix hadn't heard a camera click since the departure of Romaine Fielding.

order to acquire local color for the big production.

NORMA TALMADGE and her new husband, Joseph Schenk are in Los Angeles to spend the holidays with Mrs. Talmadge and sister Constance. It is the honeymoon tour of the Schenks as Miss Talmadge was in the midst of her first picture as an incorporation when the marriage occurred.

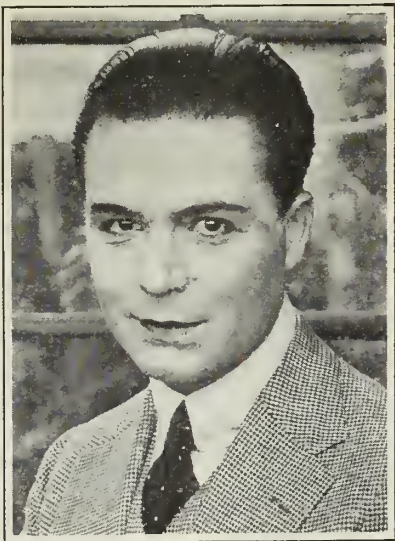
WILLIAM GARWOOD is a new Ince player. The former Universalite, who has been appearing on the legitimate stage in Los Angeles, is to appear opposite Enid Bennett, a young Australian beauty discovered in New

FRANK POWELL, who has blossomed out in the star business, has signed up Nance O'Neil, that well known free-lance emotionalist for a series of six photoplays.

KEYSTONE won't seem like the same old place with Fred Mace gone. That famous station agent has quit the Sennetters without stating his plans for the future.

THIS is the announced date for the retirement of Roscoe Arbuckle from the famous comedy studio. "Fatty" is understood to have surrounded himself by a quantity of money while in New York for the purpose of producing pictures under his own auspices.

A CLEVELAND company has added one of those white slave affairs to an already glutted market. Its title is "Ignorance" and Earl Metcalfe is the hero with Eleanor Black, a former Ince actress, the "victim."



Harrison Ford is not as cute as Kerrigan his predecessor but there is something mighty slick about his hair.

TWO of the four victims of the Grand Prize auto race at Santa Monica in November were well known in the film colony. Lewis Jackson, the driver, whose car ran off the course killing him and three persons, was Grace Cunard's chauffeur and Camerman Jenkins, of Keystone, was the other. Jenkins was turning a camera alongside the course when he was cut down.

GERALDINE FARRAR and her husband Lou-Tellegen were given a private showing in Chicago of "Joan the Woman," when Cecil DeMille brought the big photoplay East just before the holidays. Miss Farrar was unable to attend the premiere of the picture in New York and it was her first glimpse of the completed production. Miss Farrar cried and M. Lou-Tellegen shuddered with horror when Joan was burned at the stake and a general good time indulged in by all who attended.

MOTION pictures were employed early in the winter to promote the boycott on eggs in order to force down the prices established by the speculators in the fruit of the hen. It proved very effective in New York.

CHARLOTTE BURTON, seen opposite William Russell in many an American thriller has departed from Santa Barbara for the lake zephyrs of Chicago. She is to be starred by Essanay.

OLGA PETROVA, the high voltage vamp of the Metro organization is reported to be dickering with the Lasky company which has been vampless for some time. Mme. Petrova, according to advices, asks the paltry pittance of 4,000 pesos oro per week, which is quite some wages.

VERY often a company is justified in changing the title of a play when made over for the screen, but it is hard to understand what prompted Universal to discard a name that is known wherever English is spoken like "A Christmas Carol," by Dickens, for such a vapid bromide as "The Right to Be Happy."

CHARLOTTE WALKER has also gone back to the footlights between films, her dramatic vehicle being a concoction of Eugene Walter, her husband, entitled "Pussyfoot Patricia."

TOM MIX, Selig's director-actor, is having all kinds of troubles. His latest mishap

took the form of an injury in an automobile wreck near Los Angeles. And as a sort of painkiller, Tom was pinched for reckless driving.

EARLE WILLIAMS, having completed "The Scarlet Runner," has taken unto himself a new leading woman in Ethel Grey Terry. Miss Terry is better known on the stage although she was featured in "Bought," a World production. She will appear with Mr. Williams in a number of Vitagraph five-reelers.

MARY MILES MINTER had a narrow escape from death in an automobile accident early in December while en route in her automobile from Los Angeles to Santa Barbara. She sustained injuries which are keeping her on the hospital list but she got off much more lucky than her mother and sister, Margaret Shelby. Mrs. Gertrude Shelby, the mother of the girls, was driving when the car skidded and turned over in the ditch. Mrs. Shelby sustained a broken arm, her sister was badly cut and bruised and Miss Minter suffered severe cuts from broken glass.



The hair is getting rather scant but the dimple is still there. The excuse for this is that Fred Mace has quit Keystone.

Witzel photo

AN old Thanouser favorite Mignon Anderson, is now enrolled among the numerous ingenues at Universal City, while her husband, Morris Foster is likewise engaged under the Laemmle banner.

UNIVERSAL CITY news also contains a note of the defection of Marie Walcamp, the blonde heroine of serial thrills. She has gone over to the Hearst camp, from "Liberty" to "Patria," as

it were and will appear in the Mrs. Castle preparedness serial.

TO offset the month's achievements of Dan Cupid, Cleo Ridgely, Lasky's blonde lead, invoked the aid of the Los Angeles courts to obtain a severance of her marital bonds. At the trial she alleged that her husband, J. M. Ridgely, a director, had not treated her as a dutiful wife should be treated.

LOUISE GLAUM, in a cloth of gold vamp creation, and Lewis J. Cody, his heaving bosom covered with a mushroom dress shirt, provided the high lights at the annual ball of the motion picture directors at the Hotel Alexandria in Los Angeles early in December. Bill Russell, of Santa Barbara, officiated as peace-maker—keeping the directors from talking about themselves.

The Foolish Virgin

SHE WAITED FOR HER DREAM
KNIGHT ONLY UNTIL AN UN-
WORTHY SUBSTITUTE APPEARED

By Jerome Shorey



From a scenario based upon the novel
of this name by Thomas Dixon

HOW curious and varied the lamps with which men and women seek to light the pathways of life's quest. The desired goal is always the same—happiness. But while one uses wealth for his beacon, another employs fame, and others power, wisdom, success, pleasure, and what not. That of which we know least, often seems the greatest good, and so it was not strange that Mary Adams, teaching dull children in a dingy East Side school, and living among dull, humdrum people in a cheap boarding house, was convinced that the road to happiness was most easily found when it was lighted by the lamp of romance. In the glowing, highly-colored pages of tales of chivalry, she found her greatest joy, and food for glorious dreams. She knew that no knight could come a-riding to her door, and swing her to his saddle-bow, and yet the foolish virgin clung to her empty lamp and vaguely hoped.

Certainly, few persons would have chosen Jim Anthony as a hero of romance, suited to satisfy such ideals as those of Mary Adams. Jim himself would have been the last to admit that there was anything akin to the romantic in his makeup. His life had not been of a sort to instill a belief in anything except such realities as hunger, pain, brute force, and all the primitive passions. His sole recollections of his childhood were of beatings by his father, tears from his mother and seeming enmity of the world at large. From this he escaped before he was ten years old and went to sea as a stow-away: and though this did not bring his beatings to an end, they were less malicious when administered by strangers. The sea claimed him for several years, and then he returned to New York. Again life became a constant fight for existence, until Jim discovered that he had a natural talent for

mechanics. By day he worked in a big shop, and nights and holidays he toiled in a little shop of his own. He was developing his genius for invention. He wanted to be free from the grind—and then? He had no definite plan, save that he never gave up hope that one day he would find his mother.

Surely there could be no bond between these two, Mary Adams firmly grasping the ideal and Jim Anthony in the grip of the stern realities. Two more completely contrasted persons could not easily have been found in all the swarming East Side. But one day Mary, going home from her school, was accosted by a half-intoxicated loafer, who persisted in his attentions to such an extent that the girl's fear and dismay attracted the attention of Jim, passing on the other side of the street. It was not the first time he had rescued a girl from a brute—helpless women always brought back some recollection of his mother and her sufferings. But there was something about Mary's gratitude and her fineness that put her in another class, and to Mary he was a real embodiment of medieval chivalry at last.

"THE FOOLISH VIRGIN"

THE photoplay version of this story was produced by the Clara Kimball Young Film Corporation with the following cast:

Mary...Clara Kimball Young
Jim Anthony...Conway Tearle
Jasper Harden...Edward Elkas
Dr. Melford...Paul Capellani
Jim's Mother.....
.....Catherine Proctor

"And so they were married and lived happily ever after?"—Patience!

UNKNOWN to each other, a third life had touched these two. Jasper Harden, an unscrupulous lawyer, rich through successful preying upon the poor and the



Jim, unused to business matters, was bewildered. Five thousand dollars was like a million to him.

vicious, chose to live at a cheap boarding house, partly because he was naturally a miser and partly because he wanted to be always among the people where he found his easiest victims. He adopted a paternal attitude toward Mary, and seemed to be always trying to force himself to do something generous for her. He had a large collection of jewels, and he delighted in showing them to her, but always when he would feel himself on the verge of making her a present of something from his hoard, he would gruffly sweep them all into their cases and lock them in a strong cabinet, swearing her to secrecy. A pearl necklace, however, he frequently would hang about her neck, and say, "I'm going to leave that to you when I die," whereupon they would both laugh.

"You think I'm joking" he said one evening. "Come. Write your name inside the cover."

To humor the whim, Mary did as Harden asked.

And it was to Harden that Jim went one day, having perfected an invention for a motor truck.

Jim wanted a company organized to put his invention on the market. Harden consulted experts and discovered that the idea

was worth a fortune. He sent for Jim and congratulated him on his achievement.

"I have arranged all the details," the lawyer said. "I'll give you \$5,000 in cash and we'll get right down to business."

It was all so sudden that Jim, unused to business matters, was bewildered. He looked at Harden's check—five thousand dollars was like a million to him. And when the lawyer asked him to sign a receipt he scribbled his signature on the bottom of a sheet of paper. Five thousand dollars! What should he do first? He did not notice the smile that passed between Harden and his clerk. He was thinking of two persons—Mary, whom he had not seen since that one meeting, and his mother. He would find Mary first—he did not regard this as a difficult task, even though he did not even know her name; and then they two would go together on a search for his mother, for he never doubted that she still lived. This check was just the beginning of his wealth, he knew, and there was nothing he could not accomplish now.

Two weeks passed. Jim had begun to mistrust his luck, for he could not find any trace of Mary, and his calls upon Harden were anything but satisfactory. The law-

yer was evasive, often sent word he was too busy to see the young inventor. Then the storm broke, and Jim's world went to smash. In a morning paper he saw an advertisement of "The Harden Motor Truck." In a daze he read it over and over, and finally realized that he had been swindled. He rushed to Harden's office, and was told that the lawyer had left the city, and would not be back for several weeks. The clerk, however informed him that he had signed a receipt in full, and that the \$5,000 was all he would ever receive for his patent. He had relinquished all claims.

FOR the first time, throughout all his lifelong fight for existence, the inherited taint in Jim's blood came to the surface. He was overwhelmed by a craving for the bite of alcohol. As he drank his grievance against Harden merged itself into a grievance against the entire world. He always had had to fight; everything and everyone was against him. Good; then he would make the world his victim. First he would get even with Harden, and then he would find new game. Even after he had drunk himself into a stupor, and slept the stupor off, the idea remained.

Harden had left the city. The clerk had told the truth, for the lawyer had been afraid that Jim, in his first flash of anger, might be dangerous. But Jim had no trouble finding where the lawyer lived, and as he inspected the place one day his faith in his luck suddenly returned, for he saw Mary enter the house. This would be double satisfaction. He little suspected the rich booty that awaited him in Harden's rooms, but he grinned as he thought of robbing the man who had robbed him, and then, through Mary, learning about the excitement he had caused. Even now, immersed in the details of the burglary he was planning, it was not his own gain but the discomfiture of others that most

appealed to Jim. He had no thought of making a rich haul, nor had he any plan as to how he would dispose of his plunder. He was simply making war for the sake of the war itself, and not for the results it might bring. He was far from being in want, for he still had most of the money he had received from Harden, and the savings of several thrifty years as well.

So when Jim found himself, one day, in possession of the valuable Harden collection of jewels he could hardly believe it was himself who sat there fingering them. The burglary had been simple enough to his ingenious mind, but the results were half fascinating and half embarrassing. He was, in fact, almost sorry he had been so successful, for now he would not dare revisit the scene. If Harden were to see him he might easily suspect. And besides, somehow he could not bring himself to face Mary. So he sought relief for his disappointment in broadening his zone of activities, and added several more successful burglaries to his list of battles against an unfriendly world. The ordinary burglar, he thought, must be a stupid sort of person ever to be caught. It was all so simple that he finally decided he would outdo himself, and rob the famous International Museum of some of its treasures. He visited the place to study the problems it offered—and met Mary.



Jim lifted the bag upon the table and poured out the glittering hoard; the old woman's eyes glittered with greed.

She remembered him, of course. He would have gone on, but she stopped him. She wanted to thank him again for what he did that day for her. Then she gossiped on about other things—about a burglary that had taken place at the house where she lived. Jim felt a catch in his throat, and muttered something unintelligible.

"Yes—it was very sad," Mary went on. "Mr. Harden was a strange old gentleman, and owned some valuable jewels which he kept in his room. He was away a while, and when he came back he found they had been stolen. He must have had heart trouble, because the shock and excitement brought on a stroke of some sort, and he died."

"Died!"

"Yes. Wasn't it terrible?"

Jim had not reckoned on such revenge as this. He did not feel entirely to blame for Harden's death, nor yet could he entirely excuse himself. It took the zest out of his war on society. And anyhow, he had seen Mary again, and this time gained permission to call. He had a new interest in life, and forced Harden from his mind. He tried to forget his crimes, the spoils of which he had kept intact in an old traveling bag, secreted in his room. He could not fail to see that Mary liked him: he was not exactly her picture of a chevalier, but he did represent romance. In this new companionship his life was softening, his bitterness melting away, when it was all brought back with redoubled force. He found a woman who knew what had happened to his mother.

It was a former neighbor

Dr. Melford found the unfortunate woman holding her son's head on her lap and singing a cradle song; reason had flown from her brain.

who told him—Mrs. Swanson. She too had suffered, had sacrificed the sight of one eye to her devotion to a drunken brute, before she escaped. She had often sheltered Jim and his mother, when the elder Anthony had been in his ferocious moods, and so Jim remembered her, in spite of her forbidding appearance, as one of the few persons who had ever been kind to him. She told him all she knew—that his mother, believing him dead, had left the city and made her home in an out of the way place in the mountains of North Carolina.

All the old rage against the world returned to Jim's heart. Was there no goodness—no justice anywhere? What grudge did the world cherish against him and his mother that they should be so persecuted. Yet—there was Mary. Jim's determination was soon reached. He would wed Mary and then go in search of his mother.

That night he told the girl everything about his life—everything except his deal with Harden and his crimes that followed. And then he asked her to be his wife, and go with him on his quest. Nor did Mary pause to consider whether all this was



according to her romantic standards. She found something compelling about Jim, and if he was not quite a hero, at least he had the first requisite—a strong, vibrant manhood. So she rested her head on his shoulder and whispered a tremulous “Yes.”

It was no simple frame of mind in which Jim found himself. Mary consented to a speedy wedding, and for this he was happy; but always he felt that he had no right to this joy until he had found his mother. At this thought all the hardness of his life would return, all the old feeling that the world was against him. So at length he decided upon what seemed a just bal-

so she did not mention it again, out of sheer pride. But she could not help wondering about the bag, and why Jim guarded it so carefully.

Nance Anthony had made her home in a little hut on the outskirts of a mountain village. Time, suffering and her wrongs had withered her cheeks, whitened her hair, and bred a suspicion of all the world which was almost a mania. She eked out a living by selling moonshine whiskey, her age and feeble mind protecting her against government agents where younger and more alert lawbreakers seldom succeeded. The village avoided her and she avoided the village, but Jim and his bride had no difficulty in finding the cabin.

“We won’t tell her at first,” Jim said. “We’ll break it easy.”

Nance eyed her callers with deep suspicion.

“We came up from the city for a change of air,” Jim explained.

“Why don’t ye stay somewheres in the village?” the old woman asked.

“We like it better out here. We’ll pay you well if you put us up. We don’t want much—just somewhere to sleep, and a bite to eat.”

At last they persuaded her to take them as lodgers for a few days, by paying generously in advance, and were given the one

bedroom. Jim, shocked by his mother’s decrepit condition and failing mind, strolled away into the hills. He wanted to be alone a while. Mary shut herself in the small room and tried to be patient. It was all so terrifying. She cast about for some means of occupying her mind, but she had brought no books, and the prospect was dull indeed. Her glance fell upon the mysterious traveling bag, and with a cry of glee she snatched it up. She knew there could be nothing Jim would really not want her to see. He was only teasing. She opened it, and gasped. In a tangled mass were jeweled chains, necklaces, trinkets, and



“He’s come back to ask if it’s any use trying to start all over again,” said Dr. Melford.

ancing of accounts. He would take to his mother the treasures he had collected on his raids upon society, and they should compensate her for her sufferings.

The quiet wedding over, Jim and Mary started on their journey. It was a strange honeymoon, with alternating hours of the utmost happiness, and of dejection and foreboding on Jim’s part. The bag containing the gold and jewels was a dead weight on his conscience. He had been very mysterious about it with Mary, and told her she must not, on any account, open it. She teased a little, playfully, and he twitted her on her feminine curiosity,

money of various denominations. On the top was a large, flat casket, that looked familiar. Mary snatched it out, opened it, and found—her own signature. It was Harden's pearl necklace. Her mind was in a whirl. She could not understand. But perhaps Jim had bought the thing from some pawnshop. Certainly he must explain. So she waited for his return, and when he came he found her still fingering the pearl necklace.

The sight of his mother had hardened Jim again. It was a moment that called for all of Mary's love and sympathy, and instead she faced him, not through any fault of her own, with a question. If she could have met him with a smile and an embrace, in a few moments he might have confessed everything. Now it seemed that even his wife was taking sides with the whole world, against him.

"I told you not to touch that bag," Jim snarled.

"Where did you get this necklace?" Mary demanded, without wavering.

"I'll tell you where I got it, and why," he retorted. Then, savagely, he poured out the story of Harden's fraud, and his own determination to get even. There was no contrition in his words or in his voice. He was defiant, forgetting everything but the wrongs that had been done him and his mother—forgetting even his love. Mary stared at him with growing horror.

"You did all this," she gasped, as he ended his story, "you're not sorry."

He answered with an oath.

"My God!" she cried. "I can't live with a thief."

Again the inheritance of brutality from his father surged into Jim's blood, and with clenched fist he struck his wife. She fell to the floor, a moaning, crumpled heap, and he snatched up his bag of stolen treasure and rushed from the room, slamming the door. And again the craving for the bite of alcohol in his throat came upon him.



When the doctor took the news to Mary he found her knitting baby garments.

"Give me some of that moonshine," he demanded of his mother, flinging money on the table. She served him generously, mountaineer fashion, from a big tin cup.

"All alone in the world, are you?" Jim asked, finally.

"'Course I am. See any folks around here?"

"Ain't got any husband?"

"No."

"And no daughter?"

"No."

Jim took another big gulp of whiskey.

"And no son?" He said it slowly and with a piercing look.

"Who'r you to come askin' so many questions?" she almost screamed.

"It's all right," he replied. "I just wondered."

"I did have a son," the old woman said, after a pause. "God knows where he is. I guess he's dead, most likely. He just disappeared—that was, Lord knows how many years ago."

Jim drank more of the vicious liquor.

"I'm just 'nuff of a sport to want you to find him," he said. "Look."

He lifted the bag upon the table and opened it, pouring out the glittering hoard.

"Maybe if you had this all in money you could find your boy," he said.

The old woman's eyes glittered with greed. Neither of them noticed that Mary

(Continued on page 138)

Margarita's Menage

IT IS ALSO A MENAGERIE, AND ALL OF IT IS ON HER COMPANY'S ROSTER



MARGARITA FISCHER stood on the threshold of a great resolve. You could see from her flashing eyes that a great scene was about to be pulled. Across from her stood Harry Pollard, her director-husband.

"Hark, woman," he muttered, wishing he had a mustache to pull, "if you work in pictures you will have to get rid of Fi Fi, curses on his airedale hide! Furthermore, woman, you must push Ju Ju, the long-tailed monkey, and Bah Bah, the goat, into San Diego harbor at midnight."

"Never!" cried Margarita. "You cannot coerce me."

Pollard wanted to chloroform her squeaky parrot and strangle Peter, her bulldog, too, but when the scene closed Margarita still had all her menagerie, and most of it played with her in "The Pearl of Paradise," for Mutual.





Photo by Lewis-Smith, Chicago

MAX LINDER—The Film's First Comedian

MAX LINDER, the first screen funster, was born in Bordeaux, France, in 1883. At 12 years of age he was sent to an art school to learn sketching. After two years he told his parents it was not his calling and they sent him to a musical school. He decided this also was not his career and asked his parents to train him for the stage. Although the elder Linders were actors they flatly refused. Max pretended to attend the musical conservatory but instead registered in a conservatory to learn the art of acting. In one year he won first prize for his work, confessed to his parents and they permitted him to go on the stage. He first appeared at the age of 19 in the Classic theatre, Bordeaux, in plays by Moliere and other French playwrights. Later he went to Paris where he played in the Ambigu, Regina and Varieties theatres. He played in "Romanesque," "Cyrano de Bergerac," and other dramas by Rostand and later in variety. At the same time he was working for Pathe in motion pictures. When 27 years old he quit the stage altogether for pictures, playing only with Pathe. The *Cinema Max Linder*, the theatre named after him, now is being rebuilt in the heart of Paris on the Boulevard Poissoniere. He entered the army as a volunteer when the war broke out and for some time was an automobile scout, using his own machine, under the special direction of General Gallieni. After his automobile was blown up by a shell, he enlisted in the artillery service. In the battle of the Aisne he was shot through the lung just above the heart. When recovered he joined the aeroplane service, but his lungs could not stand the change of air in rising to the necessary heights. He was honorably discharged.



Mr. Max Linder Says:

THROUGH HIS EFFICIENT AIDE, THE NOTED FRENCH FILM ARTIST, RELEASES A FEW OF HIS LIFE THRILLS

By Gordon Seagrove

Caricatures by Quin Hall

THE door of the Essanay offices in Chicago opened suddenly and underneath the odor of the Paris boulevards, a bearskin coat, a small derby and the protecting wing of his interpreter, M. Albert, the imported French comedian, Max Linder, wafted into the room.

It was his second day in the city and he had discovered that the world was wondering at his feet; yea, admired them because they were so little.

"Most unusual," he said through Monsieur Albert. "They like my feet! I never noticed them particularly but here everybody looks at them."

"Will you train them for comedy purposes?" said the interviewer.

"Mr. Max Linder says he will train them, assuredly," answered M. Albert. "He will make them do tricks; he will guard them carefully, now that he knows that they are so beautiful."

Here the comedian made signs of distress, his expressive eyes rolled, his white hands gesticulated. The interpreter bent an attentive ear.

"Mr. Max Linder," he added, "says that

to show that he appreciates the way Chicago people have admired his feet he has this morning bought fifty pairs of shoes of many sizes and shapes and of beautiful colors.

"He will wear three pairs a day at least and of the forty-six trunks full of clothes he will select at least three suits a day. One must dress. Mr. Max Linder believes this."

So would anybody else who looked at the comedian; for his shoes were brand new, his grey trousers were immaculate, his white vest pristine in its cleanliness, his platinum chain exactly in place, his collar and tie impeccable, his frock coat a thing to dream of o' nights.

Yet beneath that virgin raiment beat the heart of a hero, a courageous son of France who flinched at nothing. M. Albert gave an adoring and mellow eye to his master and began to explain.

"Mr. Max Linder says that he had a very harrowing experience with two bullocks," he resumed with enthusiasm. "Mr. Max Linder says to tell you that he adores the bull fight, and that once in Barcelona,



"Most unusual," he said, "They like my feet."

Spain, where the cinematograph was taking a bull fight picture, he killed the bull.

Mr. Max Linder was weighted down with a very expensive costume which weighed seventeen kilos, but he killed him. The bullock was very fierce, — very fierce, — and when he approached him, Mr. Max Linder says he felt very weak in the knees but at the same time he knew that he

must not flinch, so he stuck the sword deep into the angry bullock's side. The bullock died.

"Sacre bleu! What excitement. Mr. Max Linder was carried through the streets of Barcelona on the shoulders of the mob and he became at once famous. He was accorded the greatest honor in Spain—M. le Presidente, gave him the ear of the dead bull and Mr. Max Linder cut it up in strips. . . ."

"Yes, yes, and then what did he do?" begged the maddened interviewer. "Did he serve it up in steaks?"

The dolorous toned M. Albert gave the scribe a hurt look. Bah! Such ignorance was pitiful. Mon Dieu! These Americans!

"Mr. Max Linder presented the strips to his admirers of which there are many," he explained. "One strip he gave to Mlle. Fornarari, the favorite chanteuse of Barcelona, the other to Mlle. Napierkowski, the famous Russian dancer. That is what Mr. Max Linder did. Charming ladies both!"

Here the actor began making signs again mostly with his eyes which have been used in a thousand expressions and in a thousand different roles. M. Albert listened again and resumed.

"Mr. Max Linder wishes me to tell of another time when he was attending a bull fight and the bullock could not be killed because it was so fierce. The crowds began calling for him to come on and settle the fray. So he went out of his box and into the arena.

"The angry bullock charged. Three times he charged. He was most angry. The third time Mr. Max Linder attempted to kill him. But the bull was very fierce, and Mr. Max Linder wishes me to say that the bull threw him six metres and that he was in the hospital for fifteen days thereafter." It was apparent to the interviewer that before learning to throw the bull, Mr. Max Linder had some harrowing experiences.

"And was his wife worried?"

"Mr. Max Linder says to tell you that he is not married. But he loves children, yes, he is very fond of children; and he thinks American ladies are very nice."

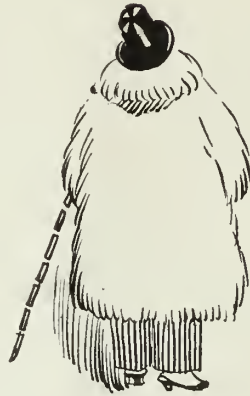
"And what—" begged the reporter, "is his favorite drink?"

"Hot water with a dash of lemon; this Mr. Max Linder drinks constantly. And perhaps a cup of champagne. But no more."

"What is the funniest thing you've seen in America?" M. Albert patiently put the question and patiently answered:

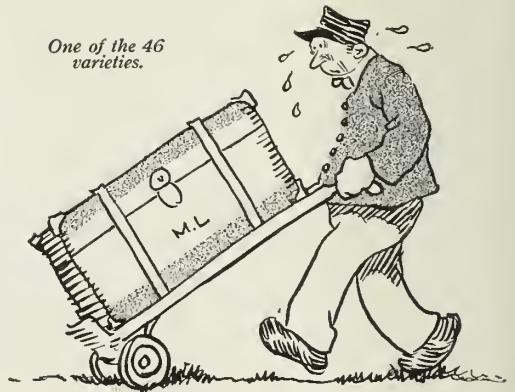
"Mr. Max Linder says that the funniest thing he saw was the way petrol cars stood with their noses almost against fast express trains while letting them pass. This Mr. Max Linder says made him laugh loudly. This they do not do in France."

Getting down to the more serious side of the interview, the diminutive comedian asserted that as a rule he does not believe in trick photography to get laughs, but relies on art almost entirely.



It was a bear of a coat.

One of the 46 varieties.



"Of course Mr. Max Linder will do whatever his employers wish," interjected Albert, "but he believes in Art for Art's sake." This did not sound original.

Linder, who still is rather pale as a result of the wounds he received while serving his country in the present war, is very eager to get to work because he does not know how long it will be before he is recalled to the fields of strife: Moreover, he is eager as only a French man can be to please this new and strange public that waits for him, the public that welcomed Chaplin another importation with such acclaim.

"By the way what do you think of Chaplin?" asked the interviewer looking hungrily out of the window at a billboard picturing a large battle.

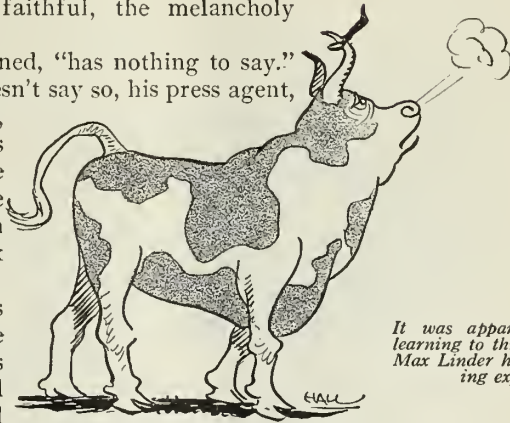
M. Albert, the true, the faithful, the melancholy tongued, made answer.

"Mr. Max Linder," he returned, "has nothing to say."

Though Mr. Max Linder doesn't say so, his press agent, speaking pure fluent English, discloses that Mr. Linder has practically always been on the stage; his parents trod the boards before him and as soon as he was big enough Max toddled on himself.

Since the birth of the movies he has been with them, Pathe of Paris claiming his services seven years. In Paris he had a theatre of his own, produced his own films and showed them there until the war began when he joined the automobile corps. He served with it until he was wounded in the battle of the Aisne.

Prior to that however he had



It was apparent that before learning to throw the bull, Mr. Max Linder had some harrowing experiences.

played in vaudeville in Petrograd for two years, getting as salary it is said 120 pounds a day.

He is thirty-three years old. Mr. Max Linder's mother says so.



Rondeau of Scenarios

IF we but knew some working test
 By which poor scribes could be aware
 Without suspense and wasted care
 What each film-editor likes best,
 Our lot we'd count as wholly blest,
 And we should grudge nor toil nor care,—
 If we but knew!

But markets changing without rest
 Are driving us to grim despair.
 What *can* we sell, and how, and where?
 Does Fate think life would lose all zest
 If we but knew?

Aldis Dunbar.

ARE you following June Magregor through the mazes of the moving picture world—that mystic sphere of which so few really know, and which in this gripping story of love and ambition is laid bare before your eyes?

It is a story that will wring your heart and sear a pleasant mark in your memory, and if you have missed the preceding chapters take it up now when June is facing the greatest problem of her always sheltered and beautiful life. Begin it, live with her in the hour of her great problem, and follow her to its solution.

June was the motherless daughter of a Hudson Bay trader. A sweeter, purer girl never lived than this sprite of the pines and hemlocks. Then one day a motion picture company came North for locations and two important things happened.

June lost her heart to Paul Temple, the star, and won his in return.

Tom Briscoe, director, saw in June the stuff that makes for stars and planned to make her famous, and when the company went to California took her with it.

Here both her career and her love affair progressed, and then one day Stephen Holt, one of the principal owners of the company, beat his way into her life. Tenacious, dominating, masterful was Holt—all man—and something in June's manner called to him as had no other woman.

Sense, if you can, June's torture as she found herself liking this man who stopped at nothing to win his ends, when she had already given her promise to Paul. Picture her emotions when Holt seized her and kissed her, declared that she should be his, and when she realized that somehow she had enjoyed that kiss, brutally taken as it was.

Holt had won the first encounter; he had sensed under her resistance her partial surrender, and he proposed to beat down her superficial defenses. But June, torn with suffering, felt that she must remain true in every way to Paul and she tried for weeks to put Holt out of her life. But Holt could not be put off; he sought and got an interview—an interview that June always remembered, for, under the dominant force of the man, she confessed that after all her heart was not *all* Paul's. This was what Holt wanted.

Now with the merciless tenacity that marked his business ventures he sought to have her break her engagement with Paul. But this was too much for June. She refused. And in refusing she reckoned without another characteristic of Holt—that defied, he could strike deep, cruelly and hard.

"You break that engagement or I break you and Tom Briscoe, the man that made you!" was the substance of his threat.

Think what that meant to June to have the fate of the biggest, truest man in the company, her best friend, thus thrust into her hands. It was unthinkable, this threat of Holt's!

Yet the next day she went to give her answer. Torn with suffering, duty to Paul on one hand, duty to Briscoe on another, duty to herself on a third, she met Holt in a darkened studio. Bitter words, pleadings, recriminations, entreaties followed, but in the end her answer was "No."

But she had reckoned without her own emotions; reckoned without Holt's deadly appeal to her, and as she

stood there in the dusk she knew that if Holt took her in his arms *she would be lost!*

Perhaps Holt knew this—felt the grip of his own personality—for he seized her and pressed her closely, and set upon her blue lips a hot, searing, maddening kiss!

And as he did so the door opened and Paul Temple stood before them, seeing with dazed eyes the ruin of all his dreams and ideals! And before he had gone June was released from her engagement to him—and Holt had won another battle!

It was characteristic of the man that no sooner had he won one position than he assailed the next. So the following day June received a note from him planning their marriage for that night. The same day Paul, broken-hearted, started for the East.

But both Holt and June were reckoning without Briscoe and June's one enemy—Marcia Trent, the leading woman, who feared June's ability and who wanted Holt.

And that day came June's disillusionment through the agency of Marcia Trent.

"I don't want you to marry Mr. Holt," she said directly.

"Really!"

"Yes, really. I've got the first claim on him, though you may not know it. He's trying to put this over on me on the sly, but he can't get away with it now."

June looked at her steadily. "I don't think we need to discuss this any further," she said. "You will excuse me, please?"

"No, I won't, not till I've said what I came to say."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that he has been making love to me for over a year, just like he has to you, and to other girls, only you never guessed it. He pulled the wool over your eyes all right, though I did think all along that sprained ankle of yours on the island was phony."

Startled speech was wrung from June, and she whitened perceptibly.

"What do you mean? What do you know about that?"

"Everything." The other laughed harshly.

At the revelations that followed, something in June's pure girl's heart snapped; the love of Holt was as ashes in her mouth and the gray light of disillusion filtered into her eyes.

If Marcia's willingness to reveal this chapter in her life had not already convinced June of its truth, the ghastly union of these facts into revelation would have done so. The whole edifice stood complete. She shuddered as if she had come face to face with a hideous reptile.

Marcia made as if to speak again, but June stopped her with a motion.

"Don't say any more. You needn't be afraid. I sha'n't marry him." And without another word she turned away and left the room. She crossed the dining room like one who walks in sleep, and the sisters, at the table still, made no sound

when they saw her stricken face.

That night she left.

In the meantime a friend of hers had wired Paul to come back. Would he and June meet?

Preceding Chapters of *The Glory Road*

Next Month:

Beginning the great story
of an American girl's
world-adventures,

*"Peggy Roche;
Saleslady"*

The Glory Road

By Francis William Sullivan

Author of "Star of the North," "Alloy of Gold,"
"Children of Banishment," etc.

Illustrated by Raeburn Van Buren

XXVIII

JUNE MAGREGOR had not been gone from the bungalow ten minutes on her flight to catch the train leaving for San Francisco that evening at eight o'clock when the door bell rang and, by what appeared a fortuitous circumstance, but which was in reality nothing of the sort, Elaine admitted Paul Temple. Her little gasp of surprise brought Elsie.

"So you've got here at last, have you!" she exclaimed with sick disgust, forestalling his quick attempt to speak. "Why didn't you wire me as I told you to?"

His face, which was calm now but set in lines of purpose, became bewildered.

"Wire you! What do you mean? You didn't tell me to wire you." He looked about the house anxiously. "Is June here?"

As much mystified now as he was, Elsie could only stare at him.

"Didn't you get my message, for heaven's sake?" she demanded, ignoring his question. "I telegraphed you on board the California Limited so you would get it at San Bernardino."

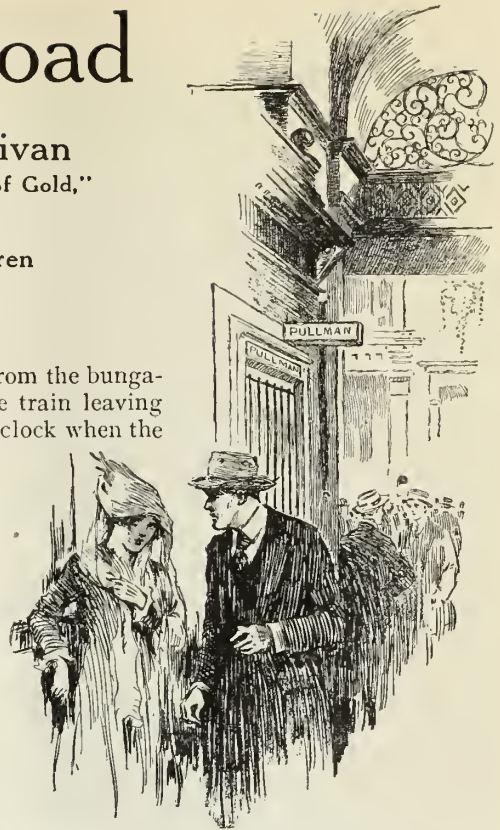
"Then of course I didn't get it," he said, relieved, "I wasn't on the train. I didn't go." He gave a little shrug of surrender—"I couldn't."

"Well—" Elsie began, and stopped helplessly. "Not one of us thought of that. And you didn't know that Holt was coming here at eight o'clock to marry June, or anything that's been going on?"

"What?" His eyes seemed to start from his head and the room rang. "Coming here to marry her! Where is she?"

"She's gone—trying to get away somewhere. She started for the Southern Pacific station not ten minutes ago. 'The Lark' at eight." She glanced at her watch. "You've got time to catch her yet, but you'll have to hurry. You can get an auto at Cahuenga Street." Then, as he clapped his hat on his head and turned to the door: "Just a minute, Paul."

She went towards him slowly and laid



"There's nothing for us to say. Let me go, Paul. I want to be alone."

an affectionate hand on his arm, looking up into his face with steady eyes that for her were strangely sweet, almost mothering.

"June loves you, Paul, more than ever," she said, gently. "She rocked the boat because she'd never rowed before, not because she tried to. Maybe you've forgotten how young and strange she was to all this. That was the reason, and now she's broken-hearted. She loves you, and I don't think she ever loved anyone else."

With swift response he opened his heart to her.

"I've forgotten everything," he said, simply, "except that I love her and can't live without her. And you," he added, gently, "dear old girl! What a brick you've been!" Suddenly he bent and kissed her.

"Well, you nervy cub!" she flared, but the fierceness was not there. The door closed behind him and she stood, the back of her hand against the tingling spot.

Paul ran most of the way to the motor stage station where cars were for hire and closed for a limousine and driver instantly.

"Southern Pacific Station!" he shouted, climbing in, "and there's a half dollar for every minute you make it before eight o'clock."

PAUL, in two sentences to Elsie, had given the result of the decisive day of his life, but he had not explained the circumstances which had led to that result, or which had brought him back in time still to see June.

When, bewildered and beaten, he had left her that morning after their final parting, he had gone, in accordance with his announced intention, to Briscoe's apartment and packed his bag. And when he left there, as the telephone operator had reported to Elsie, he was starting for the very train the latter had surmised he would take.

But, during the solitary eight-mile ride to the station, he commenced to realize fully the terrible finality of the course he was taking. Worn out, bitter and crushed as he was, yet every added mile he went from June seemed to draw his heart strings nearer to the breaking point, as if, having grown and clung fast about her, they could not let go.

Away from her presence and from those confessions which she made with such unsparring honesty, his cold reason commenced to give way to the truer guide of what he felt. The bleak desolation that his feeling of outraged justice and cruel injury had wrought in his heart commenced to melt under the slowly returning warmth of compassion and longing.

He still loved her, and he knew (now that pride and anger were stilled) that he had never ceased loving her for one moment, even in his sharpest agony. He could not. She was too much of the very fibre and essence of his being. And now to go thus, never to see her again, after shaming and flouting her—! The thought seemed to make up his mind then and there.

But reason could not succumb so easily. Memories of her apparent breach of faith and the utter collapse of all that had been so bright and shining, came back in fierce, rebellious gusts. Could he forgive her? Had she really killed his love and was this longing merely the old habit of it reasserting itself?

In the Santa Fe station he did not board

the train. He delayed taking that seemingly irrevocable step. He must think, he must know. Checking his bag, he walked back to the center of town and, because it was lunch time, entered a cheap restaurant and had something to eat. When he emerged, strengthened by the food, his only thought was to reach some quiet place where he could fight out his battle.

A Pacific Electric train bearing the legend "Long Beach" stopped near the corner where he stood and he accepted instinctively the suggestion of solitude it seemed to offer. There in the warm quiet by the sea he could think, he could decide.

At the beach he walked north through the noisy "Pike" and out past the Virginia Hotel to an unoccupied stretch of sand just short of the tent city. The sun was hot but the fresh trade wind tempered it to a soothing coolness. He sat down against a stump of jetty pile, and looked out over the sea that tumbled in green and white before him and was shaded through turquoise and azure to sapphire at the horizon's edge, with here and there purplish streaks in the midground that marked argosies of kelp.

Gradually his spirit passed under the influence of the brooding and unhurried solitude and he grew calm with a consciousness of both the littleness and bigness of life; the littleness of its individual struggles and the bigness of its united potentialities. Balance returned, and perspective, and the perception of relative values.

Feeling had brought him here, but now reason took command again. He reviewed his conduct at every turning of his relationship with June since that first distant day when, lost in the wilderness, he had so strangely met her. And, by the light of his present clear detachment of mind, he saw that he had acted as his ideal would have required another man to act under similar circumstances. As with his wife in earlier days, and with others whose desires had conflicted with his own, he had considered her happiness first, despite the wisdom of that consideration.

And what had it brought him?

He did not need to ask, but he was honest enough to see that in this case he had invited the present situation. That illumination revealed to him a new truth: that he had passed the point where sacri-

fice—utter service of others—had continued to be a virtue, and that such sacrifice is as great a sin as selfishness. Applying this to his own case, he was ready to admit that, in consenting to the separation between himself and June that Briscoe had demanded, he had wronged both of them and opened the way for every disaster that had followed.

Especially had he wronged June, he saw now, in having failed to reckon on her peculiar unpreparedness to meet the conditions into which she was so suddenly plunged. A consciousness of this danger had been with him that evening in February when he parted from her, but the long months of unsuspectance had stilled it and the tumult of recent disaster had obliterated even the memory of it.

So, gradually, thinking along this line, her cry that she had given everything to keep her word to him came to have a meaning. He saw her caught in a drift, the more dangerous because unrealized, and fighting desperately back from the brink, for the moment stationary, neither gaining nor losing. He caught a swift, vivid glimpse of the battle she had made for his sake against what, instinct told him, must have been tremendous pressure, and he saw her as she had tried so defencelessly to be—loyal, unswerving and true. And the old love, the tender, wonder of that effort, swept over him.

Thus she stood cleared except for one puzzling and sinister thing. Did she love Holt? Not once had he heard her clearly define her feelings toward the man and the old hard, jealous anger seared Paul's gentler mood like a dash of acid. And yet, was not that uncertainty and hesitancy the strongest pillar upon which his reviving faith could lean?

In trying to keep her pledged word to him, whatever the tragedy it might involve, she had followed her natural course of straightforward honesty. Aware of circumstances and not involved in a mesh of trickery, she was always straightforward—her meanings were known. Her vacillating feelings for Holt, then, proved as nothing else could that he had not utterly won her. The birdlime had been out and she had been smeared, but not held. Of one other thing Paul was equally certain: that had June become involved in an overwhelming passion, there would have been

no concealment, she would have told him plainly, whatever the cost. . . .

So, in his sight she became guiltless and forgiveness and pity and compassion sent from him the last resentment and hurt.

He had discovered three things here by the sea: that the present disaster was his own fault, that June had in spirit and intention been as true to their pledge as he, and that in standing aside now for what might or might not be her happiness, he would be failing in his duty.

"Good God!" he cried, "if I went away, there'd be nothing left for her to do *but* marry Holt!"

He was absolutely ignorant, of course, of Holt's letter to June, and of the speeding events of the day. Even awake as he was now to the true values of the situation, it did not occur to him that, within twelve hours of his leaving her, she might be married to his rival. . . .

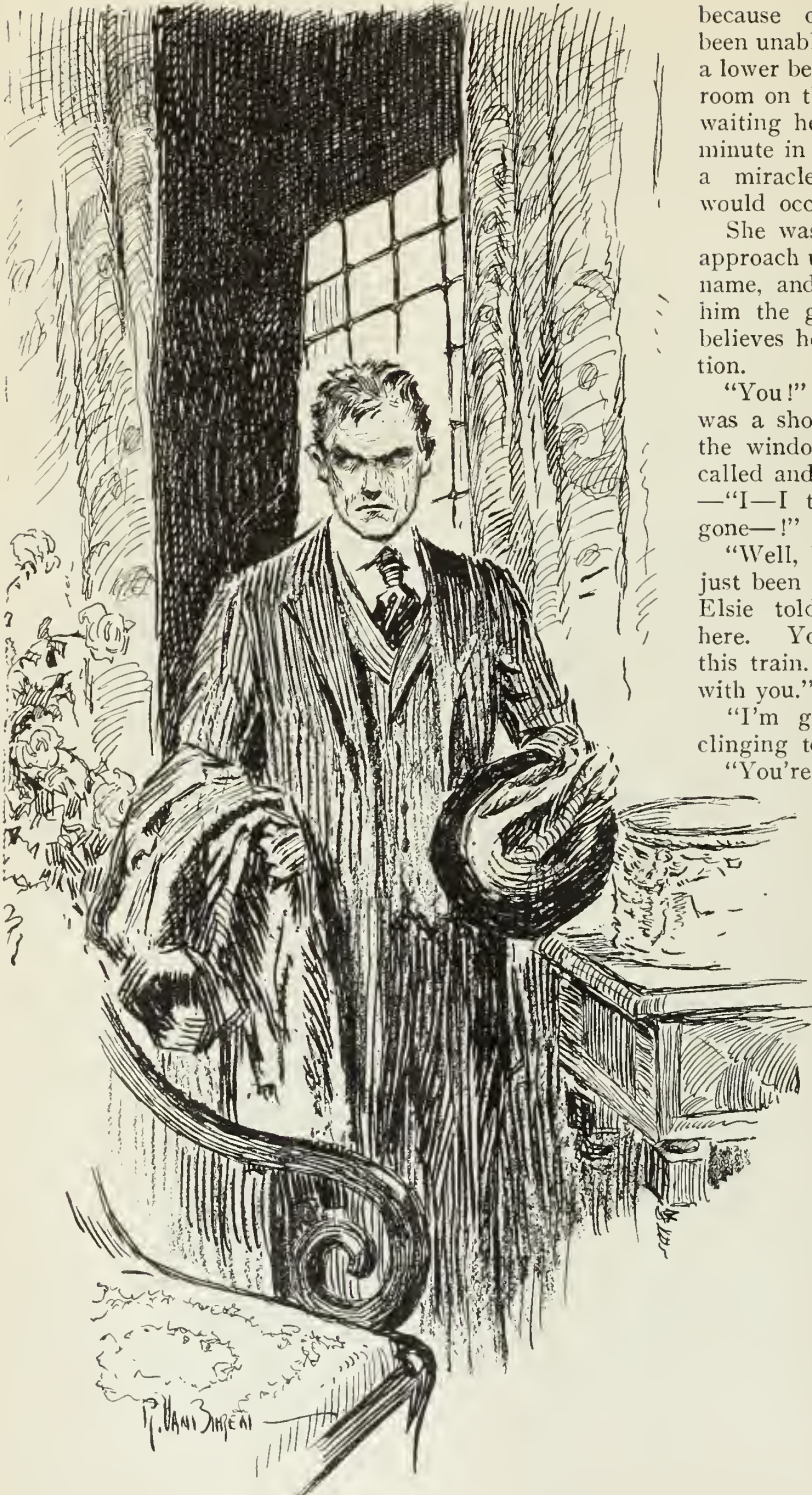
Braced, renewed, he got to his feet and filled his lungs with a great happy breath. Then he turned homeward to her. It was already late in the afternoon. Distant Catalina Island loomed a hazy block of amethyst floating in a sea of lapis lazuli. Banded across the lower sky was a livid fog bank marshalling for its mighty advance.

Calculating the time it would take him to reach Hollywood, he got an early dinner in town so as not to trouble the girls and arrived at the bungalow as has been told.

NOW his limousine twisted and turned through the brightly-lighted heart of Los Angeles. Compared with the snarl of evening traffic in New York to which he was accustomed, there was great freedom of movement here and they made fast time.

Ten minutes to eight! Two minutes later the car swerved sharply up to the columned entrance of the long, white station and Paul was out, with an order to the driver to wait. A few steps took him into the long, high waiting room with its glittering chandeliers, and standing in the doorway, he swept the benches for the figure he sought, but did not find it.

Where he stood the ticket offices, curving out into the floor from the wall, were at his right, and now he went to these. It was on the opposite side at the Pullman window that he finally found her. Having,



"Do you know where she went?" he asked suddenly.

because of her lateness, been unable to secure either a lower berth or a drawing-room on the train, she was waiting here until the last minute in the hope that by a miracle some vacancy would occur.

She was unaware of his approach until he spoke her name, and then turned on him the gaze of one who believes he sees an apparition.

"You!" she gasped—she was a short distance from the window waiting to be called and they were alone—"I—I thought you had gone—!"

"Well, I didn't go. I've just been to the house and Elsie told me you were here. You mustn't take this train. I want to talk with you."

"I'm going," she said, clinging to her fixed idea.

"You're not," he said,

"you're coming with me. I've a car outside. We're going to talk this thing out now."

"No," she insisted, "I'm going. There's nothing for us to say. Let me go, Paul. I want to be alone."

He bent towards her.

"Do you want me to make a public scene here?"

This was a side of him she had forgotten, the side of intense, quiet command she

had witnessed but once or twice. There was a force about it that numbed opposition, for it wrought the conviction that he would not be balked, even if it required the public scene he threatened.

Then suddenly her resistance broke. Here was the mastery she had lacked, had longed for. A great wave of infinite gladness at surrender, of relief and security in trusting herself to him, engulfed her.

"But my ticket—" she faltered, weakly.

"We'll redeem it," he said. "Give it to me."

The great clock in the waiting room said exactly eight o'clock when he led her to his car.

"Drive to Pomona and back," he told the chauffeur as he helped her in.

At five minutes to eight Stephen Holt stood in the living room of the bungalow, a look of bewildered surprise on his face.

"Gone!" he said blankly, repeating Elsie's word. "Why, she was expecting me." He looked at her. "Did you understand — know why I was coming?"

"Yes, June told me."

"And she's gone." He could not seem to realize the fact. "She didn't send me any word not to come. I was afraid all day that she would, and I took her silence to mean that she would be waiting. I don't understand it, I—" He was greatly agitated.

"Do you know where she went?"



"She said she was going to take a train out, she didn't say where to, she didn't know herself."

"She said she was going to take a train, but she didn't say where to. She didn't even know herself."

"What station? What road?" he snapped, as the possibility of following her leaped into his mind.

Elsie had prepared for this meeting and, since every factor was now in favor of Paul, had determined to tell the exact truth. The matter of June's future was out of her hands now, but her own future lay undisputably in this man's hands.

"The Southern Pacific," she told him.

"Was she going to take 'The Lark'?" he asked, with sudden inspiration.

"Yes."

"That leaves at eight, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

Mechanically he looked at his watch.

"It's pulling out now," he groaned, and for a moment his face mirrored his helplessness and disappointment. Then, indomitable to the last, his spirits rallied.

"Thanks," he said, gratefully. "I appreciate your help in this," and stood for a long moment pondering, his brow knitted and lips compressed. "Well," he said at last with characteristic quick decision, "there's only one thing to do. Drive like hell to Santa Barbara and catch the train there. If I can do it in three hours, I'll make it. If I don't—well, then I'll do something else.

Elsie had to admire the man. She had motored that hundred miles, and she remembered its long stretches of boulevard, its twisting grades, its racking detour near Ventura, and the final dash along the sea. It had offered difficulties enough in daylight, but at night, racing the fastest train in California, with only searchlights to guide, it would be a test indeed. Could he accomplish it safely? Would he find June aboard the train if he did?

"Well," he said suddenly, "I'm off. And thanks again."

He left the house, and a minute later they heard the roar of his powerful car as he sped down the street.

TO the pair in the limousine returning from the ride that had given them back each other, the miles seemed but a span long. Nestled against his shoulder, June felt the ineffable peace that follows long struggle and the balm of forgiveness.

Their reunion had not been hard. Both

had been prepared for it by the resolving chemistry of their natures and by the one supreme feeling—"What does it matter? I love you, and that is enough."

To June had come, with her utter humility, a truer, clearer conception of life, and of those things which give it value. Ambition lay dead in her, for she saw that without service, without the making happy of at least one, existence was vain, triumph ashes in her mouth. So her dedication to that duty was made, not in words, but silently in that deepest shrine where none hears but what we call God.

But this Paul did not know, and so, after one of their old-time blissful silences he said:

"Dearest, we've experimented enough. I can't—I simply won't share you again with the pictures."

She sighed in utter contentment and nestled closer against him.

"You needn't, dear. For a long, long while I don't want to be shared with anything. I'm through. I'd sooner be a nobody with you than be alone and have my name a household word. And if that's selfishness, make the most of it."

He did. . . .

As the car turned into Rose Terrace and they drew up at the bungalow for the last time, Paul looked at his watch.

"A few minutes to eleven," he said.

IT was a few minutes after by the town clock when Stephen Holt, begrimed and chilled to the bone, drove down State Street, Santa Barbara. He left his car at the first garage he saw and hurried on to the railroad station, with just ten minutes to spare; none too many in which partially to remove the stains of his ride and to buy his passage. Able to secure one of the two remaining berths on the train, he boarded it in a fairly presentable condition.

As all but the usual smoking room yarn spinners had gone to bed, the Pullmans were dark, and he had to sidle along to his place through narrow canyons of green curtains filled with obstacles in the shape of protruding shoes and ends of baggage. No sooner had he been located than he started through the train in his search for June. As he had expected, it was brief and fruitless. She had undoubtedly gone to bed.

Then he found the conductor and stated his case in a way that left no question of his sincerity.

"I missed this train in Los Angeles and raced it to Santa Barbara in my car," was the gist. "It's a matter of life and death, conductor, and I *must* find out if the young lady is on this train."

In matters of life and death there is only one thing to do. The search began. Accompanied by the conductor and Pullman conductor, the porter of each car questioned his feminine passengers who, without exception, were still awake. But June was not to be found.

As car after car yielded no trace of her, a suspicion grew in Holt's mind.

"She's on the train, but she won't admit it," he told himself. "She ran a way, and she knows I'll try to find her. If she ran away in the first place, she doesn't want to be found now, and she won't answer to her name."

His brow clouded with both hurt and perplexity. Why should she have taken this strange tack—left so suddenly? He felt confident that she had fully intended to go with him, and that something had changed her. He had meant to ask Elsie Tanner more about this, but the necessity for overtaking June had driven everything else out of his mind. What could it have been? . . .

The search ended without finding a trace of June, and once the fact was established, the business-like conductor returned to his duties. Holt made his way back to his berth amid the sympathetic assurances of enriched porters.

"I'll stay with it," he muttered, after a hurried review of every possible course of action. "She's here—she must be—

she can't be anywhere else. I ought to find her in the morning."

As much as possible he avoided comparing his marriage night as he had planned it with the event as it was. He slept fitfully and uncomfortably and was up early. But morning completed his chagrin and defeat. A dozen times he walked through the train, after every berth was made up, without seeing as much as a resemblance to June.

"*Lord!* what a fool I am!" he said, after going over the whole situation again, and ready to beat his head against a wall. "Of course I scared her last night and she got off somewhere early this morning. I should have been out at every stop."

He was dazed, panic-stricken for a moment, afraid of everything he had already done, and more afraid to make a fresh move. But one thing grew clearer and clearer as the minutes passed: that, for the present at least, he was beaten. After weighing matters, he decided to go on to San Francisco. When the train arrived at a quarter to ten, he sent a telegram to Briscoe

asking for information regarding June's whereabouts and then took a cab to the Palace Hotel to await the answer.

It arrived at noon.

"June here. Married to Paul Temple at ten this morning," he read with glazing eyes.

XXIX

"**P**AUL, if you ever want to see a sunset in your life, come and look at this one."

From the depths of his big wing chair where he had been considering half a dozen



"It's a matter of life and death, conductor, and I must find out if the young lady is on this train."

telegrams and a bale of press clippings, he answered, banally:

"What do I want to see a sunset for when I can look at you?"

"Heavens! A month married and the man's still at it! Hither."

He got to his feet and lounged to where she stood holding aside the curtain at the broad window. Their new apartment overlooked Riverside Drive with its strip of green park, its baby parade, and the broad expanse of river now a welter of molten gold dotted with silhouetted craft.

"Very commendable sunset as such things go," he condescended, and slipped his arm around her.

"Paul!" She dropped the curtain. "The nurse maids!"

"God bless 'em! God bless everybody. Come back and settle this business." He swung her about and they walked back to the table.

The apartment was furnished to the point of livability, but no farther. The pair were in the throes of nesting, and at times the room resounded with a strange jargon of names—furniture makers and periods and woods. This was not the present problem, however.

Before they had time to sit down again, a tall, spare figure of a man entered the room from the private hall.

"Oh, back already, father?" said June, happily, and ran forward to take his hat and see to his comfort.

"Ay, and as daft as ever wi' it all," he returned.

He was a gray man, gray of hair and eye and dress, with a shrewd, weather-beaten face that gave no intimation of his age. He walked with a slight limp. For many years the factor at Fort McLeod, the Hudson's Bay post where June had lived so long and whence she had started out on her new life, he had retired from the service that summer and come south to join her. He had arrived a week before, somewhat later than he had expected, and since then had been vainly endeavoring to assimilate New York.

June helped him into his smoking jacket and handed him the old familiar plug of tobacco and sticky-bladed jackknife.

"Where have you been this afternoon?"

"I went to see the picture," he said, suddenly beaming.

"'Anywoman'?"

"Yes . . . Ah, you were grand, lassie. I couldna help tellin' the man next me who I was. There were hundreds waitin' outside."

The others laughed.

"You old darling," cried June. "You and Paul are all the audience I want."

"Which brings us back to these," said Paul, indicating the telegrams and clippings.

As Briscoe had anticipated, "Anywoman" had commanded serious attention as an effort along new lines of picture development. While, as is the case with nearly all innovations, some comments had been cautious and guarded in the matter of endorsement, the majority had been favorable, and some enthusiastic. Now for two days June had been bombarded with offers to return to the pictures, not only from Briscoe but from other producers who knew of her departure from the Graphics.

"It's no use," June said, after a brief consideration. "I shan't go back. I'm through. Of course I'm glad it's such a success, but only for Tom Briscoe's sake. It means that he was right. He's accomplished the one thing he wanted to accomplish, and it's enough for me to know that I helped him when he needed me. From now on I'm not necessary. It's the idea that counted. He can get plenty of people to obey his orders."

"Bless you!" said Paul, fervently. And then, after a moment, "No regrets? Isn't it hard to have travelled the glory road so far and to leave it just when the big success comes?"

Again she thought. The spacious, cheerful room was silent except for the ceaseless diapason of the city's voice. The mellow sunset light flooded through the windows and rested gently upon objects that were already growing dear to her.

"The glory road I mean has led me home," she said, at last. "And we're only at the beginning of it, dearest, not the end."

THE END

Watch for the announcement next month of the greatest serial of the year in *any* magazine.

The "Photography" of a Film Play

GIVING THE OLD TRIANGLE ANOTHER
NEW TWIST IS THE EXPERIENCED PLOT
HATCHER'S FAVORITE INDOOR SPORT

By Harry Chandlee

Author of "The Blessed Miracle," "The Struggle," etc., etc.

IF we are going to build a story of any kind, the first thing we must look for is a starting point; and when we have found it, it must be a point from which we can see pretty well along toward the end of our story, or it will not be a real starting point at all. By this I do not mean that we must be able to see at a glance just how our plot is to work out; I mean that we must have a starting point from which we can see the *purpose* of our tale—from which we can appreciate the elements which give it an "excuse for living"—the energy which makes it "go." We shall make no progress if we start writing on a hit-or-miss basis, with no definite idea of what we are going to do. We must know in advance what we are after, and go after it.

I do not mean, either, that our starting point must be the beginning of our story—not by any means. We may start in the middle, or near the end, half way between the two, or even before our real story begins at all—any place from which we can get a comprehensive view of what we are about—from which we can start ourselves going with a real purpose ahead of us.

Let us say that we have just had a phone call from a producer who asks us to submit something as soon as possible. We haven't an idea in our heads, but we'd like to have that particular producer's check because his signature is so pretty—also, rent, life insurance and coal bills are due. We start ourselves to thinking.

"Well," we ask ourselves, "how about writing a 'triangle story'—one in which there are two women and a man or vice versa?"

THIS is a supplemental article to a series of four written by Mr. Chandlee on the subject: "Plotting the Photoplay," the first having appeared in the October number of Photoplay. The first dealt with the creation of dramatic situation, the next with the evolution of the plot germ, the third with plot development and the fourth with characters. Mr. Chandlee is a foremost authority on photoplay construction and his articles are almost entirely devoid of technical verbiage and intricacies. Two of his newest photoplays will soon be released. They are "God of Little Children" and "A Magdalen of the Hills."

characters are in love—possibly married—and the third is trying to separate them. What is the greatest novelty that we can give to this old arrangement? We look at the thing from all angles, and it suddenly occurs to us that if the "third corner" of the triangle were trying to keep the other two together instead of trying to separate them it would be a novel reversal of the usual order.

We think along this line, and we see immediately that this twist would make the "third corner" a leading character instead of a "heavy," so we have to make one of the others the "villain." Now we are started on a trend of thought which is out of the ordinary, I think; and of course we can see the general purpose of the tale. Also, we have started with a free mind; we have included no details—no idea of the characters or their relation to each other, so we are free to develop the plot in whatever way it may lead us.

Now we must look for motives. What would cause a character to strive to keep two other characters together when it would be to his or her advantage to separate them? The answer is easy—an interest in one of the others greater than self-interest.

"Everybody does that," we answer back to ourselves. "This story isn't for Theda Bara. Get a new idea."

We should listen to ourselves when we suggest a new idea—there is no market for old junk—but our first thought will go for nothing if we run too far afield looking for another. Suppose, instead of hunting for something entirely new, we try to give a new twist to the triangle plot. Usually in such a story two of the

It does not take long for the plot to begin to form in our minds something like this: A man and a woman are married. Another man is in love with the wife, but he is honorable enough to keep his love hidden from her. Then he discovers that the husband is involved in an intrigue with another woman, but that the wife knows nothing of it.

Already we have reached a dramatic situation in our plot. Question has entered the story. Will the man tell the wife of her husband's escapades, cause a divorce and win her for himself, or will he strive to preserve the home for the sake of the wife's happiness? Our original idea answers this for us; the man keeps the facts secret, and tries to bring the husband to a realization of the injustice he is doing his wife, in spite of his own love for her.

Now we have the basic thread of our story well in hand—the struggle of this leading character to subordinate his own desires to what he believes to be the happiness of the woman he loves. The theme presents almost unlimited possibilities; we may go ahead now with our development. We must be careful, however, to remember that whatever comes into the story must have a definite bearing upon the thread of it—must play constantly upon the man's struggle with himself.

If we are to keep interest in our plot, we must carry it out so that our principal character is beset by new trials at every turn—new temptations to yield to his own desires; and if the story is to be properly balanced, each succeeding test must be more difficult to resist. We set ourselves to thinking up such tests—remembering, always, that what we bring into our plot must be reasonable and in accordance with logic.

Suppose the wife and this other man were thrown together for several days without companions—she dependent solely upon him for protection against some danger; resistance for him would be difficult. Suppose, again, that during such a

time, the woman should discover that it is really this man whom she loves—not her husband—and suppose she tells him so. The situation would be more difficult for him—yet he must guard the wife.

These things may seem all right to us, but we shall need other ideas. We think again, and it occurs to us that if the man were alone with the wife under such circumstances, he might wish to keep her under his protection, no matter what danger they might be in—and he might hesitate to change conditions even though a means for doing so presented itself. This would give us another "bend" for our story. Again, suppose that something happened to the husband to lead the others to believe him dead, leaving the way clear for their marriage. While they are planning their future, however, the man might discover that the husband is not dead, but is in some out of the way corner of the world, unable to return—possibly cast ashore on an island from a shipwreck in which he was thought to have been drowned.

With this arrangement we have the supreme struggle. Will the man

leave the husband where he is and marry the wife, or will he try to rescue him? We have another situation now.

Of course he will have to bring the husband back—and for the sake of a happy ending, the husband will have to be disposed of in some other way. He will have to step out of the story in spite of everything which the other does to prevent it.

We have the general outline of our photoplay now; it only remains to supply details of development.

The idea of having the husband cast ashore on an island suggests that the other man and the wife might be cast up on another island—that they might have been in the same shipwreck. This would place them in one of the situations we have already devised. We must account for their all being on the same ship, of course, but we have progressed another step, and need not bother about that detail for the present.

A WOMAN trying to separate a husband from his wife—this is probably the oldest plot triangle of them all. Now how could this situation be made into one of novelty? It occurs to us that by having the third member of the triangle attempt to keep the other two together we would reach something entirely different. Now we come to motives. What would cause a woman to keep a woman and her husband together when it would be to her advantage to separate them? The answer is simple; she has a greater interest in one of them than she has in herself. Thus we have the beginning of a plot with many possibilities.

It is time for us to think of characterization, locale, etc.

How shall we characterize them? We must show that the husband is unworthy; and that the other man is the one the girl should really have married—but we must make her marriage to the wrong man logical. There must be no reason to suppose that she is not perfectly happy with him; she must think so, herself. We must give the other man an upright character, but we must keep him from seeming extreme in his ideas; and we must keep the woman from foolish weaknesses—she must be a fit mate for the man at the end of the story.

Now we have a fair idea of what our people are to be like, but even up to this point we have been plotting in the abstract. We have a comprehensive plot outline, yet we have scarcely any detail; we have not even named our characters, nor decided what types of people they are to be.

Suppose we do so now, and let us see if there are any requirements so far which could be answered by placing our characters in any particular walk of life. We think back over what we have already done, and we find that there must be a shipwreck, and that all three characters must be in it. It occurs to us that army officers going on foreign duty might both be on the same ship, and naturally the wife would be along. We'll make these men army officers; better still, we'll make them army doctors. Ordinary officers have been used often already; doctors are not quite so usual. Also, it might be handy to have them doctors when we come to dispose of the husband at the end of the story. Foreign service suggests the Philippines, and there should be just a hazy idea in our minds of the means by which we are going to get the troublesome husband out of the way along about the time that we have written fifty-nine hundred feet of story.

But we have planned enough in ad-

vance; it is time we were writing out a rough synopsis; other details may supply themselves as we go along. We know now what we are going to do—what we are working for. We put a sheet of paper in our typewriter, leave word with the janitor that we are out if anyone calls (unless, of course, it happens to be Edith or Jack on the phone—according to which sex holds sway over us) and we go to it!

LACK of space forbids a detailed development of the synopsis, step by step. The foregoing is the true "plotography" of a photoplay produced by John

Ince for Equitable and released last March under the name of "The Struggle." When finished, the story ran something like this:

James Carew, an army doctor—a man of forty-five—is in love with Marjorie, daughter of the Commandant of the post. He feels, however, that he is too old a man to marry her, and he sits idly by and sees Ames, his young assistant surgeon, win her. Soon, Carew discovers that Ames is having an affair with a certain Mrs. Drew who is visiting

at the post. He tries to avert a scandal and bring the young husband to his senses by a severe lecture. Ames makes promises, but still sees Mrs. Drew secretly, and Carew suspects that the affair is still going on.

Carew is ordered to the Philippines to make an inspection of the leper colonies, and, seeing a way in which he can take Ames away from Mrs. Drew's influence, he has the young man designated as his assistant. On the transport, Ames gets himself involved in another escapade and Carew loses all patience with him. It is a stormy night, and Marjorie has gone to her stateroom. Carew takes Ames to the smoking room and makes a last attempt to straighten him up. "I had you ordered on foreign duty," he says, "to get you away from such affairs—for the sake of your wife's happiness!"

"Like hell you did!" Ames answers

THERE is no market for old junk. And so we must look for new ideas. Suppose though that instead of hunting for something entirely new which would take a great deal of time we try to get a new "angle" or an unusual twist to a situation that is not new itself. We look at the old plot from every angle and then give it a certain twist at its outset. Now we are embarked on a train of thought which is out of the ordinary. And if a photoplay continues to be uniformly extraordinary it is bound to sell—ask the producers.

angrily. "You wanted to get my wife over in the islands with you—you had to bring me too! You're both as guilty as—" But Carew springs for him.

The two men are locked in a struggle when the wreck of the boat occurs. Ames frees himself, rushes to the deck and swings himself over the side into a life boat loaded with women—never thinking of his wife. Carew rushes to Marjorie's stateroom. He breaks in the door and finds her unconscious from a blow on the head. He struggles up through the flooded saloon with her in his arms. When he reaches the deck, he finds the ship deserted.

Next morning, Carew and Marjorie, lashed to a makeshift raft, reach the shore of an island. On another island, Ames, delirious from an injury amongst the rocks of the shore, is dragged from the water by monks—members of an order devoted to the care of the colony of lepers which the island harbors.

Almost a year passes. Ames is a half demented lay brother in the monastery—a man of changed personality, laboring with the others amongst the lepers. Carew and Marjorie are living primitively on the other island, gradually losing hope of rescue. Finally, Marjorie comes to the realization that it is Carew whom she loves.

It is the last month of the year, when Carew sights a ship. His first impulse is to light the brush beacon which he has built; then he realizes that rescue will mean their return to civilization—the probable reunion of Marjorie and Ames. He struggles with himself until the ship is hull-down on the horizon; then he lights the fire.

When Carew and Marjorie return to the

United States, they learn that Ames was supposedly lost in the wreck of the transport, and they plan to marry as soon as Carew returns from his original mission—the inspection of the leper colonies. Of course, in one of the colonies, Carew finds Ames, but Ames, still suffering from the injury to his head, does not recognize him.

Now comes Carew's supreme struggle. He can return, leaving Ames on the island; he can marry Marjorie and no one ever will be the wiser. Will he be strong enough to resist?

Of course, Carew takes Ames back with him. He operates in an effort to restore the husband's reason, but without immediate success. Both he and Marjorie understand that her duty is to her husband; and Carew plans to go away. He is leaving—saying goodbye to Marjorie, when Ames enters the room. The sight of his wife weeping in Carew's arms brings back Ames' real personality—and he picks up life just where he dropped it—in the midst of the struggle with Carew over his wife.

Mad with anger, Ames tries to kill Carew with a heavy statuette from the table, but Marjorie catches his arm. He tries to free himself, and in wrenching away from her, his sleeve is ripped from wrist to shoulder.

On his arm, he sees a dull white spot—the first mark of leprosy!

Ames stares at the mark for a moment in terror. He rushes from the room out onto the balcony of the house. Carew finds him on the pavement below the broken railing of the porch—dead.

So that is how the original idea of "twisting the triangle" worked out for me.

CAPTAIN PEACOCKE RETURNS NEXT MONTH!

There is an increasing demand for new authors, since new authors bring new ideas. Yet authors experienced as well as inexperienced are constantly facing new problems, unanswerable by previous instruction in the writing of photoplays, however thorough. There is a puzzle a minute in this business. Yesterday's guide-book can't trace the paths of 1917.

There is no man in the business of photoplaymaking who has kept as aggressively in touch with every side of screen drama as Captain Leslie T. Peacocke, who is not only writing successes, but is directing them. Though the living original of "nothing to do till tomorrow," Capt. Peacocke at

PHOTOPLAY's earnest solicitation has prepared a new series of articles of immeasurable importance to every ambitious photodramatist.

The first of these will be printed in the March issue, on sale February 1. It deals with the *growing need for the free-lance writer*. We know—have known, for a long time—that this business needs your literary ingenuity, but Capt. Peacocke will tell *why* you are needed, *who* needs you, and *where* and *when* you are needed. His ensuing chapters will describe grave technical lapses and omissions in the prevailing scenario writer's equipment, according to the new demands, and will tell just how these lapses and omissions may be remedied.

The Winter Pageant

THE HIGH COST OF DRESSING
DOESN'T WORRY THE FILM STARS

A BIG limousine draws up before a white stone building. Madame alights with footman holding open the crested door of the car. A liveried doorman swings back the entrance portals, and up a thickly carpeted staircase into a salon furnished in Louis Seize period goes the chinchilla clad caller. A maid removes the wrap,

Monsieur is summoned. A star of the films has arrived at the Fifth avenue house that

Photo
by Bradley

Frances Nelson in a dinner gown of ermine with filet lace trimming. Below: Florence Reed in an evening coat of pearl gray chiffon, sumptuously bordered with priceless chinchilla.



Grace Darling in a skating costume of taupe velours bordered with leopard skin. Center: Mrs. Vernon Castle in a gown of taffeta featuring the newest extravagance in hand-wrought beadwork.

Photo by McClure

extravagant creations of cloth of gold robes, sable-trimmed costumes, all-ermine wraps and evening gowns, and at once he



out-Poirets Poiret of Paris. The actress has come to inspect a private showing of latest creations on view for special patrons.

Ask any of the great costumers of New York who of their patrons indulge in

Violet Merseveau in a street costume of taupe chiffon bordered with moleskin and worn with ermine shoulder cape.

Photo by McClure

names over some of the screen's successes, oftentimes including young leads, newly known to the celluloid drama. It is here there seems to be the greatest rivalry.

Mary Martin in a gown of heavy gold brocade with tulle shoulder drapery caught with jeweled clasps.

Photo by Arnold Genthe



Photo by Campbell



Photo by Arnold Genthe

Center: Pearl White in a gorgeous gown of silver tissue and silver lace combined with rose chiffon and paillettes. Below: Marjorie Rambeau in an all-ermine evening wrap.

Whatever inroads the high cost of living may make they are prone to reach deep into their pay envelopes and bring joy alike to the designing couturier and the ever anticipating gaze of their followers.

Photoplay Magazine's 1917

WHEN PHOTOPLAY'S present owners and editorial staff assumed charge of this publication two years ago they planned a periodical which would honestly and completely mirror the great art-industry of motion pictures. Upon these lines PHOTOPLAY of 1915 and 1916 has been conducted, and the reception and enduring favor accorded this magazine have gone beyond not only the optimistic dreams of its makers, but beyond anything in magazine history. PHOTOPLAY'S incredibly rapid gains in circulation broke all records. Now, it is not only the favorite journal of the film-loving millions in the United States and Canada, but is a vogue in Australia and the English-speaking centers of South America, has many subscribers in South Africa and Japan, is seen on every war-front, and penetrates fastnesses from Siam to the Sahara. It has been slavishly imitated but never approached in appearance or value.



“PEGGY ROCHE,

A great story of feminine adventure by Victor

IT WILL BEGIN

HERE is a narrative so spiced with humor, thrilled with romance and colored with girlish charm that it cannot but endure. Peggy is the intrepid, unique American business woman — plus. Heretofore you have met the United States Lady of Affairs on her own ground, in shops, warerooms or cross-roads' hotels. In this story she takes her samples and her intrepid self to the smoke of battle and the sun of Soudan, from arctics to tropics — you're not sure whether she'll come back to America by sea, or fall from the sky.

Announcement Extraordinary

HERE is our next forward step: Beginning with the March issue, purchasable February first, PHOTOPLAY becomes a general magazine and the peer of any publication in the world. It will not cease to be the true voice of the motion picture; while adding to its screen news, illustration and comment, it has enlisted the imaginations of the greatest living writers and artists.

Remember: the greatest fiction of the coming year will be found in PHOTOPLAY.

New novels by Henry C. Rowland and Victor Rousseau, pictured by the foremost American illustrators, are to begin in these pages immediately.

On page 121 is a more detailed announcement of PHOTOPLAY'S remarkable list of celebrated novelists, short-story writers, and artists.

SALESLADY"

Rousseau. Illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell

NEXT MONTH

THE March story—Peggy's bright bow to you—is entitled "The Adventure of the Three Georges."

It begins on the porch of the English hotel in Jerusalem, and ends in the Sinai desert. Peggy travels in war-supplies on behalf of her sweetheart, Jim Byrne, of Stamford, Conn. In this episode she discomfits certain representatives of rival houses by remembering that the cart goes before—not the horse, but the blanket. Mystifying? Well, it's an extraordinary mystery story, with puzzle and laughter confoundedly intermingled to the finish.



Here and on the other page—Peggy Roche. There, she's herself; above, she's in the attire of a Turkish hanoum, on her first great adventure, in Syria.

A Bigger, Better Magazine of

ALASKA, the Frontier, the War, the Sea, and the Orient have their characteristic pens, dipped in local ink, writing on paper of the period. The stage has its chroniclers. In Mr. Sullivan and Mr. McGaffey we have given you photodrama's premier romancer and first humorist; next month we will complete the trio, introducing the Star Reporter of the Movies. His story is

“THE BIG FADE-OUT” BY *H. L. Reichenbach*

Mr. Reichenbach is, if you please, our literary discovery. He is a New Yorker, knows everybody and a lot of everything in the film business, yet not one of the thousands who know him on the business side of production realize that he is an A-1 fictioneer. Demonstrating him as such is our opportunity and pleasure. His swift, racy style, slightly satiric; his incisive character touches and his graphic flashes of humor combine to make his writings a distinct contribution to contemporary reading. The pictures for Mr. Reichenbach's stories are being drawn by **MAY WILSON PRESTON**, the most popular woman illustrator in the United States.

Henry C. Rowland's greatest novel will begin in the April issue of **PHOTOPLAY**. This distinguished author needs no introduction. His stories have enthralled readers wherever English is spoken, and they have been translated into every tongue. No such novel as this has been written in a decade. We predict confidently that it will be **THE SERIAL SENSATION OF THE YEAR**. It is a marvellous combination of love and adventure, wild sea and alluring land, sheer romance and absolute realism, the elegant veneer of civilization and the primitive power of savagery. This story will be gorgeously illustrated by a celebrated artist. Much more about Mr. Rowland and his magic tale in **MARCH PHOTOPLAY!**

Here are some of the authors whose stories you'll see in **PHOTOPLAY**:

James Oliver Curwood	Elliott Flower	Cyrus Townsend Brady
Francis William Sullivan	Jack Lait	Gordon Seagrove

And here, some of the illustrators:

Charles D. Mitchell	Neysa McMein	Raeburn Van Buren
E. W. Gale, Jr.	Quin Hall	
May Wilson Preston	Ray Rohn	Grant T. Reynard
Herb Roth	Oscar Bryn	

Photoplays and Players for 1917

ONE of PHOTOPLAY'S most interesting recent engagements is MISS ANITA LOOS, petite twenty-year-old humorist of the Fine Arts studio, author of the Douglas Fairbanks stories. Miss Loos is writing a captivating series entitled: "Letters of a Movie Star to Her Little Sister." These letters will begin in an early issue. Watch for them!

In 1917 the screen universe will pass before you, conjured up by the articles, interviews, reviews, news-stories, investigations, analyses, reminiscences prophecies, and verbal humoresques of PHOTOPLAY'S exclusive and absolutely unrivalled list of talented writers, among whom may be mentioned:

Channing Pollock	Alfred A. Cohn	Julian Johnson
Harry C. Carr	Kenneth McGaffey	
Randolph Bartlett	William M. Henry	Grace Kingsley
Lillian Howard	Leslie T. Peacocke	

Raymond Stagg of California, undoubtedly the foremost outdoor photographer in America, has just signed an exclusive contract with PHOTOPLAY. The remarkable, intimate studies of Western photoplayers published in these pages have been mainly STAGG prints.

The best screen fiction available will be found in PHOTOPLAY every month.

In addition to its great new serials, its new short fiction and other splendid features, PHOTOPLAY will select one or two of the choicest film features for every issue. These will be written in a high vein of literary excellence, and photographically illustrated in a way that will make genuine art of the still-camera's products.

Among PHOTOPLAY'S narrators of screen fiction for 1917 you will find

Mrs. Ray Long	Constance Severance	Clarie Marchand
Bess Burgess	Jerome Shorey	

Miss Neysa McMein makes her first appearance in PHOTOPLAY with her painting of Norma Talmadge, on the cover of this issue. Miss McMein's covers will be a feature throughout the year.

Do not think that this tremendous campaign in great fiction means any abatement of Photoplay's searchlight policy on the outside and inside of the moving picture business. In 1917 we are going to give you the same varied periodical—doubled in value; that's all.

LIMOUSINES ARE CLARK-LINED THIS SEASON



Standing in the door of the Old Home, Mlle. Marguerite seems unusually happy. Perhaps because she has at last made up her mind to stay in the movies. No more of her old pastime—telling some interviewer how anxious she is to get back where the light comes up from the floor instead of falling from Heaven.

Sometimes the great city frightened the little girl terribly, but, really and truly, its heart was all right!



By the end of his vacation, Philip was perfectly willing to let New York get along without him. He loved Phoebe, and knew it; Phoebe loved him and didn't suspect it.

“Her” New York

By Constance Severance

PHOEBE LESTER was nearing seventeen, a pretty miniature woman still redolent of the charm of childhood. Her quaintness and unworldliness were largely born of her surroundings. She lived with Silas Brown and his wife upon their farm near Brookscott, a handful of joined houses-and-barns flung amid the Connecticut hills and forgotten. There they called Phoebe a “charity child.” In an older day she would have been considered “bound out.” In the Middle West she would have been a mere “hired girl.”

In fact without provincial phraseology, she worked for her food and clothes at the Browns, both her parents having died long since. In the Winter and Spring, Phoebe received a few months schooling. But the Browns were not over-particular as to her education, their particularizations covered only the kitchen dishes, the mending and the ironing, but not the washtub, for Aunt Sally, a buxom black patriarch of all work, was washerwoman to the whole community.

In her small attic room between the

chambers and the clouds. Phoebe read a great deal. She did not have the money to buy fine books, and the Brown library, including such absorbing classics as Baxter's "Saints' Rest," the County History and "Lives of Our Presidents."

made no dashing demand upon her attention. Accordingly she picked up magazines wherever she could. They were not current

magazines, but periodicals which had been well read and well thumbed at the neighbors' houses, funny papers from the village barber shop, fashion periodicals tossed aside by banker Bowen's wife—in fact, everyone in Brookscott knew Phoebe for the omnivorous little reader that she was, and they were all glad to add to her store of precious though ephemeral literary material.

In this way Phoebe made the acquaintance of "her" New York. She had always loved people. Shy, she longed to be in a crowd, though not of it. Often she shouldered her way boyishly through the cornfield, swinging her plump arms and imagining that every brown stalk that struck her was a passing human being. Never out of Brookscott that she could remember—though she had been born in Farmington, Maine—Phoebe daily walked Broadway upon the magic sandals of imagination. She took all the precious little old worthless half-tones from her wall, and, lying on her stomach on the floor, pieced them together in a great pictorial relief map of the metropolis. After a year of careful accumulation, she had an amalgamation of views that lit up the town from



"You're not singing now, my New York! You're sobbing, and I can't listen any longer!"

there was a large cow-pasture in the neighborhood of Fifty-Ninth street! So much for a defunct magazine of the seventies. Still, New York was her dream and adoration, and as every artist has cried "My Paris!" in the full-throated possessive of ecstatic passion, so Phoebe whispered "My New York!" as tenderly as she could have breathed the name of a lover. She envied every rattly old southbound N. Y., N. H. & H. train whose smoke stained the New England sunsets. Was it not *going to New York!*

IN the midst of these riots of childish imagination Philip Dawes came to Brookscott to recuperate from a fever; and as the Brookscott House made few bids for the favor of one who regarded his stomach aught else than a leather implement of absorption, Philip Dawes soon sought an amateur caravansary. He picked out Silas Brown's.

There was no great difference in the ages of Philip Dawes and Stuyvesant Owen, his employer, or in their breeding or education, but in everything else they were as far apart as Christiana and New South Wales. Both college men, Owen—shrewd, practical,

"HER" NEW YORK

THE photoplay version of this story by Agnes C. Johnston was produced by Thanouser for Pathe with the following cast:

Phoebe Lester.....Gladys Hulette
Philip Dawes..William Parke, Jr.
Stuyvesant Owen..Robert Vaughn
Si Brown.....Riley Chamberlain
Mrs. Brown.....Carey Hastings
LauraEthyle Cooke

hard—had made the world his oyster. If he had ever indulged in dreams his thrift and avarice had been an alarm-clock bringing him bolt-awake. Philip, on the other hand, found more wonderful things to dream about every day, and in the glory of his dreams, practical matters faded away. Now, he was twenty-three—and he earned twenty dollars a week working for Owen.

When Si hitched up to get “that boarder from the city” night had already fallen. What with a few purchases, and slow-going on a muddy road, it was half-past nine when he returned, freighting Philip. Phoebe was long since asleep.

She woke at dawn. She hurried into her things as fast as she could, and, not being able to find the button-hook, half-buttoned her shoes with a hair-pin. Silas was in the barnyard, and Mrs. Brown was washing her face at the sink as Phoebe scuttled to find the kindling and get the fire going.

“I do believe,

Phoebe Lester, you’ve left off your red flannel petticoat again!” The voice was Mrs. Brown’s, weary with eternal reproach. Phoebe’s hands felt her trim hips—indeed rather near the surface on this chilly morning.

“So I have, Aunty! Isn’t that funny?” Phoebe laughed gaily. Mrs. Brown was quiet, for she had long since abandoned Phoebe as impossible.

“Well,” continued her sponsor, “be that’s’t may, you’ve got to git some aigs for the city boarder’s breakfast.”

Which was no task for Phoebe, who, putting a sunbonnet over her flying sunrise hair, hop-skipped to the hay-mow. The hay-mow was the town residence of Phoebe’s one understanding friend, a wise little brown hen. Sure enough, the brown hen was stalking grandly from the timothy, singing a song which proclaimed to the world, “I have laid one! I have laid one!”

Phoebe caught her, squawking. “You’ve laid an egg

A use for the hated red flannel petticoat at last! It was the finest red flag imaginable, and it brought the train to a stop so sudden that it was almost precipitous.





for a man from New York! Ain't you proud!" But the hen seemed to find no special honor in metropolitan dispensation.

Soon the eggs were boiled, and Phoebe, who cooked much more carefully than she swept, had accompanying slices of crisp toast, browned just enough; a pat of butter and the blue tea-pot full of coffee. This she insisted upon using, despite Mrs. Brown's protestations—and also the old Japanned "waiter," as the good wife called her single serving tray.

Phoebe had heard boot-scrappings on the floor above, and bits of whistling. Presently the stairs creaked, and she knew that the "man from New York" would be waiting his breakfast in the dining-room.

What would he be like? Phoebe's heart thumped until it fluttered the blue ribbon at the top of her apron. Her acquaintance with "New York men" had been made upon

Millicent, a kind-eyed little blonde, asserted that Phoebe's pet hen would set the fashion in Longacre, and wouldn't that bird hit all the envious janes in Shanley's right between the eyes!

the screen. Impressive acting gentry she had seen, infrequently, at

Brookscott's Palace Strand operahouse. She remembered that they had grand manners, and almost always wore evening dress. Would he have on evening dress? Perhaps—no, because his valet hadn't accompanied him! Perhaps his valet would be along on the next train. Of course he had a valet; every New Yorker had a valet!

She pushed open the door.

"Hello," said a very negligee boy, leaning against the wall, hands in pockets. He had on an outing shirt whose collar was guiltless of starch, and he gave his head a quick toss to get the hair out of his eyes.

"Hello," answered the girl, gravely; "I'm Phoebe, and this is breakfast."

Though Philip was really very hungry he almost forgot to eat for looking at this shy-eyed, lingering little girl.

BY the end of his vacation, Philip was perfectly willing to let New York get along without him. He loved Phoebe, and knew it; Phoebe loved him, and didn't suspect it. But since he hoped for the ultimate home, Philip planned to return to work immediately, and to work hard. She received his love declaration as a matter of course, kissed him as sweetly and calmly as though she had been waiting all her life to kiss him, and immediately fell to quarreling about the color of the carpet in their living-room to-be.

The literary bee which anon had flung itself wearily from side to side in Philip's fedora now buzzed electrically, and stung him on every exposed place. Once upon a time The Workaday World had accepted a verse of his. With the inspiration of Phoebe's love he knew that he could become a poet of Longfellow industry and Robert W. Chambers income.

"I think you are the most wonderful poet in the world!" exclaimed Phoebe rapturously, after he had read her several of his effusions.

"It's almost train-time," said the genius, in a terribly matter-of-fact manner. "I'm going back and sell a lot of poems, and then you're to come to New York and marry me."

"Give my love to New York," answered Phoebe as airily, after they had kissed, "and tell it I'm coming soon!"

Once in the city, Philip resigned his job, with its assured income, and went in for writing with the enthusiasm of a duck finding a puddle in the desert. His enthusiasm

seemed to count for little; on his desk lay an increasing pile of those polite horrors which he called "dejection" slips. But he moved to basement quarters which he assured himself were "Bohemian," cut out everything except the necessities of life, and managed to exist. His thoughts were troubled when he considered that, presently, his stipend would have to do for two.

While Philip's muse was toiling very drunkenly and uncertainly for him, as far as returns were concerned, Phoebe had a small feathered industry making money for her with the surety of a munitions manufactory.

The little brown hen.

Mrs. Silas, in a burst of philanthropy, had donated the little brown hen and all her proceeds to Phoebe. With the regularity of a seven-o'clock whistle, she laid an egg a day, and as egg prices are now,



A strange gleam of cannibalism flashed baleful fire in Philip's eyes. "Chicken!" he exclaimed.

the ovoid might as well have been golden. Even before Philip came Phoebe had been saving for a new gown; now, she dismissed all thoughts of the gown, and planned her departure.

Phoebe had not been exactly unattractive to the swains of Brookscott. One, who had a Ford and everything to match, shrewdly courted her, aiming to win everything in a wife, and to give as little as possible. As a married man, he should have been a Boer farmer or an Australian bushman.

But Phoebe wasted no caresses or thoughts on him—so little did she care, in fact, that on a Sunday he complained: "Si sez you eat more'n you're worth. Ye better show me a little affection, or I'll stop courtin' ye!"

Therefore Phoebe resolved that it would be his Ford which should bear her to the magic train on the wonderful day in which "Her" New York should claim her for its own.

"The Day" was a Saturday. The fateful hour was noon. Silas Brown and his wife had gone to town for their frugal week-end purchases, and Phoebe was left to the farm and her own devices. Quickly, the little girl packed her small belongings in an ancient valise. Then she dressed herself in her best—which, indeed, was fairly good, for Mrs. Brown, while ever thrifty, was not stingy nor mean. Phoebe wrote a note for Mrs. Brown, and wondered if she had said good-bye to everything—the little brown hen, with wise and wondering clucks, wandered fairly into her path! A lump came into her mistress' throat. Truly, she couldn't bear to leave her behind!

Over the telephone she had spent a precious nickel to ask Andrew, her rural swain, to take her to Scrogg's Corners and the train. Of course she didn't tell Andrew about the train. With a little white lie about carrying some sewing to old Mrs. Minley she soon assuaged his curiosity. Scrogg's Corners was a mere cross-road three miles from Brookscott, where she did not dare to embark because of Silas' immemorial propensity to see the afternoon "cyars" draw in at any time he happened to be in town.

"Kin I call fer ye at supper-time?" asked Andrew, greedily, as he dropped Phoebe, and the armful of hen, and the handful

of satchel, very near the ancient "deepo."
"No," she said gravely. "I shan't be here at supper-time. I'm only going to stay a few minutes."

So Andrew chugged on to Brookscott. The fact that the brown hen was tucked under Phoebe's arm—sometimes in her basket, generally on top of it—aroused no suspicion. Phoebe and her armful of hen were as common a sight in and about Brookscott as a society girl and her armful of Pomeranian on Fifth Avenue.

Phoebe found the station locked and so deserted that stray oats had taken root in the door-sill, and were growing luxuriously. Afar came the whistle of the New York train—and this was only a flag-station!

In her moment of wild panic Phoebe began to laugh hysterically. A use for the hated red flannel petticoat at last!



Laura had anticipated the rage, maledictions,

Going behind a baggage truck she downed it and stepped out of it in ten seconds. She had the finest red flag imaginable, and it brought the train to a stop so sudden that it was almost precipitous.

AT the same moment, among the low numbers on Eighth avenue, Philip Dawes struggled like a hero with the unrhymable word “Llama.” How he had gotten himself into this blind alley of diseuphony he knew not; all he did know was that he couldn’t back out. Minute after minute he pounded his head and whirled the worn pages of his book of synonyms—nothing doing.

“Mama! Mama!”

It was a faint, feeble little voice, and the vowels were less a word than formless wails.

“Gee whiz!” exclaimed

Philip, nervously, “some nice old ghost is giving me a lift!”

But, the rhyming word for “Llama,” continuing resolutely, he opened the door.

A tiny boy, swaddled in baby clothes, lay on the floor. An unfortunate woman—honest and pure enough, indeed, but a widow, poverty-wrecked—had placed the baby there, for she had seen a man delivering milk and other food at that door, and she had none to give!

“Johnny,” murmured Philip, raising the baby from the floor, “you came through with a rhyme for me, and I’ll come through for you. You’re going to have a chance!”

ON the train, Phoebe was in the ecstasy of her life. The country was flying before the windows—she loved to look straight down at the right-of-way, realizing that the furious blur flying under eyes was pushing her away from Brookscott and toward New York!

And across the aisle sat well, she was thirty-six, but to her crowd she was just Laura. She was magnificently dressed, according to Phoebe’s ideas. The grave little country mouse attracted her.

“Where am I going?” answered the Brookscott child, as the woman of the world at length sat beside her; “why, I’m going to New York—my New York—to find Philip—my Philip!”

“And who is Philip?” Laura fairly purred.

When it had all been completely explained, Laura explained that she would find Philip, after Phoebe had dined with her, as a matter of course.

The next hour and a half; the change from steam power to electricity; the crossing of the Harlem river; the wil-



anger of a woman scorned—defiance and silly calls for the police.

derness of towering tenements next the tracks on the upper East Side; the frightening rush into the darkness of the great subway under Park avenue; the exit at Grand Central; the vast concourse; the great hotels rising like Babel's tower outside; the machines, the people, the taxicabs, the uproar, all made Phoebe very glad to nestle under Laura's scented protection.

She had no idea where Laura took her, but she thought it very wonderful, and the painted faces of Laura's lady friends very curious. She felt that when they were washing the dishes, or sweeping, or attending to outdoor work the paint must sometimes run and get in their mouths, and she asked them if it didn't. Whereupon they all laughed loudly.

Perhaps the little brown hen, in her hennish way, was wiser than her little mistress; at any rate, the night was warm, the window was open—and out she flew!

It was a ground floor apartment, and without a moment's hesitation Phoebe, hat on the back of her head, tightly clutching her satchel, leaped after.

To the corner and around flew the hen, Phoebe following. There, she caught her, and, clutching her tightly, stumbled into the arms of a smiling policeman.

"Why," she said in answer to his questions, "I'm going to go to Philip Dawes, my sweetheart, but first I'm to have dinner with Laura, just around the corner—"

Quick questions, sharp and much to the point, by Commissioner Woods' minion. Then:

"I wouldn't go back to that house, Miss. I'll take you to Philip!"

They went in a shaking old street-car, not at all like the beautiful machine which had met Laura at Grand Central Station. Phoebe was just a bit piqued. She remembered not only Laura, and the strange-looking "girls," but a very handsome gentleman who had taken her hand at Laura's introduction just a moment before the little brown hen's conspiracy of escape.

At the door of that "Bohemian" cell on lower Eighth street she paused dramatically, then flung herself against it, and, as it swung inward, she cried to the outrushing occupant, "I've come to marry you!" Philip held her in his arms.

The policeman looked on with a touch of cynical sadness. Sweet little country girl, impoverished city chap, country

romance, fond feminine trust—same old story!

"If you come with me, I'll see ye both safely hitched before I go on duty!" This policeman had determined to put a lock on Cupid's door.

Then—the baby.

"I found him," explained Philip, with brief all-sufficiency.

"Found—did ye say?" The policeman's disbelief was positively lugubrious.

"There was a note pinned to him, but I can't remember where I put it."

"I'm so glad you kept him, Philip," murmured Phoebe, cosily. "It makes it so much more homelike to have a baby in the house!"

A week after the wedding Philip and Phoebe were deliriously happy and delightfully broke. They had extended their apartment, or rather, had changed it, to include a kitchenette and a real attic bedroom, of which New York, like all other modern cities, has few.

"Mrs. Dawes," said Philip, coming in upon a certain bright evening, "you see before us on the table, our last dime. And I'm hungrier than a grenadier—that's a term that I always use in my poetry."

"Well," returned Mrs. Dawes, "you and I can have a *pretend* dinner. Babies and chickens, though, haven't any imaginations. What will you have upon the board to-night, Sir Philip?"

A strange green gleam of cannibalism flashed baleful fire in Philip's eyes.

"Chicken!" he exclaimed, pointing dramatically at the little brown hen.

A wild yelp escaped Phoebe, and she sank in a huddle on her own feet and the sank in a huddle on her own feet and baby's.

Yet, despite Phoebe's woe, in half an hour the soul of the little brown hen had flown to the feathered heaven. It was becoming more and more impossible to keep her, as Philip pointed out to her weeping mistress. She could not be returned to the farm, so, as a glorious finish, why should she not serve the starving poet and his lady-bride in death as she had never served them in life?

Immediately afterward, several important things happened to the Dawes family.

Philip, driven by his wife's healthy little appetite, visited his former employer, Stuy-

(Continued on page 144)

CARMEL, WHOSE CARAMELS ARE COINS



Photo by Stagg

Miss Carmel Myers—a young Fine Arts actress and the daughter of a learned rabbi—doesn't look like a financier but she cornered the whole California supply of theatrical make-up before the prices rose; and now she's rich.

MOVING PICTURE

FOURTEEN PRIZES

NUMBER 3

THE PRIZES

1st PRIZE	\$10.00
2nd PRIZE	\$ 5.00
3rd PRIZE	\$ 3.00
4th PRIZE	\$ 2.00
TEN PRIZES, each	\$ 1.00

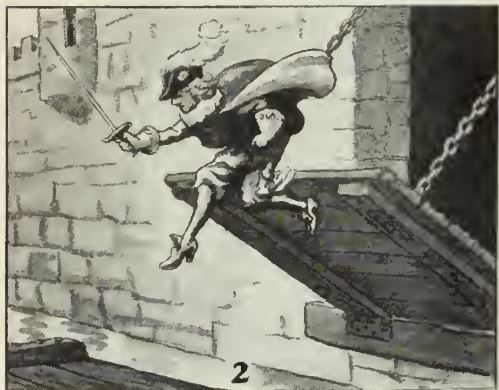
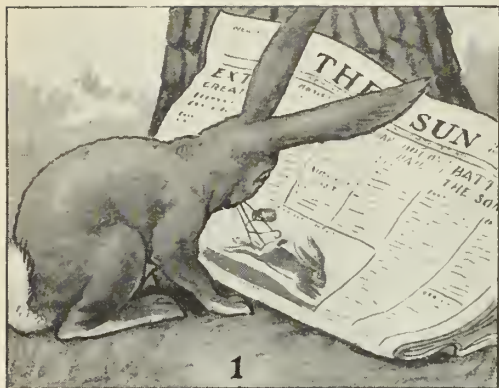
These awards (all in cash, without any string to them) are for the correct, or nearest correct, answers to the six pictures here shown. The answers may readily be found in the condensed scenario printed below. While this is one of the cleverest puzzle arrangements ever devised, it is really quite simple to solve.

As you read through the scenario, the answers will bob up at you, one after another. Just follow the directions on the opposite page. Be sure to write your answers and name and address distinctly.

This novel contest is a special feature department of Photoplay Magazine for the interest and benefit of its readers, at absolutely no cost to them—the Photoplay Magazine way.

The awards are all for this month's contest.

All answers to this set (number two) must be mailed before February first.



ROMEO AND JULIET

Time—About 1600

SYNOPSIS—Between the houses of Montague and Capulet in Verona a bitter enmity exists, ever ready to break out in new mutiny. Our opening scene starts with a clash of arms between two servants of each house, joined by a relative from each, then several more partisans join the fray.

Citizens are endeavoring to stop the brawl, when Capulet and wife appear, soon also Montague and Lady Montague. Then comes the Prince of Verona with attendants. He roundly denounces them all.

All disperse but Montague, wife and nephew. They are con-cerned of Romeo, who presently appears, much absorbed with love dreams of Rosaline. To break the spell Benvolio induces him to attend a ball at Capulets, where he becomes immediately enamoured by the beauty of the daughter Juliet, who likewise is much impressed by him, tho he is roundly denounced by her cousin Tybalt.

Capulet wants Juliet to wed a young noble named Paris, but she objects. At night Romeo scales the garden wall and unseen by Juliet discovers her at her balcony window, and hears from her lips "O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo?" Etc. Yet unseen he answers her and he finally comes forth and talks with her. They avoid their fore. They are clandestinely married by Friar Lawrence.

Romeo is banished for killing Tybalt in self defense.

Capulet demands that Juliet marry a noble, Paris.

Friar Lawrence gives her a potion that will make her appear as dead for forty-two hours. She is laid in the tomb.

FIND YOUR ANSWERS IN

His message summoning Romeo is delayed. Romeo receives word that she is dead and hastens to her tomb, is breaking in, when he is set upon by Paris, whom he kills. Romeo takes poison and dies by Juliet, who regains her senses just as Friar Lawrence comes. Upon seeing Romeo's body she kisses him, then grabs his dagger and plunges it to her heart.

Their children's tragic deaths reconciles Capulet and Montague.

"For never was a story of more woe,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo."

LIST

Parts, Props, Scenes, Names, Etc., Etc.

In Verona. Sampson. Gregory. Swords and bucklers. Being moved. To the wall. Quarrel. Heartless. Masters. Abram. Balthazar. Naked weapons. Benvolio. Swashing blow. Draw. Part. Fools. Tybalt. Join the fray. Citizens. Clubs. Capulet. Long-sword. Montague. Prince. Attendants. Rebellious subjects. Enemies. Bloody hands. Purple fountains. Afternoon. Judgment place. Thrusts and blows. Mis-tempered. Three civil brawls. Beseeching ornaments. Men depart. City's side. Augmenting. Deep sighs. Enter Romeo. Heard. Love. Brawling. Serious vanity. Fire mis-shapen. Well-seeming forms. Laugh. Weep. Mine own. Farewell. Mercutio. Village scene.

SCENARIO PUZZLE

ALL IN CASH

BY PERCY REEVES

DIRECTIONS

The answers for these pictures will be found in the list below. Pictures Nos. 1 and 2 each have one answer; Pictures Nos. 3, 4 and 5 each have two answers.

Look at the pictures and then go through the list and you will readily find the answers best describing them, each answer is very short, just as the words appear.

Be sure and number your answers to correspond with the numbers of the pictures each represents. Place them in sequence down the sheet, numbers at the left.

Remember to write your full name and address at the bottom. Address to Puzzle Editor, Photoplay Magazine, 350 North Clark Street, Chicago.

We have eliminated from this contest all red tape and expense to you, so please do not ask us questions.

Only one set of answers allowed each contestant.

Awards for answers to this set will be published in Photoplay Magazine.



THIS SCENARIO AND LIST

Afternoon. Our streets. Old partisans. Forfeit. Cankered hate. Your adversary. Close fighting. Part them. In scorn. Golden window. Feast. Grove of sycamore. Gladly fed. Morning's dew. Deep sighs. Pins himself. Step aside. Marksman much denied. His will. Loving terms. Choice. Huge waste. Fair ladies. Escalus. Paris. My suit. Fourteen years. But a part. All see. Earth-treading stars. Fair Verona. To supper. Cup of wine. Juliet. Beauty's pen. Gold clasps. Happy days. Crow-keeper. Bear the light. Nimble soles. Cupid's wings. Common ground. A grandiose phrase. Candle-holder. Fairie's coach-makers. Court'sies. Unplaged. One rhyme. Son and heir. Wondering eyes. Doff thy name. What's in a name? More andise. Too unadvised. Boundless. Performing the rite. Friar Lawrence's eel. Streaks of light. Small flowers. Rosealine. Duellist. Grandisire. Switch and spurs. Too sudden. It lightens. Gentlemanlike. Abbey wall. Farewell. Banishment. Bereaved. Highway. Maiden widowed. Mistermed. Sharp-ground knife. Unmade grave. Holy Friar. Unseemly woman. Form of wax. Take heed. Beg pardon. Good night. Kinsman. Time to woo. Wednesday. A friend or two. Pomgranate. Throne. Morning's eye. Battlements. Tower. Charnel-house. Be merry. Cunning cooks. Loggerhead. Rum mad.

Bridal flowers. In Mantua. Forty ducats. Watchmen. Her statue. True and faithful. The letter. Monument. Potion's force. Vault. Her awakening. All are punished. Their friends. Castle wall. Over sea. Far and near. Love's message. Summoning. Hastes. Breaking in. Senses. Plunges. Her heart. Discovering. Much absorbed. Arms between. Attendant. A ball. Much impressed. More woe.

DECEMBER WINNERS

- 1st Prize, \$10.00—P. D. Jennings, Akron, O.
 2nd Prize, \$5.00—Miss Ida Mai McCullom, Jackson, Miss.
 3rd Prize, \$3.00—F. Mildred Lewis, Los Angeles, Cal.
 4th Prize, \$2.00—Carl Wright, Sae City, Iowa.
 Ten Prizes \$1.00 each—Elizabeth Berry, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Pauline Cleary, Boonville, Mo.; Mabel H. Tucker, Marblehead, Mass.; E. S. Dyer, Wheeling, W. Va.; Roy J. Skillman, Irene, S. D.; H. D. Oliphant, Farmington, Me.; Miss Irma Sawyer, Milwaukee, Wis.; Edward Watterson, Titusville, Pa.; Claude King, Denver, Col.; Mrs. A. V. Rohweder, Winona, Minn.

Correct Answers for December, No. 1

1. Heart strings.
2. One reel; sunset.
3. Love letters; sparrows.
4. Cottage; interest.
5. Close up; calf.
6. Recovered.



Seen and Heard at the Movies

Where millions of people gather daily many amusing and interesting things are bound to happen. We want our readers to contribute to this page. One dollar will be paid for each story printed. Contributions must not be longer than 100 words and must be written on only one side of the paper. Be sure to include your name and address. Send to: "Seen and Heard" Dept., Photoplay Magazine, Chicago. Owing to the large number of contributions to this department, it is impossible to return unavailable manuscripts to the authors. Therefore do not enclose postage or stamped envelopes as contributions will not be returned.

Something for Dad to Try

A LITTLE boy attended the theatre with his father who was quite bald.

The scene on the screen showed the interior of a dressing-room and the supposed "grandpa" of the play came in and pulled off a false bald head, disclosing a thick head of hair.

"Say, papa," asked the child, "why don't you pull off the top of your head and see what's under it?"

P. Allan Barr, Savannah, Ga.

The Terrible Suspense

IT was a melodramatic reel wherein the heroine in despair finally went to a room and turned on the gas. A porter, smelling the fumes, broke the door open and began groping around in the dark. In the middle of this scene a husky whisper came from a seat in the center aisle: "Gosh, I hope the fool won't strike a match!"

B. M. Harrison, Hampton Inst., Virginia.

Those Troublesome Imperials

IN a film story written around one of the Balkan states there was a betrothal scene between the prince of one country and the princess of another and inimical sovereignty. They stood before the king awaiting his blessing and sanction.

"I do hate those imperials!" said a woman to her friend referring to the elderly king's hirsute adornment.

"I know," replied the friend, "so do I, and those little countries are always in trouble, too."

M. Monteith, Columbus, Ohio.

Look! Mamma. Look!

AN old gentleman, almost bald, was fondling a small child whose mother sat next to him. The youngster ran its hands over the shiny expanse of pate, then finally brought it down and seized hold of the stranger's beard.

"Look, mamma, look!" she cried in amazement. "His hair falled down."

B. P. Jones, Seattle, Washington.

The Film Inflammable

THE odd looking woman and her strange looking chum sat down in front. It was their first visit to a picture show. On the screen the leading man lit a cigar. The odd looking woman started and seized her friend by the arm.

"I thought celluloid caught fire," she exclaimed.

"So did I," returned the other, but seeing no flame she added, "that just goes to show that there's some fake about these films."

Frank O'Neill Power, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

He was So Forgetful

IN the picture the old judge died, and some time after his daughter, searching through a bureau drawer, found his spectacles and began to cry.

"What's she cryin' for?" asked one little girl of another.

"O I don't know," the other replied, "I s'pose it's 'cause her father went to Heaven and forgot his spectacles."

H. S. Johnson, New Haven, Conn.

Blowed for Good

ELLEN saw "Fatty" Arbuckle in a picture and said, "Mamma, what makes him so fat? Was he blowed up for the picture?"

"Hush, my child," said her mother, "mamma can't pay attention when you talk."

A few days later they came face to face with "Fatty" himself when his automobile was stopped by their street car. Ellen danced up and down: "He was!" she cried. "He was blowed up for good, all right!"

L. D. Selles, Los Angeles.

Not Out of a Copper

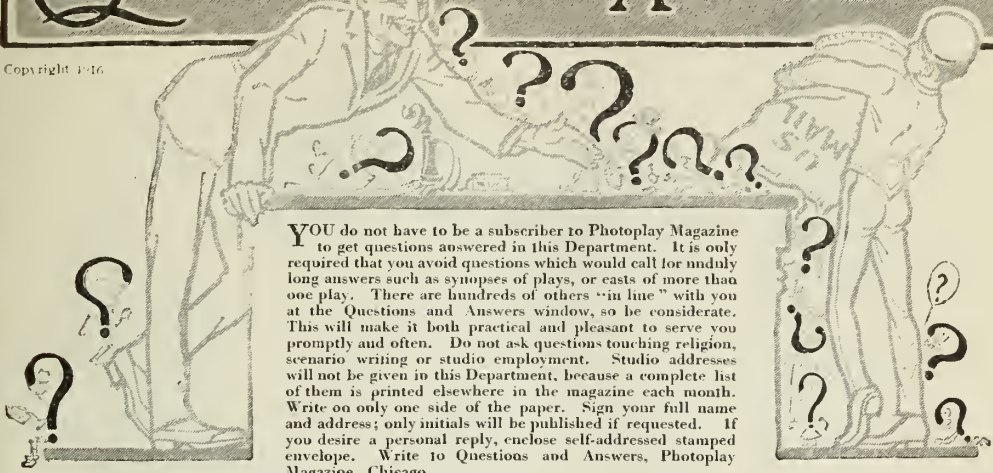
A MAN saw a policeman enter a movie theatre without paying.

"Why don't he have to pay to get in?" demanded one bystander of another. The other facetiously replied: "O, you can't get a nickel out of a copper."

Z. F. Klinker, Los Angeles.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

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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 mindly long answers such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. There are hundreds of others "in line" with you at the Questions and Answers window, so be considerate. This will make it both practical and pleasant to serve you promptly and often. 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.

LOUISE, LOS ANGELES.—Better consult an oculist, Louise, if you have been reading PHOTOPLAY for two years and still ask if Grace Cunard and Francis Ford are married. Are you sure it is two years? Ruth Roland and Marguerite Courtot are happily unmarried. Don't think E. J. and Wm. A. Brady are related. Write us often as you like.

B. C., BOSTON, MASS.—When a player through design or misfortune has been missing from the screen for some time, or appears only at rare intervals, the public loses interest in him, or forgets him completely. PHOTOPLAY endeavors to be up-to-date and we can see no reason for suggesting to the editor another story concerning your favorite until he does something. Sorry, but with so many players really doing things you can see the justice of the course. Yes?

A. H. G., CONCORD, N. H.—Not peeved at all, but hate to see you waste stamps. Perhaps you'd be more fortunate if you observed the rules of the game and attached your name to the next letter you write.

C., POTTSVILLE, PA.—House Peters has been doing a lot of moving recently which may account for your failure to hear from him. Don't think he would knowingly pinch the four-bits worth of stamps as he has been working steadily of late. Enjoyed your letter immensely.

B. H., BRONX, N. Y.—Julian Johnson's estimate of Mr. Bushman's *Romeo* last month probably answers your request. Yes, Othello ought to make a pretty good film, but we're not so sure about "Omelet." We don't seem to recall a Shakespeare play of that name. Are you sure you don't mean East Lynne?

R. S. S., LANCASTER, PA.—No one but Fannie Ward ever played in a picture called "The Cheat." Marguerite Clark is 28.

BILLY, SUDBURY, ONT.—Yes, we can understand just how much you want to be an actress. Once, years ago, we wanted—oh, so much—to be a butcher. (Now don't everybody write and tell us it's too bad our early ambition wasn't realized.) If those actresses didn't reply to your letters, your question seems to have answered itself. Thanks for the nice letter and good wishes.

PICKLES, MOUNT VERNON, N. J.—Why should we correct the mistakes made by other magazines? If you see any information here, it's the best we have on the subject. No record of those you mention except Edwin Stevens and we haven't screwed up enough courage to take a slant at that "Yellow Menace" of his.

I. T. H., OSSING, N. Y.—We will slip your hunch to Pedro de Cordoba, but can't guarantee definite action. That crop of hair wouldn't last long "up the river," would it? Don't know anything about Flora Finch's plans.

L. F., COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.—Roscoe Arbuckle has been in pictures for nearly four years. Your memory serves you well. He was married at Long Beach in 1908. Yes, Thomas Meighan played *James* in "The Return of Peter Grimm" with Warfield. No trouble a-tall.

E. M., SIOUX FALLS, S. D.—Never heard of Leona. The cast in "Saving the Family Name": Estelle Ryan, Mary MacLaren; Jan Winthrop, Jack Holt; Robert Winthrop, Phillips Smalley; Wally Dreislin, Carl Von Schiller; Mrs. Dreislin, Gírrard Alexander.

C. J., OSHAWA, CANADA—Valentine Grant is 23, has blue eyes and reddish hair; Cleo Ridgely has brown eyes and light hair. Ella Hall is a native of New York and 20 years old. She has been with Universal about four years. Your letter was very interesting. You have the right idea about life.

MAME LEE, DUNCAN, OKLA.—So you are a little Indian girl? Well, it's a cinch there's nothing hyphenated about you—100% American. Even if we were a mind reader, we couldn't tell you what Jack Kerrigan's future plans are as apparently, he has not made up his mind. He is 27 years old and 6 feet 1 inch tall. Creighton Hale was *The Laughing Mask* in "The Iron Claw." Hobart Henley is at Universal City, Cal.

E. B., WEST PHILADELPHIA, PA.—No, it is not a fact that Pauline Frederick is now Mrs. Thomas Holding. We have always tried to convey our sincere belief that Miss Frederick and your other favorite, Bessie Barriscale, are up among the topnotchers of the screen.

TOMMY, PITTSBURG, PA.—Leah Baird is still in the movies and is in Vim comedies at Jacksonville, Fla. It is our impression that her husband's name is Beck. He is not an actor. William Farnum is 40 and Mary Miles Minter 14. We have no reason to believe that either, or both, have quit counting. Anyhow, the constitution does not inhibit the same.

E. W., NEW BEDFORD, MASS.—You have been misinformed about Thomas Meighan. He has not returned to the movies because he never left 'em. He's still with Famous Players-Lasky. Herbert Rawlinson would be delighted to hear from you and he'll send a photo for the customary two-bit mailing fee. Address Universal City, Cal. Sure they have stenographers in the studios. If they didn't some of the magnates couldn't write letters.

FRIENDS, COUNCIL BLUFFS, IA.—Creighton Hale and Pearl White are not engaged to be married to each other, or anyone else at the present time. Marguerite Clark assures us that she is neither dead, nor married. Fritz de Lint played opposite Petrova in "What Will People Say?" Because of his present matrimonial status, it is probably safe to state that Edward Coxen is not contemplating marriage. Norma Phillips intends to return to the screen and Billie Burke also, as soon as Billie, Jr., gets old enough to wait on herself.

J. V., COLUMBIA, S. C.—Pardon the colloquialism, but our idea of a boob is a gink who will bet on the age of an actress. Mary Pickford is not yet 24 and Toronto was her birthplace. She's been married about six years.

INTERESTED, GUELPH, ONT.—Delighted with your appreciative and sensible letter. Wish we could print in full your remarks ament those who are more interested in the matrimonial condition of the actor than in his art. Fannie Ward and

Mae Murray are with Lasky; Pauline Frederick, Famous Players; Bill Hart with Ince; William Farnum, Fox, and Brother Dustin, Morosco. Write some more.

MARY, PORT CLINTON, O.—No, we don't love Sessue Hayakawa, although we admire him greatly and thank you for being crazy about our magazine. Jack Barrymore is 34 years old and of course, we won't print your name. Yes, Marie Doro is a dear and she was born in 1885; and—would an affidavit convince you that we are masculine?

L. W., SAN QUENTIN, CAL.—Cheer up! It might be Folsom, instead of San Quentin, you know. Yes, we know the nature of the resort you are honoring with your presence and hope that the stay will restore your health. Margaret Gibson was last with Horsley and Henry Otto is now directing Margarita Fischer at San Diego.

CLARA, DALLAS, TEX.—Adda Gleason and Donald Brian played the leads in "The Voice in the Fog"; W. H. Thompson and Margery Wilson in "The Eye of the Night"; Flora McDonald and Paul Willis in "The Fall of a Nation." Conway Tearle played opposite Miss Clark in "Helene of the North" and Vernon Steele in "Little Lady Eileen." John Bowers is still in business at the old stand.

H. H. H., LAKOTA, WASH.—Oscar Eagle is a director for the Gotham Company. He was born in Gallipolis, O. We have no record of Esther Lyons. So far as we know, Sedley

Brown is still living in Los Angeles.

L. M. S., EASTON, PA.—You say you have passed many a dreary hour seeing Crane Wilbur and Francis X. Bushman on the screen, but we are sure you don't mean it. Now, do you? We'll try to have Crane's picture in the magazine before long.

J. C. T., PHILADELPHIA.—"American Aristocracy" was filmed in the vicinity of New York; "The Vagabond Prince" in Hollywood, Cal., and "Bella Donna" in Florida. Thank you ma'am for the kind woids.

G. F., LOS ANGELES.—None of those you mention, except Wallace Reid and Dorothy Davenport, are married.

FLEURETTE, ANNISTON, ALA.—The Fox version of "Romeo and Juliet" with Theda Bara was made in America—every bit of it—mostly in New York and New Jersey.

(Continued on page 148.)

OWED TO THE AMBITIOUS

Oh doctor, bring the hemlock quick:
My mind is tired, my brain is sick;
The letters pile up six feet thick;

Here's what they say:

"My friends declare I am as cute
As Pickford and six more to boot"
(Thus modestly their horns they toot
From day to day).

"How can I be a movie star?
Please tell the tricks that were and are
For sailing 'cross the raging bar
To fame and kale."

Oh, girls, I cannot help you out
You'd knock 'em dead without a doubt
Yet if I harked to every sprout
I'd fade and pale!

Ambition's lived since hist'ry's dawn
And made tough obstacles its pawn
But, dearies, do not spring it on
Poor brain worn me:

I am no actors' handy source
(I've said this till my voice is hoarse)
Forget it girls—that is your course
—And let me be!

In other words, for the lovva Mike,
quit askin me how to be a movie star.
If I knew how, I'd go and be one myself.



Make Youthful Beauty Linger

Pompeian NIGHT Cream was designed especially for nightly use, being neither too dry nor too oily. At night—while you sleep—

it adds a soothing, softening, youth-i-fying touch to skins which are injured during the day by cold,

wind, hard water and invisible dust. Only by being faithful, by acquiring the habit of using a little Pompeian NIGHT Cream every night, can a woman hope to get results and overcome the damage that is daily done to her skin by the countless complexion evils of our modern life.

Cracked lips; chapped hands; dark, hard, "catchy" finger tips of women who sew—these discomforts can also be overcome by Pompeian NIGHT Cream, using it in the day-time, just as you would an ordinary cold cream.

Motorist tubes 25c. Jars 35c and 75c

Pompeian Massage Cream

Is an entirely different cream. It's pink. It is rubbed in and out of the skin, cleansing the pores and bringing the glow of health to tired, sallow cheeks. Especially good for oily skins. 50c, 75c and \$1 at the stores.

THE POMPEIAN MFG. CO., 131 Prospect St., Cleveland, Ohio

Pompeian Hair Massage

Is a clear amber liquid (not a cream). It gives the hair a chance to be beautiful by making the scalp healthy. Pompeian HAIR Massage removes Dandruff. Try it. Delightful to use.

Beautiful Mary Pickford Art Calendar and Cream Sample

By special permission, the makers of Pompeian products offer this exquisite art panel calendar, 28x7 1/4 inches, faintly colored. Art Store value 50c, sent for only 10c (stamps accepted, dime preferred). A sample of Pompeian NIGHT Cream included, free. *Clip coupon now.*



CUT OFF, SIGN AND SEND
(Stamps accepted; dime preferred)

**The Pompeian Mfg. Co.
131 Prospect St., Cleveland, Ohio.**

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c for a 1917 Mary Pickford Art Calendar and a sample of Pompeian NIGHT Cream,

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

The Foolish Virgin

(Continued from page 96)

had opened the bedroom door and stood watching them. She realized that Jim was helplessly drunk, and feared—she could hardly tell what. But there was nothing she could do, and she quietly closed the door again, but left a slight opening so she could listen.

With croaking exclamations, Jim's mother bathed her hands in the money and jewels.

"Yes, I could find him. Gold will buy anything," she whined. "You'll give it to me. You're not just fooling an old woman."

But the perverse spirit aroused in him by the liquor would not let Jim speak, and he swept the fruits of his crimes back into the bag again.

"Tomorrow," he said. "We'll talk it over tomorrow."

He lurched over to a low couch, flung a blanket over the bag and used it for a pillow, and soon sank into sodden slumber. His mother watched him wolfishly. She tried to get the bag out from beneath his head, but this always aroused him enough so that he would grip it firmly. But the lust for gold was awakened. All her life she had been poor, oppressed. Here was a fortune within her grasp. That thought alone possessed her, and she did not, could not find room in her poor, sick brain, to think of tomorrow. So she stealthily crept to the cupboard and got a knife, and then crept back to the sleeping man. All this was out of Mary's range of vision, as she crouched beside her door, but suddenly she heard a groan and the sound of a falling body. She rushed in, and saw Jim lying in the light from the fireplace, blood flowing over his coat from a wound in his breast.

"You've killed your own son," she shrieked, and threw herself beside the prostrate form.

"My son? My son? No, no, no! He's going to give me the gold so I can find my son," the old woman moaned.

Mary discovered that Jim still lived.

"Where's there a doctor, quick?" she demanded. "It may not be too late."

"Dr. Melford—he lives in the fourth house at the left, going towards the village. But tell me—is he my son? Is he my Jim?" And Nance knelt beside the unconscious man, while Mary darted for the door, calling back:

"Try to stop the bleeding. I'll get the doctor."

When Dr. Milford arrived he found the unfortunate old woman holding her son's head on her lap, and rocking to and fro, singing a cradle song. The last vestige of reason had flown from her tired brain, and she thought Jim was a baby again. It took much patience and gentleness to persuade her to allow the doctor to dress the wound, which he discovered was deep but not dangerous. And in the morning Nance was taken away to an asylum, where she died a few weeks later.

Jim recovered slowly. Mary took the doctor into her confidence, as the simplest way of explaining the strange incident. She could not bear to see Jim again, she said, and so a woman was brought from the village to nurse him, and Dr. Melford took Mary into his own home, which, he said, was sadly in need of a housekeeper.

One evening Jim's nurse brought a note to the doctor. Jim had been up and around, she told them, and she had gone home for the day. When she returned she found the note pinned to his pillow, addressed to Dr. Milford. It read:

"I'm well enough to travel, so goodbye. I know my wife never wants to see me again, so I won't bother her. Tell her I'm going to send back all those things in the bag to the people that they belong to, as far as I can."

When the doctor took the news to Mary, he found her knitting baby garments.

"I suppose it's just as well," she said, with a sigh. "Now I must go back to my friends."

"May I not be considered a friend?" the doctor asked, gently.

"But—I can not impose upon you."

"I want you to stay," he insisted. "I'm a lonely man, Mrs. Anthony. It will be a kindness to let me take care of you."

He was so obviously sincere, that Mary consented.

AWAY in the open country of the trappers, far from all that the city had meant to him, Jim began rebuilding his life. He saw at last that the man who looks upon life as a constant battle, must always be loser, for it is impossible to fight life and come out victorious. He often wondered what had become of Mary, but



What will my skin be like ten years from now?

Perhaps your skin is clear and fresh now, but what will it be ten years hence? Will it still be naturally beautiful, or will you have to use artificial means to cover up the effects of age and *neglect*?

Resinol Soap is not the "Fountain of Youth," but its regular use for the toilet will greatly help to preserve the delicate texture and coloring of the complexion far beyond the time when most women lose them.

Even if the skin is already in bad condition with pimples, redness or roughness, the soothing, healing medication in Resinol Soap is often enough to bring out its real beauty again, especially if used with a little Resinol Ointment.

Resinol Soap, aided occasionally by Resinol Ointment, will usually keep the skin—especially the hands—from chapping and reddening in cold

weather. Resinol Soap and Ointment are sold by all druggists. For a sample of each, free, write to Dept. 15-A, Resinol, Baltimore.

Resinol Soap

always he felt that she had passed forever from him, and that he had no right to intrude. But as year followed year, until four had passed, the desire to know positively overcame his doubts and his pride, and he journeyed once more to the little village in the mountains. He made a few guarded inquiries and learned that Mary had a son, his son—his own boy—and there came upon him a great longing to care for the lad, and give him the chance that he himself never had been given.

But would Mary take him back? She was still in Dr. Melford's home, his house-keeper, often nurse for his patients. A pang of jealousy shot through Jim's heart. What was Dr. Melford to Mary? The village respected Mary, he soon discovered. There was no gossip. Yet he could not endure the thought of another man caring for his wife and his boy. He would see the doctor himself, and learn the truth.

Dr. Melford's first impulse was one of anger. For four years he had secretly cherished a love for the wife of this man, but his instinct had told him that the time to speak had not yet come. But Jim's return complicated the situation.

"What right have you to come back here?" Dr. Melford demanded.

"None," Jim answered, humbly. "That's why I sent for you. I just want to know if it's any use, trying to start all over again. I want to make good with her, but I don't want to annoy her if she's happy. And there's the boy, you know. After all, he's my boy, and I want to do what I can for him."

It was the test of a great love. The temptation to send Jim away was strong. Dr. Melford believed that a word from him would drive Mary's husband out of her life forever. And after all, would it not be best for all? But the man loved the woman too deeply to make himself the arbiter of her life. She herself must decide. And so he took Jim to meet his wife and son. In silence they walked together down the street to the doctor's house. They found Mary and the boy together.

"He's come back to ask if it's any use trying to start all over again," Dr. Melford said. And then he hurried away.

"What can I do?" Jim asked. "How can I prove that I'm right, and want to be square with you and the whole world?"

"First be a father to our boy," she said, after a little while. "Then, perhaps, the rest will all come back to us."

"It will," Jim said, "I know it will."

Behind the Screen

When you were a king and a peasant was I,
You wrung from the land that I tilled.
Each farthing I earned by the sweat of my
brow

You taxed: and your coffers were filled.
When at last we rebelled, my brothers
and I,

We men of your peasant herd,
We were seized by your minions and
flogged and torn
And slain by your royal word!

But gone is the hatred that raged in my
heart,

For vengeance no longer I thirst;
I freely forgive all your terrible crimes
But one, and that one was the worst!
Perchance you've forgotten, perhaps you
have not,

But I can remember it.—Gee!
That ten that you borrowed when you were
a king
And never paid back to me!

Harry J. Smalley.



The Things You Want Can Be Earned Easily the OLIVER Way

Don't wish for them. Get them. There's a way—an easy way—simplicity itself. Other men like yourself have wanted an automobile or a farm or a trip, but instead of wishing and waiting, they went out and got what they wanted.

One agent writes: "My children are using a fine piano, paid for out of Oliver commissions. And my Oliver agency will pay for our trip to the Pacific Coast." He is in a town of 5012 population. Another writes: "I have sold more Olivers in this town of 1400 people than all other makes combined." We have thousands of such testimonials.

Whatever your business, you can make a success with an Oliver agency if you will follow our instructions. Sales experience is not necessary—we help you—lessons by mail—traveling representatives help your efforts. Storekeepers, office men, salesmen, lawyers, telegraphers, bankers, mechanics, physicians, all kinds of people have become successful Oliver agents.

We give exclusive territory—backed by wide-spread advertising. You get a commission on Oliver sales in your territory. Each agent is privileged to sell the new model Oliver "Nine" on our popular monthly payment plan—*17 cents a day!*

The Oliver "Nine" is famed for the lightest touch known and speediest, smoothest operation. The type prints down, just as you write. The double arm, arched type bar is the reason, and it also insures permanent alignment.

Even our previous models—famous in their day—are outclassed by this new model. Office experts admit it. Many of the biggest business institutions in the country use Olivers through-out their business.

Our money-making book entitled "Opportunity" gives the full details of our co-operative plan. We are awarding new and valuable agencies every day. May-be yours is open now. Send today for precise details and get in touch with us before your territory is assigned.

(566)

Name

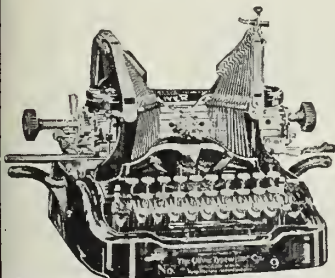
The Oliver Typewriter Co.
1414 Oliver Typewriter Bldg.
Chicago, Ill.

Address

City State

**The Oliver
Typewriter Co.**
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Typewriter Bldg.
Chicago, Ill.

I want to know more about an Oliver agency, as I believe I could handle one successfully.



(Continued from page 27)

beauty of the distant mountains and the greenness of the nearby hills and the sunlight over everything. I had walked from home to Universal City to save my bus fare that morning. I think my dress was a little shabby, and I daresay I looked woe-begone enough.

Anyway, Mrs. Smalley was talking to Mr. Smalley, and she happened to look over at me. I heard her exclaim: 'Shoes!' I looked down at mine. They were very neat and presentable,—I had just cleaned them nicely that morning, and I couldn't imagine what she meant. Mr. Smalley looked over at me then. He recognized me. He came right over and began to tell me of a wonderful story that he and Mrs. Smalley had discovered in Collier's.

"They thought I was exactly the type. They asked me about my work and my experience, and then they gave me the story to take home and read. That night I sat up late. I read and re-read that story, until I felt that I was that very girl. The next morning, I met Mrs. Smalley and we talked some more. She was very kind and lovely to me. She put me very much at my ease about the part, which is one reason I never was a bit nervous in any of the scenes. I felt every one of those scenes, and somehow Mrs. Smalley knew exactly what to say to me in directing, so that I was able to express the way I was sure the girl in 'Shoes' felt.

"Ever since 'Shoes,' I have loved to play poor girls. I didn't care a bit for my elaborate dresses in 'Saving the Family Name.' My sister says I revel in rag-bags!"

"My first stage experience? There were no theatrical people in our family. All my people were church people. Then father died, and my sister went to New York. She sang nicely, and had hopes of obtaining a place in a choir. But she found such positions scarce, and when she had a chance to go into the Winter Garden chorus, she took it. I was at school in a Virginia convent then.

"One Christmas I came home for the holidays, and we went over to New York to see my sister. Down in the convent I had wanted to be a nun, but the moment I got inside that dressing room, I knew it was my official home. Finally my sister got me a position in the same show with her. Another sister remained at home with mother. The sister who was in the chorus with me fell in love and married a Pittsburgh man. Then mother met with financial reverses, and it was up to me to help support the family. We came out to California on account of my younger sister's health. I brought letters from the east, and Mr. Morosco engaged me at once for 'Nobody Home.'

"And there you have the 'cut-backs' of my life."

Don't Harry C. Carr's Fascinating Story about
Miss the Tomorrow of Photoplay Making,

WHAT NEXT?

A Big Feature of Alluring Imagination and Startling Fact
in March PHOTOPLAY, on All News-stands February 1.

No Money In Advance

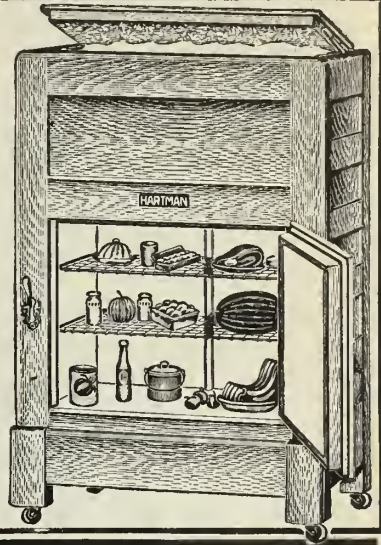
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We will send you any one of the three sensational bargains shown here without a cent of advance payment—no deposit—no C. O. D.—no references asked like others do, no red tape or security of any kind. We make this offer just to prove to you what wonderful values you can always get from Hartman's—the gigantic \$12,000,000 institution organized for the sole purpose of selling dependable home furnishings on long time easy credit terms. Only one of these bargains sent to a family on these amazing terms; but when you get our mammoth bargain book you can order as much as you like at Hartman's bed-rock prices and on the easiest credit terms ever devised.

Send no money—just the coupon for bargain of your choice. If satisfactory pay only 50c in 10 days; balance in small monthly payments—otherwise return shipment at our expense.

Remarkable Sale of White Enamel Lined Refrigerators

A remarkable value in Hartman's Sanitary White Enamel Lined Refrigerator. Lift lid design. Made of genuine ash—rich golden finish—solid brass trimmings. Has two nickel wire shelves. Ice rack of galvanized steel bars welded together. Ice compartment 50 pounds capacity. Stands 42 inches high, 23 3/4 inches wide and 15 1/2 inches deep. Provision compartment measures 19 1/4 x 14 1/2 x 11 1/2 inches. Has syphon drip cup. Special handle allows for padlock. Order by No. MA253. Price only \$11.95. Terms: No money in advance; 50c in 10 days; balance \$1.00 per month.



Only 50¢ in 10 Days



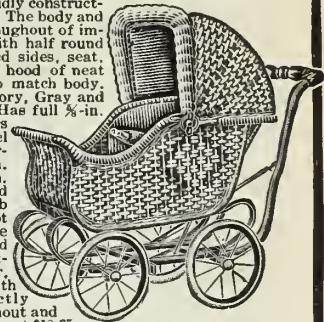
Sensational Rocker Bargain

No. MA251. A well designed over-stuffed rocker, expertly upholstered over wood fibre and cotton felt in durable, guaranteed imitation Spanish leather. Each of the heavy, steel coil springs is individually sewed to burlap under seat and supported by heavy steel channel bars. Height 86 in.; seat 17 in. from floor; back 28 in. from seat, width of back 27 in., seat 20 1/2 in. Frame, birch mahogany finish. A very fine value at our low price. We especially recommend this rocker as a good example of Hartman quality and money-saving values. Don't hesitate to order. Our free trial offer guarantees your satisfaction. Order by No. MA251. Price only \$7.95. No money in advance. 50c in 10 days, balance 75c per month.

9 Heavy Springs Support the Seat

Special Baby Carriage Offer

A full size splendidly constructed Reed Carriage. The body and hood are made throughout of imported flat reed with half round reed rolls. Padded sides, seat, back and lining of hood of neat Repp, in colors to match body. Your choice of Ivory, Gray and Baronial Brown. Has full 3/4-in. tubular steel gears and pushers, nickel plated handle corners, large 12-in. wheels with 1/2-in. rubber tires and nickel plated hub caps. Positive foot brake and sensitive springs. Ivory and Baronial bodies fitted with Black gear. Gray body fitted with Gray gear. Strictly high grade throughout and an exceptional value at \$18.75. Send coupon today. Order by No. MA257. Price \$18.75. Terms: No money In Advance. 50c in 10 Days. Balance \$1.50 Per Month.



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Without any money in advance, please send me article named below. If I keep it, I will pay 50c in 10 days after arrival of shipment and balance in monthly payments as per price and terms quoted in this advertisement. If I decide not to keep it, I will return it to you at your expense.

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HARTMAN WILL TRUST YOU

vesant Owen, and solicited a return of his former position, which he had voluntarily abandoned. He took Phoebe with him.

There was mutual, instant recognition. Stuyvesant Owen was the man who, ardently "taken" with Phoebe's lush beauty, had bought "fizzy water" for her—at Laura's. The story of the former meeting immediately popped from Phoebe's full, bright lips, much to Owen's consternation. But as it happened, Philip was not naturally jealous, and as he did not know Laura's at all, the tale went in at one ear and out the other.

Seeing that no damage had been done, Owen's passion once more inflamed him. He resolved to fully possess this shy, exquisite, unworldly little creature. Wife of his former employee and friend—what difference did that make?

Meanwhile, Phoebe had been quite seriously urging Philip to turn his rhyming propensities to commercial use on Owen's baked bean advertisements. He had written a careless sonnet of the gad-about housewife and the ever-ready bean which had made all of them laugh. It was not only a commercial novelty for Owen to use Philip's rhymed ads, but it brought Owen into contact with Philip's wife.

Though he lamented that his genius was prostituted, Mrs. Dawes' husband was lost in passionate admiration of the smart and modish frocks his new salary enabled him to buy for her; and to match the frocks and the girl, he got a new apartment—this time a real one. He produced. Owen kept him tremendously busy.

Finally, Owen accepted Dawes' invitation to dinner. There he found the baby. And through the baby, it seemed to him, the trick of separating Philip and Phoebe was to be turned if at all.

Laura was his friend—and had not Laura assured Phoebe that she knew Philip, coming in on the train? Happy lie! So the avaricious man and the ever-needy woman of a fashionable half-world fixed it up.

Phoebe was surprised and delighted, a few days later, to receive an afternoon call from Laura, and she was overwhelmingly pleased to see Laura's tender, overwhelming regard for "their" baby. Laura held the little fellow on her lap, kissed him many times despite his noisy struggles to get to

the floor, and Phoebe saw the suspicion of a tear in her eyes. Laura should have been a movie actress.

"Isn't he darling!" exclaimed the little girl married woman. "Philip found him at his door just before I came to the city."

Laura rose suddenly. She seemed to stagger, and leaned heavily on the table. When she spoke, her voice sounded pitifully worn and old.

"Foolish child! Do you believe that story?"

It was Phoebe's turn to flash.

"Yes!" came her resolute defiance. "In spite of you, and in spite of Mr. Stuyvesant Owen—he laughed the other day, when I said Philip found him; and I tell you it hurt me all the way through. I don't see why you, too—"

Phoebe paused. The scheme nearly collapsed like the great Quebec bridge, for Laura had a heart, and the poor little girl was crying. But the woman remembered the importunities of her dressmaker, and bucked up.

"Dear, I am so sorry," she faltered with faultless acting; "he is my baby."

"Your baby?"

"My baby."

"His father is?"

"Perhaps this letter will explain."

And she handed Phoebe a note. It was in an unstamped envelope, addressed in Philip's handwriting.

FATE had played into Laura's hands in absolutely unbelievable fashion. A part of Owen's scheme—he believed in carrying practical insurance by varying his ideas, so that when one notion misfired, its mate would do the proper execution—had been to inveigle the dizzily prosperous Philip Dawes into gambling. Then Philip "borrowed" the boss's money, and lost it. He felt that he could not face pure little Phoebe until, perhaps with his own flesh and blood, he had made restitution. He had written her one line: "Darling, I have done wrong. I cannot ask you to forgive me until I have righted that wrong." And he had left it, and had gone away.

That was the note which Laura, nervous, worried, picked up as she waited for Phoebe to come into her little drawing-room.

It was the clincher, but she was unpre-



With address "Edison, N. York."

From the Laboratory
Thomas A. Edison,
Orange, N. J. September 26th. 1916.

Mr. Ralph E. Weeks, President,
 International Correspondence Schools,
 Scranton, Pa.

Dear Sir:

I am sorry that circumstances prevent me from attending the 26th Anniversary of your wonderful institution.

I have watched the progress of the I. C. S. almost from the very beginning and while your rapid growth might be marvelled at by some, to me it is easily understood, because I realize the practical value that is back of it and know something too of the success attained by many ambitious men throughout the country who have taken your courses.

May your splendid institution continue to so grow and flourish that the world will come to appreciate the actual worth of an I. C. S. trained man.

Yours very truly,
Thomas A. Edison

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HUNDREDS of thousands of men who have won and are winning success through the International Correspondence Schools will thrill with pride when they read this splendid tribute from Thomas A. Edison.

For Edison knows! He knows the worth of spare-time study. He knows what stuff men are made of who use their spare hours to train themselves for the bigger jobs ahead. And he knows what the I. C. S. will do for the man with the grit to say, "I will."

Wasn't it Edison himself who stayed up half the night to read every get-at-able book on electricity? Didn't he educate himself in spite of every handicap you could ever have?

All big men who have made their mark in the world had the ambition—the determination—to improve their spare time, to train themselves for big work. You, too, can possess power, money and happiness if you'll only make the effort. The reward is great—it's worth it.

Here's all we ask: Merely mail this coupon. Put it up to us without paying or promising. Let us send you the details of others' success through the I. C. S., and then decide. Mark and mail this coupon now.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting | <input type="checkbox"/> ADVERTISING MAN |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Car Running | <input type="checkbox"/> Window Trimmer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Wiring | <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card Writer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telegraph Expert | <input type="checkbox"/> Outdoor Sign Painter |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> DESIGNER |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> Cert. Public Accountant |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> STATIONARY ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> Teacher |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Marine Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> Textile Overseer Or Supt. |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> PLUMBING and HEATING | <input type="checkbox"/> Poultry Raisng |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Worker | <input type="checkbox"/> AUTOMOBILES |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CHEMICAL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> Auto Repairing |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Spaalkt |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> German |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> French |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Italian |

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Occupation & Employer _____

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and No. _____

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If name of Course you want is not in this list, write it below.

pared for Phoebe's next move. She had anticipated the anger of a woman scorned—defiance, rage, maledictions, foot-stamping and silly calls for the police.

Instead, the tears dry on her ashen little face, Phoebe had said, gently and sweetly: "Well I don't understand it at all, but, anyway, you belong here as his wife. I'm going." And before Laura could even protest, she had whipped off her wedding ring, and pressed it into Laura's nerveless hand. While the woman's reason was all but drowning in the raging sea of her varying emotions, Phoebe packed her little old satchel, and went away.

Then a horrid revulsion came to Laura. She tore to the telephone, and called Owen's number with a savagery which astonished the indignant Central.

"I won't stand this!" she cried at the conclusion of the furious explanation. "I'll trim a boob or cut the peacock feathers off a grand dame as quick as any girl in New York, but you've made me murder a child! You fix it with the Dawes guy and we'll find her, or by God. Stuvy, the next number I call'll be 3100 Spring, and I'll tell the Police Commissioner himself the whole story!"

AS for little Phoebe, she knew nowhere else to go than to the little sky-aspiring tenement where she and Philip had found their first great humble happiness. Before she went she donned her country frock and hat. The room was empty now. She raised the window—a piece of paper fell from it, dustily, into her hand, but she crumpled and rolled it there unconsciously—and stared into the street seven stories below. The tears started. Phoebe sobbed.

"You're not singing now, my New York! You're sobbing, and I can't listen any longer! My heart is breaking, and I'm coming down to you, to sleep!" She leaned far out. A sudden dash of rain from the overcast sky made her, involuntarily, draw back. Without reason, she opened the crumpled bit of paper in her hand.

It was the note explaining the parentage of "Little Johnny." Left there by his mother, the reckless Philip had carelessly used it to stuff a sash that banged and rattled at night. Giddy, sick, but happy, Phoebe turned again toward home—something must be wrong—but at any rate, it wasn't the one great wrong she couldn't

stand. Philip was true! What else mattered?

STUYVESANT OWEN was not a man to be bullied by a woman of Laura's stamp; but, like her, he had a modicum of humanity under his hard wish-bone. So he began to take stock.

"I'm going to renig!" he whispered to himself. "This deal is too rotten for me."

He deduced, correctly, that one would not have to search for Philip; that, mad over Phoebe as he was, he would eventually go home, whatever.

Meanwhile, Philip *was* at home, and, without explanation of Phoebe's absence, waited miserably for her. She came in, radiant. Of what she thought him guilty, he knew nothing. Of what he was really guilty, she knew nothing. There were mutual, distracted explanations.

"But," counselled the ever-wise Phoebe. "I can sell all my clothes, and perhaps we can get an instalment or two back on the furniture, and you know we once lived in—"

"Yes! Yes! But the law makes no allowances, dear heart. I am a criminal, and for a criminal there is no forgiveness—only the thing they call justice."

The maid appeared in the doorway.

"Mr. Stuyvesant Owen, ma'am," she whispered, in perturbed and hasty fashion, "and he would step right in!"

"Let it come now," whispered Philip to his wife. "It's best to get it over!"

Owen parted the portieres, laid his silk hat carefully upon a chair, balanced his stick on the hat, drew off his gloves.

"Well?" Philip's tense, hoarse voice rasped the air like a file.

In answer, Owen advanced and extended his hand. Philip was not too angry, but too astonished to notice it.

"Let us not try to explain anything that has happened—*anything!*" said Owen. "I feel that I I well, if you consider that you owe me any money, you can pay me in instalments. I guess you've learned your lesson, and I guess I can get you a job where you can write some *real* poetry. Good night."

"My New York is dear, Philip," said his wife, tenderly caressing his face with her hands as they stood alone again. "Sometimes it has frightened me awfully, but really and truly its heart is all right!"



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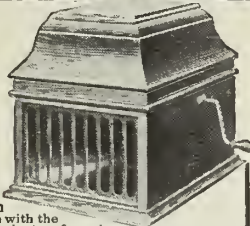
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(Continued from page 136)

K. M. H., ST. LOUIS.—Keith Armour is the man whom Dorothy Gish marries in "Atta Boy's Last Race." He's a new one having left the ranks of clothing models to become an actor, Perfect 26, or something. H. B. Warner's middle name is Byron. Norma Talmadge is no longer with Fine Arts. Something serious might result if we told you our favorites at Fine Arts and Inceville—that is, serious to us.

R. E. S., OAKLAND, CAL.—Yes, Louise is a lovely vampire. Her birthday is September 10 and in private life Miss Glaum is Mrs. Harry Edwards. She answers letters from her friends and will certainly send you a photograph if you tell her also that you think she is the most beautiful actress on the screen.

M. S., MONTREAL, CANADA.—Canadian mail kinda heavy this month. George Walsh is married to Seena Owen and—secret, they have a little bitta baby about a month old. Harry Hilliard isn't hitched. He's five feet eleven inches and thirty years old. George is only twenty-four. Theda Bara is five feet six inches in her Bursons.

W., TONAWANDA, N. Y.—Better lay aside your ambition for a few years. The curls will keep and your prettiness too, if you don't develop an ingrowing brain. Besides, it would be perfectly shocking if you became a movie star tomorrow and wrote letters to your admirers, saying "wrote" for "written" and apologized for your poor spelling. Just hate to scold you like this but—well, write again some day. Leo Delaney is married to a non-professional and Mahlon Hamilton played with Miss Clark in "Molly Make-Believe."

COUNTRY GIRL, PEORIA, ILL.—Your letter a delight. Wm. H. Thompson was the uncle and Charles Ray the cousin in "Peggy." Mr. Thompson appeared later in "The Eye of the Night." He's back on the stage now. Henry Walthall is five feet seven. The Hayakawas have no kids.

LOILA, TORONTO, CANADA.—What are you to believe about "Mr. Bushman's wife and five children?" Why anything you like, girdies, but for heaven's sake don't act as though he had committed a capital crime! Olga Petrova has never discussed her age with us. Niles Welch is 28 and an inch under six feet. Pauline Frederick is 32, five feet three and one-half inches tall, has brown hair and blue eyes.

E. C., KEY WEST, FLA.—We are informed that it was not Lottie Pickford's sure-enough baby in "The Reward of Patience." Yep, Louise Glaum is some vamp. We'll have a yarn about her soon.

CLARA C., NORTH YAKIMA, WASH.—Convey our felicitations to your aunt for presenting you with a year's subscription to PHOTOPLAY. We can't conceive of a better holiday gift. Lottie Briscoe has retired from the screen. Alma Reuben was the Spanish girl in "The Half Breed" with Douglas Fairbanks. You haven't wasted any of our time, write again.

R. S., SILVERTON, COLO.—The scenario market fluctuates so much that what is true of a company today is wrong tomorrow. Wait until conditions are stabilized.

E. W., ROXBURY, MASS.—Beverly Bayne was born April 11, 1895. According to the stellar system of computing vital statistics this makes her eighteen on her next birthday.

DORO, VANCOUVER, B. C.—Yes, we're quite clever, thanks. Gotta be these days or starve to death. Flo LaBadie isn't married. Billie Burke is the better seven-eighths of Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr. Charles Chaplin is five feet four. Suppose you saw all about Maurice Costello last month. Our opinion about F. X. Bushman isn't worth any more than yours but if a majority of the old ladies raved about us and a plurality of the younger ones were nutty about us, we'd feel justified in being somewhat conceited too.

JANICE, CHICAGO.—So you saw it standing in the newspaper that Eugene O'Brien said he was born in Colorado and not in Ireland? Well, Gene musta bin kiddin' somebody. We have it in his own handwriting that he was a native of Ireland.

A. D., OMAHA, NEB.—Kinda weak on orthography, ain't you? But that won't be a serious hindrance if you are contemplating a career as a comedian or a humorous writer—or both. A knowledge of spelling is not essential. Dustin Farnum is with Fox now, Charles Ray with Ince, Grace Cunard with Universal. Yep, pep's our middle name.

M. T., MADRID, SPAIN.—Sorry, but we know of no place that is dedicated to children's programs although there should be a playhouse of that kind in every city.

VIRGINIA, WASHINGTON, D. C.—Ford Sterling is still with Keystone and Crane Wilbur with Horsley. Your judgment of leading ladies is excellent.

GRACE, OAKLAND, CAL.—Heen Hume was Kathleen and Pauline Curley was Rose in "Where Love Leads" with Ormi Hawley. Some producers consider it bad judgment to have husband and wife playing in the same company.

J. G., FORT WILLIAM, ONTARIO.—The outdoor scenes in Vitagraph's "God's Country and the Woman" were taken in the San Bernardino Mountains east of Los Angeles.

L. W., RED OAK, IA.—Wilmuth Merkyl played with Marguerite Clark in "Gretna Green" and Charles Waldron with Mary Pickford in "Esmeralda."

ELSIE, DOTHAN, ALA.—Of course you couldn't figure it out. Neither could we. It seems however that when all the precincts had reported, Dustin Farnum was seen to have been born on May 27, 1874, and William on July 4, 1876. Delighted to hear from you at any time.

BABETTE, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.—Of course Mae Murray never said that about New Jersey. Some smart aleck writer did it for her, so don't censure Mae. Yes, the editor accepts verses from "outsiders"—when they are good. Whaddoyeh mean, "flowery path of knowledge?" Buenos noches.

F. A. H., ST. LOUIS, MO.—Alice Hollister is married and doesn't tell strangers how young she is. She is dark and some of her best known plays are: "From the Manger to the Cross," "Kerry Gow," "The Destroyer," "The Lotus Woman."

B. M., BRANDON, MANITOBA.—Lillian Gish was Elsie Stoneman and Mae Marsh and Miriam Cooper were the Cameron sisters in "The Birth of a Nation." Creighton Hale has light hair. Pretty sure Miss LaBadie will send her picture. Always glad to hear from you.



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PAULINE F., BEDFORD HILLS, N. Y.—Pauline Frederick is four inches over five feet tall, has blue eyes and brown hair; is fond of all outdoor sports (see January issue) and will be glad to autograph a photo for you if sent to her at the Famous Players studio. She is usually at the studio every week day unless there is a lull between pictures.

E. B., SOUTH BEND, IND.—Blanche Sweet is 21 years old, measures five feet five and lives in Los Angeles. Thomas Meighan and John Bowers are six footers, dark, and are both at Famous Players.

HELEN W., JAMESTOWN, N. D.—Marshall Neilan played with Marguerite Clark in "Mice and Men." Annette Kellerman is married, Ruth Roland not. Billie Burke's baby is a girl and Olga Petrova was born in Warsaw, Poland.

B., BRISBANE, QUEENSLAND.—Use International Coupons if you want to send money to the States. Enid Markey's address is Culver City, Cal., and Bobbie Harron, 4500 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. That interview is now on the fire.

LEONARD, MONTREAL, CANADA.—Somebody slipped you the wrong information about our enlistments, Leonard. Really, we're quite patriotic on this side of the St. Lawrence, even if we don't make a lotta noise about it, and roast the government and such things. Mary Miles Minter answers letters. Yes, she's a mighty sweet girl. Sure Canada has a right to feel proud of Mary Pickford but temper your pride with a slant at the incontrovertible fact that she had to come to the U. S. A. in order to eat.

MAX, SPOKANE, WASH.—Yes, Theda ought to make someone a good wife, but, believe us, Max, if we married her, she'd have to say "adios" to the Shadow Stage. Send your proposal care of Fox, New York, and address Ethel Clayton at World. P. S. Ethel has a perfectly good husband.

N. G. H., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—On behalf of my assistants Mr. Julian Johnson and Mr. Cal York, I wish to thank you for your praise of their departments. Both are deserving young men and should advance rapidly in their chosen profession. For obvious reasons they do not make a practice of sending photographs to their admirers.

L. D. H., VIRGINIA, MINN.—A number of Florence Turner's English-made films have been released on t. is side through the Mutual Company, including "A Welsh Singer" and "Door Steps." She is now in this country. Billie Burke's husband is a stage producer and not an actor. Hope your friend makes good.

F. S., NEW YORK CITY.—Miss Cooper is now the wife of Director Raoul Walsh of the Fox Company, who played *J. Wilkes Booth*, the actor-assassin of Lincoln in "The Birth of a Nation." She and Miss Gwynn are not related.

A. G., OAKLAND, CAL.—Your ode to Billie Burke has been turned over to the editor. Miss Burke returns to the stage in about a month in a new drama.

T. M. B., WARRENTON, VA.—Mr. Foxe probably didn't mean to overlook you. He has been traveling about a bit and probably neglected acknowledging your letter. Write him care Norma Talmadge Company, New York, and if he don't kick in, report him to us forthwith.

L. O., GREENLAND, N. H.—Some of your heretofore neglected favorites will appear in the Art Section soon. Thanks awfully for your words of commendation.

S. D., NASHVILLE, TENN.—William Russell is with the American at Santa Barbara, Cal., and William Courtleigh, Jr., with Famous Players in New York.

ANNE, JACKSON, TENN.—Just hate to record your vote against Wally Reid. He'll probably read that you don't think he's "so awfully handsome" and then go jump into the Los Angeles River and break his leg. Hazel Dawn played in "The Fatal Card"; Edna Purviance has never had her name on a marriage license; Carlyle Blackwell played in "The Key to Yesterday"; Lillian Gish is older than Dorothy and Guy Coombs played opposite Miss Minter in "Barbara Frietchie."

C. B., ALBANY, N. Y.—The story "Peggy" appeared in the issue of January, 1916. Mr. Bushman was supported by Beverly Bayne and Bryant Washburn in "The Masked Wrestler." We printed that in the October, 1914, number.

C. R., WEST NEW YORK, N. J.—Mr. Kimball is related to Clara Kimball Young. He's her father. Velma Whitman's hymeneal record is not in our possession.

J. C., SYDNEY, N. S.—Better use International Coupons in sending for photographs. Your stamps are no good on letters mailed in the U. S. A. Creighton Hale is not married; born 1892; address Screen Club, N. Y. Wallace Reid and Tom Forman, care Lasky and James Morris, Ivan Films. Norma Talmadge and Charles Richman the leads in "The Battle Cry of Peace."

CURIOUS, AKRON, O.—All we can do is take Miss Cunard's word for it that she was born in that dear Patee. What difference does it make if she was born in Ohio? Didn't Ohio go for Wilson? Grace's age is given as 23 and Pearl White's 28. Alice Joyce is with Vitagraph.

YVONNE, MOBERLY, Mo.—Mary MacLaren is at Universal City and Pearl White with Pathe.

E. M. C., BROOKLINE, MASS.—Marguerite Snow, at this moment, is not playing in pictures but she is arranging to resume activities before long. We understand Hobart Henley is his right name but don't know about his relatives.

GLEN, DETROIT, MICH.—Can't advise you about employment. Can only suggest that you remain in Detroit. You might try for a job at Henry's. Five plunks a day would sound good to many an extra man.

D. P. L., STAMFORD, CONN.—It was Dustin Farnum in "David Garrick" and the girl was Winnifred Kingston. You are exceedingly complimentary. Many tanks, as John D. would say.

J. V., NORWOOD, O.—At this writing Vernon Castle is still alive and flying. Sorry you were disappointed in Earle Foxe. Very careless in him to get married. His latest is opposite Norma Talmadge in "Panthea."

P. WHITE FAN, BROOKVILLE, PA.—Yes, Pearl has a farm, raises little neck clams and pigs, and things. Howard Estabrook is the hero in "The Mysteries of Myra." Earle Williams is around 36.



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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 82)

The Men She Married. "Enoch Arden" studied from the woman's viewpoint, with a villainous Enoch. Gail Kane, Arthur Ashley and Montagu Love, in a swift-moving, well-staged, finely-photographed drama. Not new in notion, but convincing. A really absorbing study.

BIG TREMAINE. Harold Lockwood and May Allison in a moving modern story of wrong suspicions and eventual justification at the critical moment. This picture has some notable faults, but the personalities of Mr. Lockwood and Miss Allison denominate it a success.

The Brand of Cowardice. The best military melodrama of today's America that I've seen on the screen. Not because it hasn't faults; it's full of 'em, military and otherwise, but it is dashing, dogged, unheroic, sex-thrilled and virile. It's a man's play varnished with the glamour of a pretty woman; and it's clean. Here's a real recommendation for this play, though other reviewers have given it none. It's not a play for the peace-eater; the fellow who prays to be kept out of war probably considers this just too perfectly dreadful. Lionel Barrymore and Grace Valentine are first in command. John Davidson plays an excellent Mexican skunk of sweetly perfumed exterior. By all means the finale should have been re-shot; here are moments so ridiculous that they almost spoil it all.

Extravagance. A cold, heartless play featuring Mme. Petrova, the marble lady. Mme. Petrova is said to have told an interviewer that she takes not the slightest interest in any phase of her movie work except autographing the pay roll. If the statements attributed are true, her recent frigid glidings are a full attest.

PEARL of the Army. Two episodes of this serial mark it as one of the best written and best executed notions in hold-over preparedness propaganda yet gotten up. Yet, why will hatless army men salute? These gross breaches of military etiquette, coming from intelligent producers and one of the most experienced manufacturers in the world, are as unpardonable as the knife-shovelling of peas at a banquet. Radiant over everything is the inimitable Pearl White, absolutely the serial queen of the world.

BOMBS. Here is the only Keystone in months possessing the old double-edged satire. It is a howl in municipal politics, with Charley Murray, Louise Fazenda and Wayland Trask leading the race. This uproar seems to proclaim Sennett on the job.

THE Pearl of Paradise. A highly pictorial, mango-flavored, lotus-scented romance of the South Seas, with Margaritha Fischer very liberally displayed.

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Author of "Harvesting the Serial," in this issue.

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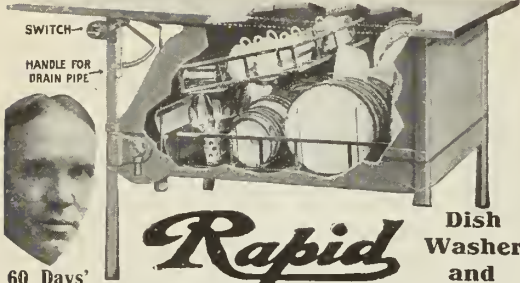
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J. F., DUDLEY, MASS.—Address both Peggy Hyland and Anita Stewart in care of Vitagraph, Brooklyn.

BIBBS, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—No, Bibbs, Edna Mayo is not the wife of Henry Walthall, and what's more, she never will be.

R. R., ST. LOUIS, MO.—Sure we like our job. Wally Reid at one time was a member of the Vitagraph Co., but that was in the dim dark ages. Hazel Dawn is unmarried—her real name is Hazel Tout. Vera Sisson is with Metro. Warren Kerrigan—when he isn't working—can be found at 1765 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Nay, nay, Carlyle Blackwell doesn't tell how old he is. Send along the other sixteen questions that you are "dying to ask."

H. J., TACOMA, WASH.—Here's hoping you win. Creighton Hale isn't married. He did play in "The Old Homestead" and so did Louise Huff.

K. W., CIRCLEVILLE, OHIO.—Theodosia Goodman is Theda Bara's real name. She is twenty-six years old and her latest picture is "Romeo and Juliet." No, she isn't cast as Romeo.

R. S., ASBURY PARK, N. J.—Guy and Jack Standing are brothers. Sorry you were disappointed in not having your questions answered sooner. Yes, the Monmouth Film Corp. is still in existence.

P. L. M., SAN DIEGO, CAL.—The cast of "Gloria's Romance" is: *Gloria Stafford*—Billie Burke. *Dr. Stephen Royce*—Henry Kolker. *Richard Freneau*—David Powell. *David Stafford*—William Roselle. *Frank Mulry*—Frank Belcher. *Pierpont Stafford*—William Carleton. *Lois Freeman*—Jule Power.

MRS. M. W., NEW YORK CITY.—Francis X. Bushman was born in Virginia. His father's name, strange as it may seem, was Mr. Bushman.

E. E., COUNCIL BLUFFS, IA.—Virginia Pearson and Stuart Holmes were in "Tortured Hearts" and Margaret Thompson portrayed the part of *Betty Anslee* in "The Thoroughbred." No trouble at all.

F. M. L., LOS ANGELES.—You are a real Douglas Fairbanks fan, aren't you? Yep, his pictures are great. He is thirty-three years old, weighs one hundred and sixty pounds and stands five feet ten in his never-ravels. His wife was Beth Sully.

H. S., OKLA. CITY.—Certainly you may ask some questions. Lou-Tellegen has never played opposite Geraldine Farrar on the screen or stage.

R. B. B., OKLA. CITY.—Flora Parker DeHaven is the wife of Carter DeHaven. Lottie Pickford is Mrs. Rupp in private life. The DeHavens have two kidlets.

H. B., CALUMET, LA.—Address Mr. Bushman in care of the Screen Club, New York City. Blanche Sweet in care of Lasky Feature Play Co., Hollywood, Calif.

F. MCN., PHILADELPHIA.—Yes, Charles Waldron is the one who played opposite Pauline Frederick in "Audrey." The cast of "Silks and Satins" is: *Felicite*, Marguerite Clark. *J. Desmond*, Vernon Steele. *Marguis*, Clarence Handysides. *Henri*, W. A. Williams. *Felix Breton*, Thomas Holding. *Annette*, Fayette Perry.

Mary Pickford's leading man in "The Eternal Grind" was John Bowers. Elda Furry was in "The Battle of Hearts." Also, she is the current wife of DeWolf Hopper.

P. M., PROVIDENCE, R. I.—That goat was a "good actor" in "Hulda from Holland." He "got the goat" of a great many people by dying a perfectly natural death just when he was supposed to. Or maybe he was doped.

V. S., RUDOLPH, OHIO.—Thomas Chatterton and Lee Hills are both in California, but with different companies—the former with the American at Santa Barbara and the latter with Universal.

M. P., ALBANY, N. Y.—"Peg o' the Ring" was a serial picture made in California with Miss Cunard portraying the name part. Correct—she has a secretary.

NEILAN ADMIRER, SACRAMENTO, CAL.—1891 is the year in which Marshal Neilan was born. Mary Pickford's company is in New York most of the time. We play no favorites.

PEGGY, WINDSOR, ONT.—Why Peggy, Tom Forman has been a member of the Lasky Feature Play Co. for about two years. Haven't you seen him in any of his Lasky pictures? Address him in care of that company, Hollywood, Cal. Margery Wilson is twenty. She is the one who was cast as Myrtle in "The Return of Draw Egan." Tom Forman has appeared in "Young Romance," "The Woman," "Governor's Lady," "The Wild Goose Chase," "To Have and to Hold," "The Thousand Dollar Husband" and "Public Opinion." Anything else today, ma'am?

E. B., NEW YORK CITY.—Ernie Shields was not in "The Campbells Are Coming," nor was Eddie Polo. Mr. Shields' address is care Universal, at Universal City, Cal.

J. V. G., MONTREAL, CANADA.—No, it isn't Mrs. but Miss Hazel Dawn. Her address is Amityville, L. I. Norma Talmadge can be addressed in care of Lewis Selznick, 49th St., at Seventh, New York City.

B. D., MISSOULA, MONT.—It isn't probable that they are brothers. Douglas spells his last name Gerrard, Peter, Gerald and Joseph, Gerald. Alan Forrest left Universal some time ago and became Mary Miles Minter's leading man in American pictures.

EDDIE, JERSEY CITY.—Billy Quirk's address is 48 Woodruff Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Your joke about "Rolling Stones" was very good, Eddie. Made us laugh heartily, y'know.

C. S., LONDON, ONTARIO.—We haven't the photos of any motion picture stars on sale. We have a book, however, called "Stars of the Photoplay," with pictures of almost all of the well-known screen people, which we sell for fifty cents.

M. W. S., JEFFERSON, WIS.—Billie Burke is Mrs. Flo Ziegfeld and she is thirty years young. Clara Kimball Young is about twenty-six. Harold Lockwood is with Metro.

D. V. G., SOUTH PASADENA, CAL.—Marguerite Clark is four feet ten inches short. Mary Pickford has golden hair—the real stuff. Address Fay Tincher, 4500 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles; Nell Shipman, 1504 Golden Gate Ave., Los Angeles.



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EDNA, PASADENA, CAL.—John Bowers is the man whose trail you are on. He was Allan Walton in “Hulda from Holland.” Your freight car hero in “Molly-Make-Believe” was J. W. Johnston.

MISS J. A. BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Tsuru Aoki is Mrs. Sessue Hayakawa. Address care Lasky.

D. D., DENVER, COLO.—Wallace Reid is married to Dorothy Davenport. He and Marie Doro are with Lasky; Anita Stewart is with Vitagraph.

G. A. M., MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Charlotte Mineau was the lady detective in “The Floor-walker.”

H. W., DELTA, UTAH.—Has the date of Marguerite Clark's wedding been set? We have not received our invitation.

W. M. S., GRIMSBY, CANADA.—Pauline Frederick and Thomas Holding played in “Bella Donna.” Victor Moore is certainly not dead. Robert Warwick is with World.

R. H. B., BOSTON, MASS.—A reel is approximately one thousand feet of film.

PHOTOPLAY LOVER, LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Marguerite Clark's picture adorned the cover of the March, 1916, magazine.

L. K., LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Here are their birthdays: Bessie Barriscale, December 8; Dustin Farnum, May 27; Winifred Kingston, October 26; Marie Doro, May 22; Hazel Dawn, March 23; Lillian Gish, March 11; Dorothy Gish, October 14. What are you going to send them?

M. C., CORAOPOLIS, PA.—The part of *Billy Weed* in “The Clown” was taken by Clifford Gray.

M. M., NEW ORLEANS, LA.—J. W. Kerrigan was born July 25, 1889.

A. K., CHEVY CHASE, D. C.—Marshall Neilan is at present directing Blanche Sweet. Donald Brian is on the legitimate stage. Address Mary Pickford care Arcraft; Alice Joyce care Vitagraph; Billie Burke care Kleins; Ann Pennington care Famous Players.

E. H., WEBSTER GROVES, MO.—Arthur Ashley was *Guy Hamilton* in “Miss Petticoats;” Evert Overton played opposite Lillian Walker in “Ordeals of Elizabeth.”

MRS. H. B., CORNING, N. Y.—Have you read “Hints on Photoplay Writing?” That book will tell you all about the subject. Send 50 cents for a copy.

E. M. B., NEW YORK CITY.—Here is the cast of “The Working of a Miracle”: *Roy Conover*, Edward Earle; *Mrs. Conover*, Nellie Grant; *Mary Turner*, Gladys Hulette; *Jason Kent*, Carlton King; the *Nurse*, Zenadie Williams; the *Sheriff*, Ben Turbett; *Silas Hooper*, Julian Reed; *Dr. White*, George Wright. Eddie Polo is thirty-five; Ernie Shields is thirty-two; Jack Mulhall is twenty-nine; Harry Schumm is thirty-seven.

C. C., BIG TIMBER, MONT.—Mrs. Joe Roach (nee Ruth Stonehouse) is twenty-four years old; Richard Travers is thirty-one. He says he has driven every known make of car and several that were unknown. Webster Campbell is twenty-four years old and married.

X. Y. Z., SAN DIEGO, CAL.—Blanche Sweet has played in "The Battle" and "All on Account of the Milk," in addition to the plays you mention.

R. B., KANSAS CITY, MO.—Harold Lockwood's picture appeared in the Art Section in July, 1915; Mary Miles Minter's in March, 1916; Lillian Gish's in September, 1915; Dorothy Gish's in January, 1916. And interviews with Billie Burke, Marie Doro and Anita Stewart appeared in the May, 1916, February, 1916, and September, 1915, numbers, respectively. Mrs. Castle is with International; Mlle. Gaby Deslys is not, to our knowledge, honoring the screen with her presence just now. Monroe Salisbury was the hero of "The Goose Girl," Charles Waldron of "Esmeralda" and Jack Standing of "Fanchon the Cricket."

R. P. D., CHICAGO, ILL.—Since the company you inquire about released through Pathé, why don't you write to the Pathé Exchange, 25 W. 45th St., New York City, for information?

L. M., ENGLEWOOD, N. J.—Creighton Hale has had two dozen birthdays. Pearl White's photograph appeared in the Art Section in May, 1915; and didn't you see her picture on page 77 of the November, 1916, number? Lionel Barrymore seems to be shy about telling his age; or perhaps he has forgotten.

F. H. B., BUFFALO, N. Y.—Earl Foxe and Edward Earle are with Metro, Alice Joyce with Vitagraph, Bessie Love with Fine Arts, Jack Standing and Jean Sothern with Fox, Jack Pickford and Marguerite Courtot with Famous Players, Dorothy Davenport with Universal, Tom Forman with Lasky and Conway Tearle with Clara Kimball Young. Howard Estabrook is married to a non-professional.

L. W. H., WATERBURY CENTER, VT.—This is the cast of "Carmen," as produced by Fox: Jose, Einar Linden; Michaela, Elsie McLeod; Escamilla, Carl Harbaugh; Dancaire, J. A. Marcus; Carlotta, Fay Tunis; Carmen, Theda Bara. Teddy Sampson would probably love to send you her picture if you said "pretty please"—and sent her a quarter.

B. G., JACKSON, MICH.—Glad you give the other departments of the magazine a little credit. Far be it from us to hold a monopoly on the compliments. Olive Golden played Teola in "Tess of the Storm Country."

L. V. M., DALLAS, TEX.—"Mice and Men" was cast as follows: Peggy, Marguerite Clark; Captain Lovell, Marshall Neilan; Mark Embury, Charles Waldron; Roger Goodlake, Clarence Handyside; Mrs. Deborah, Maggie Fisher; Joanna, Helen Dahl; Minister Goodlake, Robert Conville; Embury's Servant, William McKey; Matron, Ada Deaves; Colored Mammy, Francesa Warde. Norma Talmadge is not married.

E. McK., DETROIT, MICH.—Write to Edward Earle at the Screen Club, New York City. Crane Wilbur is a widower. His wife died about two months ago.

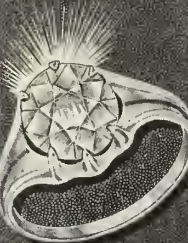
PEPPER, NEW YORK CITY.—Charles Ray is married to a non-professional. This is final.

FAY S., DUBUQUE, IA.—Creighton Hale is 24 and he's 5 feet 10 inches tall, and Pearl White is 28 and is just five inches shorter than he is. "The Iron Claw" was filmed in New York. The doctor in "The Daughter of the Sea" did not appear on the printed cast.

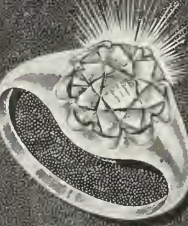
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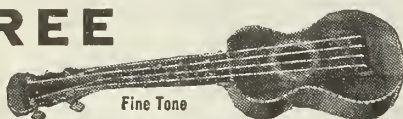
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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

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SNOWFLAKE, BROCKTON, MASS.—Your letter was a delight. Miss Frederick is worthy of your admiration as she is a splendid artist, but it is our belief that her mother attends to most of her correspondence. She has appeared successively in the following photoplays: "The Eternal City," "Sold," "Zaza," "Bella Donna," "Lydia Gilmore," "Audrey," "Ashes of Embers." Her description is given elsewhere. Don't know what has happened to the singer you mention. Enjoyed your comparison of the "idols" but we're neutral. Anita Stewart is back at work. Write again.

K. W. SALISBURY, MD.—Mr. Bushman's middle name is Xavier. Didst think 'twas Xantippe? Cannot answer your questions about Miss Minter. We're not her sartorial mentor. So far as we know, Helen Holmes' stunts are not faked. We know of no device that will make a train seem to be going when it is standing still.

J. H. WESTFIELD, WIS.—Too bad your theater man can't pick his plays. The time is rapidly approaching when he will not be at the mercy of a film jobber who inflicts upon him photoplays that are unworthy of presentation. Didn't know the company you mention had a standard. Harold Lockwood did not play in "The Fugitive." Mutual's stars include, Mary Miles Minter, Richard Bennett, Helen Holmes, William Russell, Charles Chaplin, Crane Wilbur and others.

D. M. NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.—Charles Ray was born in Jacksonville, Ill., and educated in Los Angeles. You must curb your atavistic tendencies. He, Earle and Wally have as much right to get married as anyone else. Of course, if you insist on homicide, see a good lawyer before you start operations.

BABBIE, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—So far as we know, he pronounces it like it is spelled *Mon ta gu*. Mr. Love doesn't say whether he is married, so you may suspect the worst. Mr. Warner's last is a McClure picture, not as yet released. Your question revealed your sex, so the confession was unnecessary.

ADELE, SAN FRANCISCO.—Your grievance is well based, up to a certain point. Miss Bara—or perhaps her manager is at fault—has insisted upon shrouding herself in mystery. It is the theory of some students of publicity that mystery makes for popularity—or at least a keener interest on the part of the public, than familiarity with the subject. It is rather difficult to get an intimate story out of a ghost. Of course, this is only our private opinion. Do you get the point? However, there will be an interesting story about Miss Bara soon that may fill your requirements. Write again. We like constructive criticism.

HEINIE, CINCINNATI.—Quite agree with you about Sothern in "An Enemy to the King" and the members of his cast. You are a good critic.

E. J., SPOKANE, WASH.—Leona Flugrath, Shirley Mason and Viola Dana are sisters. Vivian Martin is at the Morosco studio. Gloria Fonda has appeared in "The College Orphan," "The Devil and Idle Hands," "The Unmasking," "The Mills of the Gods," and "Drugged Waters."

ROSE 18, TOLEDO, O.—We object to no form of questions except those mentioned at the beginning of this department. All of the information in our possession is at the disposal of our readers. Send on the box of candy for Beverly Bayne is entirely unmarried. Happy New Year.

E. M., COLUMBUS, O. AND F. S., LONGMONT, COL.—See poem on page 136.

STUDIO DIRECTORY

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal ones below. The first is the business office; (*) indicates proper office to send manuscripts; (s) indicates a studio; at times all three may be at one address.

AMERICAN FILM MFG. Co., 6227 Broadway, Chicago; Santa Barbara, Cal. (*) (s).

ARTCRAFT PICTURES CORP. (Mary Pickford), 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

BALBOA AMUSEMENT PRODUCING Co., Long Beach, Cal. (*) (s).

CALIFORNIA MOTION PICTURE Co., San Rafael, Cal. (*) (s).

CHRISTIE FILM CORP., Main and Washington, Los Angeles, Cal.

CONSOLIDATED FILM Co., 1482 Broadway, New York City.

EDISON, THOMAS, INC., 2826 Decatur Ave., New York City. (*) (s).

ESSANAY FILM MFG. Co., 1333 Argyle St., Chicago. (*) (s).

FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM Co., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 128 W. 56th St., New York City.

FINE ARTS, 4500 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.

FOX FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City (*) ; 1401 Western Ave., Los Angeles (*) (s) ; Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

FROHMAN AMUSEMENT CORP., 140 Amity St., Flushing, L. I.; 18 E. 41st St., New York City.

GAUMONT Co., 110 W. Fortieth St., New York City; Flushing, N. Y. (s) ; Jacksonville, Fla. (s).

HORSLEY STUDIO, Main and Washington, Los Angeles, Cal.

THOS. H. INCE (Kay-Bee Triangle), Culver City, Cal.

INTERNATIONAL FILM Co., Godfrey Bldg., New York City.

KALEM Co., 235 W. 23d St., New York City (*) ; 251 W. 19th St., New York City (s) ; 1425 Fleming St., Hollywood, Cal. (s) ; Tallyrand Ave., Jacksonville, Fla. (s) ; Glendale, Cal. (s).

KEYSTONE FILM Co., 1712 Allessandro St., Los Angeles, Cal.

KLEINE, GEORGE, 166 N. State St., Chicago.

LASKY FEATURE PLAY Co., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 6284 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

LOND STAR FILM CORP. (Chaplin), 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Cal.

METRO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway, New York (*) (all manuscripts for the following studios go to Metro's Broadway address.) ; Rolfe Photoplay Co. and Columbia Pictures Corp., 3 W. 61st St., New York City (s) ; Popular Plays and Players, Fort Lee, N. J. (s) ; Quality Pictures Corp., Metro office; Yorke Film Co., Hollywood, Cal. (s).

MOROSCO PHOTOPLAY Co., 222 W. 42d St., New York City (*) ; 201 Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

MOSS, B. S., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

MUTUAL FILM CORP., Consumers Bldg., Chicago.

PALLAS PICTURES, 220 W. 42d St., New York City; 205 N. Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.

PATHE EXCHANGE, 25 W. 45th St., New York City; Jersey City, N. J. (s).

POWELL, FRANK, PRODUCTION Co., Times Bldg., New York City.

SELIG POLYSCOPE Co., Garland Bldg., Chicago (*) ; Western and Irving Park Blvd., Chicago (s) ; 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

LEWIS SELZNICK ENTERPRISES (Clara Kimball Young Film Corp.), (Norma Talmadge Film Corp.), (Kitty Gordon), (Herbert Brenon), Grantwood, N. J. (s) ; 126 W. 46th St., New York City (*) .

SIGNAL FILM CORP., 4560 Pasadena Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (*) (s).

THANHOUSER FILM CORP., New Rochelle, N. Y. (*) (s) ; Jacksonville, Fla. (s).

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. Co., 1600 Broadway, New York City; Universal City, Cal.

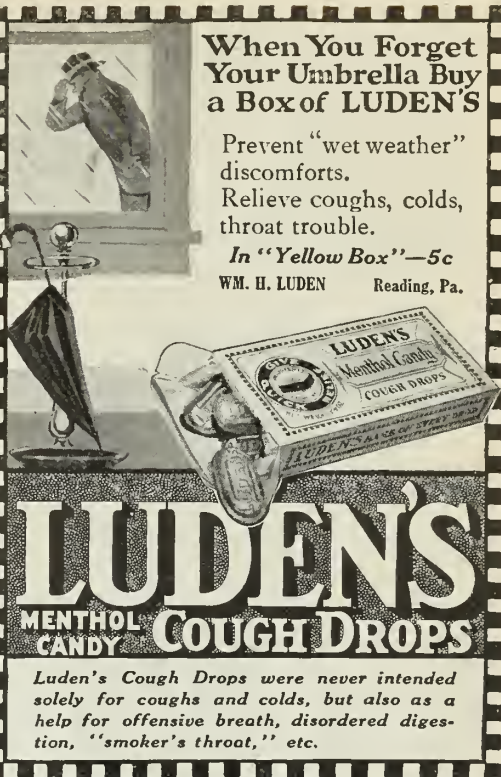
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VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, E. 15th and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Hollywood, Cal.

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H. B. CLEVELAND, O.—Grace Cunard's pastime? Tinting, auto driving, hairpin lace and bear hunting. Theda Bara is with Fox in New York, Grace at Universal City. Will see about Jack.

M. H. VICTORIA, B. C.—If we had the power to tell you why certain persons do or say certain things, we wouldn't be here pounding away on a typewriter and grieving myself to death for a mere hundred bucks a week. You might write to Mr. Bushman.

J. W. H., SAN FRANCISCO.—The quotation you saw in "The Ragged Princess" subtitle about "the silent shore of memory" is not original, but from the poet Wordsworth's "The Excursion." The complete stanza reads:

*And when the stream
Which overflowed the soul was passed away,
A consciousness remained that it had left
Deposited upon the silent shore
Of memory images and precious thoughts
That shall not die, and cannot be destroyed.*

M. E. P., OHIO.—Ethel Grandin is not the wife of Maurice Costello. She has a husband of her own and there is a Mrs. Costello. Earle Williams has no permanent leading lady. Gladys Clark has never been in the movies, we think, only in musical comedy. Liked your letter.

MAXIMUS, NEW YORK CITY.—Norma Talmadge was the girl in "The Battle Cry." Pearl White is about 28. Norma was born May 2, 1896. Pearl White is a mixture of Irish and Italian.

M. L. B., ARDMORE, OKLA.—Mary Fuller will get letters addressed to her at the Iroquois Hotel, New York City. Wallace Reid, Anita King and Sessue Hayakawa are with Lasky.

H. W., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Sure, we could tell right off that you were not a "movie nut." Jimmie Morrison is American, unmarried and now with Ivan Films, New York. Have no information about Edith Roberts. Write her at Universal City. Easiest thing in the world to get into a studio. Tell the man at the door you're Ethel Barrymore, or Fay Tincher or Olga Petrova, and he'll let you right in—while he phones for the ambulance.

GRACE, BISBEE, ARIZ.—Harold Lockwood and May Allison are still playing together but it is understood that they will separate before long.

LILLIAN, STAMFORD, CONN.—Viola Dana was born in Brooklyn. Some say she is 18 but other records give her birth year as 1896, which would make her twenty.

FLORENCE, OMAHA, NEB.—Vernon Steele played opposite Marguerite Clark in "Silks and Satins."

R. S., AKRON, O.—The stage comedians you saw in Keystone plays were engaged for a brief period only and from the producer's standpoint, were not screen successes. Frank Keenan has quit Triangle and is looking about now for a place to land. Edward Abeles is not in pictures now.

PAUL, DEWDNEY, B. C.—You're a real Photoplay friend, Paul. Edna Mayo has appeared in "The Chaperon," and "The Return of Eve" since "Mary Page." In the latter Sydney Ainsworth played Pollock and John Thorn, Jim Cunningham.

P. B., LEBANON, IND.—You should be more specific. If you mean colored film studios, we can say no—not yet. If you mean, colored people, yes—the Lincoln Film Co. in Los Angeles.

R. K., FEATHERVILLE, IDAHO.—Look over the Studio Directory and write to the managers of any of the companies that strike your fancy. Your guess is as good as ours.

FILM FAN, CHICAGO.—“Perilous Love” is the name of the third installment of “Gloria’s Romance.” There are twenty in all, which is about nineteen more than most people’s romances have. Marshall Neilan heroed in “Rags;” David Powell in “The Dawn of a Tomorrow;” George Anderson in “Little Pal;” Edward Martindell in “The Foundling;” Charles West in “The Wood Nymph;” Thomas Holding in “The White Pearl;” and Elliott Dexter in “Diplomacy.”

MABEL, PETERSBURG, VA.—No, we don’t mind. Just write to Juanita all you want to—care of Keystone, Los Angeles, Cal. She was born in Des Moines, but you’d never know it, because she was educated in California. She’s not twenty yet, is 5 feet 3, and a perfect blonde type. And she loves to dance. Mabel Normand’s address is just Los Angeles. That’ll get her.

G. H., ALTOONA, PA.—Petrova was the name of Olga’s first husband, who died the first year of their marriage. Mme. Petrova was born in Warsaw, Poland. Dorothy Davenport is with Universal. Yes, Pauline Frederick is her real name. Wally Reid is in “Joan of Arc.” Sessue Hayakawa was born in the Japanese capital on June 10, 1889.

A. R., CHENEY, WASH.—Ruth Roland has only two names, Ruth and Roland.

EDITH, BANGOR, ME.—Wallace Reid will write to you and Cleo Ridgely will send you her picture—for a quarter. No, Mary didn’t give Owen a job in her new company, but she did give Brother Matt a situation. However, Owen is assured of three squares a day by virtue of his position with Famous Players.

M. B., PLAINFIELD, N. J.—Thanks for your nice letter. Just for that we’ll tell you to whom all your favorites are married any time you ask us—if we know.

C. S. R., PEORIA, ILL.—William H. Thompson was Peggy’s uncle in Billie Burke’s play of that name. He also played in “The Eye of the Night.” Yes, Charles Ray was Peggy’s cousin. Henry Walthall is 5 ft. 7. Don’t know about the size of the Hayakawa family.


H. B., OAKLAND, CAL.—Besides Mary and Lottie Pickford, there is Jack; and besides Owen and Tom Moore, there is Matt. Did you read Mr. Johnson’s “Impression” of Billie Burke in the May, 1916, number?

A. M., NEWTON, MASS.—Tom Chatterton is with American at Santa Barbara, Cal., and Bill Hart is still with Ince at Culver City, Cal.

M. K., MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Miss Greenwood is no longer with American. Mae Gaston and Crane Wilbur are with Horsley. Bessie Barriscale plays with Charles Ray in “A Corner in Colleens.” We’ll see about those interviews.

TRIANGLE BOOSTER, LAWRENCE, MASS.—Here is the cast of “The Dupes:” Ethel Halo. Blanche Sweet; Mr. Strong, Ernest Joy; Mrs. Stroug, Veda McEvers; Jimmy Regan, Thomas Meighan. E. L. Delaney was Jack Hard, in “The Thousand Dollar Husband.” Have you seen “Manhattan Madness?” That’s one of Doug. Fairbanks’ latest and it’s a bear.

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E. K., BUFFALO, N. Y.—Grace Cunard was born in 1893. Cast of "His Masterpiece:" *Eric Devoe*, Edward Coxen; *Florence*, Lizette Thorne; *Jacob Dexter*, Charles Newton; *Doris*, M. Nichols.

C. B., WASHINGTON, D. C.—No, we haven't heard of Harold Lockwood's death and we should judge from his actions that he hasn't heard of it, either. At least he doesn't look a bit sorrowful.

Mrs. A. R. T., CHICAGO, ILL.—At last we have the Farnums' birthdays straightened out. William was born July 4, 1876, and Dustin was born May 27, 1874. These are positively the latest returns.

B. T., ITHACA, N. Y.—Lubin is out of business; Vitagraph is releasing through its own agency; Kleine, Essanay, Selig and Edison release through the K. E. S. E. Cast of "The Wrong Woman:" *Marion Ord*, Mabel Trunnelle; *Arthur Dane*, George Wright; *Dr. Dane*, Harry Eyttinge; *Ivy Fairfax*, Gladys Hulette; *Mrs. Fairfax*, Mabel Dwight; *Allen Mostyn*, Augustus Phillips; *Sir Marcus Richardson*, Bigelow Cooper.

G. C. W., MONTGOMERY, ALA.—Al Ray, Vogue Films, Los Angeles; Richard Stanton, Fox, Los Angeles, Cal.; Henry King, Balboa, Long Beach, Cal.; Richard Travers, Essanay, Chicago; Robert Mantell, Atlantic Highlands, N. J.

P. M. H., DULUTH, MINN. We get you, Peggy. And we'll beseech the editor to print Mary Pickford's head, feet and suit—that's what you asked for, isn't it?—all in one photograph.

N. S., KANSAS CITY, Mo.—You have probably seen Mary Pickford by this time in "Less than the Dust," with her own company. Write to Pauline Frederick at 429 Park Avenue, New York City. Yes, indeed, Wally Reid very properly belongs on every list of favorites.

CONSTANT READER, LONG BRANCH, N. J.—Harold Lockwood is not married. He says so himself. He lives in Hollywood, when he's acting—which is 102% of the time. Mary Pickford has no children.

D. E. M., BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—Louisville, Kentucky, has the honor of being Mr. Kerrigan's birthplace. Marguerite Clark and Harold Lockwood have played together—in "Wildflower" and "The Crucible."

M. McC., COLLINSVILLE, OKLA.—Billie Rhodes is with Christie Comedies. The editor is thinking about your requests.

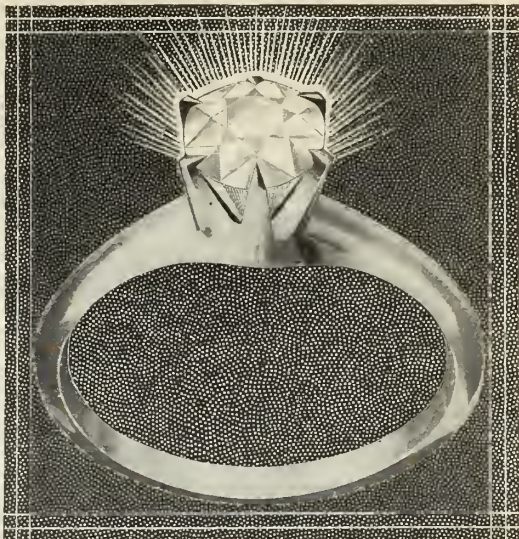
K. V. R., WARRENTON, N. C.—Yes, Frank Mayo is married—to Joyce Moore. But, be of good cheer, neither Billie Rhodes nor Francis Ford is married. We don't know whether "they" can afford secretaries or not; certainly a great many have them.

V. N. J., WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.—The explanation of the term "Released by Paramount Company of Australia" is that the picture you spoke of was issued or distributed by the Australian branch of the Paramount Company, which is an exchange corporation. It's too bad that your other questions can't be answered after you've written all the way from the other side of the world, but there are no records.

G. O. H.—Helen Dunbar is not related to Bushman, no matter how much she looks like him.

PEARL C., ROMEO, MICH.—Lillian Lorraine was leading woman in "Neal of the Navy."

(Continued on page 166)



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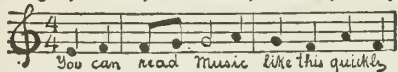
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(Continued from page 163)

EVELYN, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Drew produce 52 comedy sketches each year. That's why we can't publish a list of 'em. Letters to actors should be sent to their respective studios.

KATHLEEN H., OSELO, MINN.—Guess you'll have to use your imagination when thinking about the color of Fred Whitman's hair and eyes. We don't know. No, Grace Cunard's face has not appeared on the cover—neither has Jackie Saunders, our loss in both cases. Yes, Ethel Clayton uses calling cards like this: "Mrs. Joseph Kaufman." Francis Ford still appears opposite Grace.

D. W., ALTOONA, PA.—Louise Lovely is with Universal. Ruth Stonchouse was "The Slim Princess" with F. X. B.

V. K., DETROIT.—Yes, there is a new film company known as the Margaret Anglin Film Company. Ethel, John and Lionel Barrymore all had the same parents. Frank Keenan was with Ince-Triangle, but recently resigned.

ANNA R. O. C., PROVIDENCE, R. I.—No, Thomas Meighan has not deserted the cinema for stock. He's now with Famous Players in New York.

A. BERNICE C., WASHINGTON, D. C.—Beverly Bayne was born in 1895, and she's still single. Bessie Barriscale is Mrs. Howard Hickman.

E. V. K., NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.—Ann Pennington was born December 23, 1896, since when she has grown to be 4 feet 6 inches tall with reddish brown hair and dark brown eyes. As to Mary Miles Minter, she first saw light April 1, 1902, and she's now 5 feet tall and has wonderful golden hair and blue eyes. And here are your addresses: Pearl White, Pathe; Gerda Holmes, World; May Allison, Metro-Yorke, Los Angeles, Cal.

DOROTHY B., LEXINGTON, KY.—Boston, Mass., September 10, 1907, settles your first question about Leland Benham of Thanouser. While receiving his education at New Rochelle he was also working in pictures, playing opposite Helen Badgley in child plays. Address Fort Lee, N. J.

RAE B., MCKINNEY, TEXAS.—Dorothy Donnelly played the lead in "Madame X." Edna Mayo did not appear in the play with her.

"Behind the Scenes."—Here is the original cast: *Dolly Lane*, Mary Pickford; *Steve Hunter*, James Kirkwood; *Teddy Harrington*, Lowell Sherman; *Mrs. Harrington*, Ida Waterman; *Jose Canby*, Russell Bassett.

M. E. W., SAGINAW, MICH.—The young person who played as Ford Sterling's son in "Following His Father's Footsteps" was Lee Moran.

M. N. O.—That "darling little girl" in "Naked Hearts" was Zoe Rae. Yes, in "Dimples" the part of Mary Miles Minter's aunt was taken by her real mother.

F. W. B., MONMOUTH, ILL.—William Farnum's latest play is "The Fires of Conscience." Victor Moore is with Klever Comedies, a new company.

LAURA C. E., SOUTH PASADENA, CAL.—Harrison Ford of "Come Again Smith" fame is the Harrison Ford of "Anton the Terrible." Seems to be a case of the little old Ford rattling right along, doesn't it? Twinkling stars sometimes fib about their ages because sometimes the minute they even hint at getting old they cease twinkling.

ELMA B., PORT ANGELES, WASH.—Here are your casts: "Tess of the Storm Country," *Tessibel Skinner*, Mary Pickford; *Frederick Graves*, Harold Lockwood; "Spell of the Yukon," *Jim Carson*, Edmund Breese; *Albert Temple*, Arthur Hoops; *Helen Temple*, Christine Mayo. In "Daphne and the Pirate" Lillian Gish played *Daphne La Tour* and Elliott Dexter was *Philip de Mornay*. Hazel Dawn was a charming *Nell Carroll* and Robert Cain was *Teddy De Vaux* in "My Lady Incog." Alice Brady and Arthur Ashley were *Jane Lawson* and *George Blake*, respectively, in "Tangled Fates" and in "A Night Out" May Robson was *Granmum*. Flora Finch was *Mrs. Haslem*, Kate Price *Mrs. Duncan*, and the parts of *Nitza*, *Jeff Dorgan* and *Waldo* were taken by Eva Taylor, Hughie Mack and George Cooper respectively. Quite a little task, Elma, but we hope you're happy now. Betty Marsh is Mae Marsh's niece.

K. W., STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.—True Boardman was born in Oakland, Cal., in 1885. He is a six-footer, weighs 180 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. Don't know whether he's encumbered matrimonially, but assume not.

ELSIE E. B., WASHINGTON, D. C.—John Bowers, Elsie, is over 6 feet tall, weighs 180 and was born in Indiana. Yes, he was on the stage. In pictures he was with World and Metro, as well as Famous Players. He is an all around athlete and gets his mail at the Cambria apartments, 355 W. 55th Street, New York City. As to Henry Walthall, he is still with Essanay. If Charlie Chaplin's favorite indoor sport is tea guzzling in Los Angeles we know it not. Some folks are ever ready to slander the successful ones.

A. H. G.—Can't tell you about Myrtle Lind. Eddie Lyons is 5 feet 8 inches tall and weighs 143 on the scales at Universal City, Cal. Maurice Costello, now with Consolidated Film Co., is 5 feet 10 and weighed 160 when he last tested the scales. He looks heavier now.

MR. 44.—What do we think of Harold Lockwood as a man, athlete, actor and lover? He must be a pretty good man or he couldn't do the things he does in an athletic way. He must be a pretty good actor or he wouldn't be acting. And he must be a pretty good lover because he's an actor.

SOCRATES, ST. LOUIS, MO.—For one who is supposed to be wise, Sock, you seem to want to know a lot, but here you are: Fannie Ward and Blanche Sweet, Lasky; Theda Bara, Fox; Mae Marsh, Fine Arts; Norma Talmadge, Selznack; Earle Foxe, Metro; Eugene O'Brien, Essanay; Jack Pickford, Famous Players; Charles Chaplin, Mutual. It's really too bad that you should suffer so in connection with Jack Pickford's picture. You'll either have to try again or lay in a fresh supply of handkerchiefs.

FAN, AMARILLO, TEXAS.—Yes, the Thanhouster twins, who are 14 years old, are still in pictures. My land girl, don't ask us why there aren't more twins in the world! It's against our rules. There isn't a doubt that the scenario editors could write plays for all the twins as fast as they were born—they're such versatile fellows!

CHARLOTTE, CHARLESTON, W. VA.—Charles Ray is married, but Charles Clary isn't. Charles Ray would love to write to you, however. He told me so himself.

E. H., PLAINFIELD, N. J.—Sorry, Elsie, but we're not an employment bureau, even for people whose "favorite profession" is acting.

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"PIGGY," RICHMOND, VA.—"Ho hum" we exclaimed "Wallie Reid again." Well, here you are: His hair, which is all his own, is mixed, the predominating tone being brown. His weight is 185, and he's 6 feet 2 inches tall. At various times he was reporter, civil engineer, cowboy and editor which might be expected since his papa is Hal Reid, the versatile playwright. Wallie is married to Dorothy Davenport. Park Jones was *Jack Dexter*, Beth's sweetheart, in "The Ragamuffin."

A. B. J., LITTLE FALLS, MINN.—There are no back numbers of PHOTOPLAY containing an interview with May Allison. Harold Lockwood has served with Nestor, Nymph, Selig, Famous Players, American and Metro. Allison and Lockwood are a good team, as you say.

V. E. W., JASPER, TEXAS.—Surely, Mary Miles Minter will answer your letter. Her address is 1515 Santa Barbara St., Santa Barbara, Calif.

J. J. W., RICHMOND, VA.—My, you missed some mighty good numbers if you didn't see Pearl White on the January cover, Marguerite Courtot on February, Marguerite Clark, March, Edna Mayo, April and Gail Kane, May. Yes, indeed, they can still be obtained by sending the usual fifteen pfennings.

D. S., TULSA, OKLA.—Master Harold Hollacher was the small brother in "Hulda from Holland." Yes, Carlyle Blackwell is a benedick. Glad to hear you are going to be a "constant reader." That makes it unanimous.

R. S. W., MIAMI, FLA.—F. X. Bushman, not Earle Foxe, in "The Wall Between." Mr. Foxe is the husband of Celia Santon.

FLO. D., MOBILE, ALA.—Here's William Garwood: born in 1886, can be addressed at Universal City, Cal. He is not married. Violet Mersereau has blue eyes and brown hair.

M. T., NAPIER, NEW ZEALAND.—Some of the screen players answer letters, while others do not. If there is any one in particular you care to write to, perhaps we could let you know definitely.

S. H., TERRA BELLA, CAL.—No, we meant the Fox production of "The Soldiers' Oath" with William Farnum.

MARJORIE, MEMPHIS, TENN.—Sure, we got your verses to Henry Walthall. We are no authority on poetry—only on poultry, pumpkin pie and penmanship—but our judgment is that your effusion wasn't half bad. At least the editor didn't hurl anything our way when we wished it on him. Enjoyed your letter: write again.

PEGGY B., MONTCLAIR, N. J.—Yes, Peggy, heard you the first time. As soon as Anita gets a new picture taken and sends us one, we'll print it. Address Marguerite Courtot care Famous Players.

FLORIDA FIRST, TAMPA, FLA.—Did you see the Tampa pictures in the front of the book? They ought to please a good booster like you. Don't believe Harry Carey is married. Have no information on the books you mention.

MRS. S., BUFFALO, N. Y.—Hate to break your heart, but we're not fooling; Mr. Bushman is actually married. Write again, we dote on originality and you've the most original style of spelling we ever bumped into.

B. L., LEAVENWORTH, KAN.—Which girl in "The Common Law"? Rita was Edna Hunter and Stephanie was Lillian Cook. Clara Kimball Young is not divorced. Yes, do write again. Keep Leavenworth on the map.

"WAY DOWN SOUTH," NORFOLK, VA.—Geraldine Farrar will probably send you a photo. Address her at Lasky's. Miss Young's newest play is "The Foolish Virgin." Don't worry about your imagination. Only clods have none.

READER, CLEVELAND, O.—Antonio Moreno is 28 years old and is not afflicted with a wife. If he is engaged, he is keeping it a secret. Some of his best known photoplays: "Island of Regeneration," "The Shop Girl," "Price of Folly" and "The Tarantula."

M. W., ROACHDALE, IND.—Crane Wilbur is not married. He is a widower, as his wife died in November after a long illness. He had been married less than a year.

J. L., SAN QUENTIN, CAL.—Tom Forman was the person in "The Unknown" to whom you refer. Lou-Tellegen did not direct the picture. Do they show films where you are? Pretty nice of 'em.

G. B., UPPER MONTCLAIR, N. J.—Wouldn't be surprised if you were right about Bobby Harron and Dorothy Gish. We just had a grapevine dispatch from Hollywood which stated that they would be married before long. Bill Hart is something over 40 and unmarried. Don't know what the "S" in his name stands for, but venture a guess that it's not Sylvester. He's all American of English descent. Why don't you write Dorothy Dalton and tell her she's your favorite? Have no information about the other Dorothy.

E. C. MOOSE JAW, CANADA.—That stamp you sent isn't much good to us. Anyhow we couldn't tell you how to be an actress. See page 136.

G. G., ROSLYN HEIGHTS, L. I.—Photoplay makes no charge for printing pictures of actors. Our advertising is all contained in the advertising sections of the magazine and not on the editorial pages.

SINCERELY, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—Henry Walthall has been appearing regularly in Essanay pictures, his most recent one being "The Truant Soul."

RUTH, VICTORIA, B. C.—Both "Eileen" and "Patience" were filmed in the vicinity of New York City. Louise Huff in private life is Mrs. Edgar Jones. Hope you like the way "Glory Road" ended.

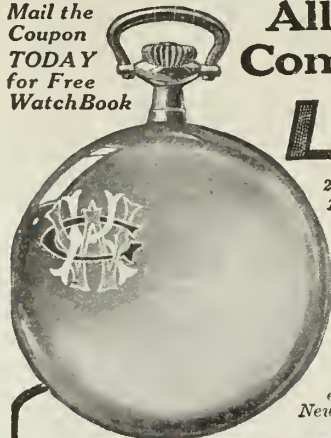
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VOL. XI

No. 4

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EDWIN M. COLVIN, Pres.

ROBERT M. EASTMAN, Sec.-Treas.

JAMES R. QUIRK, Vice-Pres. and Gen. Mgr.

JULIAN JOHNSON, Editor.

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION: \$1.50 in United States, its dependencies, Mexico and Cuba; \$1.85 to Canada; \$2.50 to foreign countries. Remittances should be made by check, or postal or express money order

Caution—Do not subscribe through persons unknown to you.

Entered at the Postoffice at Chicago, Ill., as Second-class mail matter

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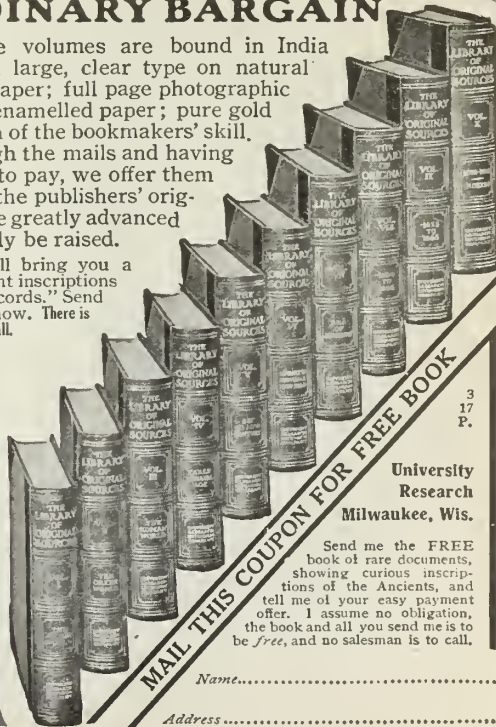
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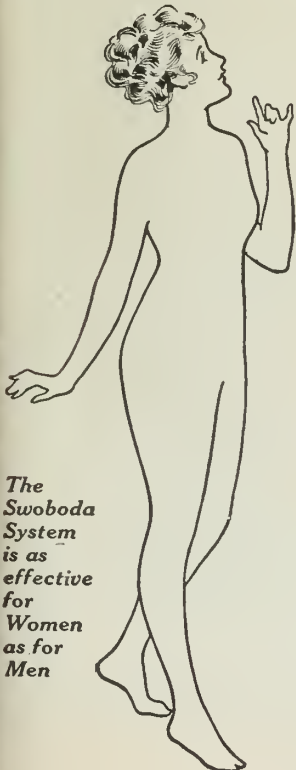
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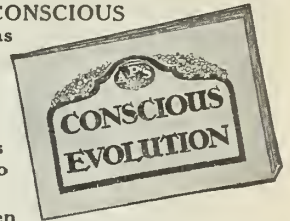
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Photo by Moffett

MARGUERITE CLAYTON

enjoys the distinction of having the same birth-place as Maude Adams — Salt Lake City, Utah — where she was born in 1892. Before wooing cinematic fame she was for most of her life on the stage. Miss Clayton is a golden blonde, in stature five feet two inches, and has been playing leads for Essanay for more than three years. "The Prince of Graustark" was one of her best photoplays. She is fond of outdoor sports and is an expert ice skater.



ANTONIO MORENO

claims Madrid, Spain, as the city which gave him to the world, but it is so long ago—about 29 years—that all has been forgiven. He was educated in Madrid and New York and adopted a stage career early in life, appearing with Mrs. Carter, Wilton Lackaye and other notables. He began in pictures with Biograph but has been a Vitagrapher for several years. He measures five feet ten inches, and is of dark complexion.



Photo by Celebrity Studio

EDNA HUNTER

first attracted the "tired business man" as a musical-comedy songbird. Then she attracted the attention of the film managers. For a long time she was a Universalist, playing with Mary Fuller and King Baggot. Then she went to Fox and more recently she played the part of Rita in "The Common Law" with Clara Kimball Young. Now she is a featured person in the "Jimmie Dale" serial of the Monmouth Co.



Photo by Apeda

WILLIAM COURTLEIGH, JR.

is, as may be surmised, the son of William Courtleigh, a well known stage player. He is a native of Buffalo, something like 24 years old, has brown hair and eyes and stands five feet, seven inches in height. Mr. Courtleigh won a big film following as Neal in "Neal of the Navy," the Balboa serial, and has added to it as a Famous Player lead. For the latter he has played in "Out of the Drifts," "Under Cover" and other photoplays.



Photo by Witzel

JACKIE SAUNDERS

posed for some of the nation's leading artists before her face became familiar to screen lovers. Her honest-to-goodness name is Jacqueline and she was born in Philadelphia 24 years ago last October. She was a "stage child" and played in vaudeville and stock before joining Biograph in 1911. She has also played for Pathe and Universal and is now with Balboa, for which she starred in "The Grip of Evil" serial and many features.



Photo by Witzel

WILFRED LUCAS

was one of the first legitimate stage leads to be seen in the movies. He was with Biograph early in the game, then with Universal and Fine Arts. His most notable work was in "Acquitted." Mr. Lucas is a Canadian and was educated at Montreal High School and McGill University. He followed athletics after leaving college and then went on the stage. He spent nine years in grand and light opera and for two years played in "Quo Vadis."



LOIS WEBER

is the best known and most able woman director in the film field as well as a capable actress and a clever writer. She went into pictures back in 1908 with Gaumont after a successful stage career and most of the time since she has been with Universal, although she was with Bosworth long enough to win lasting fame with her "Hypocrites." She directed "Where Are My Children?" "Shoes," "Jewel" and other film "best sellers."



Photo by White

MARIE CHAMBERS

is one of the latest additions to the vampire directory, and a blonde vamp at that! She made her first screen appearance with Pauline Frederick in "The Woman in the Case" and was next seen with Norma Talmadge in "Fifty-Fifty." She is now with World. Miss Chambers is a native of Philadelphia, was educated abroad and played for four years on the legitimate stage with Mrs. Fiske, Irene Fenwick and Julian Eltinge.

PHOTOPLAY

MAGAZINE

March, 1917

Vol. XI, No. 4

Peggy Roche: Saleslady

The Adventure of The Three Georges

In which Peggy discomfits certain representatives of rival houses by remembering that the horse goes before—not the cart, but the blanket.

By Victor Rousseau

Illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell

"THEM fellers," said Ali, the hotel dragoon, "is thicker than thieves. You ain't got no more chance against them, Mees, than me against Pasha Yussouf Effendi if he was to get sore on me."

Ali, of the English Hotel, Jerusalem, had taken a fancy to Miss Peggy Roche since her arrival the day before with her sample cases. Peggy came from Stamford and Ali had worked in a garage there in the palmy days of his life, before family affairs, coupled with a misunderstanding with the Connecticut government concerning plurality of wives, had driven him back to the stony deserts of his native Syria.

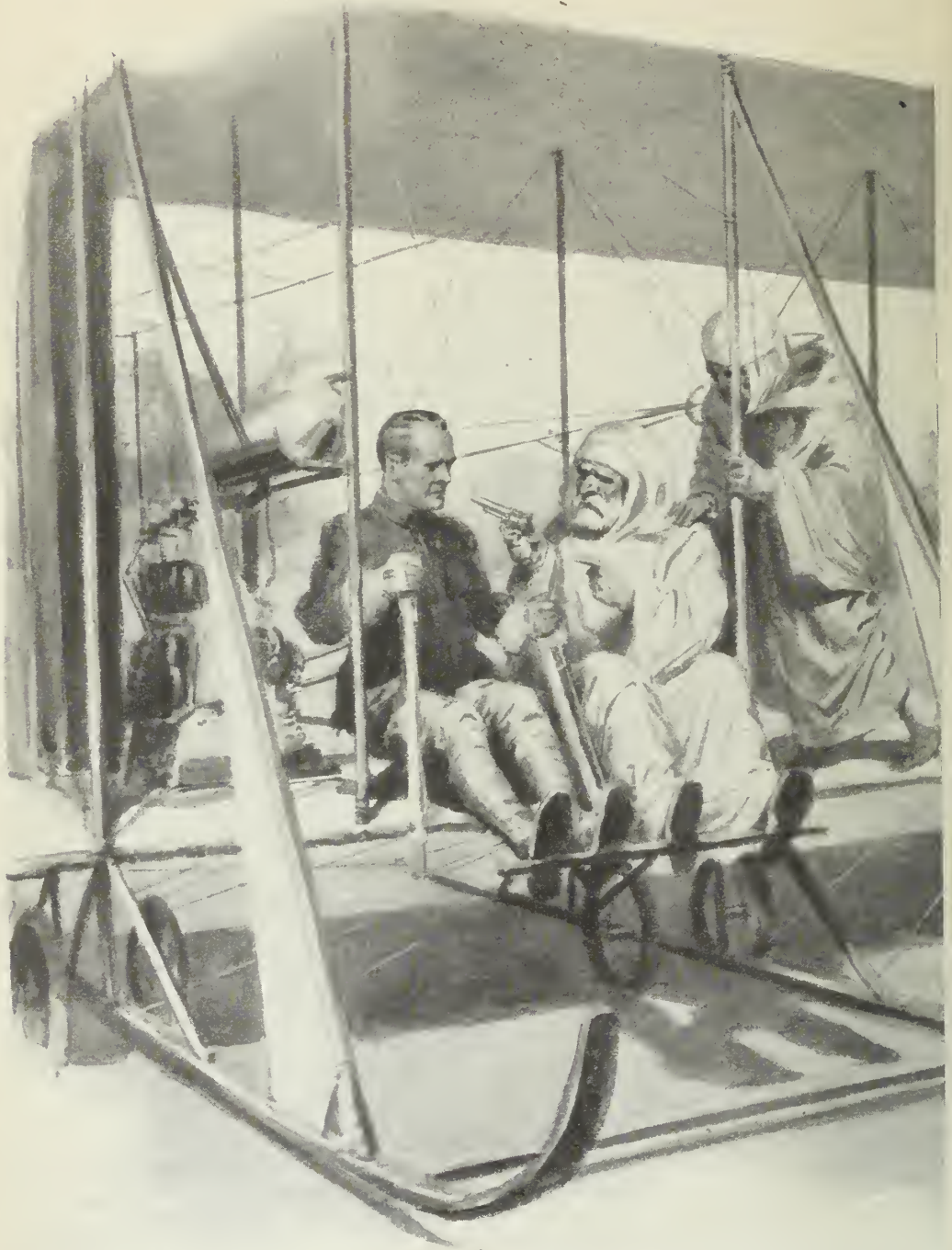
"You see, Mees, they're working glove in fist," he continued. "Your firm ain't got no chance at all against them. For why? Pasha Yussouf Effendi knows which side his palm's buttered."

HERE is the first of the Peggy Roche stories—the adventures of an American girl in the romantic field of commerce—a new kind of American girl in a new field of industrial endeavor. With this story, Photoplay Magazine inaugurates its new fiction policy—a bigger and newer and brighter Photoplay Magazine.

Peggy had learned a good deal since her arrival at Jaffa a week before, as representative of the Jim Byrne War Goods Supply Company, of Stamford. Jim Byrne had been making bicycles in a one story shack before the war broke out, but he had caught the

war orders fever, and between his infection and Peggy's arrival at Jaffa, thanks to the blockading British fleet being busy at the Dardanelles, there were many links, in the main of a personal and confidential nature.

Peggy strolled out upon the verandah. From there she could see the city of Jerusalem spread out beneath her: the high Water Gate, with its new tower, the street cars recently instituted, carrying their motley load of Turkish officers, soldiers, bare-legged Arabs in burnouses, veiled women, Jews, Europeans. Through the narrow winding streets passed camels



"Should I fall," observed the Sheikh grimly, "his to its appointed destiny—which I do not doubt,

and donkeys, with bulging panniers, obstructing the passage of the electric cars with the imperturbability of centuries of

what might literally be called squatters' rights. Over the low Jaffa plain brooded a stormy sunset.



*soul shall precede my own
is different."*

However, Peggy was not looking at the scene with any interest just then. She was regarding the three men who sat on the

verandah of the English Hotel. She would have known them anywhere for compatriots, and also—traveling salesmen.

Peggy, in the full attire of a Turkish Hanoum was passing unchallenged between the two sentries at the gate of Yussouf Pasha's official residence.



The thin man with the lined face was George Siefert, of Chicago, representing a saddlery and leather goods concern. The stout little man in the white helmet was George Drummond, of Kansas City, interested in rifles and munitions. The man with the bald head was George Hagan, of Jersey City, and his talk ran mainly to wool.

Each of the three had his feet cocked up on the verandah railing, each was regard-

ing the scene with a sort of absorbed introspection, and each had an iced drink upon the little table in front of them. As Peggy appeared, the three heads turned simultaneously in her direction.

Siefert was the only one of the three Georges who took his feet down. "All hail, Miss Roche!" he said, the lines in his face creasing into a wrinkled grin.

Peggy went forward. She was conscious of the constraint in the other men's attitude.

"I hear we've got into a regular happy hunting ground," said Drummond. "Yussouf Pasha's buying everything. By the way, what was your line, Miss Roche?"

"Anything and everything," said Peggy.

"You don't specialize?" inquired George Hagan, looking at her blandly. "Now I sell wool goods and nothing but wool goods."

"I've got lines in fly swatters, sun helmets, insect powder, rifles, shells, water-bottles, haversacks, and saddlery," said Peggy, assuming an innocence which seemed to tickle the three men immensely.

"Well I guess they want fly swatters out here," said George Hagan, shooing a winged pest from the top of his bald head. "Say, Miss Roche, if I was you I'd go see Yussouf at the Palace. Maybe he'll buy a dozen for each of the soldiers of the Egyptian expedition."

"Haw, Haw!" roared the other two.

"Now that's a good idea," said Peggy. "I believe I will, Mr. Hagan."

"Sure. And likewise insect powder. Lord, Miss Roche, you got us all beat sure for inventiveness."

Peggy turned away. As she went back into the hotel she was conscious that the three men were whispering together. And, passing through the dining-room behind the verandah, she was positive that she heard the word "blankets."

THE three men were hand in glove, as Ali had said. They had pooled their interests and subdivided their lines, rather than bid against each other, to meet the rapacity of the local Pasha. But Peggy, representing a little one-horse concern, was beneath their notice. She had seen the looks of amusement which had passed among the trio when she revealed that she was a traveller in war goods. And it did seem out of place, only Jim Byrne had had a hard struggle with his bicycle factory and Peggy was resolved that they should be millionaires before they married.

She had persuaded him to let her go to Europe, and he had yielded, at first reluctantly, then with the American's faith

in the unfailing capabilities of the American girl. But as yet Peggy had sold nothing.

Worse than that, nearly all her samples were held up at Malta, while the firms represented by the three Georges had their goods actually ready for delivery, slipped through the thick blockading line to Jaffa in Greek vessels always ready to run the risk of capture with the high freight rates existent.

Jim had scraped together six thousand dollars, by borrowing, by giving notes, by inducing friends to invest in his new scheme. He knew that in these days of hit or miss contracts samples were next to useless. And Peggy had one thousand army blankets which would represent a clean-up of five thousand dollars, safely stored away in Malta, with no possibility of their being discharged until the end of the war.

BUT there must be blankets to be had in Jaffa or Jerusalem. She determined to see Yussouf Pasha immediately, to beat the Georges in their field.

It is not difficult for a woman to gain admittance to the Palace in any Turkish vilayet, especially if she goes veiled. Twenty minutes after the conversation upon the porch, Peggy, in the full attire of a Turkish *Hanoum*, which the discreet Ali had procured for her, was passing unchallenged between the two sentries at the gate of Yussouf Pasha's official residence.

The little Greek secretary who was summoned by the perplexed major domo knew how many matters of importance are spread through feminine agency in the East. He admitted her to the Pasha's office at once and Yussouf Effendi, happening to have finished the day's official duties, looked up with interest at the pretty Turkish girl who suddenly threw off her veil and displayed unmistakably Caucasian features.

"Your Excellency," said Peggy, "I—"

The Pasha shrugged his shoulders and turned to the secretary, who lingered beside him.

"I speak English," said the little man. "What is your business?"

"I've got some blankets to sell—one thousand," said Peggy. "And I can deliver as many more as the Pasha wants inside of two months."

The secretary translated. The Pasha smiled and said something in Turkish.

"His Excellency wishes to know of what nationality you are, and why you wish to sell blankets," he said.

"I am an American," said Peggy, producing her ready card. "I represent the Jim Byrne War Goods Supply Company, of Stamford, Connecticut. And we have a choice supply of almost everything — rifles, cartridges, ordnance, saddlery, solar helmets—"

There was more conversation. "But the blankets," persisted the secretary. "His Excellency might consider the blankets. When can they be seen? Blankets are what is most needed—"

"In the Siani Desert," said Peggy.

The Pasha caught the word and started. Of course the news of the expedition against Egypt was an open secret, and it was obvious that the soldiers would require blankets in the cold wilderness of Siani; still, the Pasha was disconcerted.

He was speaking to the secretary again when the telephone buzzed. Yussouf Pasha took it up, then spoke rapidly in Greek.

"His Excellency says for you to go," he said. "Just a leetle minute, if you please."

And he walked to the door and admitted George Hagan, who nodded briskly to the Pasha, and seeing Peggy in Turkish attire, broke into an explosion of laughter.

"You know this lady?" inquired the Greek.

"Well, I should say so," answered Goerge Hagan. "Fly swatters is her line, I understand."

"I have not come here to sell fly swatters, but army blankets," said Peggy angrily.

George Hagan looked at her in admiration. "Well, say, that's the limit!" he exclaimed. "Where are they?"

The Pasha was speaking. The little Greek was speaking. Had Peggy the blankets ready for exhibition? What was their price? George Hagan began to look disconcerted. Then, when the girl temporized, a look of relief came over his face.

"She hasn't got them. She's four-flushing," he roared to the secretary. "You know, Konstantinopoulis, four of a kind and the deuce of spades."



*"My line's blankets
and I'm buying
blankets. I'm pay
A 1 quality -- know*

The secretary knew very well. The three were against Peggy now, but she was fighting gamely.

"I can secure them in seven days," she said, and mentally resolved to comb Palestine fine for them. "The best, all-wool blankets, at a price ten per cent lower than Mr. Hagan's. Your soldiers will never feel the cold through them."

The Greek translated, the Pasha stared; George Hagan rocked himself with unsuppressed mirth.

"Well, that's the limit!" he broke out. "It ain't soldiers' blankets the Pasha wants, Miss Roche, it's horse-blankets."



*just now," she said,
not selling — horse
blankets three dollars for
where I can get any?"*

Peggy sat in her room, clothed in her normal attire, and in a rage of humiliation. She had tried to steal a march upon George Hagan and he had not only beaten her but discovered her plot, to the amusement of the Pasha and the little Greek. Brazen as she had learned to be, she dared not show her face to the three Georges on the verandah beneath her window.

She could hear their noisy laughter floating up to her. She knew that they were discussing her discomfiture and rejoicing over it. Only by virtue of some dramatic turning of the tables could Peggy face them again. Not only that, but the story of her

discomfiture, travelling as fast through the Orient as along any drummer's route in the United States, would kill all chances of building up a business for Jim. Peggy pictured him, sitting in his dinky office, selling goods that he had not yet managed to purchase, a middleman posing as a manufacturer, and anxiously waiting for the cable that was to announce a clean-up.

So it was horse-blankets the Pasha wanted. Peggy tried to think out the implications. A horse-blanket, unlike a soldier's blanket, becomes useless after a single winter. When a horse dies on a campaign its blanket is left with the carcass. No-

body is going to burden himself with a horse-blanket until he gets another horse. If the Pasha wanted horse-blankets, he must be expecting horses.

But from where? Not from the blockaded coast of Hungary, the European reservoir of horseflesh. Not from the United States or the Argentine. For horses cannot slip through a blockade, even a lax one, as goods can, when concealed in the bottoms of Greek freighters. Clearly the horses were coming from the desert.

Peggy took out her ever-ready Baedeker's Guide to the Holy Land, and read:

"The oases of the trans-Jordan country produce dates, which are packed in large quantities at Damascus Mohair, for the manufacture of carpets . . ." It was not there. She turned to the next page. "Camels are bred chiefly by the Beni-Yakob tribe," she read. "Further south-eastward, beyond Wady Tefilet, upon the borders of the bitumen lakes, dwell the Beni-Hassan, who breed horses in large numbers."

THERE was no further clue. Peggy put the book back in her grip and sat lost in thought. It had grown dark. The memory of her humiliation in the Pasha's palace was still strong.

"It will be a wild-goose chase," she reflected, as she lit her lamp. "I daren't risk Jim's money on it. I daren't."

A noisy outburst from the three Georges underneath reached her ears. She heard George Drummond's laughter, and the cackle of George Hagan. She imagined the twisted creases in George Siefert's face.

"But I will," she said, and rang the bell. "Send Ali up here," she told the little Jewish boy who entered.

A few minutes later Ali was salaaming.

"Ali," said Peggy, "suppose the Government makes a contract with a tribal sheikh—is it in writing?"

"No, Mees. No Arab will make a written contract. They are very ignorant people, Mees. They fear to profane the unspeakable Name, which may be upon the paper.

"Then how are contracts made? By word of mouth?"

"Yes, Mees. The Arabs are very ignorant people. They will bargain like cheap skates, Mees, but they are too ignorant to break their agreements when they are made. They do not understand the laws, Mees."

"Thank you," said Peggy. "that is all I want to know, except how to get to Wady Tefilet."

Ali stared at her. "Wady Tefilet, Mees? You cannot go there. It is forty miles away on the Jordan. There are robbers."

"I must start in the morning, Ali."

"But there is no road, Mees. You will die of thirst. It is an inhospitable land, a stony, desert land."

"You must have a camel for me at day-break, and water-bags. Listen, Ali! It is to beat those men downstairs."

"The fat one, Mees? And the baldhead? He called me a son of a gun but yesterday, Mees. I who am the lawful begotten child of the headman of Hebron vilayet!"

"Will you come with me, Ali?" cried Peggy, with sudden hope. "I will tell you why I am going there."

Ali listened with kindling enthusiasm. "And one fourth of the profits for me, Mees?" he repeated when she had ended. "It is amazing! But I will go—yes, if we may get even with baldhead and the fat one!"

Not mounted on camels, but on little Hebron ponies, with waterbags across the pommels of their saddles, Peggy and her escort threaded the stony defiles of the Jordan hills. They had left the last village behind them. It was late afternoon, the heat was terrific, and the goatskin bags, to be refilled at Jordan, were almost empty. They were to sleep that night at a house Ali knew of, upon the river banks, and press forward into the desert the following morning, in the hope of encountering some of the Beni-Hassan tribe.

PEGGY had a thousand dollars, which would not buy many horses, but Jim would cable the balance via Constantinople, if the sheikh could be induced to listen to her. With the horses snatched away from Yussouf Pasha's expectant hand, liberally besmeared with bribe-money, Peggy saw the blankets thrown back at the three Georges.

The innkeeper of the little solitary place at the edge of the steep Jordan cliffs proved to have visited America also. In broken English he expressed his pleasure at their visit.

"For since the war," he said, "I see none but the Beni-Hassan, and truly they would have robbed me of all I possess, if I possessed anything but gasoline."

"Gasoline!" exclaimed Peggy.

"For the Americans, Lady. Twice or three times a year they come here in their automobiles, and finding they can go no further, demand gasoline for the return journey. This year there should have been a multitude, but the war, and behold! my gasoline is wasted!"

He pointed pathetically toward the great tank which stood in the empty yard.

"But the Beni-Hassan—are they near?"

"There is a party of forty, under the charge of the Sheikh, bringing in the Government horses," answered the innkeeper. "But first they graze at El-Huddah, ten miles beyond the river, that they may grow fat."

Peggy and Ali exchanged glances. The journey had not been in vain.

"See that our bags are filled," said Ali, "before we start in the morning." He took the almost empty goatskins from the saddles and handed them to the landlord, after which the travellers sat down to the invariable goat stew of Palestine.

Peggy slept ill, dreaming of the morrow's coup. Arising at five, she went downstairs, to find Ali already at breakfast.

"We start before the sun gets hot," he said.

"Yes," answered Peggy.

"I hear, Mees, from the landlord," he continued, "that the Bedawi have made a prisoner of an Englishman, a spy who flew from Egypt in his aeroplane. If he is with them, it would be well not to befriend him, Mees."

"Well, I should say not," answered Peggy. "I'm not here for philanthropy, Ali."

"Yes, Mees," said Ali doubtfully. "If it is Sheikh Mouseben-Ishmael, I know him well, Mees. He was in the Arabian troupe at Coney Island three summers ago."

"Has every Arab been to America?" demanded Peggy.

"I do not know, Mees. But they are ignorant folk. Let us be starting, if we wish to escape the heat."

They waited with impatience while the landlord saddled their horses and slung the dripping water-bags across the saddles. Presently they were off again, riding through the stony pass that winds down to the Jordan, while in the east blazed the red ball of the sun.

"That gasoline scents the whole place,"

said Peggy, sniffing. "I wonder why somebody doesn't work those bitumen fields?"

"It is the pitch that you smell, Mees," said Ali. "But none would dare to work them, for underneath lie the accursed towns of Sodom and Gomorrah."

"Well, they might smell a little better by now," said Peggy, as they splashed their horses into the Jordan ford.

THEY were through, wet to the waist, and the ponies, scrambling up the opposite bank, broke into a trot. The country was less stony; here and there grass and flowers appeared. By the time the sun was moderately high they were approaching El-Huddah. Peggy strained her eyes through the shimmering air to see signs of the horses.

Suddenly Ali uttered a cry and pointed eastward. Out of the heart of the sun emerged a cloud of black specks that resolved itself into men on horseback. They circled, and the sound of discharged rifles cracked in the distance.

Ali reined in his horse and pulled in Peggy's.

Three men came galloping toward them, yelling like demons. They pulled in their steeds a yard from where the travellers sat. Ali spoke quietly, mentioning the name of the Sheikh.

The next moment the five were cantering briskly toward the party, which gradually drew in, until the whole troop rode in a cluster, with Ali and Peggy in the centre. Now out of the face of the desert arose clumps of feathery palms, then skin tents; then a white-bearded man rode out in a dignified way, his bridle gay with colored cloth, the saddle inlaid with tourmalines. At the sight of Ali he bent forward, staring into his face.

With a cry of joy, Ali spurred his horse toward him, and reining in at his side, flung his arms about him and kissed him on the cheek. The two chatted briskly in Arabic.

"It is the Sheikh Mouse-ben-Ishmael," Ali explained. "He was the leader of the troupe at Coney Island, Mees. Beyond doubt we shall obtain all that we need."

The Sheikh stared imperturbably at Peggy, but said nothing.

However, when they reached the encampment, he dismounted, and bowing, invited her to enter the tent which occupied the centre of the irregular square, at the same

time driving away the parish dogs that dashed, yelping, toward her.

The tent contained a table, a bureau, a chiffonier, and a sofa, on which sat two women, whom Peggy surmised to be the Sheikh's wife and daughter. Springing up with cries and gesticulations, they began to finger the girl's clothing.

The heat was intense. After a few minutes of inspection Peggy went out. Ali was talking with the Sheikh in the middle of the open space. None of the tribe was visible.

"The men have gone to drive in the horses, Mees," said Ali. "And I have spoken to the Sheikh, but alas! He has pledged his word that the horses go to Yusouf Pasha."

"How much does he get?" asked Peggy. "Ten dollars apiece, Mees."

"Tell him we'll give him twenty, a thousand cash, the balance in thirty days."

ALI translated and the Sheikh's eyes glowed. He broke into an excited chattering.

"He dares not," answered the dragoon. "He says the unspeakable Name may have been upon the paper."

"He signed a contract? But you told me—"

"O yes, Mees. But Sheikh Mouse-ben-Ishmael is a very intelligent man. He been to Coney Island. It is useless, Mees."

"We'll find some way," said Peggy optimistically, as the Sheikh went into his tent. "Ali, I'm thirsty, and that gasoline smells as bad as ever. Where are the pitch lakes?"

"Five miles in the hills, Mees," said Ali, pointing. "But it is not the lakes that are smelled."

Ali picked up a water-bag. "The innkeeper is a very ignorant man, Mees. He filled the bags with gasoline," he said.

Peggy uttered an exclamation of annoyance. However, at that moment the Sheikh's wife came out with a tray containing a cut glass carafe and a tumbler of effervescent sherbet, which Peggy drank eagerly. And then something happened which distracted her attention.

The shrill cries of women broke out in one corner of the square. Peggy saw a man wearing the British army uniform, with chains upon his feet, and a ball uniting them, being hustled and mobbed by the greater portion of the feminine population,

as an Arab guard, armed with a long rifle, led him toward the Sheikh's tent.

The Sheikh emerged and took his seat upon a piano stool which had somehow appeared. Seated there, he presented the aspect of a venerable judge. He addressed the prisoner, who, standing motionless before him, answered him in fluent Arabic.

The Sheikh seemed to become exasperated. The women shrieked and howled. One or two Arab men who remained in camp made threatening gestures.

Presently the Sheikh addressed Ali, who spoke to Peggy.

"Sheikh Mouse says, perhaps you can bring reason to this unfortunate man, being an American lady and speaking the same tongue as him," he says.

"I'll try," said Peggy. "What's up?"

"He came here in aeroplane," said Ali. "He was shot down and wounded, three weeks ago. Sheikh says, if he show him how to work aeroplane, he can go free. If not, he die. But he says he'd rather die."

"I didn't say that," interposed the officer. "I said I was not able to show him, owing to the lack of gasoline. If I were able to show him, I should then consider whether I were prepared to do so. Probably my decision would be in the negative. But at present we have not reached that stage. I am not able to show him."

"Did you explain that to the Sheikh?" asked Peggy.

"What's the use?" inquired the officer.

PEGGY had the gleam of a wild idea, working subconsciously in her brain.

"Tell the Sheikh that if I may talk with him alone perhaps something can be done," she said to Ali.

Ali translated, and the Sheikh assented eagerly. Peggy accompanied the prisoner into his tent. He sat down in his chains.

"Rum way to treat a fellow," he said. "I'm Captain Braintree, of the Intelligence Department. I flew here from the Canal, inspecting the lay of the land. A bullet got me in the wrist and I had to come down. You know the rest."

"And I'm Miss Peggy Roche, of Stamford, Connecticut, U. S. A.," said Peggy. "My mission here is to prevent the Pasha of Jerusalem from getting those horses."

"By Jove, I'm with you there," said the Englishman. "But may I ask why?"

(Continued on page 140)

Motoring With Mae

*When she makes it
say "Honk-Honk,"
it's just too late to
duck.*



WAY BELOW ZERO
IN JOYOUS
OCCUPATIONS

By Allen Corliss

I HAVE never faced the cannon's mouth; I have never heard the battle's roar; I have never been in an aeroplane; but I have no fear of them, or other sudden deaths, because I have been motoring with Mae.

Mae Murray is nothing if not a careful driver—careful of others. She had much rather run her car up a tree than even startle a stray dog—she'd even prefer to hurdle the dog.

When Miss Murray first quit New York for the Lasky studio and took one glimpse of the roads, orange groves, etc., of Southern California—(see Chamber of Commerce folder for statistics and full descriptions)—she decided that she must have an automobile. She told the dealer that she wanted one with lots of horse power as she was fond of dumb animals. A low, red, rakish thunderbolt was her selection; one of these wicked-looking affairs that spell speed and make the motor cops

take its number on suspicion even when it is standing against the curb.

The thing had eight cylinders, or so. Miss Murray said she always liked plenty of cylinders in her car as things were always bouncing out or dropping off and one should be fully prepared when one is out on a trip. She had her day ruined several times by things happening to her friends' cars and she was going to take good care that nothing happened to hers. Later on she was going to get a couple of spare cylinders to keep under the seat. One can not buy everything necessary for one's car right at the start even with a motion picture star's salary,—can one? Miss Murray remarked that eight cylinders were enough to start with, seeing as how it was her first car, but later on she might get more, but as she was new to the pictures, eight was enough for any ingenue.



*She doesn't care if she
never sees New York again.*

Don't think for a moment

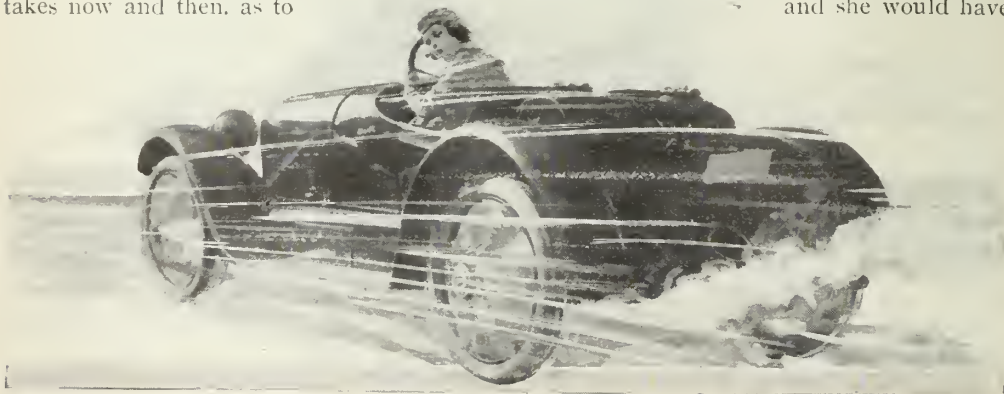


Miss Murray does her own driving as she has had a great deal of trouble with chauffeurs.

that Miss Murray is not familiar with automobiles. She is an expert mechanic. Why, she can go right up to her own car—in the dark at that—lay her hand on any part of it, and say—"This is a fender—this is a wheel—this is the headlight" and be absolutely right nearly two times out of three. She might not be able to do this with every car because it is hard to keep up with the latest makes, but she knows her own thoroughly. Of course she makes mistakes now and then, as to

the proper thing to step on at the proper time—but then, no one is perfect. What would the world be if everyone was perfect—and who would be so mean as to begrudge a poor working girl the right to step on the accelerator when she should step on the brake, especially when it is her very own car?

Miss Murray does her own driving as she has had a great deal of trouble with chauffeurs. They kept bouncing off the lackey's seat on the side of the car and she would have



to stop, turn around and go back and pick them up, which was a terrible waste of time, especially if she had an appointment. She kept a mechanic at home to clean the machine and help pull it back through the rear end of the garage when she came home from work—but on the road she is her own chauffeur and mechanic.

The Lasky star has a clever plan of keeping down the upkeep—she only drives on two wheels at a time letting the other two tires spin around in the air and cool off. You can't imagine what a weekly saving in tires this is. According to certain records kept by the City of Los Angeles, Miss Murray owns the only fox-trotting automobile in captivity. When she makes it say "Honk-Honk" it's just too late to duck.

Mae is from Virginia and she crept into New York like a little mouse. Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., was about to produce one of his "Follies" and wanted someone to depict one of the types of Nell Brinkley, the artist. He spied Miss Mae with her tousled mop of blonde hair, drooping, sleepy-looking eyelids and pouty, wistful lips, and right away she was thrust before the footlights as "The Brinkley Girl" and made a great, big hit. Mae didn't bother with the bright lights but burned the mid-

night electricity by learning to dance so that when the wave of dancing started, Mae was on the first crest. She appeared with the "Follies" for several years and by sheer charm and hard work became one of its stars.

One day Ziegfeld decided to take a burlesque motion picture and Mae was cast for the roll of "Mary Pickum." When the picture was shown at the first performance of the "Follies" in New York, a number of gentlemen were noticed to leave their seats, and when Mae stepped daintily out of the stage door of the New Amsterdam Theatre, she beheld a long line of waiting motion picture magnates each armed with an attractive offer to abandon the "talkies" and enter the "movies." She thought it all over for several days and then accepted a contract with the Lasky Company, resigned from the "Follies"—packed her little pie boxes and descended upon Hollywood. Now she doesn't care if she never sees New York again, preferring to scamper around California sometimes in a cute little jumper suit, again in knickerbockers or in neat and nifty frocks with blonde curls stuffed up under a saucy 'Tam-o'-Shanter.

When she goes by in her car, the whole town turns out—of the way.

One Life

At night she leaves the squalid house and all its sounds:

Her man removing shoes, her youngest's fretful whine,
The bickering of neighbors and newsboys on their rounds;
And in the back the lusty grunt of snuffling swine.

She passes over floors late scrubbed, now tramped again

With mud from off the feet of all her noisy brood;

Too tired to note the unkempt yard, mussed by the rain;

Too tired to sense the smell of long and ill cooked food,

She trudges on until the white lights bid her cease

And entering, drops wearily into a seat;

And there forgets the wretched day and is at peace;

Seeing youth and life and lovers' hearts about.

She dreams of her own hour—the time when she was young,

The song of whippoorwills, a lane, the first sweet kiss,

The fleeting days before she knew that hearts are wrung,

That plans and happiness can oftentimes go amiss.

An hour thus of short content, of love's old sentient tale,

Of beauty hills and sweet clean plains and then the clod

Returns unto her kind. Thus ends fond fancy's trail

And as the "Good Night" flares and wanes, she murmurs "God!"

Gordon Seagrove.

The High Cost of Poverty

PITY THE POOR PRODUCER IN FAMED LOS ANGELES WHO MUST BUILD HIS OWN SLUM DISTRICT

By K. Owen

PICTURE makers and chauvinists of the golden west have been wont to remark with a generous swelling out of the clavicle that "Los Angeles has everything"; meaning filmatically that at hand were mountain and valley, ocean and desert, palms and pines, cots and castles, etc.

But for the director with a script that calls for a tenement or slum district, it has been an empty boast for Los Angeles is up to date



in all but this respect—it has no slums. Parenthetically, it might be stated that the Chamber of Commerce of that city ought to pay advertising rates for this free boost.

The need of slums is an imperative one in the motion picture industry. Otherwise there can be no gunmen, no ashcan Cinderellas, no drunken sots of fathers and no slatternly mothers whose surroundings show every indication of an ignorance of birth control propaganda. Consequently, when



Building a tenement district to order, build in the slum drama

slums are required, they must be built to order. Many screen enthusiasts will recall the Bowery district that was so prominent in the "Chimmie Fadden" films in which Victor Moore starred. This Bowery was built midst the bungalow beauties of semi-tropical Hollywood by the Lasky architects.

Another slum district was recently built at the Morosco-Pallas studio for the newest photodrama of George Beban, the famed delineator of wop roles, after a search of Los Angeles and nearby cities for a suitable slum, proved futile.

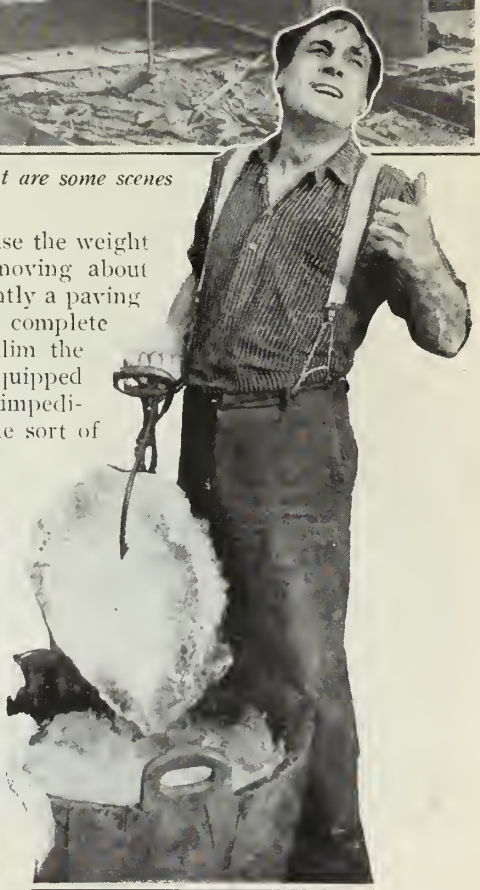
A "New York" street was laid out at the studio and the walls for the buildings erected. Excavations were made for cellars and underground shops as much of the commercial and home life of the needy is conducted below the level of the street in the dark, ill ventilated basements.

The buildings were only part way up when it was realized that the street would have to be paved, and the paving could not



ings, streets and all atmospheric appurtenances. Adjacent are some scenes and George Beban as a "wop" iceman.

be a light, temporary surface of asphalt because the weight of the wagons and the countless throngs moving about would quickly break it into pieces. Consequently a paving company was called in and ordered to make a complete street. Then all that was required was to dim the newness of the *ensemble*, supply well equipped clotheslines, beer kegs, ash cans and other impedimenta of the perfect slum and flavor with the sort of humanity that accompanies such props.



THIS IS JUST ONE OF OLD SOL'S SHADY PERFORMANCES



Howard Hickman and his wife (Bessie Barriscale) do a little key-work while the boisterous California sunshine inundates their Hollywood home. Sherlock Holmes deduces that this is morning sunshine, and that the day is Sunday; therefore the leisure and the music.

Photo by Evans Studio, Hollywood

A Western Warwick

HE COMES FROM CALIFORNIA,
AND HIS PARENTS MADE PLANS
FOR AN OPERATIC CAREER

IT wouldn't impress the average film fan very much to slip him the information that Bob Warwick's taste runs to Schopenhauer and Nietzsche. Much more interest would be evoked by a narration of his auto-escapades, the make of his chase-about and his taste in chicles. However, that's a part of the story and must be told. He really *is* fond of the aforementioned brands of imported brain food.

Mr. Warwick is proud of his native state which recently came into fame—if you are a Democrat—and disrepute, if you are an old line Republican—by supporting the president at the national election. His native city is Sacramento and he began life as a church and concert singer. His parents had planned an operatic career for him but he turned actor. He has played leads opposite many of America's best known actresses.



*Mr. Warwick
and Director
Ralph Ince
getting into
action.*



World had Mr. Warwick as a star and recently he struck out for himself under the Selznick banner, his first vehicle being "The Argyle Case." Warwick is a stage name, the original being Robert Taylor Bien.




"The first thing you notice as the door opens is the atmosphere of youth. This goes deeper than the heap of juvenile encyclopaedia here and there. It has only a slight relation to the fact that Miss Marsh herself is only youth are to be found frequently in homes where everyone from the cat to

There were Two Little Girls Named Mary

By
Randolph Bartlett

("At Home" Studies of Miss
Marsh posed especially for
Photoplay by Bradley)

While the little Pickford girl kept her "Mary," the little Marsh girl, working in the same company, changed her "Mary" to "Mae," and the story below is all about her. Moreover, *this is the keenest, most intimate analysis of Mae Marsh's personality and genius ever put on paper.*



ONCE upon a time there was a homely little girl named Mary. She was a nice little girl, and a good little girl, but more than that no one could honestly say for her. She had a lot of sisters and a brother, who seemed to have monopolized all the beauty and brains of the family.

In school one day, the teacher amused herself and the children by prophesying what each of them would be when they grew up. When she came to Mary she hesitated.

I don't really know what Mary will ever do," she said. "She writes a terrible hand, she isn't very smart in any particular way — I don't know what to predict for her."

"Please, Teacher," one of Mary's playmates piped up, "maybe she'll be an actress."

toys in the entry—the property of Miss Marsh's meces—and the volumes of a little past twenty. It is a matter of mental attitude. External indications of the great-grandfather is older than the eternal hills."

Teacher and children laughed. Actresses must be ever so beautiful, and tall, and clever, as everybody knows. The other little girl had only said what Mary herself had insisted upon over and over again, careless of the way her playmates and her family laughed at her. Mary had gazed in awe at billboards, and prayed to her patron saint that one day her name should appear on one in letters as big as those she looked upon so fondly.

Without going further into the details of the early ambitions of this Ugly Duckling, this Cinderella, let us pause to observe the essential truth of fairy stories as here exemplified. Just as the Ugly Duckling became a wonderful Swan, just as Cinderella alone could wear the Golden Slippers, so Mary is now Mae Marsh. And soon there will be many candles for the patron saint, because in a short time the billboard of Mary's dreams will be a reality.

From now on in this story we will have to call her Miss Mae Marsh, for it happened that in the first company in which Mary acted before the moving picture camera there was another little girl named Mary, who was there first, and sooner than have two Marys at once, they called our little Mary

"Mae." The other Mary's second name was Pickford.

And now comes one of the big jokes on the Marsh family. Mae's elder sister, Marguerite, who had preceded her into the pictures by a considerable period and had become quite a personage, found it necessary to change her name to prevent her star from being eclipsed by Mae's more brilliant planet, and so she called herself Marguerite Lovewridge—one Marsh swamped by another, as it were.

For the benefit of those who do not happen to recall the facts about the unique career of Miss Marsh, it happened thus: Five years ago the eighth day of January, Miss Marsh, then sixteen (or was it fifteen?) accompanied big sister Marguerite to the Griffith-Biograph studio in Los Angeles. D. W. Griffith was interested in her at once, and she has had the most interesting feminine roles in "The Escape," "Judith of Bethulia," "The Birth of a Nation" and "Intolerance," which are the four Griffith master-pictures. Yet she has not been a star, in technical parlance, because

Griffith does not believe in stars. Now she is to be starred in her own company by the Goldwyn Film Corporation.



"After she has looked at you with her frank blue eyes it is impossible to write the conventional, complimentary, frothy things."

Which brings us to a typical New York apartment at the corner of Riverside Drive and Eighty-fourth Street, one afternoon late in December, 1916. The first thing you notice as the door opens is the atmosphere of youth. This goes deeper than the heap of toys in the entry—the property of Miss Marsh's nieces—and the volumes of a juvenile encyclopedia here and there. It has only a slight relation to the fact that Miss Marsh herself is only a little past twenty. These external indications of youth are to be found frequently in homes where the general feeling is that everyone from the cat to the great-grandfather is older than the eternal hills. Youth is not a matter of birthdays, but of mental attitude. And Mae Marsh's mental attitude Saturday afternoon, December 30, 1916, was not that of a moving picture star, not that of a young woman who at twenty had achieved fame in her work, but almost that of a bystander, looking on at her own life, with simple, almost naive wonder at the past and enthusiasm and keen anticipation of the future.

This impression was verified a few minutes later, as a sequence to one of those typical interview questions, of the "Not-that-I-give-a-hang-but-just-to-start-conversation" sort.

"Which one of your pictures do you like best?" I asked.

"None of them," Miss Marsh replied promptly and decisively.

"What I mean is this," she

"I don't want to play just girls that someone wants to marry!"



went on: "I can't recognize my self in any of them. I have seen 'Intolerance' twenty times, I suppose, and it never occurs to me that 'The Girl' in the modern episode is myself. It is all Mr. Griffith. When I watch her actions I am no more able to disassociate Mr. Griffith from them than I am able to watch the Babylonian spectacles without thinking of him. In his pictures everything—scenery and players—is just so many instruments in his orchestra."

"Then you never have really expressed yourself, your own ideas, in any picture?"

"I hadn't thought of it in that way," she mused, wrinkling her brows in an obvious effort to do so.

"Art," I went on, in my best academic manner, "is self-expression. If you have always felt that you were under the domination of a bigger personality, you could not express your own self. Now that you will be at the head of your own company, do you not expect to branch out, to develop along new lines?"

"I hadn't thought about it at all. I start work the first of February. Until then I am taking a holiday. I don't know who will be my director or my leading man or what sort of a play I shall have. And what's more, I don't want to. I may have a little something to say about these matters when the time comes. But just now I'm interested mostly in just New York, and in getting rid of a nasty Eastern cold."

That route to an estimate of what Miss Marsh may bring to her future pictures was impregnably blocked, it was clear. This young woman does not work from carefully calculated theories. The only difference between her and most actresses, in this respect, is that she admits it: and furthermore, she takes no interest in having interview writers build up elaborate theories for her. But it was worth another try.

"If you have this feeling about the pictures in which you were directed by Mr. Griffith, how do you feel about those you did for the Fine Arts with which he was not associated?"

"I guess I never quite got away from the Griffith habit. I mean, he seemed to pervade the entire organization. It is a little curious though—my experience in 'Intolerance.' We all felt that Mr. Griffith was so much more interested in the Babylonian part of the picture than in anything else, that it gave me a certain sense of responsi-

bility that I never had before. I am sure I never worked so hard—never put so much of myself into my work, if that's the way you want me to say it."

"But you just told me that after seeing this picture twenty times you could not see yourself as part of it—that it was all Griffith."

"That's so," she answered. "It's queer, isn't it?"

Now that is what I meant when I said, a while back, that Miss Marsh comes to this important turning point in a successful career with a youthful attitude of mind, an unspoiled freshness of viewpoint. A star of the first magnitude at twenty, she is without the taint of egotism, and equally free from false modesty concerning the big things she has done. There is, in the Mae Marsh at Riverside Drive and Eighty-fourth street, moreover, not a trace of the Flora Cameron of "The Birth of a Nation," of the tenement girl in "The Escape," nor of any of her other roles. Less than any other actress I have met—less than any artist of whom I have any knowledge—does this slim girl suggest the possibility of having done the things which the world knows she has done.

What does this mean? Has D. W. Griffith been a sort of benevolent Svengali to an unconscious Trilby? Is a subconscious feeling that this may be true behind Miss Marsh's departure from his supervision into her new venture? At least I am confident that neither a mere egotistical desire for stellar honors, nor the lure of greater financial rewards would alone have led her into the path she has chosen.

Perhaps all this analysis and speculation may seem a bit impertinent. I realize that "it isn't done." The interviewer is supposed to confine himself to remarks about how charmingly the star received him in her rose-pink drawing-room and dropped pearls of wit and wisdom nonchalantly all over the Persian rug, until the visitor had to shovel his way out like a homesteader in the northwest getting out of the house after a snowstorm. And here I have been devoting more than a thousand words to the information that Miss Marsh was a homely child, and that she has no serious thought for the future.

The explanation is simple. There is something about this bit of a girl which says to you with all the force of a royal



At the end of the bench sits Mae's very beautiful sister, Marguerite. Facing her is the girl of whom Mr. Bartlett says: "She demands of you one thing and one only—sincerity, the secret of her success in the past, the assurance of her success in the future. Sincerity is the biggest thing in the world of creative art."

command, "Don't coddle me." After she has looked at you with her frank, blue eyes ("Irish, an' proud av ut") it is im-

possible to write the conventional, complimentary, frothy things. She demands of

(Continued on page 150)



“HOW CAN I PUT IT OVER WITHOUT A FLAG?”

THE question is George M. Cohan's, addressed to Joseph Kaufman (the hatless one) who direct in motion pictures this redoubtable son of Uncle Sam, namesake of the Fourth of July, inciter of preparedness, inventor of pep, whirlwind of playwriting and demonstrator of the mouth-corner drawl. The photograph was taken three weeks ago for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, during an interesting though agonizingly serious session at the Artcraft studio in New York City. Mr. Kaufman's reply was not chronicled by the camera, but he is probably telling Yankee Doodle Dandy that all the flag will lack will be color.

The accession of Mr. Cohan is an interesting milestone in the steady forward movement of photoplay-making, photoplay-writing and photoplay-acting. A year ago this gentleman, perhaps our theatre's foremost native product, was positively not to be had in the celluloids. Those deputized to speak for him asserted—rightly or wrongly—that hundreds of thousands of dollars would not induce him to can his interesting personality; and they hinted that only old age and the decay of his talents would ever induce him to embalm their precious remnant. Nevertheless, Cohan has had one of the most brilliant of his many years, he is not much over thirty, he doesn't need the money—and here he is, “in pictures!” This is not a tribute; it is a graceful recognition, by a man of genius.

It has been announced that Mr. Cohan's first screen play will be his own “Broadway Jones.”

George M. Cohan was born on the fourth of July, something more than thirty years ago. His father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Cohan, were vaudevillians of Celtic extraction; George and his sister Josephine joined their act, and “The Four Cohans,” ten or fifteen years since, were the most famous team in the two-a-day. Josephine married Fred Niblo, well-known actor. She died only a few months ago. George quickly shifted from vaudeville to play-writing, producing musical farces at first. From these he essayed genuine drama, comedy and revue, and is now one of the foremost as well as one of the best-liked actor-dramatists in the world.

A thrilling story of a life's ambition realized,
told by a lens chronicler of border warfare.



“ACTION!”

HOW A GREAT BATTLE SCENE WAS
FILMED; AND WHAT HAPPENED THEN

By Tracy Mathewson

Illustrations by Grant T. Reynard

FOR three years I chased up and down the border trying to get a moving picture of a real fight.

I lugged my heavy pack of equipment through alkali and cactus, across rivers and mountain ranges, in pursuit of “action,” which is a by-word with the “movies” no less than with the army.

And I always missed them! I was at Norias just six hours after that gallant little band of eight cavalymen and five citizens had held off and finally whipped a

band of eighty-five Mexican bandits. I arrived in a cloud of dust at the old illegal ferry at Progreso, where Lieutenant Henry was wounded and Corporal Whelman was killed. I galloped into Los Indios just two hours after the treacherous attack on the little outpost of cavalymen. It was at Los Indios, you may recall, that Private Kraft added a brilliant paragraph to the army's history and with it gave his life.

I got into Columbus the night after Pancho Villa and his renegades raided that

town. I went in with the First Punitive Expedition under General Pershing, actually joining the army for the chance to get some real "action." I was allowed to go no further than Casas Grandes with my camera and, of course, the expedition put off all its fighting until I had returned.

While I was turning the crank on the peace conference at the international bridge one Sunday—you remember, of course, those meetings of Scott and Funston with Minister of War Obregon—there came word of the raids at Boquillas and Glenn Springs. I suffered all the tortures of a desert hike to reach there and join the Second Punitive Expedition, commanded by Colonel Sibley of the Fourteenth and Major Langhorne of the Eighth cavalry. As soon as I saw Major Langhorne and talked with him I felt that I was really on the heels of real "action." There's a real soldier for you.

I stuck with him. One morning two squads left camp on two hot trails, Lieutenant Cramer and a squad from Troop B followed one of the trails, another squad took the second. I went with the second and we just galloped down that trail—galloped until the trail grew ice cold, then we dragged back to headquarters, my equipment straps cutting deep into my shoulders. Funny I never do notice the weight of my equipment when I start out. But coming back—

Well, that evening it weighed a ton. Just as we reached camp Lieutenant Cramer and his men returned, tired and dusty, but beatifically happy. Ahead of them were two carts loaded with the loot taken by the Mexicans at Glenn Springs. On top of each cart sat an American trooper driving. Instead of his own jaunty campaign hat, each driver wore a Mexican sombrero. In the carts were the owners of the sombreros—wounded Mexican bandits. One of them had seven holes drilled through him.

Trailing each cart were three Mexican horses, bearing gaudy saddles and scabbards from which the operating ends of powerful 30-30s protruded. In the middle of the procession was a little herd of American cavalry horses ridden off by the Mexicans at Glenn Springs.

Picturesque, you bet. And I turned the reel on them.

But as I turned my heart was as heavy as my equipment.

I missed real "action."

I was so disheartened that my gloom began to be traditional, I guess, in every American camp and outpost along the border.

"We may have war yet," said an artillery captain, "if we can only persuade Mathewson to leave the border."

Such was my luck. I had about given up hope of ever getting in on a really true fight with my camera. Then one night came a telegram from one of my soldier friends and hope, that is supposed to spring eternal, did a double, back flip-flop once more in my breast.

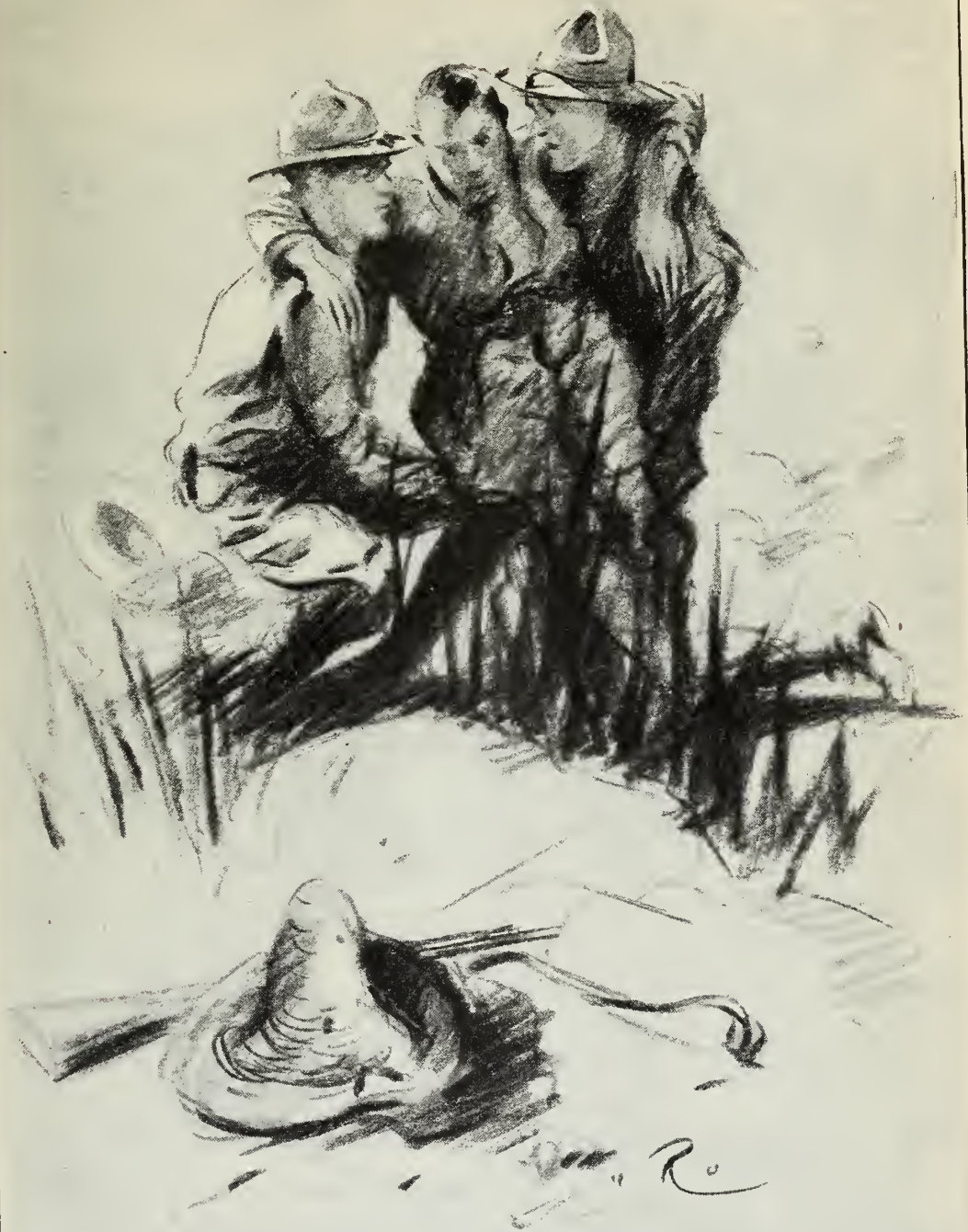
"Chico Canoa and a big band have broken loose in Big Bend country," said the wire. "Killed rancher and wife and driving off horses toward Carranza lines. We start after them in an hour. Get automobile and join detachment at mouth of Dead Man's Canyon just over Rim Rock. There at daylight. Looks like action this time."

Ten minutes later I had my equipment piled into a big motor and Bill Klondike, the greatest driver that ever held the flying wheels down into the trackless sand, had settled down to a night's drive. We burned up the desert miles, keeping the great dipper and its sentry, the North star, to our backs, I hoping and praying that nothing would happen to the motor to prevent the fulfillment of my engagement with the troopers. Bill Klondike was busy seeing that nothing did happen.

All night long we rode. Our headlights were thrown on bunches of cattle, huddled together for warmth. We ran around long-eared burros, who were always too interested in their midnight frolics to turn out for us. We sped by abandoned ranch houses. Occasionally, from under full-bloomed Spanish bayonet plants, a big-eyed, long-eared jack rabbit would scurry and fly across the desert—probably to gossip with the gophers and prairie-dogs about the thing he had seen flash by with eyes like two suns.

We were driving still when the dawn came. As the sun reached high enough to take the chill out of the air we topped the Rim Rock. Far across the mesa we could see the little group of cavalymen as they reached the mouth of the canyon. There is never any chance of mistaking them.

Within an hour the morning breeze



"That ends me," wailed Schwartz, "now that blankety-blank 14th will cop the championship."

brought us the appetizing scent of the breakfast "chow" and shortly afterward we were at mess with them. Then came the order to take up the swift march. I said goodbye to Bill Klondike, who reluctantly started back on the hundred-mile trip. Then I straddled a cavalry mount and wheeled into line with the troopers.

It developed that we were on the hottest sort of trail after a pack of the most desperate bandits that ever rustled cattle along the border. The march led over some wonderful mountain trails. Mile after mile we went in single file, looking down into depths so steep that cattle looked like tiny sotol weeds. It was the most beautiful country I had ever seen. But I did not sacrifice an inch of celluloid. I was saving it all for "action."

At noon we made a brief stop for chow and then pressed on. Just after sunset we reached a spot where the charred sticks of a fire and other signs told us that the bandits had camped a short time before. We used their fire to heat a gulf of coffee all around.

There was no chance to rest. But none thought of rest. Even the big cavalry horses seemed eager to push forward. Somehow, whenever I see one of these splendid beasts my hand always itches for the crank.

At daylight we neared Ojo Chavez and caught our first sight of the bandits. About fifty of them were camped in a little clump of cottonwoods. All the horses and cattle they had stolen on recent raids were corralled nearby.

"They're going to stay there a while," said the officer who had sent me the tele-

gram. "We are going to rest here all day. We advance tonight and we'll attack in the morning. Get to your blankets and try to sleep. You'll need it before you're through."

There was no sleep for me. All day we lay on top of an unnamed barren mountain in the blistering sun. The wind lifted great

clouds of dust that settled on our lips, which swelled and cracked open. Eyes smarted and burned but never for a moment failed to watch the bandit camp. But it wasn't this suffering that caused me to keep wakeful; I had suffered before in campaigns. This time, though, I seemed so near to the realization of my hopes. I just kept going over my equipment a score of times, to be sure that nothing would be overlooked. I was tempted to start ahead and select my position. Perhaps my friend, the officer, noticed this.

"Matty, if you don't take a siesta I'll put you under guard," he said. "You are my only

worry. It's a moral certainty that action is waiting us below and the only chance against it is your jinks."

This was unkind. But each hour made the situation more tense.

At last the sun dropped behind the western range. The eagles ceased to fly over us. Little night creatures came out of their holes, looked curiously at us and scampered away. Night came.

We were called before the commanding officer. "We will divide into two squads," said he. "The first squad will work its way around to the right of those cottonwoods and wait for dawn. The bugler probably will sound charge as soon as it is light enough to shoot. The other outfit



"It's action!" I shouted.

will work down the side of this mountain and take its position in the arroya and wait for the bugle.

“We shall be able to surprise them, probably, and clean up in the first rush. One unit will be left behind to watch our horses and cut off any chance of retreat. Wait for the bugle to sound ‘charge!’”

The officers prepared to leave. As we left him, the commanding officer beckoned me to him. “Mathewson, if we don’t wipe out this band,” he said, “you steal the nearest horse and ride for your life. Because it will be your fault.” Then he told me that I would accompany the second squad, bound for the arroya.

The second squad started down the mountain about ten. Most of the trip was made on our hands and knees. I carried my camera myself and I gave it the care that would have embarrassed a keg of dynamite. Two troopers had been assigned to help me with my tripod and other equipment. For four hours we scrambled down that mountain-side, cut by rocks until our clothes were in shreds. The cactus and Spanish bayonet jabbed at us from the dark.

Finally we reached the arroya. I twisted a piece of handkerchief around a long gash on my salary hand before we began the agonizing crawl once more. Closer and closer we crept to the bandit camp and then the commander of our outfit passed the whisper back to halt where we were.

I rested my camera and snuggled down into a cactus bed.

The first gray streaks of dawn began to smear across the sky. I could distinguish the bulky form of Sergeant Noyes just ahead of me. Then I made out the

ugly figure of a horned toad between the two of us. It seemed almost light enough to shoot, although I was content to wait.

Yet that wait was a heart-breaker. There I was on the edge of real “action” at last. Also, I was on the firing line for the first time. I tried to imagine which I cherished most, my life or the picture.

“Sh-h-h!” hissed Sergeant Noyes.

I had quite unconsciously been praying. Praying and watching the funny little horned toad between Sergeant Noyes and myself.

“Where’s that bugle?” whispered someone querulously.

“Sh-h-h!” hissed Sergeant Noyes.

The sun began to cut through the clouds. It was almost light enough for pictures. I licked my lips and prayed and looked at the horned toad. The horned toad seemed smaller. The sun rose higher.

“Where’s that bugle?” demanded a whisper behind me.

“Please God,” I prayed, “let me get this picture and don’t let me get shot. And don’t let any of these boys I have ridden and suffered with get shot. But please God, let me get this picture.”

Sergeant Noyes’ big hand went out slowly and closed over the horned toad. He tucked it in his breast pocket solemnly.

“Where’s that bugle?” insisted the voice in back of me.

“Sh-h-h!” Noyes hissed again.

“Please God, let me get this picture,” I mumbled. “Oh, God, just let me get some real action. Some real action. God—”

The bugle!

Clear and sweet came the call.

Charge!

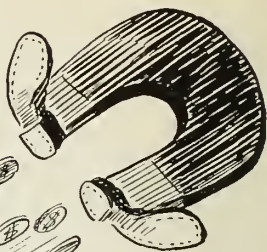
(Continued on page 142)



A PICTUREVIEW WITH CHARLES CHAPLIN;

MR. CHARLES CHAPLIN

MR. CHAPLIN CALLS HIS FUNNY CLOTHES HIS "SALARY" — HE SAYS, "OH, I JUST WEAR ANY OLD PAIR OF BOOTS."



“ FEET AND THE MAN ” IN
BY GEORGE BERNARD SHAW
PRICES 2.00 TO 5.00

“ BUT OH! THE TRAGEDY OF ALWAYS HAVING TO BE FUNNY !! ”

— HIS AMBITION IS TO PLAY IN HIGH CLASS COMEDIES BY PINERO, BARRIE AND SHAW — ON THE STAGE



HEE-HEE-HEE HEE H.

“ ACORNS ”
SUBTLE STUFF.

— “ WHERE DID I GET MY WALK? WELL, SOFT FEET WERE ALWAYS THE FUNNIEST THINGS IN THE WORLD TO ME — ”

ENGLISH

I HAVE IT!!



HE GETS MOST OF HIS IDEAS AROUND NINE P.M. IF THE MUSE DOES NOT WORK BY THAT TIME HE IS “ PANIC STRICKEN. ”

— “ WHEN I AM THINKING OUT MY PLOTS I LIKE TO WALK IN THE CROWDS DOWN TOWN. ”



St. Valentine and the Picture Master

By Douglas Turney



THE greatest motion-picture producer of them all (each of the hundred or more of him will, upon due application, promptly identify himself through proper credentials, i. e., notices from newspapers in which he advertises) glanced at the calendar.

The date really meant nothing to him as a date—with his plant and his company of artists, he could reproduce any past date in the world's history or forecast any date to come whenever he chose.

But he did glance at the calendar, just the same, because he wanted to learn the day of the month.

It was a 1917 model, much to his regret, as the calendar-makers are not so progressive as the automobile-manufacturers and have been unable so far to produce a calendar which can be used with safety either two or three years ahead of its year or a dozen years behind.

Be patient—

The part of the calendar at which he glanced was the part which gave all necessary data about the month of February—that is, all necessary to the greatest motion-picture producer of them all, who, incidentally, will hereafter in this chronicle be called the Picture Master. That is what he calls himself to himself and it is only fair, perhaps, to help him to become used to being known so modestly by the public.

On the part of the calendar upon which the Picture Master gazed, he noticed three red-letter—or, rather, red-figure—days.

They were Lincoln's birthday, Washington's birthday and St. Valentine's Day.

Naturally, he gave his consideration to St. Valentine's Day as the most important. It brought back memories of his youth and of the spectacle he used to make of himself as a sender of comic and, yes, mellow valentines.

He laughed lovingly—(Imagine!)—at the thought of that spectacle which really had given him his start in life as well as the first hint of the great spectacles to follow it.

He still made spectacles—some said still of himself.

And, but, oh yes, he glanced at the calendar!—

"I'll be jiggered!" he exclaimed. "It's at least a month since I turned out a spectacle. I'll have to get one out at once or the public will forget me."

He summoned the captain of his corps of scenario-writers and soon the head plagiarist of the plant (if what amateur writers of scenarios say is true) stood humbly in the presence of the Greatest One, that is, the Picture Master.

"I've been thinking, Shaw," observed the Picture Master, "that it's about time to produce another spectacle. I think we could do something great with St. Valentine's Day. Wasn't there a St. Valentine some time, somewhere, Bernard? You might cram a little on his life and adventures, George, and then work into the scenario a modern romance around valentines—hearts and arrows and cupids and that sort of stuff, you know."

"Yes, my Master, I know," said the captain of the corps, sagittary stuff."

"I guess so," replied the Picture Master, "but don't use any of those French words in the sub-titles."

The next day, the Picture Master again summoned the captain of the corps.

"Well, Shaw," queried the Picture Master, "are you ready for the spectacle?"

"Spectacle!" shouted the captain of the corps, who was of a parliamentary bent and who absent-mindedly thought he had been asked if ready for the "question."

"Yes, spectacle!" testily replied the Picture Master. "And you needn't shout about it, either. I don't want my jealous rivals to know what I'm doing. Are you ready for the newest of the spectacles for the screen-eyed monster—Ha! Ha! Rather good, that! But it's going to be better still when I finish it—spectacles for that screen-eyed monster, the *see-going* public! Ha! Ha!"

(Continued on page 144)

Going Up!

PETE PROPS REAPS THE REWARD
OF VIRTUE AND PATIENCE AND
RISES IN LIFE VIA BALLOON

By Kenneth McGaffey

PPIPE me off; give me de nort an de south—I'm a reglar actor now an am entitled to wear sport shirts, puttees an manicure me finger nails. No more of dis shovin furniture aroun de stage for little Petie. I can loll back an let de oddsers do de work. Of course I don't make so much money—but look at de crust I can put on. Any of dese fresh prop men come up an try to borrow a smoke, I can give em a bust in de jaw. I got a dressin room, grease paint an all de comforts of home. Of course I ain't been given no howdy-doods, or introductions, but I had nearly a close-up an heaved me chest an trew a cigarette on de floor like a real star. As soon as I learn what to do wid me hands, I'll run Francis X. an J. Warren ragged.

It all happened in de funniest way you ever seen. It was in dis pitcher, "De Circus Goil's Romance." Little Lizzie was de child of a saw dust circle an Handsome Clarence is de brave guy in de red tights dat does de balloon ascension an parachute drop. Dey had an awful time pickin out what job wid de circus Lizzie was to play.

Knowin how she was always chewin de rag, I suggested a iron jaw act an all I get is a bawl out for me idear. Den I told em she oughter do a animal act dat she an de odder elephants would go well togedder,

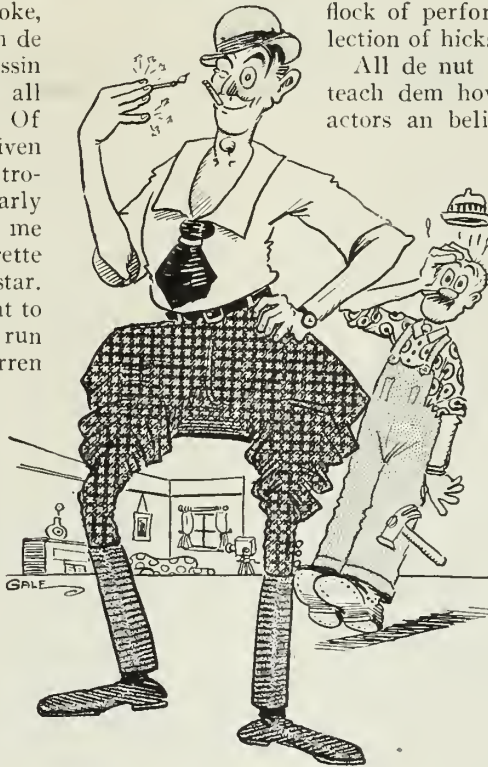
but it was finally decided dat she was to do a high school act wid a long ridin skoit an a white whip.

De nut director scouts aroun de community an finally digs up a little one ring wagon show dat was findin de goin kinda heavy. an rents it for de fillum. Dey comes over to de lot, de whole flock of em. A bum elephant, a couple of camels dat had lost a lot of dere upholsterin, an a flock of performers. De greatest collection of hicks I ever see.

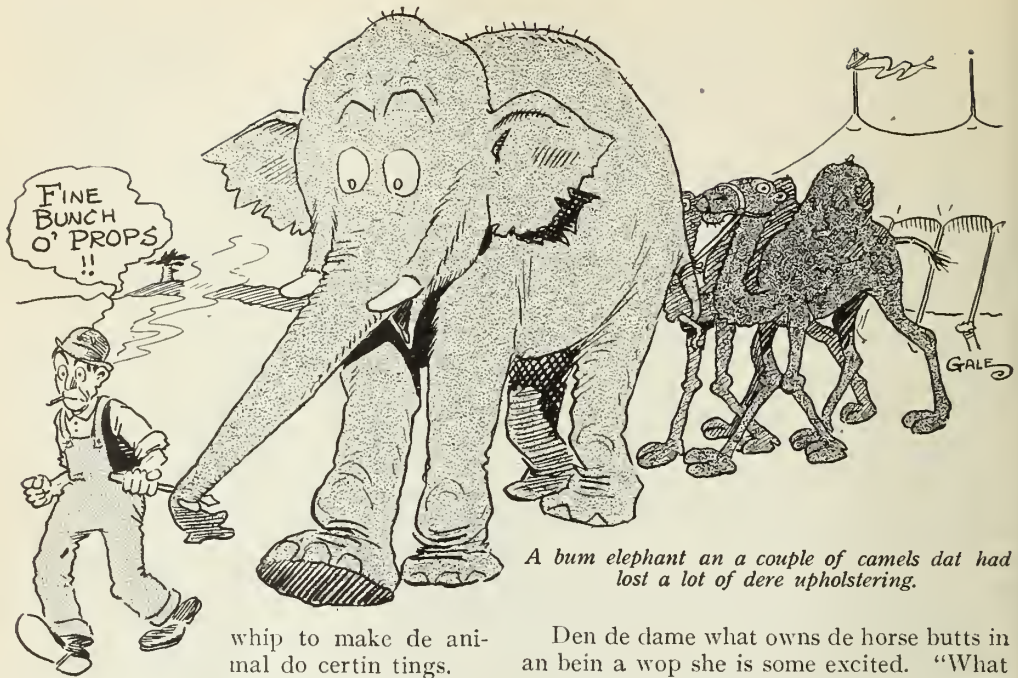
All de nut director has to do is to teach dem how to be motion pitcher actors an believe me, gettin de boys

out of de trenches is a pastime compared to dat. Also Handsome Clarence an Lizzie has a deatless feud on an was murderin each odder right an left. Tell you how good it was. Dey was countin camera crank turns in de close-ups so to see dat one didn't get more footage dan de odder. So you can see dat what wid a punko scrip, de nut director was havin a large an pleasant time. Clarence has de time of his life watchin Lizzie an de trick horse, cause her scenes were taken foist. But you should have saw Lizzie get back at him. Lizzie is

supposed to be de lady what comes in in de high wheeled cart an has de horse waltz, lay down an do a lot of fancy stunts. De goil what handled de horse for de trick told her just where to touch him wid de



Pipe me off—give me de nort an de South—I am a regular actor now an am entitled to wear sport shirts, puttees an manicure me finger nails.



A bum elephant an a couple of camels dat had lost a lot of dere upholstering.

whip to make de animal do certin tings.

Well, Lizzie gets her cues bawled up an when she comes dashin into de ring wid de camera grindin merrily away, she starts to give de horse de cue to waltz but instead she slips him de high sign to play dead an down he flops.

Say! To see Lizzie go troo de air you would have tought she had been shot out of a cannon. Wid her long dresses an everyting she looked like a comet. De only ting dat kept her from breakin her neck was her lighting on de mattress dey use to jump off de elephants on to, dat some careless jay had left layin in de way. Clarence sees dis an gets his hair all mussed up laughin. When dey dig Lizzie outa de straw she lams Clarence givin her de titter an believe me, if England ever looked at Germany dat way, de Kaiser would trow up bot hands an quit. Right away she lays all de blame on Clarence.

"Dat brute tripped up de poor little horse," she says, pointing her finger at de gay young hero. "Just to crab my scene"—she says. "An" she says, "if I wasn't a lady I would give him a bust in de jaw. As it is, I have to remember my position an only call him a dirty bum."

"Now Miss Glonsgages," says de nut director, tryin to stop de riot, "he didn't have nuttin to do wid it. He was way over on de oder side puttin whitenin on his teeth."

Den de dame what owns de horse butts in an bein a wop she is some excited. "What for you try to keela me Pedro!" she yells. "You give heem de wrong sign an make heem fall down when he shoulda do de cake awalk. You blonde bona head, I give you a slap in de slats."

"Remove dis persons," demands Lizzie, pulling de up stage stuff. "She is annoyin to muh."

"Remova nuttin," screams de wop. "I remova your hair I catch you pullin any more of de comedy on my Pedro," an she starts after Lizzie. It takes de entire crew to get de wop into her dressin room.

By an by dey get Lizzie calmed down an go on wid de scene but she wouldn't do no more trick horse stuff an dey had to fake all dat de next day.

Den dey get to Handsome Clarence. An I am here to tell you dat dey got to him good. Clarence is de guy what goes up in de balloon on de circus grounds every afternoon an he an Lizzie is supposed to be in love. De bandits an nine million dollars in gold is supposed to be hid in de neighborin mounrtains an to get de ten thousand dollar reward Clarence is goin to go up in de balloon, locate de bandits an tell de sheriff an den wid de money he an Lizzie are goin to get married an have a circus of dere own.

Clarence has been up in de air for some time but never before in a balloon.

De idea is to take de scenes before de balloon starts an den run it up a little way on a cable an den use de regular balloon guy for de long shots up in de air. We get Clarence up in de air about fifty feet an tie him off wid de cable an get ready to shoot him off scoutin aroun for de bandits.

I notice Lizzie takin a lot of interest in de procedin, but I didn't see her lean against de rope wid a knife in her hand. I was right dere when de rope parted an just had time to get hold of de end of it before it jerked out of sight. I wasn't worryin about Handsome Clarence (aldo he slipped me for savin his life) what I was worryin about was havin to build de fires all over again if de balloon got lost an we had to fill her up again.

Zip—we go up in de air wid a rush an Clarence sittin on de trapeze yellin bloody murder an me hangin on to de bum end of de rope fifty feet below. I was sucker enough to tink dat I could hold it to de ground an den was too scared to let go.

Well, I shins up de rope an sits on de trapeze wid Clarence. Say dat guy was scared blue. All he could do was to hang on an part of de time I had to put me arm aroun him to keep him from pokin a hole in de ground something like a mile below.

Gee! Here we was way up in de air—nowhere to go an nutting to drink. Den I remembered dat de balloon guy had told me dat when he wanted to come down in de parachute he pulled a little rope—an dere was a little rope hangin right under me beazer so just for luck I gives it a yank.

Zowie!! We dropped like a ton of bricks. Clarence passed out entirely. I was just tryin to remember what comes after "Now I lay me" when de umbrella ting

opened up an we went floatin down like a couple of lil angels. Dey had de machine on us as we got near de ground so when we landed I picked Clarence off de pole an carried him out.

Say! You would have thought I was Mary Pickford. De nut director slapped me on de back an told me where I could get a drink. Lizzie smiled at me an I

had a grand time. Den dey told me de news. While I was up in de air de nut director had rewrote de story an made me de poor but honest hero, an Clarence de villun. De villun starts to escape by balloon wid Lizzie's papers which were to make her de heiress to vast estates when up dashes I—grabs de end of de rope—shins up it, and after a desprit struggle in mid air, I returns de poipers to Lizzie an gets de reward for coppin de villun. Dey had caught all de stuff wid de camera.

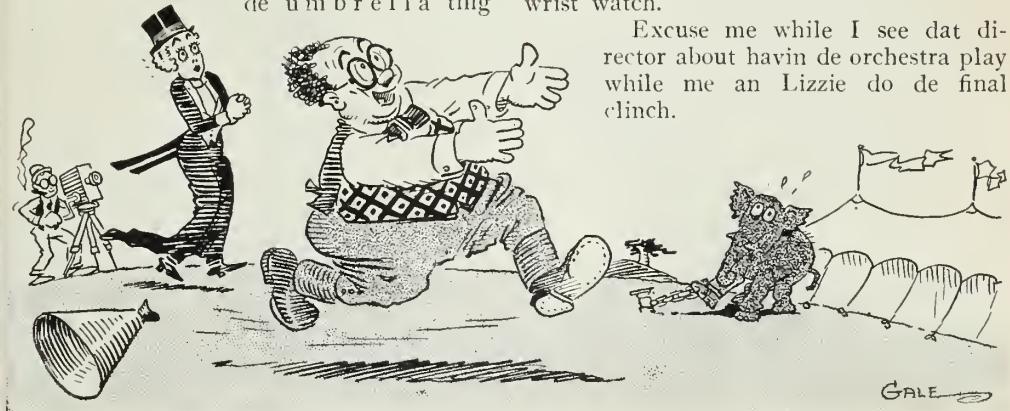
Maybe dem lads in de prop room wasn't sore when dey heard I had been promoted. I made one of dem chase up to de corner an get me a good five cent cigar before I would go on wid de scene.

Dis being a actor is expensive, though. I got to save up now for a dress suit an a wrist watch.

Excuse me while I see dat director about havin de orchestra play while me an Lizzie do de final clinch.



I was just tryin to remember what comes after "Now I lay me" when de umbrella ting opened an we went floatin down like a couple of lil angels.



I AM THE MOTION PICTURE!

By JULIAN JOHNSON

I AM the Motion Picture.

My feet flounder in the clay, but my head is above the clouds, and my eyes are with the stars.

I am the friend of the humble, the servant of the scholar, the jester of the wise. I am youth to the aged, a gateway to the imprisoned, adventure to the indolent, love to the lonely, forgetfulness to the sorrowing, calm to the impatient, rest to the weary.

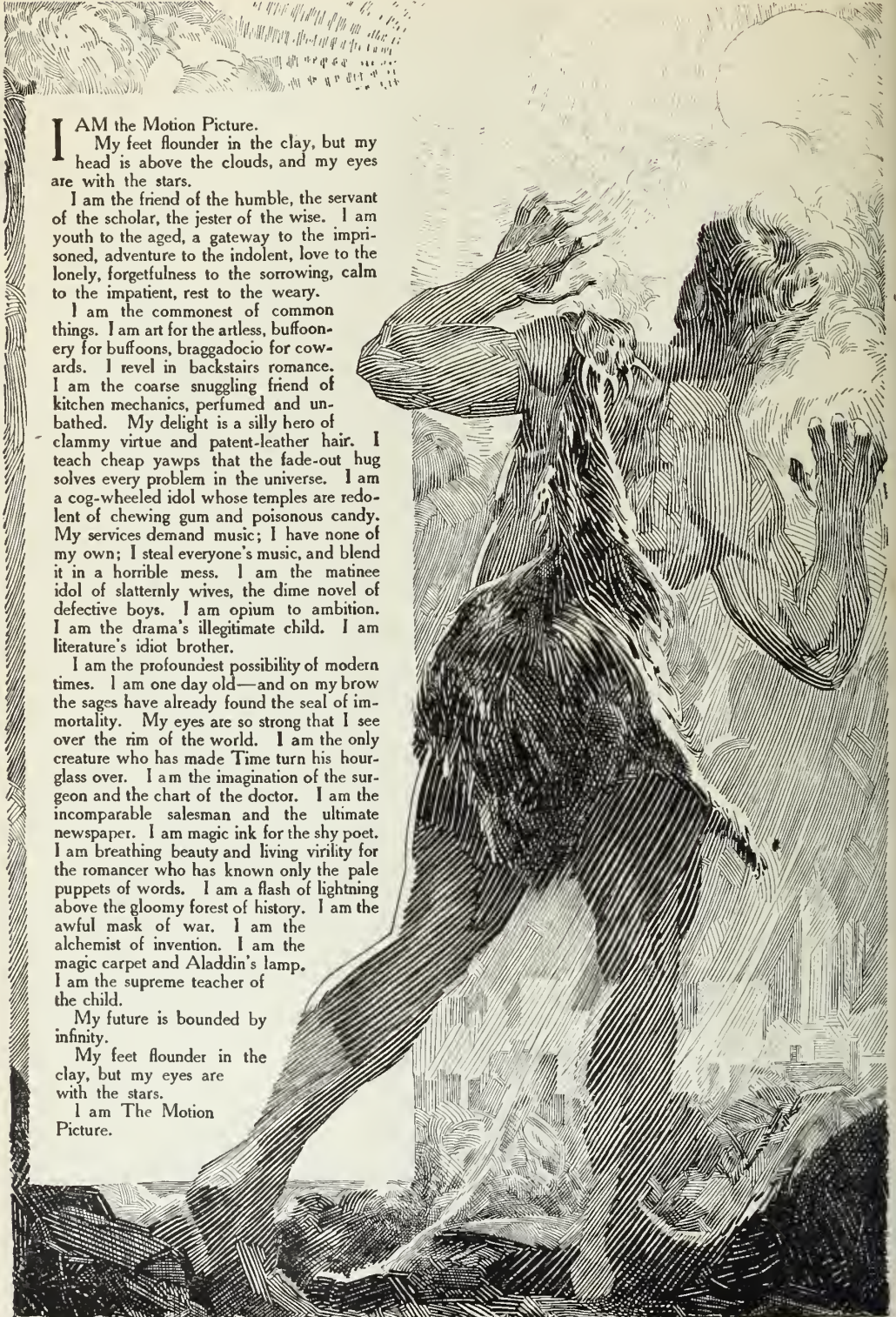
I am the commonest of common things. I am art for the artless, buffoonery for buffoons, braggadocio for cowards. I revel in backstairs romance. I am the coarse snuggling friend of kitchen mechanics, perfumed and un-bathed. My delight is a silly hero of clammy virtue and patent-leather hair. I teach cheap yawps that the fade-out hug solves every problem in the universe. I am a cog-wheeled idol whose temples are redolent of chewing gum and poisonous candy. My services demand music; I have none of my own; I steal everyone's music, and blend it in a horrible mess. I am the matinee idol of slatternly wives, the dime novel of defective boys. I am opium to ambition. I am the drama's illegitimate child. I am literature's idiot brother.

I am the profoundest possibility of modern times. I am one day old—and on my brow the sages have already found the seal of immortality. My eyes are so strong that I see over the rim of the world. I am the only creature who has made Time turn his hour-glass over. I am the imagination of the surgeon and the chart of the doctor. I am the incomparable salesman and the ultimate newspaper. I am magic ink for the shy poet. I am breathing beauty and living virility for the romancer who has known only the pale puppets of words. I am a flash of lightning above the gloomy forest of history. I am the awful mask of war. I am the alchemist of invention. I am the magic carpet and Aladdin's lamp. I am the supreme teacher of the child.

My future is bounded by infinity.

My feet flounder in the clay, but my eyes are with the stars.

I am The Motion Picture.



C L O S E - U P S

EDITORIAL EXPRESSION AND TIMELY COMMENT

In Re Butler & Club.

THE persistence of that obsequious ass, the butler, is inexplicable. In the early days of motion pictures, shadowgraphy was a diversion intended mainly for the thoughtless humble, whose interest in the doings of Lord Swank, Lady Gink and their gargoylish servants forever transcends their liking for the affairs of life, presented with no matter what power or fineness. But pictures have passed the boob stage. Not every seat in the picture theatre has gum under it today. Ladies and gentlemen of wealth, and ladies and gentlemen who have no wealth at all, have interested themselves in the electric pantomime. The ignoramus, either gold-plated or in rags, is no longer played up to. And still the butler goes on, and on, and on, like the procession of the seasons. He appears in farm-houses, and in the homes of clerks; he stiffens every social function; he is a valet to the garden species of college boy; and an old hen to the college boy's mother; the mahster is not allowed to dip his own soup; the next-door neighbor, dropping in for a shot of pinochle, is asked for his card. The bachelor is not allowed to hang his own pants in his own closet, and the business man cannot put away or get his coat and hat when he exits or enters. Motion picture service in real life would make half the self-reliant Americans murderers and drive the other half nutty. Why does this infernal nuisance persist?

The "club," with its inevitable bevy of chortling young male sopranos in Tuxedos, is another ghastly paraphrase of a comfortable and kindly American institution where formality and boiled shirts are the exception rather than the rule.

They all do it, from Abe Gonuff, the new Pazazas directorial marvel, to Lois Weber.



The Movie Barometer.

AN audit of the books of the Mitchell Mark corporation, a huge exhibitor concern owning and operating the New York Strand and many other Eastern theatres, shows that photoplay patronage during the last quarter of 1916, as compared with the same period in 1915, had an increase of from 12 to 20 percent.

Mr. Mark owns theatres in New York state. Other reports show that patronage is at high tide in the country dominated by Minneapolis and St. Paul, excellent through the Middle West, comparatively quiet in Philadelphia and Pennsylvania, constantly rising in the South, generally strong on the Atlantic seaboard, and at low ebb in San Francisco and Los Angeles. This is a natural reaction from an enormous overlay of years, in which the cities went picture-mad—perhaps by reason of the proximity of the people who made them. We believe that there is a distinct connection between Pennsylvania disinterest and the inquisitorial censorship of that State, which

has sufficed not to protect morals, but to destroy interesting performances sometimes of genuinely artistic merit.

However—we hazard a guess that you don't know where the world's banner territory lies; it's New England. Here is a great district vividly characterized by an energetic distributor as "a region of intensive cultivation." It is very like the farm lands of northern France, save that instead of rich soil, the photoplay-seller finds people, people everywhere, with the outlying boundaries of communities almost overlapping, and big cities so close that the exhibitors—for instance, in the State of Massachusetts—are constantly in touch with each other, go from town to town to see each other's pictures, assemble frequently, are easily drawn toward a center for big showings, and are in a much better position to know what's going on than their widely separated brothers of the West. Rich as New York and Chicago are in movie interests, New England far outclasses them.

Reports of substantial increases in business do not mean corresponding increases in the exhibitor's profits. Your showman has had to pay out much more money in 1916—and that not so much in increased rental for films, as in increased cost of operating, and the constant pressure on the part of the cheap exhibitor to give a huge show for a little money. Movies are the cheapest staple in the market today. The cost of luxuries and necessities alike has abated, but the cost of motion pictures—to *you*—has not gone ahead in any substantial way. Not even justly. Many a show you see for a dime or fifteen cents should be retailed at a quarter of a dollar.



"Personality"
Pictures.

HERE is an untouched field.

If the personalities of big men and unusual women are fit subjects for magazine exploitation and profound books and illustrated Sunday supplements, why aren't they vital screen topics?

Wouldn't *you* like to see a characteristic one-reeler of Steinmetz, the electric wizard? Or of Anne Morgan, daughter of the great Pierpont and tremendously energetic public servant? Or of Frank Vanderlip, the Chicago reporter who became an emperor of finance, at home and in his office? Or of Frederick Funston, *notre Joffre* if we fell into war?

Men who are really doing things are generally a bit annoyed by printed personalities, but he or she who stands for the Sunday story and the magazine parableist would surely stand for silent camera, which asks only to tell the unvarnished truth—as the space writer seldom does.



Sunday Movies,
Winning.

THE battle for Sunday motion pictures is on and is being fought out in New York State. The recent court decision there against Sabbath film play was a blessing in disguise; it brought the boil to a head, and it is being thoroughly picked by practiced pickers.

While the worthy but medieval Bishop Mouzon of Oklahoma was, in a recent Methodist Episcopal conference, condemning all film plays as "damnable and immoral," a large group of New York state

ministers were, over their signatures, arguing vociferously for the Sunday picture exhibition as an educator, a recreation and a relaxation for the laboring man. A preacher who does this is an honest fellow; speaking toughly, he's one square guy, arguing as he is in opposition to his own entertainment. *He* is predestined to attract and enlighten on the Sabbath, and to stamp Sunday pictures with approval indicates breadth and charity that few laymen possess.

The Mayor of New York City is thundering in the public prints against the blue laws, and the Mayor of Syracuse has laconically defied them.



**Feeding Hash
to the Eagle.**

AN indication of the enduring infancy of the film business is the reiterated avowal of many manufacturers to use as scenario bases only dramas or novels of established repute. This seems to us much like the settling-back of the rich man's son who waits confidently for an inheritance; someone else toiled in advance, and he is in a way to get the benefits—why should he make personal endeavors? Film manufacturing is even more a trade than the theatre, and in all trades the tradesmen are willing to "let George do" the pioneering. Most business men are like sheep following the bell-wether, save that now and then some particularly restless business man elects to be the bell-wether, pioneer George—or whatever you wish to call him. To such a one comes, not infrequently, the eventual big reward; whereupon he is described by all his associates as "lucky," a man of opportunity, made not by his own efforts, but by the moment in which fate thrust him.

To deny the aspirations of original authorship is to put the film tomorrow in a big black box and throw the key away. The dreariest task of the world's publishers is the ceaseless hunt for the atom of talent in the cubic yard of chaff; but it is a task resembling the placer miner's quest: the thrill of discovery is the zest that makes living worth while, and the means of living come in the collectoral aftermath. Had they sat at editorial desks the film makers who peremptorily refuse original material would have kept Rudyard Kipling at police reporting, Booth Tarkington would never have been heard of outside Indiana, and Robert Louis Stevenson would have been gathered in by the chill mists of Scotland long before "Treasure Island." Had these gentlemen been theatrical managers George Broadhurst would today be a drear gray clerk on the Chicago Board of Trade, Bayard Veiller still a forty-dollar advance agent, J. M. Barrie, peterpanless, a quaint Highland humorist known nowhere outside his books.

The photoplay is a new eagle in the artistic bird cage. How long must it eat hash?



**On the
Other Hand—**

THERE are two sides to everything except a woman's argument. As the question of original authorship is hardly a feminine discussion, hear a well-known manager state the producer's side of the case.

"A popular play"—says he—"has an impetus. From the selling point of view it is already in motion. The most tremendous advertising campaign possible is already finished—free!

The American public is a collection of advertisement patrons, and a successful play is sold in pictures before a single foot of film is exposed; I speak figuratively. A very successful novel is not less popular, though between the fairly successful play and the fairly successful novel we would choose the former. If I were to produce an original work of Shakespearean genius by the unknown young John Smith, and, in an adjoining theatre offer a passable adaptation of Robert W. Chambers—well, my Chambers 'turnaway' might bring the Smith picture a comfortable intake, but no more. That is one reason big directors, in producing original entertainments of full evening length, have turned to spectacle. Not one of them has dared tell a simple, brand-new story of every-day life in more than five reels. I quote no past history; witness, running today, 'Intolerance,' 'The Daughter of the Gods,' and 'Joan the Woman.'

"The proverbial stupidity of the average free-lance writer grows more and more proverbial. In thousands of manuscripts, carefully read in my office, we have discovered only trash and repetitions of old ideas.

"One big, hydra-headed producing organization has, for one year, made a deliberate, studied attempt to present original pieces and little else. Profitably speaking, this has been a flat failure; artistically, many of their pictures have been superb.

"These are facts. Now, if you were a manufacturer, what would *you* do?"

We are not a manufacturer and we can't answer, but we believe this: that the supreme photoplay triumph will be an original modern drama of few characters, little scenery—and vivid life! Who'll do the first of these surely-coming things?



Japan
Substantiates
Mr. Pike.

SAID Daniel Voorhees Pike, in "The Man from Home:"
"Folks is pretty much the same, in Kokomo and Pekin."

Japan goes far to substantiate Mr. Pike. A nationwide censorship of motion pictures has been established, and we observe that the ears of the regulating donkey are just as long in Yeddo as in Columbus. The trappings and the suits of wickedness are eschewed with true Pharasaic vigor, but it is doubtful if the spirit of evil, which is as intangible as the spirit of good, will be in the least perturbed by a set of proscriptions so barbarically ingenuous that they might have been written in Chicago, New York or Philadelphia.

The *thou-shalt-not-show* edict in Nippon extends to:

Films reflecting on the persons or prestige of the royal family.

Films which teach criminal methods.

Films which show opposition to authority, or the defeat of authority. For instance—this is just our presumption—a victory over the censors.

Films which might arouse low passions.

Films which show bad persons winning success.

A pair of prohibitions not so devoid of sagacity prevent the showing of excessive penalties on convicts—give us this day our daily electric chair, prays the American peace-eater—and the exhibition of pictures which might lead children into mischief or viciousness.

NO LONGER DOES SHE MOURN BELSHAZZAR



She was the Princess Beloved of Babylon's ruler in "Intolerance," this Seena Owen of the movies, who once was Signe Aven, a name they thought unpronounceable. In private life she is Mrs. George Walsh.

What Next—?

IT ISN'T "WHAT IS COMING NEXT?"
IT'S "WHO IS COMING NEXT?" AND
THE ANSWER IS: *THE AUTHOR*

By Harry C. Carr

Decorations by Oscar Bryn

IT would be cruel to hold out false encouragement; but it looks very much as though this poor, disheveled alley cat, the movie author, were at last about to be invited to the party.

It isn't really a question: "What is coming next?" The question is: "Who is coming next?" And the answer is: "The author."

Up to this point, the author has been a bedraggled Cinderella who swept the hearth and fixed the clothes in which the stars went to the party. The director frankly considered him of small importance and regarded the author's scenario as only rough material from which to make up a play.

The "punch play," which was a drama composed by

the director, is gasping its last. With the passing of the punch play, the author is about to rise and tell the director where he belongs.

I take it that the course of movie dramas, since their inception, has been about as follows:

The first picture plays were incidents arranged into plays much as children arrange building blocks or mechanical stick-em-together toys. The directors lived like firemen with their boots by their bed sides. When the fire bell rang, they hustled a camera out to the scene and "took" the fire. If the fire looked pretty good in the negative, they made up the story afterward by injecting a heroine and a couple of handy-sized villains. No river could have a nice peaceable flood; no railway locomotive could enjoy a wreck without being libeled afterward on the screen.

The demand for plays being greater than the supply of floods and fires, picture people began making pictures in the studios.

At this period, most of the photo plays were cheap melodrama. Their manner of birth was as weird as their plots. Some of them were made up by the directors; some were written by kept scenario writers; others were sent in by outside writers. These contributing authors were a fearful and wonderful collection. Two of the most successful of that day were a night watchman and a train dispatcher. An office boy in a Los Angeles newspaper ran them a close third.

There was considerable merit in them—to tell the truth. They had all the "kick" of the Nick Carter dime novels of our youthful days.

This was the beginning of the "director" plays. What I call a "director's play" is what they call on the stage an "actor's play." In the mind of an actor, there isn't the slightest reason why a cannibal head hunter can-

not leave a will to be stolen by a villain; no reason why Hamlet, if he happens to have a good voice, cannot with perfect propriety sing the latest New York success "Look Out, White Man: I'll Haunt You When I'm Dead" while talking to the ghost of his father.

The actor argues that consistency is a paste jewel: that the people come to be thrilled and it doesn't matter how you bring the thrills in. The main thing is to have 'em there. The majority of the early-day directors were actors. Hence the punch play.

The last two years—especially 1916—have witnessed a duel between the punch play and a pioneer who is timidly dipping in his oar.

The crop of 1916 has consisted of punch plays, dramatized novels, spectacles and a new kind of play to be discussed hereafter.

You can tell a punch play on sight. When a girl comes walking blithely in with a sun bonnet and a happy little skip, you know everything else that is going to happen. A villain with patent leather shoes is coming from the city and will elope with her. And they are going to elope in an automobile that comes down a long white road seen through an arch of the trees. After which the lady is due to return with an illegitimate child in her arms; peek through the windows at night and be forgiven by her yokel lover. This is the fate of every young lady with a sun bonnet.

You know that every gentleman with a tough looking moustache and a cigarette is due to chase the heroine around the room, kicking over chairs, at length to wrestle her around in his arms with the evident intention of eating her, judging from the way he gobbles at her fair young face.

The hero also gives you fair warning because, upon seeing the fair young heroine for the first time, he gives his chest a mighty heave; gives a bright smile and begins winking his eyes in a happy and an imated manner. I never could understand the reason for these winks; but anyhow that's the way the hero of the punch play always does. His cardiacal excitement always manifests itself upon first seeing the lady of his new born love by blinking like a very happy owl.

Although it is a little off the subject, there is one other feature of motion picture plays that fills me with wonder and

amazement. This is the way the heroine accepts the hero's proposal. For some extraordinary reason, after a moment of sweet hesitation, the lady suddenly yields and butts headfirst into the hollow of the hero's shoulder. Although rather tedious on the screen, in real life I think this custom would induce constancy in love. None except the most robust heroes could stand being

nanny goated this way many times in succession.

This is all director-made stuff. It is doomed.

TWO or three small veins opened up during the past year promise great things for the coming year.

From one of these veins has been mined the Douglas Fairbanks satires, written by Miss Anita Loos. Satire is an advanced form of literature. It is the signal that the movie play has advanced to a point where plays never again can be made up by directors "as they go along."

Her satire on Newport Society ("American Aristocracy") is perhaps the greatest stride movie literature has made.

Until this little girl came along with these subtle comedies, movie fun, apart from the Sennett comics, was deadly serious. You were always given fair warning that it was to be funny. Movie comedies were told as jokes are told in British newspapers. "A frightfully comic incident happened yesterday on the Strand." etc.

The satire heralds the arrival of the author.

I said they took two directions—these veins. The other vein is being mined by the practiced dramatists and authors recently drawn into movie literature, and by a few men who have been evolved by the movies themselves. The nuggets taken from this vein are real "characters."



Up to the present time, movie plays have never dealt with actual characters. They have been much like the old morality plays of the Middle Ages. They dealt with moral elements. Every movie hero is just the same. He is not an actual character. He is personified nobility. The villain has no actual character: he is vice. The heroine is merely the screen upon which these two conflicting elements combat one another. Movie plays have, until now, consisted of an endless array of incidents showing the conflict between vice and virtue.

The first play I ever saw in which the theme departed from this duel and ascended into a world of real characters was a small one act flash by Mr. Gardner Sullivan of the Ince Company. It was called "The Passing of Two-Gun Kicks." To my mind, it is the best scenario so far written.

It is clear that plays of this type—real drama with real characters—are not to be written by office boys, or train dispatchers; nor are they to be produced without a scenario by a director who starts out with a company of actors in an automobile and makes up the play as he goes along.

IT seems to go without saying that if the old time punch play is to give way to more subtle plays written by men practiced in writing that more subtle directing, more subtle light effects, and more subtle acting must be used to put them on the screen. Any actor can play the part of a villain or a hero; but it takes brains and thought to delineate characters who "aint no thin red heroes, who aint no blackguards too," but are living, breathing individuals like any other individuals who ever lived or ever will: to show on the screen, in short, an actual identity facing the problems of actual living.

What changes of method will be necessary to bring about this delicacy?

In seeking the answer to this question I have talked with most of the big directors and producers in the movie business. I got much from every one; but I got most from William De Mille of the Lasky Company. What follows are partly his ideas and partly mine, with the accent on "his."

De Mille thinks that the movie drama has come to the parting of the ways. Hereafter it will advance in two directions: the inti-

mate drama of character; the big spectacle.

The experience of Mr. Griffith with "Intolerance" has driven most movie magnets into a panic over big spectacles. Nevertheless the spectacle will survive. The trouble with Intolerance was its departure from the laws of drama. A spectacle is only permissible if it is subsidiary to character development. In other words, the San Francisco earthquake has no right to be shown on the screen as a mere spectacle. As an event that brought about a crisis in the affairs of a certain character, it is dramatically correct. The story must dominate the events; the events have no dramatic right to dominate the characters. The fatal error of Intolerance was that, in the great Babylonian scene, you didn't care which side won. It was just a great show.

DURING the coming year, there will doubtless be a paucity of spectacles because of the alarm that now grips the producers: but before the year is through they will be at work on bigger and more gorgeous spectacles than ever.

The intimate drama will have a chance of great development along the lines suggested. During the past five years the movies have shown more development than the spoken drama showed in the last 100 years. Because they are now on the right track at last, there will be less advance that is obvious to the naked eye. The prospecting stage is past. The year 1917 will see them slowly milling the gold.

De Mille's opinion is that a real movie dramatist is very likely to be produced before the year is through. As it is now, the best picture companies are producing plays written by men with experience in writing for the spoken stage.

It is not at all certain, however, that the movie Shakespeare whose advent is predicted by the prophetic Mr. De Mille will have any spoken plays on his record. The Lasky scenario staff consists exclusively of



men and women who have put over at least one Broadway success. But only because they have studied the laws of dramatics are they in pictures.

The writer of the spoken drama bears the same relation to the movie play that the driver of a stationary engine does to an automobile chauffeur. They may not know the screen; but at least they know the laws of dramatic construction.

The truth is, what we call the "remarkable evolution of the movie play" is really nothing but the education of men and women who had never studied the theory of dramaturgies.

By a long slow evolution, certain Greek dramatists discovered certain dramatic principles and passed them to the French and English dramatists who passed them on to us. The movie pioneers might have learned all this from books; but they learned it instead, as the dramatists of old learned—from experience.

The whole long cycle of the growth of dramatic art has been paced by the movie people in ten years. The rapidity of this cycle is due to the fact that the average director of a movie company has actually produced three times as many plays as the pioneers of dramatic art ever heard of in their whole lives. So they have learned from experimenting what they might have learned about dramatic principles from study. Having learned these basic principles, they are now ready to begin in good earnest.

Until lately, the director has had a free hand in his own productions. The script of the despised author was nothing but a ground work for him to use as a suggestion. The De Milles have changed this procedure. In the Lasky Company a director gets his script with the most minute directions. From this he is not allowed to depart.

The director is not the court of highest resort any more. He stands—and will stand to a great extent in the future—as the collaborator with the dramatist.

The dramatist supplies the plot and action and busi-

ness in its entirety. The director supplies the unspoken dialogue. To the extent to which he gets his actors away from the old stale methods of the hero who heaves and winks and the heroine who butts does he replace bromidical dialogue by crisp, unconventional "lines."

In the furtherance of this thought, it is evident that the coming year will show great strides in the art of stage lighting.

De Mille's idea is that the movie of the future will resemble a series of paintings rather than a series of photographs.

The point and purpose of this is plain. By the device of composition and lights and shades, the painting is able to guide the eye to the point to which the painter wishes to call attention: also by his colors to fix the mental tone of his picture.

This power to suggest by light and shade is enormous in its possibilities. On the spoken stage they have begun to realize it.

A scene of poverty is more strikingly suggested by a stage setting of bleak gray than by any collection of dilapidated clothes and broken furniture.

JUST so there are persons—and I am one of them—to whom Friday always seems white; Wednesday pale blue; Thursday a mixed brown and so on. So emotions have lights and shades as well as color.

Now here is the point: Where the movie drama lacks the stage's subtlety of words to convey

(Continued on page 146)





LOUISE, A CELLULOID LORELEI

Two days after Miss Glaum's sartorial cyclone was imprisoned in a camera the poor peacock died of jealousy.

How much is your life worth to you? How much *more* would it be worth if you knew that you were soon to lose it?



"Have a care for tomorrow, Raymond Von Seer, for you are fated to be injured, out-of-doors."

The Mysterious Mrs. M.

By Constance Severance

RAYMOND VON SEER, not much over twenty, sound of body, presumably sane, and possessed of enough money to pay off a Balkan principality's indebtedness, wondered how he could get out of the dreary task of living in a graceful and unaccustomed manner.

There was the rub. Von Seer hated the commonplaceness of things. It was commonplace to eat, to talk, to walk, to sleep, to play—but it was even more commonplace to commit suicide. Von Seer pictured his ghost, full of satiric laughter through eternity over a self-made finish! So, having

no mind to live or die, he sat before the fireplace of his club apartment in the middle of a perfectly wonderful afternoon, drew the shades, and gave his rooms the look of an undertaking establishment during the visit of a rich customer.

While Von Seer was distressed with the actualities of being, his mental agonies were by no means so acute as those of Green, his man. Von Seer was not a dawdler nor a weakling nor a luxuriant, but his people had always had men, and Green, as a youth, had served his father. Raymond inherited him, and, negatively,

considered him indispensable, just as we consider watch-fobs and scarf-pins indispensable. Green, now more than fifty years of age, nursed his miserable remnant of life as a miner guards a candle-end when lost in a drift; and that Von Seer, whose life was the splendor of a grand illumination, should consider the thing worth nothing—Green feared for Von Seer's sanity as a father fears for the safety of a little lost child.

In his distress Green appealed to Banks and Browning, Raymond's pals.

"He's been thrown by a Jane, and he's off everything," ruminated Banks, not without certain personal recollections.

"Get out!" contradicted the more material Browning. "It's his liver. Make him live in the open a month and eat hard grub, and you'll see a lad who'll be afraid to sleep for fear of missing something."

The love-diagnostician and the exponent of erratic inwards not agreeing, they put the thing up to Von Seer himself. Browning asked what he had been drinking, and Banks asked her name.

"Both wrong," responded Von Seer, with an Edgar Allan Poe smile. "I haven't been stung by wine or women, but by life itself. You fellows are fortunate in that you can't or won't think—"

"Banks can't, and I won't," interposed Browning.

"—about the miserable futility of existence. I shave this morning knowing that I shall be just as smutty-faced tomorrow morning. I eat my breakfast knowing that I shall be hungry in a few hours. I go out feeling hearty and husky, and at night I shall be tired enough to drop down anywhere. If I get married my wife will presently be an old story and I shan't care for her. If I see a tottering, toothless, senile old man in the street I have only to count the years until I shall be just like him. I know that I carry a grinning skeleton with me always as a reminder of death."

"Life is a merry little entertainment for you, isn't it?" remarked Browning,

presently. "Why don't you get a coffin to sleep in, like Bernhardt?"

"I shall have one soon enough," replied Von Seer, gently.

"Brrrr!" exclaimed Banks, shivering, and doing a dance step. "My finish may be chasing me, too, but I warn it it'll have to fox-trot to catch me. I'm going to beat it out of your ice house before I get pneumonia!"

Though Banks and Browning forgot the purple sadness of their comrade in an especially boisterous burlesque show, Green didn't forget. And he brought the matter even more vigorously to their attention the following day.

"THE MYSTERIOUS MRS. M."

THIS narrative is from the Bluebird Photoplay (based upon a story by Thomas Edgewell) produced by Lois Weber, with the following cast:

Phyllis Woodman. Mary MacLaren
Raymond Von Seer. Harrison Ford
Mrs. Musslewhite. Evelyn Selby
Dr. Woodman. Frank Brownlee
Green. Willis Marks
Browning. Bertram Grassby
Banks. Charles H. Mailes

"Oh Mr. Banks, sir!" he moaned, "Mr. Von Seer stood half the night by the open window, looking down into the street. I know he'll have nerve enough to jump tonight!"

"Very messy way," ruminated Browning, nudging Banks and narrowly watching Green. "We mustn't let him do that. Now a nice little bottle of

prussic acid, say—"

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" wailed the non-comprehending servant, fading out of the picture.

"Kidding aside, old Ray is in a funk and we've got to lift him some way; it's just in such moods that people really do those damphool stunts!" Banks spoke. Browning's grin faded. He agreed. Together, they hunted the switch which should divert Von Seer's black train of thought into the sunshine.

At the hour of their visit the day before, the pair invaded the sepulchral chamber where Von Seer sat hopefully awaiting an earthquake, a cyclone, or any kindly obliterating catastrophe.

"I don't give a curse for your mood!" howled Banks, dragging him from his chair. "Browning and I have found the sensation of modern times—a fortune-teller who *actually predicts!*"

"Does she do rough laundry for your mother, and carry a rabbit's foot?" scoffed Raymond. "Name's Amanda, Lucinda or Dinah, I suppose?"

"She is a lady of culture, refinement and

profound mystery. She's not in the game for money. She's like the prophetesses of the Old Testament. Dead or alive, you've got to give her the once-over with us."

Because he did not care enough about anything to resist vigorously, Raymond permitted himself to be motored to the home of "The Mysterious Mrs. M. . . ."—the only reference Banks and Browning allowed themselves when endeavoring to speak her name.

In spite of himself, Raymond was a bit taken aback by the surroundings of the alleged seeress. She lived in a pretentious avenue, and her house was an extraordinary dwelling; a combination of Far-East bungalow and Hindoo Temple, with great date palms rising like green fountains in front. An ivory-colored door, like a temple-gate, was swung back by an impressive individual in turban, jewelled jacket and parti-colored trousers. For some moments they stood in the hallway, the strange servant having disappeared through jasper-colored portieres at the end of the passage. The fragrance of Oriental incense and sandal-wood weighted the air and spun the senses curiously. Von Seer wondered if he heard or imagined that he

heard, faint, far chimes like tolling temple bells. After a long interval the jasper-portieres suddenly lifted of their own accord, and at the end of an apartment so hung with purple velvet that it seemed black as midnight "the mysterious" was descried. A few silver stars spangled the mournful drapes. Banks and Browning hesitated as if in a momentary fit of superstitious terror. Von Seer, who would have given the devil the right hand of fellowship, walked boldly in. The only light upon the woman was a strange pearly ray of ruddy quality which rushed up from a ball of crystal flame on the floor before her. She looked at once young and profoundly old. There were lines like theatrical make-up about her eyes—deep, furrowed lines that told of sorrowing years and too much knowledge. Banks assembled his nerves and followed valiantly.

"My lady," he began, "permit me to present Mr. —."

"Raymond Von Seer needs no introduction to me, nor I to him!" cried the priestess of illusion in a high, thin, weary voice of indescribable magic and melancholy. "When the warm seas boiled and the mountains were mud billows he was a



Phyllis was tall, slender, wonderfully graceful, and her stubborn chin made a mighty bulwark for her sensitive mouth and gentle eyes.

hideous land-crab and I a poison snake, and we met and fought and died, and our bodies are today a mile beneath the coal of what you momentaries call Pennsylvania."

"Pretty thought," commented Von Seer, satirically. "And as for my name, of course they told you."

"They told me nothing!" rasped the priestess, angrily, bidding him be seated on a chair of heavy teak. Then, the light and her voice fading uncannily together: "Have a care for tomorrow, Raymond Von Seer; have a care for tomorrow, for you are fated to be injured, out of doors. Have a—"

The light and the voice were gone together. The three young men stared at impenetrable blackness.

"Open that door!" called Browning, suddenly frightened. The door opened, silent and unattended. Some light from the hallway came through. In front of Von Seer there was nothing but a little table, and then the funereal purple-black portieres which enshrouded the room; no light from the crystal, no woman. The room was empty.

"Pardon me! I got a date." Banks' voice was curiously unsteady. He jammed his hat over his eyes and strode to the door in correct imitation of an Ethiopian passing a cemetery at night. Browning followed almost as precipitately. Von Seer came behind them, laughing. In seeing their spiritual discomfiture he had forgotten himself for the first time in days.

Absent-mindedly, he ate a substantial dinner, to the great joy of Green, and, immediately afterward, abandoned himself to introspection of a new sort.

Why, he asked himself, had the prediction of this theatrical faker made such an impression upon him? What imp of perversity made him wonder and wonder if some trivial mishap *would* meet up with him on the morrow? After all, he almost believed himself worrying about a possible minor accident when he was quite sure that he would welcome a fatal one.

He fell to thinking of it, and deriding himself, and wondering at outlandishness of clothed bipeds in general; and he didn't



*Dr. Woodman, giving his wrist a final treatment, held th
over hin*

sleep. Then, childishly, he resolved to beat the witch at her own game by not going out of doors at all. Upon which resolution he lost consciousness.

The resolution was water-tight till 4 P. M. Then Green burst into the room, quivering with excitement.

"I think the club is afire, sir!" he sputtered. "There is smoke all through my rooms, smoke coming up the stairs, and I hear a great deal of confusion and uproar—"

"Hear it and enjoy it," returned Von Seer. "I'll sit here till I'm done to a cinder."



by so that her sweet sympathy, her beauty, even the delicate girl-scent of her, flowed
 e a river.

But he didn't. Presently he went to the window, beheld the engines roll up, and was amused at the outcry when he and Green were glimpsed at an upper window.

"Come down, sir! Come down! You're making a spectacle of yourself!"

That settled it. Whatever his resolutions, Von Seer abhorred the self-advertiser. He shifted quietly into his things, and strolled jauntily down the main staircase through choking smoke, Green scrambling crazily after with bundles and bags.

Raymond watched with amusement the jumping and tumbling of these footed worms, each fearing that his worthless car-

cass would suffer some damage. How idiotically they ran about and pushed each other. He—

A coil of rope caught his ankle, and, just across the threshold, he tumbled ludicrously to the street. A ferocious pain stabbed his arm. He realized that his wrist was broken.

"Confound that woman!" he muttered. "She's jinxed me!"

Raymond Von Seer had never been ill, and, with a healthy man's ignorance, he mistrusted all doctors. He knew and revered only the man who brought him into the world. Dr. Woodman, who lived some little distance in the country.

Setting the broken wrist was an easy matter for the middle-aged surgeon, but so many hours had elapsed without attention that Raymond had a pretty case of fever in the injured limb. Dr. Woodman peremptorily ordered him to give up thought of returning to town for several days at least.

Impolite curiosity was not one of Raymond Von Seer's failings, but he wished that Woodman, in a moment of garrulity, would open up and tell him something of his patients—at least, something of the extremely pretty patient whose portrait adorned his desk, his wall, and the office door. And, while he admired the un-

known's face. Raymond despised himself for what he termed an animal's weakness. Here was he, scoffer and unbeliever, doing homage not to a flesh-and-blood girl, but to a girl's picture. Finally he resolved to have it out with himself and the doctor. He asked him at breakfast.

The hearty laughter was Mrs. Woodman's.

"She's no patient—she's Phyllis; our own little Phyllis. Don't you remember that when you were a little boy six years old your father one day brought you to our house, and I had a little girl just learning to walk—you tried to teach her!"

By scratching the old furrows of memory Raymond could just recall some such uninteresting procedure.

"Well, this is she," explained Mrs. Woodman. "She's been away a whole year. She's coming back next week, and you must be here."

The insistent return of the girl's face to his mind so plagued Raymond that he resolved to turn to the fortune-teller for a shift of excitements. No directory listed her, but, through Browning, her telephone number was procured.

Von Seer was somewhat astonished when assured that she was in, but could not speak to him. Reasons were not forthcoming.

Two days later he rang again. This time the equally mysterious servant said, mournfully: "My lady does not wish to speak to you. She wishes that you would not call again . . . she cannot speak to you." The last sentence seemed a terrible pronouncement, costing the speaker a profound effort.

Astonished before, the young man was now wrathful. Having made a broken-wrist monkey of him, this Madame X would hold no further converse. He would see!

It was the door-bell, not the telephone-gong of the Mysterious Mrs. M. which next he rang. The solemn Brahmin greeted him with eyes wide in their alarm. "No!" he whispered, wildly: "No!" It was almost as if he were shielding the material evidence of a murder.

Suddenly, beyond him, a melancholy voice reverberated from the strange depths of the house.

"Let the fool come to me!" it said.

In the presence of the woman, more weary, more haggard, more infinitely sor-

rowful than before, Von Seer had no time to ask peremptory questions.

"Do you know *why* I would not see you?" she asked with tense directness.

"I neither know nor care why—"

"You *will* care. It was because I did not wish to wound you, poor, sensitive mortal. I knew you would ask me . . . what next? And I knew that I should answer . . . death."

"Well! Was that all?" Von Seer expressed a flippancy he did not feel.

"That is all," answered the woman, staring at the floor.

"It can't be," pursued Von Seer, going on in stiff bravery. "If you know the nature of the entertainment, doubtless you also know the time of the performance."

"I do. You will die of heart-failure at midnight upon the second Wednesday in September."

ACCORDING to this uncanny bird of ill-omen, the strapping lad had less than six weeks to live! But he was game.

"Madame," he said, lighting a cigarette without asking permission, "I want your full name. This is the reason: You have done me a great service. Life isn't particularly interesting anyway, and I'm glad to know just when I'm going to get out of it. Still, I've a lot of the stuff the world calls wealth. Until you shuffle off your clay envelope you need nice fittings for it. I want to will you my—"

"I need nothing more," answered the woman, in a voice like a dying man's sigh, "for I have only one week to live."

"Gee whiz!" ejaculated the condemned man, chilled to the bone. And as hastily as decency permitted, he made his escape.

"Lord, but it's a great day!" he muttered half a block down street, throwing his hopeless eyes into the sapphire sky. What mattered it to him that the zenith was azure, the sunsets limitless gold, and the air like wine new-pressed and warm? His was but a short journey to the tomb!

Two blocks, and he retraced his steps. Now he approached the mansion of doom by an alley. His business was with the servant, not the mistress. When he resumed his walk the servant had, in consideration of a pair of crisp ten-dollar bills, consented to keep the young man fully posted on mysterious Mrs. M—'s health.

Though the fire at the club had done



Raymond had no business in town, nor had she. They were condemned to home and the country, and that meant the river and trees, for the days were wonderful.

practically no damage, Von Seer did not feel like returning to his city chambers. He wanted air—he was going to get so little of it! He went back to Dr. Woodman's.

His arrival and Phyllis's were simultaneous.

She was better than her picture—oh, infinitely better! Dr. Woodman, giving his wrist a final treatment, held the boy so that her sweet sympathy, her beauty, even the delicate girl-scent of her, flowed over him like a river. Tall, slender, wonderfully graceful. Raymond admired extravagantly the firm contour of her stubborn chin: mighty bulwark for her sensitive mouth and gentle eyes.

There seemed no escaping her. Raymond had no business in town, nor had she. They were condemned to home and the country, and that meant the river and trees, for the days were wonderful.

Phyllis had a boy's enthusiasms and a boy's bravery, the commonsense of a woman, a child's honest simplicity and the beauty of another Marie-Louise. Oh, she was very wonderful!

Raymond had the poise of breeding, the easy elegance which affluence sometimes begets in those born within the golden pale, yet his athletic good-looks, his accomplishments and his powers had given him no iota of insolence or freshness. Oh, he was very wonderful!

Five days passed, and those two children had fallen furiously in love, guarded by smiling days and star-filled nights and the happy benediction of her parents. On the morning of the sixth day Raymond realized that he had not heard from the fortune-teller's servant!

Half an hour later the telephone rang. It was the Indian's voice at the other end of the line. Raymond listened with a heart which pounded so furiously that he wondered if he had a cardiac weakness after all.

"I did not call before, sir," said the servant. "because my lady is in her usual health, and I had nothing to report."

Von Seer could have kissed him. Six days—and this damning raven lived, moved, and had her funereal being as always! He was almost free of the curse. He wished to live! Now, he loved life almost as much as he loved Phyllis! What a fine thing it was to have a splendid razor capable of a velvet shave! How fine it was to have an appetite and something to eat! How glorious to have two lungs and a universe-full of oxygen and nitrogen and ether and pep to fill them with! How God-given were legs and arms and eyes and ears and organs of speech and fingers and toes!

Raymond Von Seer spent all of that day in the delicious uncertainty of a man who's about to propose and who eternally defers it, either from palpitating timidity or the sheer maddening joy of postponing life's most exquisite moment. He and Phyllis did everything and nothing. They walked, they talked, they motored, they played

around like carefree children.

But at night curiosity, the baffling spectre who once had not known him, shared his bed. He was absolutely itching to seize the telephone and congratulate Mrs. M. on her *seventh day* of scandalous health. But he did not do so. In fact, he put off telephoning until mid-forenoon. Then he rang her house furiously. The servant was a long time answering.



"Salib, I know not what to say. My lady, she die very quick this morning."

"Sahib," he began in his painful English, "I know not what to say to make you know my grief and woe. My lady, she die very quick this morning."

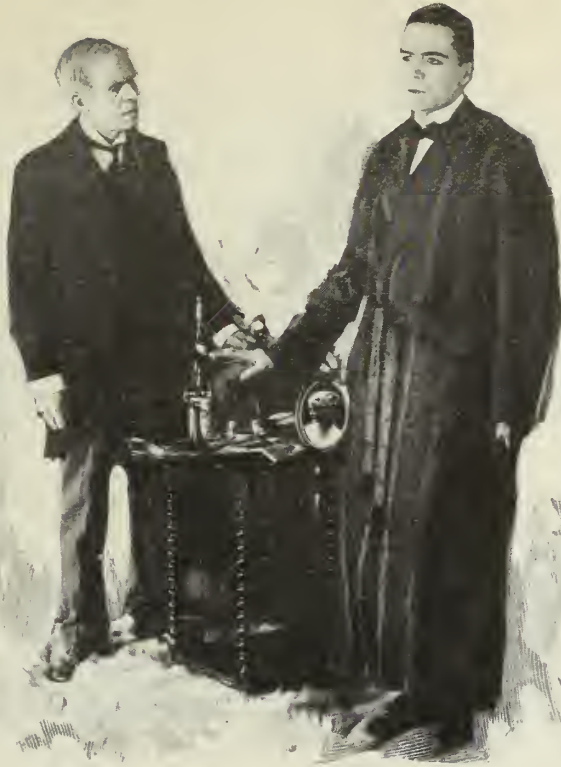
People do not drop telephones or glassware except in books and movies and plays. Our habits work automatically even in our dreadfulest moments; so, with exceeding care, Raymond replaced the receiver on the hook, and the telephone on the table, while the world crashed discordantly about his ears.

There was no doubt of it now. Death was his portion, and he wondered if the devil of obliteration were coming just because he himself had summoned him in that inconceivable aeon when he hated living. Poor Von Seer felt like Rigoletto upon abducting his own daughter, or Faust upon selling his soul. The Mysterious Mrs. M— was more weirdly horrible in death than she had been in life.

The lad could bring himself no satisfaction concerning Phyllis, and what he should say to her. If he told her the truth she would think him a lunatic. If he told her nothing but his love, he would wreck her life.

Phyllis could not understand it at all, of course.

"What's the matter, Ray?" she asked quite suddenly, confronting him. She put her hands firmly on his shoulders, and her face was close to his. He felt that if he did not seize her and kiss her madly he



Telling Green he wished to be disturbed by no one, he locked himself into his study and waited for his crossing of the bar.

thing always another course!

As day succeeded day, Raymond retired farther and farther into his House of Usher upon the tarn of despair. And Phyllis was wounded deeply as a young girl can be wounded. Cheaply, she had worn her heart upon her georgette sleeve, and Raymond, manlike, had flicked it off like cigarette-ash on his cuff.

As the fatal day approached Raymond wrapped around him, toga-fashion, the stoicism of a young Socrates. He would return to town, to his own apartments, to die—he wouldn't muss up Dr. Woodman's manse, after all their hospitality!

He had carefully avoided Banks and Browning and the rest, who, as by strange premonition, had as carefully avoided him. The faithful Green pattered in the empty apartment at the club. Von Seer's first care, on coming to town, was to visit the eerie *maison* of the late Mrs. M. It was closed; the shades were drawn, and there was a large "to let" sign prominently thrust

would go out of his mind; and that if he did seize her and kiss her at all they would both go out of their minds.

"I . . . I can't tell you," he evaded, backing away. "Phyllis, I'm crazy about you, but something stands between us."

He did not volunteer any more, and she did not ask any more. When a man says 'something stands between.' isn't that some-

woman? Of

into the lawn. Enough. The servant had told the truth.

With the diabolic nerve of a condemned criminal Raymond Von Seer counted off the hours and then the minutes of life.

THE last day arrived.

Felling Green that he wished to be disturbed by no one, he locked himself in his study and waited for his crossing of the bar. Green, fussy and worried as always, tried to get in, knocked, received no answer, summoned Raymond's friends.

Raymond looked at his unerring clock and his equally unerring watch. There was not a split-second deviation. Both told him that he had exactly an hour to live, for it was just eleven. Raymond felt his pulse—fast and weak; doubtless his blood-engine was slowing down for the final missing and backfire of death.

In the calm of eternity's threshold the vision of Phyllis was with him every moment. Strangely, he could not think of the big moments of his love, but of the inimitable little things in their acquaintance; how she had lost an oar on the river, and had almost upset the boat getting it; how she ate no butter or potatoes for fear of getting fat; how beautifully she kept her hands; of the turn of her leg when he had flashed it for a moment as she sat upon the river bank; of the hair-pin that had fallen down her back to tickle her nearly into laughing hysterics; of her customary spelling of "customary" with two rs.

His was to be a pleasant, dreamy passing.

Aware that the end of earth was at hand, Raymond glanced at his watch. Its hands were poised at 12:02. Rather stupidly, he lifted his eyes to the clock: 12:02.

A wild hope surged through his head. He leaped to the telephone and began furiously to shake the transmitter. After two thousand years the lazy girl answered.

"What time is it—exactly?" he howled.

"It's just—12:03," came the unbelievable answer.

It was after midnight. The fatal day had gone forever, and he was alive!

Suddenly a furious knocking broke against the door. Wiping the perspiration from his face, Von Seer walked toward the door, and opened it.

"Well," said Browning, entering. "Think life's worth while? Let me introduce the 'Mysterious Mrs. M.'"

Bewildered, Raymond took a laughing lady's hand. This person certainly had the fortune-teller's features, but she was young, and pleasant, and merry, and there was no suggestion of death or disaster in her lively countenance.

"*What* was difficult?" scoffed Browning, in answer to his confused questions; "we simply had to jar you off your base, you know. Evelyn, here, has always wanted to act—and when the Federal officers pinched Bramaputra, the Oriental doctor, for faking without a license, certainly anyone could rent his queer outfit and his hired help. There you are!"

"No," exclaimed Raymond; "there I'm *not*, and I won't be anywhere until I find out—he was at the telephone, shaking the receiver violently on the hook.

Dr. Woodman answered.

"Phyllis? Yes, she's here—with a young man in the conservatory. I'll call her."

With a young man, in the conservatory! The world went back to wearing black.

Then Raymond heard Phyllis' voice: She was not talking, but laughing.

"Phyllis!" he exclaimed, passionately. "Something terrible nearly happened, but it's over—and now there isn't *anything* between us. I love you—I'm mad about you—I want you to marry me—"

"Yes," still laughed Phyllis, "I will. I think it's all just too funny. There's a Mr. Banks here now: he came to tell me all about it—you crazy darling!"





Delivery room in the Mutual exchange in New York City, where the theatres' messenger boys deliver used reels and take out new ones.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN
BY THE MUTUAL FILM CORPORATION
FOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

The Middleman of the Movies

IT IS HIS PARTICULAR BUSINESS TO
BRING THE FILM TO MARKET, AND IN
THE BRINGING HE MAKES MILLIONS

By Alfred A. Cohn

Author of "Waste," "Harvesting the Serial," etc.

IF you are very, very old and have an excellent memory you can think 'way, 'way back—almost a dozen years—when the "nickel show" insinuated its blatant front into the downtown district. Perhaps where you lived it reared its ornate head, adorned with screaming side-show art, on the site once occupied by Schmidt's meat market or the erstwhile locale of Purdy's dry goods emporium. Its advent may not have interested you in the least, particularly if you were accustomed to taking your dramatic sustenance in three-act doses at the Grand Opera House. But if you were young and a nickel meant chores and errands and wood-splitting, the flickering photographs were a Heaven-sent blessing.

In either event you paid little attention to the source of the entertainment.

It is different now in some degree. Today as you sit breathlessly while Cyrus assaults the walls of Babylon or the Maid of France scales the walls of Orleans, you

are familiar with the actors, the director and the theater in which you are sitting. In fact you have a pretty fair knowledge of everything connected with the production except one important element; the go-between, the intermediary between producer and theater, is a total stranger to you. Yet the business of the exchange—the middleman of the movies—is today one of the highest specialized pursuits ever developed, despite only a half dozen years and a beginning so humble that few vocations covered among more abject surroundings.

Through this middleman, so little known to the general public, passes monthly millions of dollars—the millions spent by the poor and the rich, the meek and the arrogant of all climes, for the civilized world's chief means of recreation. The movie is the universal amusement, the one pastime that all races and peoples understand and enjoy. So the exchangeman will be found in Tokio as well as 'Frisco, in Cairo and

Hong Kong as well as in New York and London.

Unlike its early environments the exchange of today is housed in luxuriously appointed offices, but yesterday—less than a decade ago—was the golden age of the movie middleman. Today in the mad competition to get screen room for more films than there are screens, the middleman who grew up with the reels finds time occasionally to wallow in memories of the past, when the demand for films exceeded the supply and the flood of jitneys promised an eternal flow.

Those were the days when the theater man came to the dingy little office of film jobber, deposited his rental fee and took away his "show" for an entire week under his arm.



"Service," Painting display signs for the theaters.

It was in those days, between 1905 and 1910, before the advent of the "features," when huge fortunes were amassed by the early birds in the exchange business. They thrived like the proverbial green bay tree, just as the theater owners prospered to unheard of extent.

Then came the invading "high brows" with their artistic ideas and highfalutin plan for elevating the price of admission to a dime. Some of the exchangemen took their newly made wealth and quit—if they had not been forced to sell out previously to the "Trust." Others

dipped into the producing game and lost or made more millions, eventually having their photographs appear weekly in various journals adjacent to verbose interviews



Film repair department. All films are inspected here after using. They are kept in enclosed metal cases, except those upon which the inspectors and repairers are actually working.

composed by bright young men whose parents had made the mistake of sending them to college instead of turning them loose on the world at 15. However, this is an unwarranted economic digression and has little to do with the subject.

Broadly segregated there are two classes of film middlemen, the regular program exchanges, such as Mutual, Paramount, Pathe, Universal and Tri-angle, General Film, and the state rights dealers, the jobbers of big features, like "The Birth of a Nation," "Ramona," "Civilization" and a host of others whose names are household words.

The exchange system is less than a dozen years old.

Its forerunner was the film peddler who went from one show house to another with his film in a grip or under his arm. At that time, about 1903, the film in short lengths was chiefly employed as a "chaser" in vaudeville houses. Two pioneers of this early stage of the film industry are George K. Spoor, president of Essanay, a millionaire many times over, and George Kleine, another Chicagoan, until recently head of the General Film Company. Spoor was the inventor of the "Kinodrome" projecting machine, one of the earliest in the market, and George Kleine supplied most of the films for this contrivance.

Then came the first real film plays, from Pathe in France and Edison in New York, and as a direct consequence of their advent, the birth of the "nickel show," which later became the "movie." The first "shows" were 500 feet in length and in duration about nine minutes.



This is "Little Mabel, the Film Inspector." She inspects the reel to see that it is in good condition before it is sent out to the exhibitor. Every reel is inspected after every run. Mabel gets \$25 a week for looking at pictures. She inspects about 100 reels a day. There are sixteen exposures to the foot of film, so Miss Mabel passes on 1,600,000 picture frames daily for Mutual.

Not a great period had elapsed before motion picture "theaters" had sprung up all over the country, chiefly in the large centers of population, and then came the exchange.

The first exchange was started by Max Lewis in Chicago in 1905. It was called the Chicago Film Exchange and Mr. Lewis is still in the business in that city. A short time afterward the late "Pop" Rock, one of the founders of the Vitagraph, opened the first New York exchange.

The first attempt to systematize the film business was the organization of the Film Service Association, in which the Edison company took the lead. All of the

companies in the producing field, with a few exceptions including Biograph, were in the Association, ten manufacturers in all.

At that time the universal admission fee was five cents and the picture theaters, most of them in abandoned store rooms, had an average seating capacity of 200. As the entertainment lasted but nine or ten minutes, the house was filled between twenty and forty times daily, which accounts for the tremendous profits made by the owners of these humble places of amusement.

In the beginning the exhibitor contracted with the exchange on a weekly basis for his supply of film, the price ranging from \$15 to \$35.

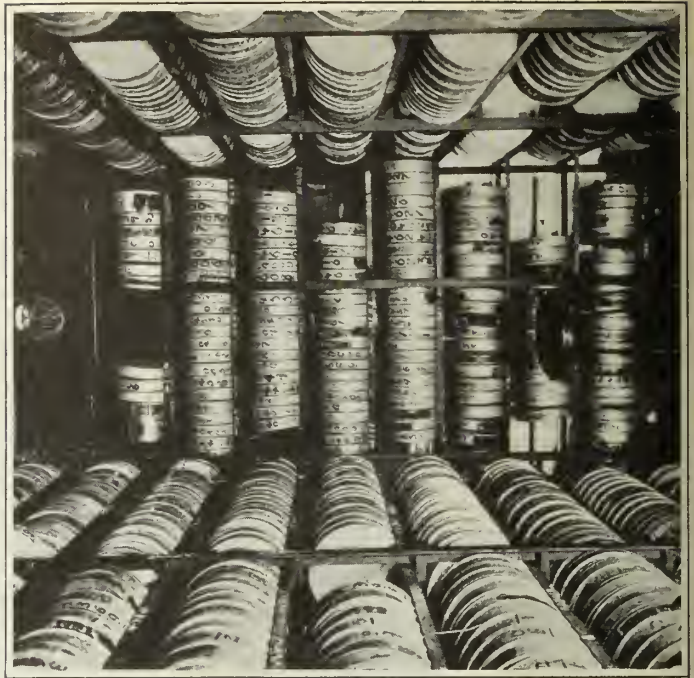
The exchangeman's profits were proportionately large and in many instances much larger than those of the owner of the picture "palace." The custom was to buy the

film outright and then rent it to the theaters. The price of new film ranged between 8 and 11 cents a foot and 4 or 5 cents a foot for the used film. The big exchanges sub-rented to the smaller exchanges and the most difficult task of the exchangeman was to keep account of his profits. Some with restricted schooling made more money than they could count.

As an instance of the big profits in the early days of the picture play, I. Van Ronkel, owner of one of the first big exchanges in Chicago, informed the writer that he paid the Lubin company \$80 each for five prints of the Gans-Nelson prize fight. Each one of the films yielded him a profit of \$5,000.

The pictures were faked; that is, the principals posed for the camera after the actual fight. Mr. Van Ronkel also likes to tell about a \$25,000 profit on Pathe's "Passion Play," the first multiple reel subject imported, on a similar investment. Big profits are occasionally made on individual productions these days, but nothing in proportion to the general average of a decade ago. Also, the exhibitor paid more than now for his films. Originally his 500-foot subject lasted a week, and it was not until 1909 that the tri-weekly change began. This cost him between \$40 and \$50 a week and he was paying for only a 500-foot subject, while today he shows about 50,000 feet a week.

The formation of the General Film Company about eight years ago was the biggest event in the history of the film industry. The General was a combination of all of the principal producing companies, and soon after its organization it began a campaign to control the industry. Practically all of the exchanges in the country were purchased and the General ruled the situation with an iron hand. Private exchanges which did not want to sell out were soon



A view in one of Mutual's Chaplin vaults, with 900 reels of Chaplin comedy in sight. The vault will hold the films but not the money paid to see them.

convinced that it was the part of wisdom. In nearly every instance the exchangeman took the General's money and went to work for the "Trust."

The historic battle by the independents against the General is alone a story worthy of more space than occupied by this article. Suffice to tell that those who began the war and waged it are now multimillionaires, while the once powerful General is but the shadow of its old self. Two of its strongest producing units of the old days, Biograph and Lubin, are no more, and as an exchange it handles the sole product of but one manufacturer, Kalem.

Two of the original independents were Carl Laemmle, now president of the Universal Film Company and John R. Freuler, now president of Mutual, two of the most important film corporations in existence.

Laemmle was an obscure clerk when he opened a nickel theater on Milwaukee avenue in Chicago in 1906. In three months he had made enough to open another. When a like period had elapsed Laemmle was operating an exchange. The fight on the General was caused origi-



A view of a corner in the supply department, where exhibitors can buy anything from a complete theatre equipment to a slide, and the multitude of advertising novelties you find in your mail box.

nally by the levying of a royalty tax of \$2 a reel on each exhibitor.

Freuler was a banker in Milwaukee when he took over a theater to protect a small investment. In 1907 he was operating the Western Film Exchange in that city, and this became the nucleus of a group of ten exchanges which were later amalgamated into the Mutual Film Corporation. Mutual is the biggest distributor of film in the business and is said to have the greatest exchange system. It is said to do business with half of the approximately 16,000 motion picture theaters in the United States. While about a year ago the exchanges purchased film outright, nearly all of the companies handle it on a percentage basis now. The General recently adopted the percentage system.

With several of the large distributing companies, notably Paramount and Triangle, a certain fixed sum is placed to the credit of the producing unit upon delivery, with subsequent percentage of booking receipts. Some of the exchanges, or releasing organizations, take 30 per cent of the

total receipts for distributing expenses. Some have allied organizations which help to finance the making of the picture play or serial.

Universal is a closed corporation with Laemmle owning 48 per cent of the stock. But this is the producing corporation, and in addition this pioneer of the films owns an exchange system that has brought him millions. This system is said to control the exportation of American films. The producing corporation was an outgrowth of the Independent Motion Picture company, organized to produce films during the early part of the fight against the trust.

Like Mutual, Universal will take a choice feature and rather than put it out on the regular program will sell state rights for its exhibition.

Immense profits have been made on some of these subjects by both concerns. In one instance a five-reel film on a much discussed topic which cost to produce less than \$10,000, was sub-rented in one group of states for the sum of \$175,000 merely on the publicity which had accompanied its New York showing.

Paramount, one of the most successful middleman organizations in the country, was organized about two and a half years ago by W. W. Hodkinson. It was recently absorbed by the producing units whose product it had distributed. Its profits in two years are said to have run up in the millions. Triangle, which came about a year later, was not so successful in a financial way. As a result there was a disintegration of its exchange system last summer, the branches in various large centers being sold to independent concerns. The year also saw the defection of Kleine, Edison, Essanay and Selig from the General Film company and their participation in a new distributing system designated by the initials of the quartet: "K. E. S. E."

Vitagraph was left in control of the General as well as its own system. Pathe, another big buyer and distributor, joined forces with the International Film Service. About two years ago William Fox created his big exchange system virtually over night.

The biggest financial coups in these times are made in the state rights business. This consists merely of purchasing the right to show a production in one state or a group of states, the middleman in this instance making his own terms with the theaters after paying a flat sum to the original vendor. It is stated that one of the purchasers of the rights to "The Birth of a Nation" for a group of middle Western states paid \$150,000 for the privilege and within a year cleaned up more than half a million dollars. "Damaged Goods," "The Spoilers," "The Ne'er-do-well," "Civilization," "Ramona," "Tillie's Punctured Romance" and "Purity" are said to have yielded large sums to the purchasers of state rights. With these large productions it is customary to have a showing of the film in the nation's largest cities under widely advertised auspices. The longer the run, the heavier the yield in state rights, is the belief of the original vendor, so very often a run is forced in order to impress the buyer of rights for the "provinces;" that is, the vendor is willing to sacrifice a considerable amount in theater rentals, large orchestras and much newspaper advertising, in order to make the proper impression on the watching middleman.

New York City is the natural market for state rights and the home of these speculating middlemen is Forty-fifth street, nicknamed "Celluloid Alley." Here, like amiable crows awaiting the imminent de-

mise of living meat, gather the brokers in state rights, eager to snatch up at bargain prices any pictures—the yellower the better—for distribution in the theaters which do not cater to "automobile patronage." Just now the market in "birth control" pictures is very brisk, with "white slavers" running a poor second after a too-long monopoly of the field. Some of these films are a flickering answer to the query: "Why are censors?"

Amateur producers also are contributors to this market, after the exchanges have rejected their effort. It's a mighty poor film that cannot see the light of the projection room via the state rights route.

New York has an institution called a "Film Hospital," where brokendown, wornout, spavined films which have been retired from circulation are renovated and put into condition for the state rights market.

The state rights business has grown to such proportions that there are now maintained in this country about one hundred exchanges under this banner.

From the crudely operated, unsystematic methods of a few years ago the reputable exchange has become a highly efficient business. It has its corps of salesmen trained not only in the principles of good salesmanship but also to give individual service to the patron, all to the end that the theater-goer shall see his product under the best possible conditions, thus helping the theater owner, himself and the exchange as well. The publicity department, equipped with trained writers and artists, gives its best also to the exhibitor, and efficient methods in attracting the film enthusiast to the theater are the most important factor in the keen competition.



The exchange of today is housed in luxuriously appointed offices.

A Little Lesson in Spanish

Like her Spanish forebears of the early Californias, Marin Sais lives a lot of the time in the saddle.



TOUCH a spur to your Spanish, folks, and let's hear how close we can come to it. Now then:

Marin Sais.

Mah-recn Sah-ees.

Bully! We got it the first time sure 'nough, didn't we? Let's all move up to

the head of the class and kiss the professor—good-bye.

She—*Sain-yoh-recta Mah-recn Sah-ees*, not the professor—is a descendant of one of the finest old Spanish families of the early Californias, and herself was born on the *Rancho Olompali* in Marin County, just across the bay from San Francisco, all among the brown-cheeked Marin hills. Her father was a Spaniard, her mother an Englishwoman. Miss Sais was educated at Notre Dame, San Jose, and Notre Dame, Santa Clara, her purpose being to bend her gifts to an operatic career. Histrionic ability displaced this aim, however, and upon graduating she gained experience in stock companies. Afterward the pictures claimed her.

Miss Sais first appeared before the camera for Vitagraph (Eastern) for a short period, then played six months with *Bison 101*, and now for six years has been doing successful leads—chiefly adventurous, dramatic and emotional parts—under the Kalem banner. Among her best known interpretations were in "The Girl from 'Frisco," "Stingaree" and "The Love Pirates."

Miss Sais is an exceptionally skilled horsewoman.



When Helen

STAR OF RAILROAD PLAYS

By George Craig

Does baby like um moosic? Oh, well, not so awf'ly much.



THIS is not a Helen's Babies story, it's a Helen's Baby story, which is much more interesting, because it's true.

Not a great many folk even knew that Helen Holmes, "movie" heroine of railroad romance, was married, let alone had a baby. You didn't, did you? Baby's ten months old now and something of a buster. She adopted it. And rechristened it—her, that is—Dorothy Holmes McGowan, because Helen's director, J. P. McGowan, is by way of being her husband.

In the filming of the first chapter of the serial "A Lass of the Lumberlands" in northern California the plot called for an infant in arms, who with its mother is supposedly drowned in the blowing up of a log jam with dynamite. As babies, unfortunately or otherwise, are not made to order at twenty-four hours' notice, the Holmes camp was stumped all among the redwoods, till Helen herself had an inspiration.

"I know what we'll do!" she effervesced. "J. P., you order the car and we'll motor into Eureka and—"

"Yes," growled the husband of Helen, "and?"

"And *rent* a baby!" gleed the wife of Helen's husband.

Well, McGowan called the car and obeyed orders.

Rented a Baby

SEARCHED FAR, FARED WELL

"We had a dick—a mischief of a time finding one," confides Miss Holmes. "There were plenty of babies but they were all encumbered with mothers, and it seems that mothers have a way of sort of wanting to keep their infants at home, which is very curious. But at last success climbed up on our running-board. We heard of a mother who had a darling girl baby and was in such straightened circumstances that she might consent to lend it away.

"She did. She was a dear mother. She did even better than that a

Helen, Helen! That's not the way to hold a baby! Gracious! You really do it very much better in the apple tree scene, dear lady.



little 'appeared lands' and I in love with the later, after Baby had successfully' in 'Lumberlands' and I had fallen heels-over-head cunning mite. She tearfully let me adopt the darling, and so now she's mine and her name is Dorothy Holmes McGowan.

"Isn't it lovely?"

Incidentally Dorothy Holmes McGowan can act. Folks who don't act fail to connect for any great length of time with the studio. If you saw the opening chapter of "A Lass of the Lumberlands" you must have marveled at the insouciance with which she lay upon her mother's bosom when the dynamite blast blew up the log jam. That was Dorothy. Act? Well, some!

Plays and Players

FACTS AND NEAR-FACTS ABOUT THE
GREAT AND NEAR-GREAT OF FILMLAND

By Cal York

THE big leveling "drive" in the film industry continues. The latest big combination is that of Pathe and the International Film Service, owned by William Rauldolph Hearst. Hereafter one organization will market the product of both concerns and where two film newspapers grew before, but one unreeled now and its name is Hearst-Pathe. There are rumors of other amalgamations and it is very likely that financial necessity will drive several large companies into mergers before the spring floods begin. The Famous Players-Lasky-Morosco union did not stop with an amalgamation of the producing concerns but kept right on and absorbed Paramount, their releasing organization, which constitutes by far the biggest step yet taken in the big "drive."

It has been a long time since screen-goers have gazed on the reflection of Marguerite Snow and the announcement of her participation in the first George Cohan photoplay should be received with some degree of welcome by her many friends. Miss Snow will have the part of the stenographer in the gum factory which figures so prominently in "Broadway Jones." Work on the film was started early in January.

THEY can't hold out forever. Meaning, in this instance, that Jane Cowl, heroine of "Within the Law," "Common Clay" and other successful stage plays, has agreed to lend her presence to the shadow stage and allow the folks at Shullsberg, Hannibal, Washington Court House and Ashfork to look upon her tears and weep with her celluloided per-

sonality. Mr. Goldfish of the Goldwyn Corporation is the person who jingled the tempting shekels.

NORMA PHILLIPS is coming back to the screen after a long vacation. The former star of Mutual Girl serial has signed a World contract and is to be featured in five-reelers for that company. Miss Phillips has been among the absent ones for about two years.



This is the lamp post that fell on Charley Chaplin and sent him to the hospital, this photograph having been taken by our staff photographer just three (3) minutes before the accident occurred.

AT this writing Tyrone Power and a number of actors and actresses who went to Guatemala to film exteriors for a scheduled elaborate production of "The Planters," are still in the spiggety republic. Others who sailed away with the company, including Director John Ince, have returned to California to file suit against the Nevada Motion Picture Corporation. Another litigant is Edith Sterling, who was to have played the lady lead. Since their return Guatemala has slumped in movie picture circles as a locale for anything but banana raising and comic revolutions.

WALLIE REID has returned to Hollywood after assisting in the birth of a new movie theater in Denver and leading a grand march or so in the Rocky Mountain region.

MARGARET ILLINGTON, one of the few remaining unfiled stars of the legitimate stage, is having that flaw in an otherwise brilliant career remedied. Jesse Lasky signed Miss Illington at the usual fabulous salary and she is now engaged in speech-

less histrionism at the Lasky studio. Her first photoplay will be "The Inner Shrine," by Basil King. Channing Pollock dramatized it.

CREIGHTON HALE, hero of serials, is now a musical comedy star. He has the leading role in "Oh Boy!" a newcomer to musical Broadway. He sings five songs during the course of the show, quite a change from Iron Clawing and Laughing Masking and Snow Whiting.

OLGA PETROVA was the heroine of a real fire which destroyed most of the Colonial studio in New York during the course of her last Metro picture. That is, she was the heroine, if that is a good designation for the heaviest loser. She sustained the loss of furs valued at \$30,000, but she and her maid escaped with all the diamonds belonging to the actress. Wyndham Standing, who was playing with Mme. Petrova, was injured painfully when he jumped from a window to safety.

THIS month's medal is awarded to the press scrivener in Los Angeles who sends out the tidings that the name of the ancestors of Miss Myrtle Gonzales "has been a by-word in the Golden State ever since there was a California." Thus far no libel suit has been filed by the existing Gonzaleses.

CHARLEY CHAPLIN nearly brought about an epidemic of heart failure among his financial backers late in December when he sustained an accident during the filming of his newest comedy, "Easy Street." In some manner a trick lamp post fell on him and he was severely cut about the nose and forehead. He was rushed to the hospital, where his wounds were dressed, and it was two weeks before he could resume activities.

RUMORS are afloat that Douglas Fairbanks, the effervescent personality who has become a popular majority of the Fine Arts studio, would quit the triangular concern for a better job in the near future. It has been admitted on all sides that Doug has received offers that would put him in Charley Chaplin's fiscal class and those on the "inside" would not be surprised to see him vault over into another lot early this summer. Fairbanks is now in New York making several photoplays under the direction of John Emerson.

MAXINE ELLIOTT, the beautiful, has come all the way from France to be filmed by the Goldwyn company, the concern which will star Mae Marsh and Jane Cowl. Miss Elliott was the predecessor of Edna Goodrich as the leading lady in Nat Goodwin's domestic multiple-reeler and is credited with being very wealthy. During her acting days she was rated one of the most beautiful women of the stage.

TOM MIX, for years a Selig cowboy-star, has "joined on" with Fox in Los Angeles as a director-actor. Victoria Forde, his leading lady, accompanied him. They will "do" western comedies.

IT'S a sorrowful task but a news chronicler's job frequently is tinged with gloom; and though there's sadness in his heart there's a smile on—well, what we started to report was the recent marriage of Mae Murray, of Follies fame, pouty lips and Paramount pictures. The Lasky lady became the bride of Jay O'Brien, a well known civilian luminary of the Great White Way, who goes in for first nights and is known to all the traffic cops on Broadway and all that bally stuff, y'know. The nuptials were solemnized, as the papers say, at the Lasky studio in Hollywood. The honeymoon tour was in the direction of the San Bernardino mountains, where some exteriors were to be filmed for the bride's next photoplay.

HOWARD ESTABROOK, the handsome young gentleman who solved the Mysteries of Myra, has become a director. As such his first engagement is with Morosco and Vivian Martin is his star.

GAIL KANE has become a Mutual star, so has quit her place in Laurette Taylor's "Harp of Life" company for a bungalow at Santa Barbara, Cal. Miss Kane, whose screen appearances have been confined to Equitable and World pictures, is understood to have signed a contract which calls for a salary of \$57,000. Quite a nifty situation.

ETHEL GRANDIN and Darwin Karr have been engaged to play the leading parts in a new serial titled, "The Lure of Gold." Miss Grandin recently appeared with Maurice Costello and Mr. Karr was at Essanay.



From mystery screen roles to musical comedy star is some jump, but Creighton Hale made it.

KENNETH CASEY, who will be remembered by pioneer film fans as "the Vitagraph boy," comes back to the mercury lights after a long session in vaudeville abroad. He spent some time in London and South Africa. He left Vitagraph in 1913. Kenneth's reappearance will be made in Petrova's latest and perhaps last, Metro picture.

GEORGE FISHER, for a long time with the Ince filmers at Inceville and Culver City, Cal., is now a member of the Mary Miles Minter company at Santa Barbara. Fisher's best work was done in "Shell 43" and "Civilization."

ANOTHER Inceite of long standing, Louise Glaum, has transferred her affections—if vamps are endowed with that attribute—to the confines of the Lasky plant. With the newly acquired Petrova and the lissome Louise on the same lot, the ingenues and juveniles will be in a bad way.

FLORA FINCH, it is reported, is to have her own company. Miss Finch starred in the first problem of the Answer Man: "Is Flora Finch John Bunny's wife?"

AND J. Warren Kerrigan, the handsome and the great unwed, has also organized himself into a corporation with the assistance of New Orleans capital. Oscar Apfel, former director general for Fox on the Coast, is to be his mentor. According to the official announcement, the first Kerrigan release is dated next September, by which time there is an excellent chance for the public to forget the name.

VIRGINIA PEARSON, Fox vampire, is another who is preparing to launch herself as a separate star, and she is to be aided and abetted by her husband, Sheldon Lewis, of "Iron Claw" repute. Valeska Suratt is also reported to have quit vamping for Fox. Well, the fewer vamps, the fewer wrecked homes and hearts.

MARGUERITE COURTOT has taken her duds from the Famous Players dressing rooms and moved up the river to Yonkers. In other words, she has joined the Arrow company, one of the producing units of Pathe. Marguerite will be missed by the Famous fans.



Marie "Tillie" Dressler is now a star in her own comedy company, valued at two millions.

THE second release of the Mary Pickford corporation, "The Pride of the Clan," was first known as "The Lass of Killlean" and as such was printed as a short story in PHOTOPLAY. Another PHOTOPLAY short story, "Her God," played by Gail Kane, has been rechristened "The Red Woman," prior to release. It was one of Miss Kane's early Equitable vehicles.

MONROE SALISBURY, the Alessandro of "Ramona," is Margarita Fischer's leading man at her San Diego studio. Mr. Salisbury recently played the lead in "The Eyes of the World," a picturization of Harold Bell Wright's best seller of that name, by the Clune studio.

NOT content with a "Hall of Fame" for photoplay films, William Fox is credited—or blamed—with a plan to erect a statue of "Cinema, the Tenth Muse," on some unoccupied site in New York. Annette Kellerman to pose for it? Or Bill Farnum?



When not in range of the camera, Bessie Love sits in her dressing room and weaves Indian baskets. Anyhow, it sounds and looks nice.

ALMOST forgot to record the financial activities of Marie Dressler. It's a two million corporation bearing the name of the comedienne and there are contemplated a dozen two-reel comedies. J. H. Dalton, husband of Marie, is to handle the business end and the films will be released by Mutual. Next!

WINIFRED KINGSTON just couldn't think of playing opposite any other hero, or maybe they offered her more—at any rate, she is now getting her mail at Fox's western studio, just like Dustin Farnum, whose desertion of Morosco was noted in this department last month.

QUITE an interesting piece of news this month is the fact that no new author or dramatist joined the Lasky staff within the last thirty days.

WORLD-BRADY recently acquired two excellent stage stars in Mary Nash and Olive Tell. Miss Nash has already had her screen debut in a Pathe feature entitled "Arms and the Woman," but hitherto Miss Tell has been unscreened. Do you remember that wonderful kissing picture in PHOTOPLAY about a year ago in which Lou-Tellegen was the kisser. Well, Olive was the kissee, so she isn't quite a stranger to PHOTOPLAY readers.

HIS stage play "Justice" having declared a moratorium, or something to that effect, Jack Barrymore has returned to the green lights. He is to do "The Lone Wolf," by Louis Joseph Vance under the direction of Herbert Brenon, for a Selznick release.

IT seems apropos to mention briefly the fact that Lionel Barrymore has just expended the sum of \$18,000 for a new home in one of New York's ultra-suburbs. Merely to show that the movies pay.

NILES WELCH is supporting Frances Nelson in a new Metro film play "One of Many" which will enjoy the distinction of having been directed by a press agent. Arthur James, head of Metro's publicity department is making it his maiden effort. Are other publicity men to emulate him?

MABEL TALIAFERRO, so we are told, has invented a contrivance for "muting" the barks of a dog. It is a button, so we read, which fastened about the neck of the canine, presses against his, or her, larynx when barking, thus softening the bark, we are informed, to the very gentle consistency of a cricket's chirp. Miss Taliaferro would obtain undying fame could theater owners be induced to purchase these implements for those who insist upon reading aloud the subtitles.

DIRECTOR RALPH INCE has joined the Goldwyn forces after officiating at the filming of "The Argyle Case" in which Bob Warwick makes his lone-star debut.



Some necklace that Edna Goodrich wears! You almost forget to notice her new thinness.

ANOTHER recent directorial change switched William Nigh from Metro to Fox. Mr. Nigh will direct one of the companies at the Los Angeles studio. Edward Carewe has also retired from Metro and it was reported that he would form his own producing company with Mabel Taliaferro as topliner.

LOIS WEBER signed a contract with Universal the last of 1916 that makes her the highest salaried director in motion pictures. But she must remain with that company for several years. The contract was signed in Chicago.

SORRY now that the monthly prize has been awarded. It should have gone to the *raconteur* in the employ of Mr. Fox who gives us the salient points of the new Theda Bara contract. As detailed by this talented narrator, the document has a life of three years, during which Miss Bara must not show her face to the public; must not show herself in a theater, attend a Turkish bath, permit photographs to be taken of herself by kodak fiends, and must use an invisible net on her limousine windows through which she may observe but cannot be observed. (This curtain, narrates the author, is the product of a relative residing in Egypt.) We

are also informed that Miss Bara signed the contract without a tremor and that she is to be screened soon "in the shadow of the Pyramids, the scene of Miss Bara's childhood." Which leaves us with just enough breath left to state that from what we have seen and heard of the shadows of the pyramids, they're not much like shadows of Cincinnati.



"Peggy" Snow has been away a long time, so her return to the screen in George Cohan's film debut will be awaited with interest.

EDNA GOODRICH, one of the former Mesdames Nat Goodwin, has attached her signature to an American contract and will become a colleague of ingenue Minter. She has appeared for Lasky and Morosco.

BLANCHE SWEET is no longer a Lasky star. A two-year engagement with that company came to an end with the beginning of the new year and at this writing Miss Sweet has formed no new affiliation. The increasing cost of stars is excellently exemplified in the Lasky engagement of this star. Miss Sweet signed her first year's contract at \$350 a week, it is said, a \$100 raise over her salary with the Griffith organization. The second year it jumped to \$750 and at this time Miss Sweet is said to value her services at \$1250 weekly. And yet there are legitimate stage actresses far inferior to Miss Sweet as a screen attraction who are being paid more than that.

ALLAN DWAN is no longer Norma Talmadge's director. It is said that he will take the direction of Lillian Gish in several independently produced features. Miss Gish is now in New York.

MARSHALL NEILAN, now a Lasky director, chaperoned a company headed by Sessue Hayakawa to Honolulu, directly after the holidays, and Rollin Sturgeon, a recent acquisition to the Lasky staff, took a company headed by Theodore Roberts to the national capital. The inference is that soon there will appear Lasky pictures with Waikiki and congressional scenes.

LOTTIE PICKFORD is back on the talking stage. She has a part in "The Wanderer," playing in New York, in which Nance O'Neil is starring. Others in the cast familiar to the devotees of the shadow stage are Pedro de Cordoba, William H. Thompson, Macey Harlan and Florence Reed. A regular movie cast.

CONSTANCE COLLIER is another screen star who is gracing the footlights on Broadway. She is playing with Thomas A. Wise and Isabel Irving in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," following an extended tour of Canada.

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE has his own studio now. The location is Santa Monica, Cal., and that municipality is taking a keen interest in the new fun cannery. Joe Schenck, who recently became familiar to the film world by his marriage to Norma Talmadge, is Roscoe's financial backer.

D. W. GRIFFITH and the Philadelphia North American have been indulging in an ink feud over the merits of "Intolerance." According to the newspaper it has none and the producer's money proffered for advertising space was rejected by the newspaper. All of which is good advertising for the "provinces" to say nothing of the effect on the citizenry of the Keystone metropolis.

NEW YORK motion picture directors now have a lodge of their own, a "studio" of the parent organization which has been in existence in Los Angeles for about two years. It is a secret order and Gee! what they don't do to the stars when they get together. Allan Dwan is Director of the New York lodge, J. Gordon Edward, Assistant Director; J. Searle Dawley, Secretary; and Joseph Kaufman, Treasurer.

A NEW actorial combination has been effected at the Morosco studio and in their next filmplay Louise Huff and House Peters will be costarred.

CHARLEY RAY is said to be contemplating a retirement from the Ince studio. Indications point to another case of starfever. It's a mighty poor star that can't at least play a company of his or her own.

THE Frohman Amusement Company is to film George Bronson Howard's novel "God's Man," which recently was the cause of a heavy damage suit, a New York magistrate getting a judgment from the publishers on the ground that the book libeled him.

"HER HUSBAND'S WIFE" has been revived on Broadway and the cast looks like another "all-star" movie cast. It contains the names of Eugene O'Brien, Henry Kolker, Marie Tempest and Laura Hope Crews, all of whom have starred in

photoplays for various film producers.

THE Bishop Potter property, in New York, served in "Gloria's Romance." New purchasers object to a girls' school next door, and the educators reply that they can be no more annoying than the taking of Billie Burke's adventures. And the Supreme Court must decide.



Yes, it's Edith Storey and she seems to like the California midwinter. What? Oh, just water.

Shapely Shirley of the Sins

*The artist houses
Miss Mason in
midnight
pajamas.*

DON'T THINK HER
DAINTINESS IS MEAN—
SHE DOES HER SIN-
NING FOR THE SCREEN

WELL now, she's right easy to look at, this sometimes shadowesque, sometimes revealatorily (Ouch!) tighted sister of none others than Viola Dana and Edna Flugrath whose perfectly good name is Leonie Flugrath but whom the McClures metamorphosed into "Shirley Mason." Parse that sentence if you dare!

It is plain that on this page she is inhabiting pajamas, but why the artist should think it pertinent to polish her off with the stove brush remains a mystery. *We* should consider such a performance *impertinent*. What do you think? We have no reason to suspect Leonie, that is to say Shirley, of taking to ink baths, or indulging in lampblack massage, so why should—Oh! maybe they were too thin the art—the art—artist

Excuse.

Anyway, we'd hate to have to hunt for Leonie-Shirley in a strange house in the dark. We should prefer infinitely to do our searching on the next page. There the young lady may be observed flirting with a parabolical curve. What? Yes, yes, that's quite correct; look it up. And did you ever glue your eye to a daintier dive, a more delicately entrancing flip through the

air into the passionate bosom of the deep? But in the almost equally charming lounge pose we certainly should sue the photographer man who hitched that hay rake onto us for a hand. That's a real live tip to you, Shirley Mason; eat it up.

Our little lady of the midnight pajamas and doubled-up

somersault and delicate dive and lureful lounge-on-the-sands is not quite sixteen summers in the bud, and everybody who knows her in and about the studios is banking on her to blossom forth into a very beautiful Thespian flower indeed. She is playing now in "The Seven Deadly Sins."

When the narrator, who is a grave and middle-aged male in whom the love of loveliness still clingeth to the stalk, paid his call at the McClure studios he found Leonie-Shirley-Flugrath-Mason skipping rope radiantly, a youthful actor in khaki turning at one end and another in messenger boy uniform at the other. Turning it darned fast, too.

"Child, *child!*" alarmedly cried the grave and middle-aged narrator, "stop it, slow down, cease, give heed

and quit; you will crack your heart organ in four places at that pace. (She was very lovely to look upon, and the love of loveliness still clingeth to the stalk.)

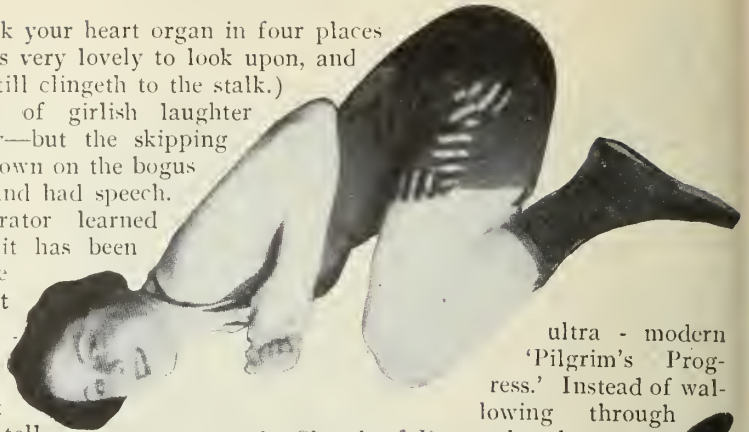
Twenty silver bells of girlish laughter pealed out in mockery—but the skipping stopped. And we sat down on the bogus wall of a false castle and had speech. Whereupon your narrator learned many things, because it has been ordained since the rare June days of Eden that the youngest woman shall be wiser than the oldest man. Ask the woman if you do not believe this; she will tell you it is so.

This is some of the talk that came out of hiding while we sat on the doubtful wall of that make-believe castle deep in the studio wilderness:

"I am not quite sixteen, but sweet nevertheless, don't you think?"

"Jumping rope is good exercise. One should always take exercise that is fun."

"I am playing a feminine *Pilgrim* in what my director says is an



ultra - modern 'Pilgrim's Progress.' Instead of wallowing through

the Slough of Despond and getting horribly muddy and all, I cross it in a biplane.

"I consider it a ver-r-ry gr-r-reat pr-r-rivilege to play in support of really great stars like Ann Murdock and Hollbrook Blinn and Nance O'Neil and H. B. Warner and Charlotte Walker. They do their parts so well, you know, really."

"No. I am not subject to stage fright. I have been on the stage a-l-l my l-i-f-e."

Personal inventory: One ah-there somersault; one au revoir dive; one won't-you-come-and-swim-with-me pose.





Into this Lady Sybil began to weep.

On the Brink of the Prussic

By Gordon Seagrove

D r a w i n g s b y Q u i r k H a l l

EDITOR'S NOTE: There have been many photoplays written in which the father discovers his long lost daughter or the mother her long lost son in time to save them from death. The author of the following, who expects to be hanged for it, unless the judge proves to be his long lost father, feels that all the possibilities haven't been gotten out of this situation, that the photoplaywrights in using it in nearly every other release haven't gone far enough, and with a prayer on his lips submits the following:

Lady Sybil...mistress of Heaveho Castle.
Lord Croup.....her lover.
Duchess de Pontneuf....an adventuress.
Arthur Camembert.....
her admirer and co-adventurer.
James Au Jus.....his faithful servant.
Nettie ...servant in Lady Croup's employ.
Oswaldjanitor of Heaveho Castle.
Hassan el Whoop....a religious fanatic.

LADY SYBIL before the grate fire in Heaveho Castle rang for Nettie her favorite servant of ten years' standing. "Nettie," she commanded, "my tub."

Nettie disappeared, presently reappearing, as servants will, with a large wash basin which she deposited at Lady Sybil's feet. Into this Lady Sybil began to weep, the tears falling first from her right eye then from her left, and sometimes from both.

Lord Croup bent forward tenderly.

"You feel bad" he said with piercing intuition. Lady Sybil nodded and then, feeling Lord Croup's unspoken query, she lifted her head.

"I was thinking of the dear childhood days," she explained.

Lady Sybil was telling the truth. Though she had married well, though she wanted for nothing, though she hadn't written home for 18 years or seen her family, the dear old days came back to her. She remembered with a glad beating of the heart her old father and how he had often beat her with the wagon tongue; her older sister who had pulled out all her baby teeth and tossed them to the hens. She remembered two brothers and how they cut off her hair to sell to a furniture store that they might have smoking tobacco and a third who used to amuse himself by burn-



Pulled out her baby teeth and fed them to the hens.

ing off her eyelashes with the end of his cigarette. She remembered too her mother and how she had rocked her to sleep with a smart right to the jaw, and her uncle who stole her pocket money. Of course then life had seemed very bitter, and later had come the great family split; but now after 18 years she longed to see them all again to hear their voices. She felt that she would give Heaveho Castle itself just to walk again into her father's tattoo shop where she and all her family had been tattooed with some mark of distinction.

"Come, dry your tears," said Lord Croup suddenly, "we have work to do." To any one who knew Lord Croup this would have been surprising for he hadn't heard of such a thing for months.

"Forgive me," cried Lady Sybil en caserole, "I have let my longing interfere with the big project at hand. You mean the Great Ruby?"

Lord Croup nodded. Upon the Great Ruby he and Lady Sybil had set their hearts. A beautiful jewel it was, worth the price of a truckload of eggs. Legend had it that an American salesman, demonstrating a patent opener had gouged it from the eye of an Indian idol. Of course religious fanatics swearing revenge had chased him all over India, parts of Nebraska, Kansas and the middle western states, through the mazes of Valparaiso (Ind.), over England a couple of times, through Rome and all the places mentioned in Cook's.

But although they had killed the salesman and twelve others who were reputed to have had the jewel at one time or another they never obtained the priceless

blood-red stone. Lady Sybil herself had owned it once, but one mysterious night it mysteriously disappeared into the hand of some mysterious person whose name until tonight was a mystery.

"The Duchess de Pontneuf has that jewel!" said Lady Sybil "and tonight she comes here with Camembert."

"In all probability," added Lord Croup, "Camembert will have it in his rear pants pocket. The

thing is how are we to get it."

Lord Croup looked askance. This is very difficult to do, but Lord Croup was a man of determination.

"It is all arranged," said Lady Sybil, "tonight when Camembert and the Duchess arrive here it will be as guests at a swimming party at Heaveho Castle."

"But none of them can swim," demurred Lord Croup.



CHITTY
WALL

She remembered how her father had beat her with the wagon tongue.



Lady Sybil turned deathly pale.

"It would do them no good if they could," purred Lady Sybil who held all the purring records for Heaveho Castle, East Sussex, Cholmondeley Road, Gaffotshire Commons, West Tottenham, S. E.

Lord Croup looked dubious. He was good deal of a dub anyhow. There was a mute query in his eyes.

"Because," said Lady Sybil, "I have filled the swimming tank with prussic acid!"

"My Gawd! Not that!?"

"Yes, within two hours after they arrive here they will be dead. So too James Au Jus, Camembert's man and Nettie and Oswald my trusted hirelings." I have provided them all with bathing suits—and they will all take the plunge at a word from me."

"Good!" said Lord Croup, who had regained his *savoir faire*; it is the only way we can be sure that no one will know that we have the jewel. But how are we to get the ruby—you have forgotten to tell me that?"

Lady Sybil explained: "I shall send the guests to their dressing rooms first and you will follow later. As Camembert emerges from his dressing room you will sneak in, rifle his pants, get the jewel and then meet me in your swimming suit at the

pool. There I will give the word and everyone will plunge in—except you and me."

"Excellent. But what of Hassan El Whoop? Supposing he should be on our trail with his miserable kris? Not for the world would I be a merry Kris mess."

"That is the chance we must take," said the woman, "perhaps we can persuade him to take the plunge also."

"What a wonderful tender woman you are," cried Lord Croup pressing her to his bosom "and after the jewel is ours, ah—"

He was silent, dreaming of the glad honeymoon in Staffordshire West Sussexford, East Moreland, Gaffordman Peat Boggs, East Claffordshire Highlands, Squart, N. W.

There was a smile of triumph on Lady Sybil's face as she met Lord Croup in the corridor, his dressing robe around him.

"They are all outside waiting—in bathing suits," she purred. "I have not seen them but I heard them talking. And I heard too the glad gurgle of the prussic acid. You have the jewel?"

Lord Croup nodded, "I found it close beside his plug of tobacco," he said. "But what of Hassan El Whoop?"

"He is here!"

"Here. Then our plan is ruined!"

No, he feels that he has us so safely in his hands that he can play with us a while—and so he has consented to swim; is even now putting on his suit."

"Then let us go!"

And arm in arm they went into the great room where within the next ten minutes five (5) people were to go to their deaths in the reeking pool of prussic acid.

As they entered Hassan El Whoop appeared in another entrance smiling a sinister smile. Nervously Lady Sybil advanced and gave the word for the guests to throw off their robes. They obeyed, the duchess de Pontneuf, Camembert, his man Au Jus, Nettie, Lady Sybil's maid, Oswald the janitor, Hassan El Whoop and Lord Croup.

You could have heard a pin drop in the silence that followed. You could even have heard a 1,000 pound safe, or a ton or two of scrap iron and Lady Sybil turned deathly pale.

For on the right shoulder of the Duchess de Pontneuf was a picture of a washing machine, done in blue and green!

On the left shoulder of Camembert was an etching "The Cleaners" done in red and brown!

On the left leg of James Au Jus was a needle engraving of Venus shaking hands with Ty Cobb!

On Nettie's bosom was a wagon wheel worked in yellow and blue!

On the patriarchal chest of Oswald the Janitor a green smokestack belched red smoke and a couple of doves in dark purple twittered beneath his chin.

Lady Sybil clapped her hands to her eyes then looked again.

Upon the breast of the ferocious Hassan El Whoop was tattooed a double exposure of the City of Detroit and a Ford.

And even upon Lord Croup's clavicle was the picture of a green bell tolling out sonorous notes done in rich blue!

Everything came back to her—the childhood days—her father's tattoo parlor—and she knew!

"Sister!" she cried to the Duchess de Pontneuf.

"Brother!" she breathed to Arthur Camembert.

"Brother!" she also breathed to James Au Jus.

"Mother!" she exclaimed and fell on the bosom of the aged Nettie.

"Father!" she sobbed and fell on the bosom of the aged Oswald.

"Brother!" she murmured and fell on the bosom of Lord Croup.

Weak with joy, she turned to confront Hassan El Whoop, "Uncle!" she cried in amazement, "you here!"

"Yes Sybil," he murmured brokenly, "but I never dreamed that it was you."

"Nor I," cried Sybil, "the author has been very good to us reuniting us all after 18 years. And to think that had you not bared your bodies you might have been dead in yon tank of prussic acid! Oh how thankful I am that father's tattoos are the kind that don't come off."

She wept brokenly for several minutes then her eyes brightened. How small the world was!

"Come father," she cried happily taking Oswald's arm, "come beat me with the wagon tongue as you did in the dear old long ago."

The High Cost of Filming

PITY the poor producer! In addition to taking away from him a lucrative market, the war has so raised the cost of production that his burden is becoming increasingly heavy. Pretty soon he will have to charge more for his pictures or cut the salaries of his players. The cost of white paper is an additional hardship as it has imposed a severe handicap to the film press agents and proportionately left less for the latter's victims to feed the hungry waste baskets. The producer has suffered

keenest in his laboratory where all chemicals have gone skyward. For instance, hydroquinone developer which cost 90 cents a pound before the war now sells anywhere from \$7.50 to \$9 a pound. Metol, which is also used for something or other, has gone from \$4.50 to nearly \$100. Dyes, plates and other necessary paraphernalia have made proportionate advances on a variety of excuses and as a consequence the poor producer hardly knows where next summer's steam yacht is coming from.

Enter—the Free Lance Writer

THE GROWING NEED OF THE FILM PRODUCERS
FOR THE WRITER WITH IDEAS IS DEMONSTRATED
BY THE WELL KNOWN PHOTOPLAY EXPERT

Capt. Leslie T. Peacocke

OLD books, with complicated plots, and, for the most part, character studies; and old, time-worn stage plays have had their day. Most of those with any semblance of plot worthy of film production have been produced.

A number of these have made good film plays and have netted good returns to the producers, and, again, others have proved heavy financial losses. For some time past there has been a rush on behalf of the manufacturers to secure the film rights of books and old stage plays, and fanciful prices have been paid for such rights. In many cases crass ignorance has been displayed in the buying. To quote a case in point.

A few months ago an independent director filmed a version of one of Charles Dickens' novels. This was brought to the notice of the managing director of one of the large film producing companies and he was informed that there was likely to be a big demand for Charles Dickens' works as feature films. The film magnate immediately sat down and penned the following historic cablegram:

To Charles Dickens, London, England.
What is the lowest price you will take for the motion picture rights of all your books?

(Signed)

President and General Manager.

—Film Corporation.

This is not cited as a joke. It is an actual fact. And to make it better, when the film magnate was informed that the eminent author had been dead many years and that there was no copyright on any of his works, he merely shrugged his shoulders and expressed the opinion that they couldn't be of much account or the author would have reserved the motion-picture rights.

THIS is the first of a new series of instructive articles by Captain Leslie T. Peacocke, well known to Photoplay Magazine readers because of his "Hints on Photoplay Writing" which appeared in this magazine last year. Times have changed since then, and are still changing; but Captain Peacocke is keeping abreast of the procession. Begin his new series now.

This will show you why there has been much at fault in the film business. It has been largely in the control of financial potentates with scant knowledge of literature, art or dramatic values, and to whom fiction is pure childishness. The Stock Exchange quotations and the scare heads in the daily newspapers satisfied their taste in the reading line. They had, for the most part, made their fortunes in commercial pursuits and invested part of their capital in the motion picture business when any sort of production was avidly seized by a public greedy to be amused by the new and cheap divertisement.

But the public is more discerning now. It is becoming more difficult to please every day. It has been satiated with adaptations from plotless books and stage plays. It is becoming restless and bored at the similarity displayed in the plots of the stories. The old-time thrills—the falling over cliffs; the automobile accidents; the fighting in barrooms and over stairs; the impossible holding-up by one "bad man" of fifty armed men; the sick child and the dying mother and drunken father; the overacting of heroes; and the heavings of bosoms out of corsets by overwrought females have lost their powers to thrill.

But, right now there is coming a vast change over the whole film industry. The big financial heads of the business are now mostly superior, educated men and they are delving more closely into matters; they are discovering that the foundation of the business;—namely, the stories, and their working out, has been largely in the hands of a limited number of writers. The public has long recognized this and many complaints have been made and much has been written on the subject.

The business managers of the producing

companies have been slow to grasp the fact that their scenario editors and staff writers cannot continue to grind out so-called "original" photoplay plots, at the rate of, sometimes, two a week, without displaying a similarity of ideas and style. Being men of business and not writers themselves they, perhaps very naturally, were under the impression that those that made a business of writing were capable of grinding out "original" plots to order, and at so much per plot.

And then, again, the directors of productions have had, for a long time, things pretty much their own way; and many of these gentry have insisted on writing the scenarios themselves. Some have proved capable, but how many more have not? Egotism has played a large part in this. There has been a satisfaction in viewing on the screen, "Written and Directed by John Snooks;" a satisfaction to themselves alone, in the majority of cases, because the manufacturers and the public have had to suffer; the one through the pocket and the other through a growing wonderment that good money should be allowed to be spent so lavishly and to such little purpose!

But now the business heads of the producing concerns have woke up and have begun to find out that there are brains all around them; that all the original plots in the world are not contained in the craniums of the professional writers. They have also discovered that it is not reasonable to expect their scenario editors and their staff writers to supply "original" stories ad lib. They have also awakened to the fact that old books and plays have not the drawing power they anticipated, and that a strong, "original" photoplay, exploiting a popular "star," well directed, and scenarioized by a competent continuity writer, is the best money-maker; and that the whole base of the structure depends on the strength of The Story, no matter from what source it may emanate.

The best known money-makers have been original stories; many of them by unknown writers; and the biggest financial losers have been adaptations from books and

stage plays. I have seen ridiculous prices paid for the film rights of books and stage plays that contained such scanty plots that most free-lance scenario writers would be ashamed to submit them in synopsis form. I have been forced to adapt some of them with disgust and despair, knowing full well that out of "nothing" there could be little gain to either the producer or myself. And at the present moment there are hundreds of books and plays for which big money has been paid that will never see the light of the projection machine. The hard headed business men who control the film industry know all this now, to their cost, and many a big scenario department upheaval has followed, resulting in, as I have long prophesied, an urgent and *growing need for the free-lance writer.*

This upheaval is not affecting and will not affect, the scenario editors or staff writers, except to their benefit. They are not being called upon to grind out original stories by the ream, as formerly. Those who are thoroughly competent are being better

taken care of by the firms that employ them than in the old days when the "Writer" was looked upon as either an abnormal crank, or a necessary evil! Their lines of work are different, however.

The scenario editor is now only expected to read and pass on all 'scripts submitted to the scenario department. But his judgment is not alone taken as the final one before a story is purchased. There is more care being taken in the buying of material. The scenario editors' relatives and friends do not receive preference over the outsiders, as was, unhappily and frequently, the case in other days. The business heads of the various concerns are reading these days and more readily grasping what constitutes the plot of a good photoplay. They are not relying entirely on the judgment of others, neither are they relying entirely on their own. Many heads are now being called into consultation before a 'script is purchased. Writers' works are not being gauged on the reputations of the authors, but on the strength of the stories submitted. To deviate from this course now

IF you have an original plot, don't sell it for a paltry sum. According to Captain Peacocke, it is worth at least \$100 a reel—\$500 for a complete five-reel production. Are you selling your ideas too cheaply? Read what this expert says in this article about "giving away" the children of your brain.

would ensure bankruptcy to the manufacturer.

The staff writers are now being brought into closer contact with the directors, and their main duties are the working of the stories into *logical continuity*; and embodying such suggestions as the directors may advise; also adapting into scenario form the various books, plays, playlets, magazine stories, or stories in synopsis form that have been purchased from free-lance writers. Occasionally, of course, they may be asked to evolve a story to exploit some particular star, but not so frequently as before.

Nearly all the old-time Staff Writers are working under far better salaries than formerly and their services are inestimable to the companies for whom they work. Adaptations are difficult and it requires patience and knowledge to work out a scenario into good, logical continuity these days.

Some of the companies have a staff writer attached to each Director and they work in conjunction;—by far the most sensible plan, because, after all, there is nothing like good team work to ensure success. Two heads are always better than one, and the director will know better than the writer the personnel of the actors he intends to use in a production and the locations he will be able to procure, and will be able to suggest many things that the writer might not foresee.

So, you see the staff writers are even more valuable to the companies than when they were merely hack writers endeavoring to grind out "original" plots at a mere pittance a week and scouring their own brains, (and other peoples') to supply an impossible demand.

A great many "Readers" are also being employed by the various companies to assist the scenario editors, and these "Readers" are being selected from the better known free-lance writers. They will, undoubtedly, be the staff writers of the future. In fact, the majority of the staff writers at present employed have first been employed as "Readers" and gained much of their practical knowledge of scenario

writing by the reading of 'scripts submitted by free-lance writers and by watching the staff writers at work in the scenario departments.

So, you see there are many plums yet to be picked in the scenario orchard. There is always room for those with brains and perseverance. But the aspiring one must have both. A good original plot will eventually find a market; and the market is open. Far more open than most free-lance writers think. Your own fault if you accept a ridiculous price for your original plot. Remember that \$1,000 has been paid for the film rights of many books that contain little or no plot whatever. Then why should you be willing to accept \$25 for a plot that will make a splendid five reel production?

Scenario writers can only blame themselves for the small prices paid for their original photoplays. Twenty-five dollars a reel is not an adequate price for a well worked out script; yet hundreds are still willing to accept that price.

That was all very well in the old days when fifteen or twenty scenes were deemed sufficient in the working out of a story. That only entailed a few hours work, and I, myself sold many scripts at that price;—aye, and for ten and fifteen dollars, too, and deemed it good picking;—but things have changed materially the last few years. Strong, original plots are becoming harder and harder to find each day and the producing companies know now that the success or failure of a production depends more on the strength of the story than on anything else.

If a writer is offered, say, \$25 a reel for a story, it stands to reason in the first place that the company offering it must want that story, and that same company will, in all likelihood, have paid \$1,000 or more for the film rights of a book or stage play with probably not nearly as good a plot for film production as that embodied in the photoplay for which it now is offering a paltry \$25. Moreover, a fair sum will have to be paid to a staff writer for the scenario adaptation of the book or

THE subject of the next of Captain Peacocke's articles in this new series of helpful stories on filmplay writing will be on the subject of "Logical Continuity." It will deal with a vital phase of the photoplay builder's art as evolved from the crude methods of an earlier day.

play. Therefore, it is apparent that if a company needs your story at all, it will, sooner than lose it altogether, pay an adequate price for it; particularly if the scenario is worked out in good logical continuity.

Now, I maintain that \$100 a reel is only a fair price these days, and any writer who accepts less for a photoplay with a strong original plot is extremely foolish. Also he is helping to spoil the market for all other writers.

If you have, let us say, a diamond ring that is properly valued at \$100, would you sell it to the first person that came along and offered you \$25 for it? The chances are that you would not, unless you were in straitened circumstances and it was absolutely vital to make a quick sale. Then why should you sacrifice the child of your brain for one-fourth of its proper value? You may argue, of course, that hitherto you have found it difficult to sell your photoplays at all, even at the small price mentioned, but things have undergone a radical change in the film industry of late, and it has now come to the point that if you have a story that is wanted by a film producing company, it is wanted by that company just as badly as you need to dispose of it.

The main fault with most writers is that they do not study the photoplay market sufficiently, and scripts are being hurled at companies that do not suit their policy at the moment. The various companies

are exploiting stars of their choosing, and they are invariably in the market for vehicles to suit the players they are exploiting. So writers should study the conditions of the companies and figure out the best market for their scripts.

In an early issue I am going to tell, as far as I honestly know, the best way to sell your photoplays; giving my own personal experiences in that line and the experience of others who have seriously taken up photoplay writing as a business.

A great deal has been and is now being written on the subject of writing photoplays—a lot dealing with technique and other complicated matters;—but what we all need to use is a little *common sense!* There is a good market at the present moment for good photoplays; and if you have a good one you should be able to secure a good price for it. If you don't, you are a bad merchant. If your product is not good, the chances are you won't be able to sell it at any price; but if you receive an offer for it you may readily conclude that it IS good. Therefore, being so, it is worthy of a good price. That's logic.

Now, I do not want you to think that I am jollyng you along and trying to make you feel good. I am giving you absolute facts, as I know them to be. There is a big demand, right now, for good original photoplays with strong plots, and, therefore, a need growing stronger every day for the free-lance writer.

Arrived: the Screen Athlete

HE is not the intrepid juvenile who leaps from skyscraper to trolley, and from liner bridge to ocean-depths, or climbs the steep sides of buildings without benefit of rope or aiding arm to rescue the imperilled heroine. Far be it from such. The most exciting thing he does is to sit in the dimmed pit of the movie theater and watch the efforts of others, the while neglecting his duty to the gridiron, the track and the athletic field.

The first complaint of this new "menace" comes from the faculty and athletic coaches at Yale. They declare that the screen has provided a new indoor sport for

the undergraduates that is proving a positive danger to the success of Varsity athletics. So serious has the situation become that official cognizance of it has been taken by the Yale Alumni Weekly which says editorially: "It is in the upper classes that the lapses (in participation in sports) begin to occur, and students not equipped for serious competition for varsity teams and too often lured by that growing indoor sport of attending the 'movies' begin to neglect their physical needs. There is a difference of something like 10 per cent between the freshmen and the upper class participation in sports."

SHE was *some* doll and when she turned on her eyes and said she had decided to be a star, she was as good as made

The Big Fade-Out

HERE IS THE GENUINE ATMOSPHERE OF OFFICE AND "LOT," REPRODUCED BY A NEW CHRONICLER OF THE STUDIO'S REAL LIFE

By Harry L. Reichenbach

Illustrated by May Wilson Preston

NOT if I live to be older than some of the original plots we bought this year, will I ever forget the look she gave me when she stepped into my office.

She had those baby brown eyes Robert Chambers writes about and she certainly knew how to get the most out of them.

She took an inventory of myself, the office, my new desk set, the litter of unfinished papers and unanswered letters, and then condescended to talk to me.

"I've decided to go into the movies," she said.

"Good," I comes back at her, "now get some manager to decide the same way and you got it unanimous."

She hated me for that. I knew she would. But I knew from the minute I set my eyes on her that I was destined to love her.

I want to tell you about her.

She came from some tank town in Kentucky where women are worshiped like white elephants in Siam, and she expected me to get right down on my knees and hand her a two years' contract.

Well, I guess I surprised her.

"What have you ever done outside of breaking hearts and patronizing drug stores," I cracks.

"Not a thing in my whole life," she comes back, "but live for my folks. Father's broke now—he was awful rich, and he made it awful easy for me—I want to do something for him now."

Boy, her eyes were working! Talk about your busy little bees: that gal's eyes had the proverbial one-wing paper hanger with

the hives standing still on strike picket duty.

Every time she shed a ray of hope my way, I wanted to go out and assassinate Maude Adams and scuttle Bernhardt's ship. I know an actress when I see one. I've seen a few—that's why I am sure I know one when it comes my way.

Here was one. Any time I believe any woman, I know they are on the level. I've been slipped the old heart pang so often my blood pump is full of pores. I've grown so sympathetic for myself, I can't even look at my face in the mirror without sobbing.

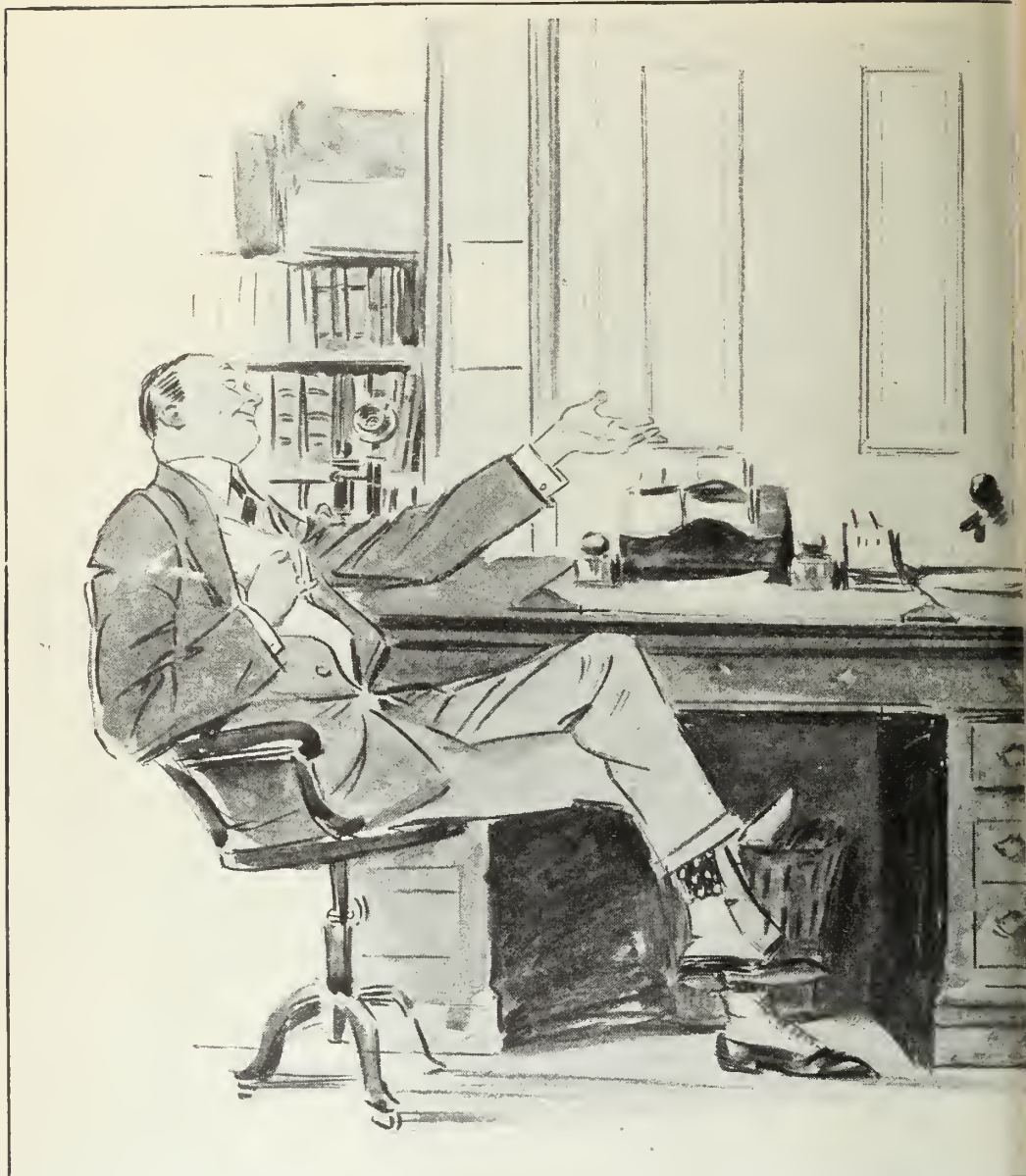
I've been a big, good-natured boob. All my life I sought the one girl who could give me happiness—and thought I found it in some girl in every picture—but always the old heart pang.

So I'd grown hard. I hadn't been in love with a girl in a month. I was off the stuff; I'd been walking around women like as if they was a body of water; but here was the supreme essence of loyal honesty.

I could picture her going down to the Woolworth Building and sending a picture of it to her mother. I knew her thoughts were the highest. But I was at a loss about spilling my opinion.

If there is anything that gives a dame the grand old hammerlock on a guy, it's to let her know he did the Rome thing for her. Never tip a dame you love her. The minute you do, she begins looking around for a harder problem.

Well, Edith appealed to my fancy. I *must* of loved her, for I told my married sister about her the first thing after the pea



"I've decided to go into the movies," she said. "Good," I comes back at her, "now

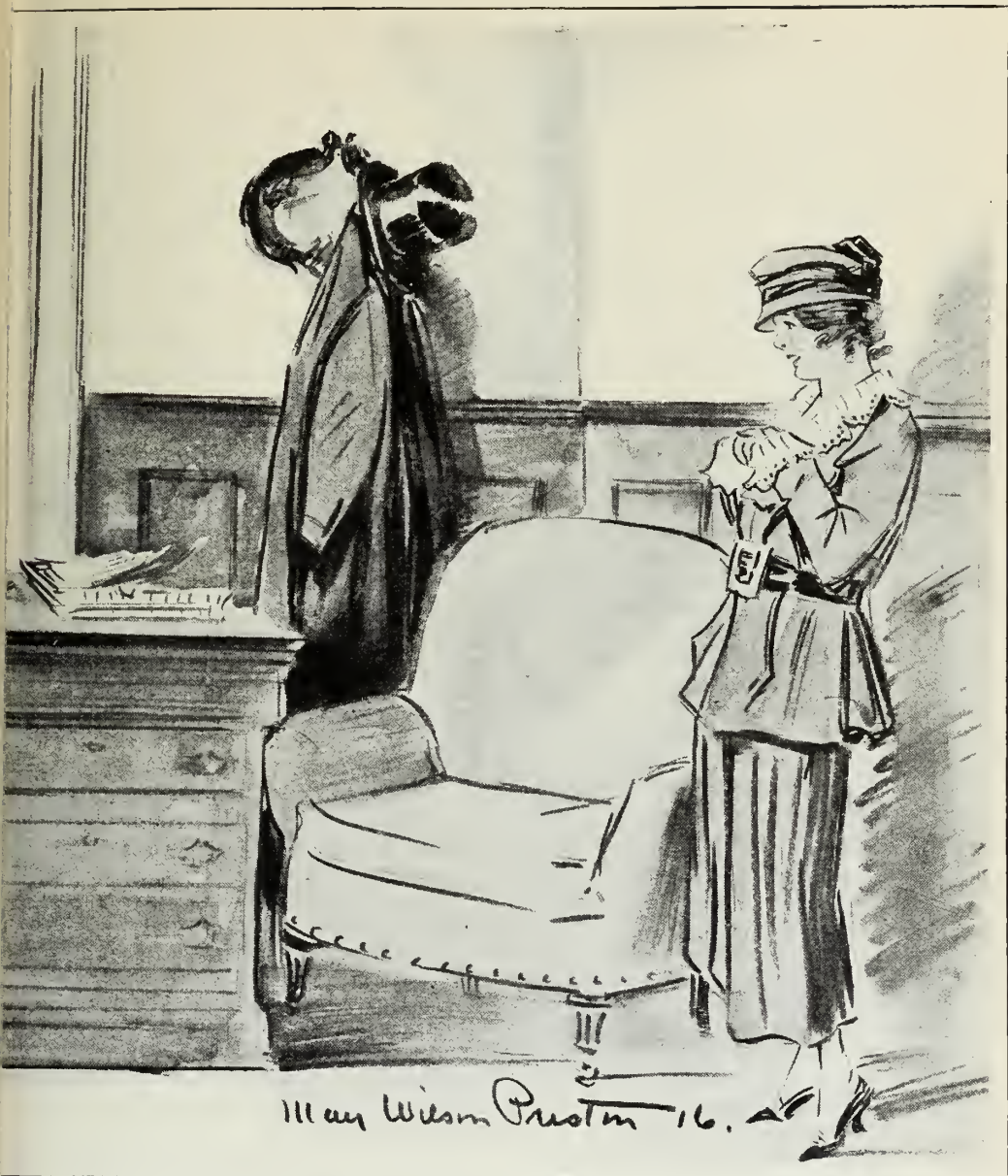
soup that same night. Edith was to come back the next day, and if Rip Van Winkle had a good night's rest during his twenty years, I had a bad one that night.

We were casting a picture that week. It was to be a big dramatic thing, named "The Rail Rider's Mystery," and we needed a type just like Edith for the leading she-role. I decided she would fit it, and the director made a test of her.

Maybe I ain't lucky, but I'm smart.

As far as success and luck and hunches are concerned, if it was raining soup I'd have a fork—but on advance judgment, the old perspicacity stuff, the dope, as they say—I'm the seventh son of a seventh son and a fourteenth daughter.

Well, Edith was cast to play the part of the young loveress in "The Rail Rider's Mystery" and I tell you, I never want to go again through such a hell as she put me through.



get some manager to decide the same way and you got it unanimous."

Some women don't use their heads for nothing except to keep their collars on. Some women would not think for fear of getting a bruised brain. Edith thought a little bit. She thought she had to stand for everyone in the studio making love to her, to hold her job.

From the time she got there in the morning until she took the cold cream off at night, some Romeo was hanging around.

George, the property man, fixed up her

dressing room like the Della Robia at the Vanderbilt—and didn't put none of the junk he bought on the expense account.

Bob Stonner, the heavy man, used a policy of attrition. He just hung around her till she let him take her home one night. She gave him the air as soon as she got to the front door—but he'd won his point.

I can remember that night like it was the night the gas house burned down and father let me stay up to watch it.

It was one of the big nights in my life. I was waiting at the front door of her apartment house when she comes tripping around the corner with this heavy guy sewed on her sleeve. It can't be bulldurham when I say that I was just about willing to slip myself the old *adios*. I felt so weak I wanted a pass to the Old Men's Home.

When I see her slip him the old goodbye, as nonchalantly as a conductor coping a jitney, I wanted to go right into training for Jess Willard's title.

"That guy stands like a broken leg," says I to myself, and struts up with the handsome smile on my face.

When I see Edith smile and her eyes grow bright, I knows I am the Huyler boy and start to pull the big stuff right away.

"Look, Edith!" I begins. "I want to make a couple o' contracts with you: one for life to handle my future, and one for two years to handle yours—what do you say?"

"Dick," says she, "don't spoil it all."

If a guy can break a woman's illusion by asking her to marry him, what sort of a misdemeanor would he commit if he gave her a five karat engagement ring?

"What do you mean, spoil it," I says.

"Dick, come on up to the apartment, I want to talk to you. You've been so good to me, I got to tell you something. I want to break it gently—I'm married."

CAN you imagine anyone breaking *that* news gently?

I stumbled up two flights of steps and flopped down on a settee.

I could see Edith slipping away, and me with a couple of glass arms.

"Dick," she said, "don't look so sad. I'm not in love with him. I am only married to him. I want you to listen to me now."

I listened. I could just imagine how a guy feels when the warden comes to take him to the electric divan at Sing Sing; and just as he reaches the chair, he gets a ten minute reprieve.

"I married, Dick, only to satisfy my father. He wanted me to, all my life I wanted to please my father. When he picked out one of my boyhood companions, I simply went ahead and married him—and I've been living a lie ever since.

But what was the use of pulling the old stuff? She didn't love him—never had—

and if she ever learned to love anyone, from where she sat, it would be the guy I shaved that morning.

I only touched the ground three times on the way home.

I wanted to stop in at every drug store and tell her how happy I was. The telephone booths all had welcome mats in front. But I went on home and did ten good hours in the timothy.

EDITH cleaned up in the picture, and I booked her with the Famous Author's Film Company for four weeks, to play in "Who Is Your Daughter."

Pat Abrams, the director of the organization, tried to tell her how good she was, and she gave him the same sort of consideration Tammany gave Sulzer. Every man at the studio wanted to write a story around her life—but she would not listen to it.

Granville Burton, the famous screen star, told her she was just the kind of girl he was looking for to play opposite him, in his big production of "Romeo and Juliet." Then he asked her to dinner. She listened to everything but the eats thing. She was certainly con proof.

I didn't miss many days without seeing her for a few minutes till two weeks after she finished the "Who's Your Daughter" picture. I had a date to call on her at her house, but when I got there, I found a note not to wait; she was spending the evening with some friends—friends that would go and tell her mean old husband all about her.

"I got to meet a lot of my home town folks," she confided to me the next day. "They don't—any of them—think I am really working in the picture, so I show them the photographs of the scenes. I want them all to know I am really on the screen."

"How big a town do you come from?" I asks her.

"Why, Louisville!" she answers. "It's about over a hundred thousand people."

"And do you have to take each one of the hundred thousand out some night for dinner to prove you're working?"

She pulled the first sympathy stuff I see her use.

"Why, Dick," she pouts, "your awful mean."

"No, I ain't mean," I says, "I ain't a bit mean, I only wanted to know if you gotta keep on wearing yourself out telling

all the hicks that come east how good you are. You know Edith, you ain't over the fence yet—you're still jumping."

"I don't know what you mean by over the fence," she says, "but I got certain obligations. David Stillson would go back to Louisville and say I was stuck up and success was making me forget my friends and all that, and O! Dick, I don't want that to happen."

"Fer the Lord's sake," says I, "you don't want to keep me half way to the top of the Singer building while you're demonstrating to the natives of the twelve southern states how good you are, do you?"

"Now Dick, you let me work out my destiny," she pulls, and I do a long hike to my family heather, feeling like a bell buoy on a summer day in the Sargasso Sea.

IF Edith was trying to carry the glad tid-
ing to everybody from Louisville, she could have done it in the time she spent. When she got to the studio one morning, the director told her to go home and take a nap; she was doing the gay lights too much.

"No, Mr. Dietrich, I have not been running around," she said, "but two friends from Louisville came to my home last night and said that Mae Kingsley had told them that a friend of hers said he had met a party in New York who knew I only had extra work and these parties told someone who told Mae's friend and I sat up till after two o'clock telling them about my work, and then we went out and I met Howard Breed, another fellow from Chattanooga and points West, and they made me go up and show him all the still photographs."

"But didn't you tell them you had to get to the studio by eight o'clock?" queried Dietrich, his goat going fast at the punk alibi.

"No, of course not, Mr. Dietrich, but you know I can't have my friends at Louisville thinking I am a back drop or piece of scenery—now, can I?" Edith stood with tears in her eyes and Dietrich melted.

"No, you can't have them thinking you haven't got Ethel Barrymore lashed to the mainmast, but listen, little girl"—Dietrich was of the lovable old school when everyone's interests was his; his Wallack and Booth days came back and he saw the little beginner, her trials, her anxiety to impress everyone with her immense importance—

"You don't have to tell them how good you are, when the picture you just finished will be playing some swell theatre in your Louyville purty soon. Then you can look the whole one lung town in the face and tell the half cylinder folks that what they see they must believe, or go to Hot Springs for their eyes."

She turns to me. "Have you ever been under suspicion, like? When everyone who looked at you sort of thought you were an interloper?"

"Have I been under suspicion," I explodes. "When haven't I been? Why," I cracks, "I been so suspected that I got to distrusting myself and had to hide my own money from me. But it didn't hurt me none; I just went along and proved myself."

ONE night she calls me on the phone and says Dode Browning from Nashville, was in town and was going to South America the next day, and that he wanted her to go to dinner with him, and then meet some swell people from Atlanta. That girl was more important to the twelve Southern States than they are to the Democratic party. There wasn' anyone south of the Mason and Dixon Line she didn't mean everything and all to, and she never dodged one of them.

Her line of talk when she called me up run like this:

"Dick, dear, I simply gotta go out to dinner with him! He's been a friend of my Aunt Lizzie's cousin ever since they was little girl and boy, and the last thing Aunt Lizzie said to him was that he see me and find out if I was dressed warm enough for the cold spell."

"Well," I asks her, "how long is it going to take him to find out?" There was a catch in my voice and everything.

"Now Dick, don't be silly. I won't be with him over a few hours."

Gosh, I thought, she must have some bunch of clothes on if it will take her three hours to tell him about it!

I promised to call her at ten o'clock and she promised to be there.

BUT she wasn't there when I called. And she wasn't there at eleven. And the next day she pulls the big alibi.

Dode knew someone who had been run over by Charles Frohman's automobile and

he was going to have her meet one of Frohman's biggest directors. And she met him: Sylvester Steigen. When I think of Edith sitting around talking with that guy, I want to do a tight rope act on the third rail of the subway.

Maybe you don't know Steigen. Well, if he ever had two ideas at once, the government would raid him for an unlawful assemblage.

Because his pa played pinochle with Frohman's pa once upon a time, Frohman kept the whole family working. Sylvester couldn't stage a foregone conclusion, but he could jabber.

He's got more color in his conversation than a Portuguese native at her aunt's funeral.

He can sell himself to anyone.

He sold himself to Edith.

She fell like a peal of thunder—and the first thing she said to me when I saw her the next day, was:

"Dearie, I'm going in a Frohman show!"

I tried to fade out, but it wouldn't work.

"Who's putting you in it?" I asks.

"Why, Mr. Steigen!" she pulls.

Right then I could have been the world's greatest acrobat. I wanted to do nine flip-flops from a standing start.

"That guy? He couldn't put you in a suffrage parade!"

Edith's face dropped. She wanted to know all about him. Can't you believe anyone in the show business, she'd like to know.

"Listen, Edith;" I was more emphatic than I'd ever been. "If a guy makes you a promise, and he means it, he's willing to write it down for you. If he's muscle bound, walk away from him like as if he was a pest house; get me?"

She was sure I was cynical. Thought I'd lost my faith in humanity and all that, and I had to work hard to convince her.

"Listen, Edith," I sobs, "if you get five per cent of what you are going to be promised in the next few weeks, you'll have enough to start a picture company of your own, and you can have Dave Warfield playing small parts for you."

I wasn't making any impression. "Go on," I continues, "go on and be a boob. Don't take no receipts when you pay any bills, and whatever you do, if any guy asks you to let him hold your purse for a minute to fool a friend, let him hold it."

"DICK, I am going to Atlantic City," she says one day. "Mr. Steigen is going to take me down to see the opening of 'The Blue Pathway.' He says I am so inexperienced it will do me good to watch the dress rehearsal."

Right away I knew Steigen was going to need a doctor.

Steigen was just getting down to lunch when I meets up with him at Childs'. He was just starting "Pagliacci" with his pepper pot when I slips the old haymaker over under the place regular human beings array their brains.

The noble fellow flopped down like a stuck steer.

A couple of waiters rushed in, the manager broke through, and the next thing I knew the house bull was heading me out.

It set me back twenty iron men for cracking Steigen, which was terrible cheap and something off for cash and Edith missed "The Blue Pathway."

THE girl started easing me the glorious sunset about a week later.

"What you want to go running around town fighting people for, I can't make out," she says. "You are awful assuming."

"Well, what do you want me to do—build my pockets bigger, so they won't have so much trouble getting in?" I asks.

"Dick, I want you to promise me you won't compromise me any more," she says.

There is some old saying about a straw breaking a camel's back. I think it was written by some philosophical sharpshooter like Epictetus. If the saying is right, no matter how old it is, this is the first time it ever fit the occasion.

"Me compromising you by beaning a guy who wants to take you down to Atlantic City? Say what was he doing—building up a reputation for honesty is the best policy, or just taking you along so he could write Aunt Lizzie how good you was looking on a board walk postcard?"

I DON'T know how it all started. I found the letter on the floor in my office one day after Edith left. It was from this guy Stillson. He was a great guy. I bet he was one of those fellows who likes to walk in between the hearse and the mourners' carriage. He probably prayed for rain the day the orphan children were to have their picnic.

I couldn't help reading the letter. That was the yellow in me.

—It is your place to go back to your husband, or bring him East. He means more to you than your career. I admit I am cruel to my own wife and children and all that, but that's neither here nor there.

You belong with your husband. That's a woman's place.

Please don't consider our cases parallel. I do not love my wife. You SHOULD love your husband, and live with him whether you do love him or not.

Stillson is late in the world. He belongs in that period where the crab crawled ashore and became a human being. Since reading his letter I know just what they mean by atom only it's smaller than I thought.

"You belong with your husband, but I don't belong with my wife!" Talk about your paradoxes! Here was the guy that established the fact that there are more heels in the world than toes!

Yet, you gotta slip him both crosses—iron and double. He certainly put it over.

EDITH was a changed girl from that moment.

She talked about Roy Knobontop; Jim McCracken; Boob Brussels; the college man who married her sister; Opie Carder, her forgotten first love who was now an established undertaker; Lisle Hoose, a rich guy who only uses his head to hang his hair on, and all the other ginks I'd been worrying about.

I don't know which day in the week it was.

I comes into my office feeling about like a groundhog feels when he sees his shadow and know he's going to make it tough for somebody for the next six weeks.

He was sitting in my swivel chair, his trilbies decorating the mahogany, a cigarette at leisure between his ruby lips and a smile on his face that infringed on his ear room.

I thought he'd never stop coming up out of the chair—he was that tall.

The way that guy grabbed my mit! Well, I won't wash it even with soft water, it's that bruised.

He was one of those guys the closer they shave the bluer they get.

"Ah'm Edith's husband, an' Ah insisted on comin' down heah an' thankin' you. Ah comes from the South, wheah we like men who help women. You've been wondahful. Edith says you were so nice she felt ashamed. Ah wish Ah could tell you how much Ah appreciate what you've done. It's great, suh, and maybe you don't think it comes at a good time. I been out of work for a couple a months."

With that the husband beat it.

ILAY back in my chair. My eyes went shut and I saw Fourth Street, Louisville. It was all decorated up and a big parade was coming down street. In front was this guy Stillson with a banner marked, 'I Did It!'

Behind him came all the Spiffelbergs, Carders, Brownings, Knobontops, McCrackens, and other Louisville friends. Then came a float. It was marked *Our Star* and there sat Edith. Little girls threw roses at her as she passed. Men threw their hats in the air, and she just sat back and smiled.

Then I awoke. I awoke a new man. My head was full of little miseries, but my heart was hardened.

I was off women for life. I would so harden myself that even my mother would have to be careful. I made up my mind never to fall again. The only star I wanted to have anything to do with was star soap—oh! my bubble busted. And right smack bang in my face, too.

EDITH'S doing purty good now. She's gracing the back row in a Ziegfeld troupe; her appreciating husband is one of the stage crew. Five former Louisvillers are working in the chorus—in fact, Edith brought the whole bunch of cotton growing states to New York.

Her middle name was cotton, but she gave me the wool.

Take it from me; there's nothing in love; it's only the advance agent for misery, the sand bag of delight that drops on you and douses your glims. From now on, I'm scattering my affections. I hate the South.

Honest, if I owned Lake Erie an' it was moonshine bourbon and Kentucky was bond dry, I wouldn't give a guy from Louisville a drink.

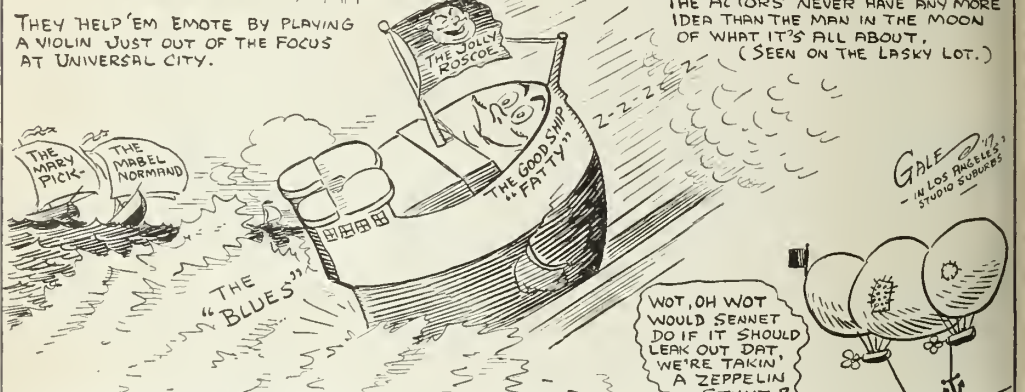
SOME OF THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO DRAW

BY E. W. GALE, JR.



THEY HELP 'EM EMOTE BY PLAYING A VIOLIN JUST OUT OF THE FOCUS AT UNIVERSAL CITY.

THE ACTORS NEVER HAVE ANY MORE IDEA THAN THE MAN IN THE MOON OF WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT. (SEEN ON THE LASKY LOT.)



ANOTHER ONE HAS-BEEN LAUNCHED - THE ROSCOE ARBUCKLE COMPANY.



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS HAS BEEN TURNING OUT SOME REELS OUT AT THE TRIANGLE THAT ARE MAKING A CERTAIN PARTY STEP!

IT'S EASIER TO GET INTO GERMANY THAN IT IS TO GET INTO THE KEYSTONE IN THESE PIPING TIMES OF TRICK STUNTS.



Photographs by White, New York

Here is the gown which Miss Bayne copied from a Van Dyke portrait. It is of black velvet and black satin, relieved with collar and cuffs of wine-colored chiffon and filet lace. Corselet vest of blue and silver embroidery on black satin.

Beverly Bayne a *Living* Van Dyke

THE LATE MRS. MONTAGUE CREATES HER OWN
FASHIONS IN TURNING BACK FOUR CENTURIES

By Lillian Howard

After spending some three months on perfection of detail for "Romeo and Juliet," Beverly Bayne becomes of necessity a devotee of historical accuracy in matters sartorial.

Now behold her costumed in her black velvet street frock, a counterpart of that of the original of the Van Dyke period—still, much in the mode of the moment!

Of course Beverly Bayne is not arraying herself altogether after the modes of old-world heroines, though Juliet's marvellous and most becoming gowns did give her a taste for such. And so just as the clothes of the play were as historically correct as possible, when it is to be a street or afternoon gown after the Renaissance period, a careful sketch from a Van Dyke portrait



becomes a fashion *croquis*. It is copied in black velvet with sleeve caps from below which come double puffs of satin with stripings of velvet. The satin corselet vest is embroidered in blue and silver. The Van Dyke collar of wide, shoulder-draping lines, of point de Venise in the original, is here of chiffon in the twine color of the lace, with outlining points of filet of the same tone. Matching cuffs finish the sleeves at the wrists.

The season's designers have been most neutral in their choice of bygone periods from which they copied. Gowns have displayed notes of all ages and periods. Directoire collars, Moyen age waist-lines, Renaissance collars, Slavic embroideries, Chinese brocades, have all made their appearance. And too often mixed dates and places have not made for altogether harmonious and artistic gowning. But the cry is always for something new, something different. This is just where Beverly Bayne achieved a triumph when she elected to reproduce an

Left, above, Miss Bayne in a dove-colored taffeta street frock, silver thread embroidery on collar and finishing sleeves. From a French model, just imported.

Right, below, a full-length view of the Van Dyke gown. Note the skirt, harmoniously long, but of convenient walking length.



old-world original. In this Van Dyke portrait she perceived the inspiration for the latest tendencies of fashion, the fullness of sleeve, the full but straight lines of skirt, the contrasting panel front, the shoulder-draping collar, all the newest wrinkles of sartorial 1917 gowns.

The motion picture actress probably knows more about the art of costuming than any other class of women of fashion. Her knowledge of clothes is not confined to those worn at the present moment. She has studied in her work the gowning for heroines of different periods and her instinct for art makes her keen in recognizing the source of the mode's inspiration and adapting it with skill. No more is there anything really new in fashions than there is in plots for scenarios. Every sort of a costume line has been used, just as every human situation has been depicted. The possibilities for novelty lie in the change of details, though too often fashion comes a cropper in awkward combination of these details.

They're Just Shooting Douglas Fairbanks

IT'S done every day, or thereabouts; not because he has nine lives, but because this sort of shooting multiplies his liveliness instead of destroying it. The gentleman writing on the heavens with his index finger is John Emerson. He isn't really doing anything to the sky—that's just a directoral gesture. The man behind the celluloid gun is Victor Fleming, pleasant-faced youth who is declared a wizard of the optic crank. The small person snuggled under the artillery is Anita Loos, who writes the Fairbanks plays and the uproarious captions appertaining thereto. Secret: she also wrote most of the humorous subtitles in "Intolerance." This flash of the Fairbanks crew at their creative toil was winked during a moment of "The Americano," a play of Central American revolution using the San Diego Exposition as its background of architectural lace.

Incidentally, "The Americano" will probably be the last of the Fair-

banks plays in California for some time to come, as the actor and his artistic outfit are now camped, with an idea of permanency, on Manhattan island.

"I want to play some New York fellows in New York," says Fairbanks, who it seems ridiculous to call "Mister." "Why should I follow the old custom of the movies, staging Broadway in some cañon, with a lot of re-

formed cowpunchers for the Fifth Avenue boys. I expect to be working around Manhattan quite a while."

This isn't a black-banged China doll under the camera. It's an author—honest!



Presenting a Six-Part Serial



IN these piping days of paint and pout and powder it is "old stuff" to see a dainty girl examine her vanity mirror in a street car or dust a little powder on her nose while the crossing copper holds up vehicular traffic for her to fox-trot across to nether curb, sections of white-clad shin twinkling betwixt skirt hem and boot top. But

To get a chance to glimpse our little Mary having a silence interview with herself in the man-forbidden fastness of her studio dressing-room, that is something else again. *Voilà!*
ze puffs,



Entitled "Mysteries of Mary"

m'sietures. *Allons!*

In the extreme southwest corner of the west page Miss Pickford may be beheld "on location." obviously on some sea coast with Director Tourneur, and there would seem to be a hint of cameras to right of her, cameras to left of her, cameras, etc.

West-by-south-east: Mistress Mary seems to have got mixed up with a bucket and a gentleman cook, while they are aiming the camera through the doorway.

East-by-north: Aw say, can't you read that picture for yourself without any side notes?

East-by-southeast: A new spring style, lorgnette *a u x burro*.



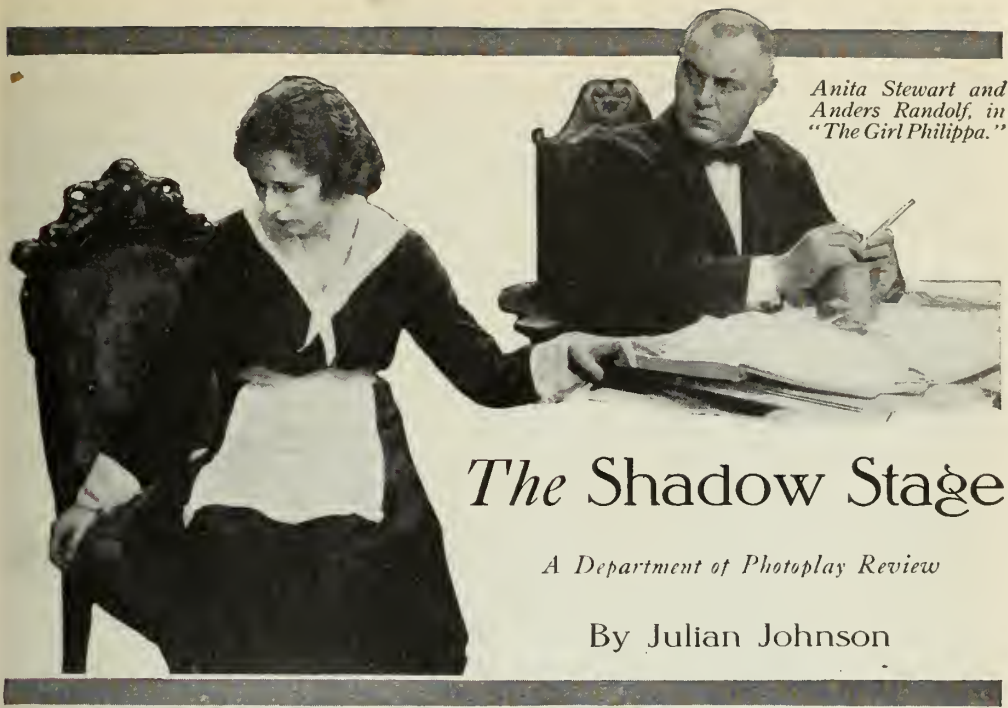
© White Photo



ARE THEIR AGES PERMANENT AS THE AGE OF MARY MILES?



The perennial fourteen at your right is the renowned Minter; at her right stands her middle-aged grandmother, and the young person at grandmother's right is Mrs. Charlotte Shelby, her daughter and mother of Mr. Freuler's prize ingenue.



Anita Stewart and
Anders Randolph, in
"The Girl Philippa."

The Shadow Stage

A Department of Photoplay Review

By Julian Johnson

OCCUPANTS of thrones are generally less interesting than the gentlemen or ladies behind them; Joan, the clair-audient wool-grower of Orleans, is merely the figurehead of a great spectacular enterprise behind which moves one Cecil DeMille, a sun-painter who makes her embattled, renowned, and eventually a steak at a stake. Which is to say that Geraldine Farrar, in "Joan the Woman," is not the whole show, as she was in "Carmen." "Carmen" was the peculiar personal medium of this cosmopolitan witch. "Joan the Woman" is an historic materialization in which she plays a leading part with characteristic energy and effect, but which, as a spectacular photoplay, is no more dependent upon the substantial prima-donna than upon any of its other leading principals. Edith Storey, for instance, would have recreated Arc's fanatic virgin to much the same effect—perhaps with even greater exaltation.

Though it is not faultless, "Joan the Woman" is the best sun-spectacle since "The Birth of a Nation," and in the opinion of the writer only that sweeping review of arms and hearts has excelled it. "The Birth Of a Nation" trumps all the picture spectacles yet made for its insistent humanity; its irresistible combination of power and simplicity, tempest and tenderness.

Mechanically as well as photographically "Joan" equals but does not surpass "Civilization," that photographic and mechanic milestone of flivver story; in legend and development of dramatic interest it would be absurd to mention "Civilization" in this connection. Mr. Griffith's radiant crazy-quilt, "Intolerance," is also put by.

Miss Jeanie MacPherson is credited with the book of this opera for the eyes. She begins with Eric Trent, of the English expeditionary force in Northern France. Trent is in a trench at night, and, finding a projecting bit of rusty iron, pulls and digs until he has extracted the remnant of a sword of the period of Charles VII. In his vision, as he sleeps, Joan appears. The story of the shepherdess begins.

Trent in a previous incarnation was of the English who occupied Burgundy. France lies in anemic disarray before a powerful invader and behind a wretched king. Trent is of a pillaging foray who drive the laggard soldiery of Charles from town and field. Joan, the farmer's daughter, he regards as his special prize, but Joan's purity has purity's frequent way: it disarms the conqueror, turning his lust to love. Traitorously wounded by a Frenchman, he is nursed back to health in a hay-loft by the maid.

But the romance comes to no fulfillment.

When Trent's youthful blood is again coursing healthily, Joan is hearing things. Her day of romance and dream is over. Mailed Anglo-Saxon hands are beating down the traditions and the hopes of France, and, willy-nilly, the militant shepherdess gets to the court of the clownish monarch, still without a sceptre. The same fury that sped her from hovel to hall puts her at the head of the army, despite the opposition of La Tremouille, silken spider of England in the court of Charles. The mercenaries are vanquished, sieges are raised, English generals retire precipitately, French blood leaps and boils as it always does when Gaul is endangered. At length united France, with shout and paean, repair to Rheims' immemorial pile, and the crown is pushed down on the narrow forehead of Charles with exuberant sanctity.

Bishop Cauchon, a ward-heeler of the church, spy of London and general minority leader, has no part in the new and exultant order. A creature of La Tremouille, it is his task to rid the land of its

girl David, or decline from luxury to actual clerical labor—perhaps to the block or the assassin's thrust. The ready resort of the day is superstition. People who take no baths are apt to believe anything, and the commentators of custom assure us that folk of that day were suspicious as they were encrusted. In politics, too, it is hail today and hell tomorrow, and Joan was in arch-politics. Obtaining her from her English captor—Trent, her one-time lover, betrayed her—Cauchon has little difficulty in indicting as a witch one who received her ideals of leadership in trances. The canonical trial is characteristically absurd and blasphemous. Charles keeps his hand out through belief that Joan aspired to overthrow him.

Nevertheless, Joan holds to her faith and protests her innocence. The red fires of the inquisitor shake her body into submission; her flesh, not her soul, consents; she signs what she is asked to sign. She is a witch, by her own confession—a traitor, a schemer, an agitator. The last chapter is staged in a square, and in a pillar of fire Joan's soul goes to heaven, while the repentant Trent and even the malicious monk who served Cauchon plead her forgiveness—as Cauchon himself, shaken by the horridity of her burning, stumbles hastily from his ringside seat.

Trent, in the modern trenches, awakens. He is chosen from a number of other volunteers to bomb a Teuton salient before attack. His hazard is successful, but he stops a German bullet, and before he dies Joan again comes to him; in this Englishman's death for France he has expiated his sin of the centuries against her.

In the welter of magnificent impersonations let us seize upon the Charles VII of Raymond Hatton as a sterling example. Here is a screen-made actor whose study possesses the finest subtleties, the most adroit effects, absolute verity to



Ethel Barrymore and Maury Stewart, in "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie."



Pauline Frederick, in "The Slave Market."

human nature. It is an old saying that great parts make great actors, but of all flip quips, this is the most histrionically unjust. Charles VII is a great part, but in all the range of photographic and speaking performances I can think of no one who would—to me, at least—put this characterization across so thoroughly. The petulance and the weakness and the vanity of Charles, Hatton manages to express without a single bodily movement. His face is at once a drama and a novel. He has such fine bits of business; for instance, the scene after the palace revel in which he thrusts merely the tips of his fingers, absently, down the back of a drunken woman's dress to caress her shoulder. Here, without lewdness, is the complete expression of an orgy!

Those who object to Miss Farrar's Joan because she is rising to battle-cruiser weight had best turn to their histories. Joan is described as broad, short, heavy. But Joan had a peasant's face, placid except for wonderful eyes. One of Farrar's eyes reflects Riverside Drive, the other, Fifth Avenue, and her mouth seems to be saying "Broadway." This is perhaps quibbling, but the prima-donna's Joan is a bit too sophisticated in appearance. In "Carmen" she *was* Carmen; in "Joan the Woman" she is an accomplished and clever actress,

possessed of enormous physical valor, dramatic resource in gesture which is at moments thrilling, and great personal appeal.

Her appetite for punishment and abuse has been paralleled only by the heroisms of Mabel Normand when Keystone prolapsed to dress suits and stellar names.

Theodore Roberts as Cauchon makes the churchly devil of the Middle Ages a grim reality. Hobart Bosworth plays the common soldier Le Hire—and makes of him a grand figure, figuratively as well as literally the plumed knight of the play. Charles Clary as the icy Tremouille is very fine; Tully Marshall as the wicked monk is a graphic figure; James Neill has a human bit. The whole interpretative resource of Laskyville has been deftly drawn upon.

To me, the great moment of "Joan the Woman" was the episode in Charles' shabby court where Joan pleads for soldiers to save France. As she talks the dim and shadowy figures of great knights in armor, on battle-chargers which would have upborne the Norse gods, plunge over them all, through the hall. This is more than double photography: it is handling a camera as Michelangelo handled his chisel—it is Michelangeloing the sunshine. This is the first time that the psychic force of active photography has been turned on an audience along lines fully demonstrated by the late Hugo Munsterberg—and completely neglected by all directors.

The material side of the picture is splendidly taken care of. The reduction of a feudal fortress, the sweep of a great field of knights to the charge are big incidents. The flash to mouth of a hundred brass trumpets, the glitter of five times as many pennanted lances, the arching of what seem a thousand great swords demonstrate overwhelmingly the drama of arms in the mailed centuries.

William Furst's musical score is a pleasant one, and while it rises to no particular merit, it never angers by its complete inefficiency—as does the "Intolerance" orchestration. Those who criticise Mr. Furst for his large use of the "Marseillaise" on the ground that it was not composed until hundreds of years after the winds had scattered Joan's ashes, have no imagination. The "Marseillaise" is not a localized tune; it is a melodic expression of the spirit of France.

Mr. DeMille has not Mr. Griffith's al-

most demoniac faculty of making even an extra do in a picture just what he would do in life. "Joan the Woman" could stand a bit more humanity here and there. Nevertheless, it is a big and splendid thing.

IN writing about "The Americano," the latest visual dynamite from the Fairbanks factory, we are considering Douglas rather than the doings.

In an expression about Douglas Fairbanks the temptation is to go far; the temptation is to say that he is *the* representative American actor for both ears and eyes.

If not, why not?

America is a large neighborhood of hustle and bustle, good nature and dogged persistence, fine animal spirits and outrageous optimism, much physical magnetism and few of the esoteric unguents. There are those among us who are cracked, crazy or strange, poets both ab and subnormal, dreamers, for every hour in the day, melancholics, imaginaries, new-thoughtists, revolutionaries, voluptuaries, hermits, heroes, cowards, saints, skunks. Of course. But they do not represent America.

The good-bad lovable chap Douglas Fairbanks always plays *does* represent America and

the biff-bang Americanism for which we are, justly and unjustly, renowned.

The most interesting thing about Douglas Fairbanks is his future.

Here he is: a sane, commonplace, aggressive young fellow in the early thirties, getting a groundwork of combined experience and celebrity from which no middle-age triumph can jar him. He is devoted to the screen. Doesn't consider it a mere make-shift for the big money, but an absolute medium for the best that's in him. He is going to grow right along with camera-craft, and when, in a few years, we come to those

Mary Milks Minter in "The Innocence of Lizette," a recent Mutual release.



absolutely certain sun-plays of serious life, let us hope that he will crown his career with a man of maturity who will be not only a triumph of acting but a *national expression*.

Anita Loos, the demi-tasse librettist, is a great help to our hero. Her frolicsome scenarios are not only immense entertainment, but they are satires more subtle than our contemporary vocal dramatists provide. Remember, in "American Aristocracy," the distiller's wife who couldn't speak to the brewer's wife because she moved in a higher plane? This is scraping the paint right off the surface of society, and since the death of Clyde Fitch they're not doing it in the talkies.

Did we mention "The Americano?" Oh, yes! We have more story and less jumping than "American Aristocracy" vouchsafed. The chief concern is a Central American revolution, and the meddling therewith by a young New York assistant to a mining company. The inciter of his trip is Alma Rueben, whom we have previously noted as one of the most charming brunes in captivity. The buildings of the

San Diego Exposition furnished fine, ready-made settings. Mr. Fairbanks literally falls on his enemies, in this picture, and the results in front of the projected fight are electric as an incandescent; whoops and howls from the audience spur the ghostly battlers to their set finish. After a great deal of pummeling Douglas really enfolds Alma, and in the midst of your surprise at this unexpected denouement the lights go up and your excited fair neighbor sticks her hatpin into the side of your head.

S. RANKIN DREW has arrived as a director. The proof is his fine modern play, "The Girl Philippa," adapted from the Chambers novel, and Vitagraphed about the lustrous Anita Stewart.

I said "fine modern play;" it is the reality of the people, the many notes of genuine humanity, the clean, strong love interest and dramatic force which makes the enterprise worthy. These things overcome a sort of scattering of idea—a note here and there which seems to show the director bewildered, or the scenarioist bewildered; but, anon the action picks up and plunges ahead with speed and sincerity, and the piece is saved.

Almost anyone can make a series of characters gyrate through a course of situations to a given end. There are very few who can make these characters perform so that we share their loves, their sympathies, their hates and their terrors, as Drew makes us share the emotions of Philippa and her people and her enemies.

Doubtless you remember the tale. It's of the present war, and a girl who kept the cash in a

country cabaret. She was a royal child, stolen in infancy, but she didn't know it. If she had known it, there might not have been a story. Her master and stealer, a French Benedict Arnold, sells out to the Germans—but he would just as readily sell out to anyone. Philippa has various protectors, ranging from a nun to an American artist; she has various adventures, ranging from an automobile abduction to a gun fight in a cellar. She has various emotions, ranging from heart-



Douglas Fairbanks enjoying his work in "The Americano."

broken despair to the triumph of love and amazement at her royal self.

For the first time since the departure of her boss brother-in-law, Ralph Ince, Miss Stewart emerges from eclipse. She is a peculiar though potent quantity, this long and lovely maiden, and under dull management she droops like a rose in steam heat.

What is the Stewart charm? Isn't it, mainly, an elusive sort of virginity, an expression of complete girlhood unsullied by the knowing complacency of maturity? There is no one on our screens who can be at once so ardent and so pure; and this is the rarest quality in an age where babies hear sex-talk.

Yet — I've seen Anita Stewart, notwithstanding her sweetness, play some of our very best worst women!

Mr. Drew himself, and Anders Randolph are especially conspicuous in the Anita support. Nor can we forget, piously as we try, that absolutely distracting *religieuse*, Miss Curley.

I PITY the fellow who wrote of "Snow White:" "How anyone could expect those possessing adult minds to sit through this picture is a mystery."

Poor chap! As far as he is concerned the world of imagination is shut behind an unclimbable fence. If he had been a manager, he would have kicked out of his office any man submitting "Peter Pan," and to him Robert Louis Stevenson, the incomparable playmate of every boy in the world, probably seems a silly twaddler.

For sheer, mere enjoyment, "Snow White" is the equal of anything I ever saw. Marguerite Clark is so real and so earnest as the persecuted little princess that

in tumultuous sympathy even men forget that no one having such pretty legs could have any enduring woes.

How we shudder at the malevolence of plotting Brangomar! How we sigh at the plight of Berthold, the unhappy hunts-



Raymond Hatton
and Geraldine
Farrar, in "Joan
the Woman,"
the finest
photo-
spectacle in
two
years.

man! Nor is there any scarcity of laughter in Snow White's motherly invasion of the house of the seven dwarfs, whose beds she makes, whose floor she scrubs, whose food she cooks, whose faces she washes. And how vast is our delight at the plight of Witch Hex, as she pours over her bald head a decoction she believes made of the fair child's heart, but which contains, instead, a pig's heart to make her shining pate sprout pig-tails instead of raven tresses!

The man who staged "Snow White" believes in fairies.

So do we—at least we *want* to believe in them, and anyone who will help us toward belief in them earns our gratitude and applause.

Every child in America should see this play.

If your child doesn't enjoy it hugely have his head examined, for this pictured tale is the essence of childish enthusiasms, beliefs and loves.

AN oracle of Roman days wrote: "Of the making of books there is no end." So it seems with photoplays. And the pity of it is, to most of these photoplays there is no significance. There is little attempt to create art-products of originality and fineness; there is stupendous, overwhelming, continuous effort to fill programmes and beat the other fellow in a general plastering of wares all over the land.

The open market should have a very salutary effect on photodrama, for as open market, translated, means best play, most sales, it should be mere business expediency to produce good things and fewer of them.

THE Famous-Lasky-Morosco group seem to have the bulge on interesting wares this month, though their shop-run is by no means notable.

The novelty on this programme (apart from "Snow White") appears to be Frank McIntyre's first gingerly dip into the movies, wearing his renowned footlight character, "The Travelling Salesman." It is little less than a tragedy that McIntyre can find no good medium in which to disport. He is a comedian not only oleaginous but unctuous, and while there are numbers of the former on and off the silversheet, genuine unctious is a gift direct from the god of laughter. The scenario of "The Travelling Salesman" seems jacked about a bit strangely, but Joe Kaufman, who waved the baton during the materialization, directed well and carefully, and the picture as a whole is an exceptionally good one. You will like McIntyre, and you will like Doris Kenyon, who's becoming a more delicious bon-bon every day she sugars by continuing to live.

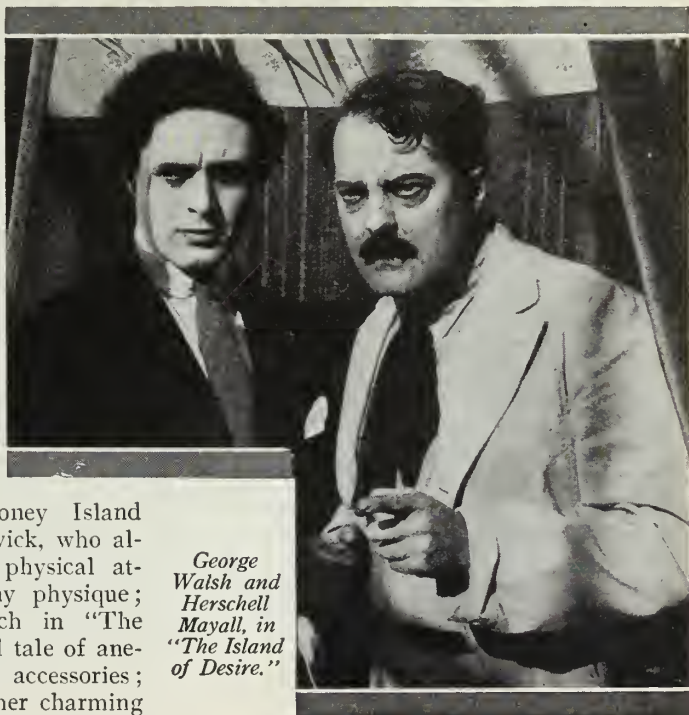
Then we have "A Coney Island Princess," with Irene Fenwick, who always puts an astounding physical attraction across without any physique; the swarthy Lenore Ulrich in "The Road to Love," an Oriental tale of anemic story and magnificent accessories; "Oliver Twist," an altogether charming

reversion to Dickens, with Marie Doro; and Pauline Frederick in a speedy but not noteworthy pirate story entitled "The Slave Market."

IN "A House Built on Sand" we have the most intelligent subject turned out of the Triangle group in the past month; and in "Truthful Tulliver" the liveliest entertainment, apart from "The Americano."

For the first: here is a new version of the caveman-husband story. The girl, played by Lillian Gish, plans for a simpering society wedding. Her husband-to-be, a hater of shams, plucks her out of her luxuriant nest, and carries her off to wedlock and rough surroundings as though she were a Sabine woman. Result, estrangement. At the end of six months imperative duty awakes her to the realities of life, and, coincidentally, to the realities of love. This is a quiet, sanely told, not essentially dramatic story. Anyone who can behold a photoplay of this type and talk about the unvarying falsity of the screen to life is either a knave or an ass. "A House Built on Sand" is life.

In "Truthful Tulliver" Bill S. Hart call'lates that he'll go plumb back to his simon-pure Westerner. He is the finest of



George Walsh and Herschell Mayall, in "The Island of Desire."

them all, and he does stunts here that out-bedevel any of his previous enterprises in the sage. He does not walk into a saloon to get his man—he rides into the crowd on a dead gallop, and the bad boy, lassoed, is yanked through a window, carrying sash and all in his travels on the rope express. Next, Hart follows a train, swings from his bronk to an observation car, and plucks villainy even from the soft surroundings of a transcontinental limited. Alma Rueben, dusk jewel we have noted in another setting, is here too, perfidiously as loving to Bill as she was to Doug.

For the Triangular remainder, moving pictures, of varying degrees of goodness and constructive care.

THE Island of Desire," a Fox photoplay of the month, has an overwhelmingly good start and an astoundingly mediocre finish.

"At last!" I said as the first few hundred feet slipped past my eyes. And I settled back for a Londonesque tale of the South Seas, and gold, and yellow men, and white men with yellow hearts, and a queen or two, and of course a hero. But, somehow, the story just fades away to a childish bit of mechanical volcano and dull sentimentality . . . why won't people depend upon the infinite variety of human nature instead of manufacturing the violent devices of heaven and earth?

Notwithstanding his biceps, George Walsh may meet some real rough fellows some day who'll take him down, hog-tie him, and cut his ebullient hair. I hope that or a barber happens to him. He and Herschell Mayall are the principal high lights of this show.

AMONG Universal's best pieces this month are "Black Orchids," a violent melodrama of considerable compulsion; an "Polly, Put the Kettle On," a sweet though unoriginal idyll of present-day life.

"Black Orchids" has a needlessly dirty note in its plot, but if you wish a thrill of medieval horror to jar you out of placidity, have a look. No, we won't tell you what it is. Cleo Madison, who in months has perpetrated nothing but matrimony to keep her name in the papers, is the principal performess.

Douglas Gerrard was the director of "Polly, Put the Kettle On."

THE Foolish Virgin," with Clara Kimball Young, is little less than a disaster, considering the prominence of the star, the resources of the company, and the fine record of the director. How did Capellani happen to perpetrate so tiresome a thing?

PIDGIN Island," a Metro comedy-drama, featuring Harold Lockwood and May Allison, produced by Fred J. Balshofer, has much to recommend it—and much to condemn it. It is a realistic story of smuggling, with the obvious incidents handled in such a charming and lifelike manner that the distraught reviewer is tempted to shout for joy; yet, on the heels of a lot of common

sense tumbles a bunch of absurdities. What can you do?

ETHEL Barrymore in an even, intelligent, though not especially inspired screening of "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie;" Emmy Whelen in "Vanity;" Mme. Petrova, in an interesting melodramalet of the great war, "The Black Butterfly;" and the usual Sidney Drew diversions are included in the current Metro budget.

In a rather mild World month "Broken Chains," written by Joseph Grismer and Clay M. Greene, featuring Ethel Clayton and Carlyle Blackwell, is most prominent. In its "take" World has a bulge on everybody; it is at least three months ahead in its finished material.

DON'T MISS NEXT MONTH'S

"Shadow Stage"!

It will be a jolt to the theatrical crank who holds boards and footlights sacred as the East Indians hold their cows, for in it Mr. Johnson will prove that in the past twelvemonth the photoplay has done more to foster *truly American* drama than has the stage in the past half dozen years:

Be sure to read this constructive contribution to artistic criticism.

THE FAREWELL OF A COUPLE OF WALL NUTS



This affecting scene occurred at the Chaplin studio in Hollywood when Fairbanks went to bid his comical colleague adieu, prior to departure for the East.

He's Sixteen Years Ahead

By Paul H. Dowling

DAYS OF OLD RECALLED,
AND THRILLING FEATS
OF A PIONEER
KNIGHT OF THE TRIPOD



IN days of old, when knights were bold, there were no "movie" cameramen. Had there been, the daring deeds they doughtily did for ladies' sakes would have loomed up like slaughtering tin soldier armies in the garret on a rainy afternoon, compared with the freak acts of daring "pulled off" in line of everyday duty by the knights of the crank-crowned tripod.

See that old gentleman across the street there? That's "Daddy" Paley. Besides being dean of motion picture photography and camera-making in this country, he has dandied Fate on his figurative knee fifty times and pulled the nose of Death a dozen. He likes it.

With an Indian he paddled the currents of the St. Lawrence in the night to "shoot" a down-river boat as it swept on toward a



of All War Photographers

huge rock—and swerved on the current just in time to go by at a hand's breadth to safety.

Upon a time Daddy Paley got himself in bad with the Spaniards in Cuba and they threw him into a dungeon in Morro



In the center is one of the early Melies companies on the stage of the Star Film Ranch at San Antonio, Tex. Francis Ford may be discovered behind a hirsute disguise in the center, and seated on the floor is Dolly Larkin. The set consisted of the back drop nailed against the side of the house. Below, Daddy Paley is filming the boys in blue at Tampa in 1898.



Castle, where he could hear a firing squad launching souls into eternity. They had caught him with eighteen moving pictures of the Maine. When the American consul got him out he started filming again and a Cuban tried to stiletto him. Daddy Paley chucked him into the harbor.

At the battle of San Juan Hill Daddy got a Spanish bullet through his camera, and went on cranking. Then yellow fever nabbed him and he staggered eight miles through calf-deep mud and the rain, in the night, to reach a hospital ship that had no quinine.

Scenario Winners Are Being Chosen

EXPERTS ARE WEEDING OUT BEST AMONG TWENTY-SIX THOUSAND MANUSCRIPTS SUBMITTED FROM HOME AND ABROAD IN THE THOS. H. INCE-PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE CONTEST

APPROXIMATELY sixty days must elapse after the appearance of this number of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE before awards can be announced in the Thos. H. Ince-Photoplay Magazine Scenario Contest, in which prizes of \$1,000, \$500, \$300 and \$200, all cash, are to be won. The Contest closed December 31 at midnight, and for that reason perhaps some of the contestants have expected an earlier decision. An explanation is due them.

More than 26,000 scenario manuscripts were received by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE in this competition, constituting an unprecedented response to an offer of this kind. Manifestly it would be impossible for Mr. Ince, an extremely busy man, to peruse all of these. So a staff of experienced scenario readers was set at work by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE with instructions to weed aside the "hopeless" scenarios and preserve for later sorting every manuscript which contained the germ of a usable idea.

This staff has finished the task, and of the 26,000-and-odd scenarios submitted has selected everyone having sufficient merit for serious consideration. Two of Mr. Ince's experts trained in the adaptation of non-studio-made scenarios to the screen are now engaged in cataloging and indexing these, which by the time you read this article will be in the hands of Mr. Ince himself for personal reading and final decision.

So you must be patient, realizing the enormous amount of mental and physical work involved in the process of honestly and fairly judging such a contest. Within the frame on this page are given some interesting facts of the wide scope and popularity of this world-wide competition.

As may be expected in contests which are territorially unrestricted and appeal to practically all classes, a good many of the entrants threw aside the rules or violated one or another of them, perhaps not realizing that each one of these rules was formulated with a

distinct purpose and after much thought by persons who have specialized in this field and therefore know what requirements should be laid down and why. The inevitable result has been the rejection of some thousands of scenarios which otherwise might have stood a chance of final inspection. When a rule is made it is made for all, else it is not honestly made. If an aspirant to a prize cannot or will not observe the rule, he or she cannot expect to receive consideration of work done.

Sixty per cent. of the total number of manuscripts submitted was received by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE in the closing month of the Contest. Notwithstanding the plain language of Rule No. 2—"Manuscripts must be typewritten on one side only of the paper. Manuscripts in long hand will not be read"—more than a few aspirants mailed in their scenarios in long hand. Of course these manuscripts were returned at once.

It is interesting to note that where an author wrote a scenario for a specified star, as Mr. Ince suggested should be done, the star most frequently selected was William S. Hart and the plot was a Western melodrama. Next in popularity with the authors came Charles Ray, Charles Ray and Frank Keenan teamed, and Bessie Barriscale.

The record of successes on the moving picture screen shows that approximately ninety per

cent. of the picture dramas has been the work of men and somewhat less than ten per cent. the work of women writers. Yet seventy-five per cent. of the more than 26,000 manuscripts entered in this Contest bore the names of women authors. What is the answer? Is there here an indication that women, take them far and near and without restriction of class or environment, are less capable of producing usable screen stories than men similarly unrestricted? The brilliance which women have contributed to the printed literature of the day rises up to contradict that theory.

Vital Facts in the Ince-Photoplay Scenario Contest

MORE than 26,000 entrants.

Among foreign entrants: French, French-Canadians, Japanese, Chinamen, Italians, Australians, New Zealanders, Hawaiians.

Foreign-prepared manuscripts compared favorably with the best of the American-prepared in points of scenario technique and manuscript neatness.

Very few of the manuscripts showed any knowledge of studio technique on the part of the author.

One per cent. of the 26,000 manuscripts was hand-written and therefore rejected without being read. The rejection-without-reading exception was a manuscript telling in "verse" the story of Harry K. Thaw. For many laughs much thanks to the author.

About one in each ten manuscripts carried insufficient postage. Why be so foolishly careless?

Seventy-five per cent. of the submitted manuscripts came from women.

More than ninety per cent. of all the scenarios revolved around love.

Some of the entrants sent pencil or pen sketches along to illustrate their plots. Others sent their own photographs. We don't know why.

Nearly all of the Canadian authors and authoresses sent their heroes to the European trenches.

More than forty per cent. of the entrants introduced the sex problem in their plots.

The Contest opened August 1, 1916, and closed December 31, 1917.

And here's a tale of Mexico and a girl
doctor without a bandit or a battle

The Evil Eye

By Mrs. Ray Long

A TORRID sun was sinking into the Pacific as a packet boat steamed up the dozing harbor of Ensenada, the northernmost port of Lower California. The *siesta* time had been prolonged this thirty-fourth day that a blood red, murky ball had ended a gasping night only to blaze across the sky a dazzling point of light, and sink again into the peaceful sea, a dull, blood-dripping portent of evil. Some few Mexicans sat in the shade of the dock buildings. Only one figure showed itself alive and alert.

"Meester Sheldon, he no sizzle, no bake," observed a fat Mexican lazily.

"Maybeso," acknowledged a swarthy inlander from the grape district up the river valley to the north. "My Tonio, seek. Fifty people seek. The boat bring doctor."

As the little boat from San Diego made its way in, Sheldon, manager of the grape companies, walked anxiously up and down the strip of dock. He was dust-stained and limp from exhaustion. But the sapped vitality in him was kept going by the anxiety to get help to his stricken vine tenders, dying daily from a dread epidemic. As the boat came alongside the dock and her plank was put out, his squinting eyes searched for the man of medicine he had sent for.

The first passenger to alight was a blonde girl, beautiful in a trim costume of starched white from hat to shoes. Behind her was a comely young man.

Sheldon stared. He had not seen such an apparition in years. Even the squatting Mexicans showed wonder. But little time was left for speculation. The girl walked straight to Sheldon, held out a firm hand, sent a firm smile into his pale, careworn face, and said briskly. "I am Doctor Torrance, Doctor Katherine Torrance. My father could not come, as he had been called to Pasadena the day before your message came. His assistant is ill



She took from her satchel a black band with a lamp and reflector attached.

and your call was imperative. I could find no one else in the city who wanted to come down here. The weather reports did not please them and it's bad enough in San Diego. So I came."

Sheldon shook the proffered hand with trepidation. He could hear the grumbling from the lolling figures behind him in the shade. Mexican Joe's voice sounded nasty as he moaned about his Tonio whom he must lose. But Dr. Katherine Torrance did not seem to notice. She looked brightly into Sheldon's eyes. Her whole white, uncrumpled person seemed charged with a revivifying freshness. She turned to the young man with her and said, "Mr. Sheldon, this is my brother Clifford, who was sent to look out for me." Sheldon grasped the hand held out, felt none of the firmness and grip of the sister, and unconsciously put a reassuring palm under the girl's elbow and started to lead her to the horse he had brought for her.

"Bring my things, Clifford," she called back, and soon the little cavalcade was moving slowly over the parched plain to the river and hills that they hoped to make that night. Dr. Katherine rode between

Sheldon and her brother. Mexican Joe and other natives with packhorses followed. And whenever Sheldon looked back he caught Joe swiftly changing a black scowl to a fawning grin.

AFTER a night in a rough camp and a four-hour ride through the hottest dawn she had ever known, Dr. Katherine reached the village of the grape growers, tucked in a valley pocket of the hills rolling up to the mountain backbone of the country. Even here one could see the heat waves quivering over the bushes. But after a change into a fresh white dress the young physician started out to visit the fever-filled huts.

In the first she pushed through a group of mourning Mexicans to the bed, where a two-year-old child lay. Its black eyes were almost closed; it breathed hard and its dry lips hung wide open. Dr. Katherine swiftly pushed off her hat, took from her satchel a black band with a lamp and reflector attached, snapped the band around her bright hair, and pressed the button that lighted an electric bulb against the reflector. In an instant she was crouched at the bedside and gazing into the swollen throat of the child, illumined by her lamp and reflector.

After a sharp scrutiny she removed the band from her hair, took some medicine from her satchel and turned to the group gathered behind her. For an instant even her high courage was chilled. The dark-faced group had closed in on her ominously. But she gave directions about the taking of the medicine and the care of the child, and hurried out, relieved, into the deathly heat.

She came upon Sheldon talking earnestly with his assistant, Frank King. King also had a pale, worried look. He bowed extravagantly as Dr. Katherine approached. He was not unlike her brother, Clifford, so Dr. Katherine looked at him a fraction of a second longer than she would have ordinarily as she acknowledged an introduction. King flushed with pleased vanity.

"Both of you gentlemen look as if you should be vaccinated," said Dr. Katherine gravely. "This trouble, which shows first in the throat, is a bad one to handle. As soon as I have made the rounds of the sick I will come to you if you will tell me where I can find you."

"That will be late in the day and you must rest," said Sheldon authoritatively. "However, I live in the cabin at the head of this street and King lives with me."

"I will be there to vaccinate you at about five this afternoon," announced the girl quite as brightly and calmly as if she had not heard Sheldon.

"Keep in the shade as much as possible," rejoined Sheldon. King smiled at the grave profile of his companion with un concealed amusement.

At five exactly Dr. Katherine entered the leafy porch of Sheldon's house. She found only King there, and a very different King from the one she had met in the morning. He was cleanly shaved and washed till his skin shone pink. He wore the outdoor dress of the overseer, flannel shirt, trousers jauntily tucked into riding boots, and a soft hat. But all were clean and shapely. He looked as debonair as a moving picture overman upon a moving picture rancho. Dr. Katherine smiled involuntarily while King smiled most voluntarily and saluted.

"I knew you'd be wearing yourself out in one day for these beggars so I've had a cold bird and a bottle brought out here to help me head you off for a little rest and chat," he said, his smile taking on a flirtatious tinge. And he showily took the girl's arm and led her to a seat beside the little table bearing cold sliced tongue and fowl, bread, and cool looking drinks.

"Business before pleasure," said Dr. Katherine, looking around and seeing nothing of Sheldon and that the table was set for only two. She opened her medicine and ordered prettily, "Your arm, sir: an ounce of vaccine is worth a barrel of medicine, and I might as well start on you."

King immediately held out a goodly arm with the air of a knight pleasing his lady. Dr. Katherine pushed up the flannel sleeve and swabbed a piece of the tanned flesh with some alcohol-soaked cotton. During the performance King looked down, smiling amorously at the shining head. Finally the girl glanced up quickly from curiosity just as Rosa, the cameo-faced daughter of Mexican Joe, came up onto the porch. She stopped, gazing fixedly. Dr. Katherine's keen ears heard the silence of the figure behind. Her peripheral glance, like the rest of her sex's so much wider than man's, took in the startled,

questioning and unhappy look on the Mexican girl's face. She dropped her eyes and went on in a business-like manner with her vaccinating. The arrival of her brother and Sheldon gave her a chance to watch King covertly for some minutes till Rosa had hesitatingly delivered the message from her father to Sheldon and gone. When the coxcomb succeeded again in making Dr. Katherine give him a glance his egotism translated the quiet of her blue eyes as dismay at the intrusion of the others. His hide was so impervious that he would not have believed if anyone had told him what really lay behind those deep blue pools of light.

"What of the condition?" asked Sheldon as he fanned himself and at the same time reprimanded a servant for setting a table only for himself and King when he had been told there would be four. King darted the servant a look that meant silence.

"It is very grave," said Dr. Katherine. "Some of the cases I think I can save if the people will do as I say. Many are doubtful and about twenty have gone so far that there is no hope. Only instant vaccination can prevent a terrible increase. I'll do that for you and Clifford now, if you please."

While she spoke King was thinking, "Holy Smoke, what a godsend. The little corker will be here several weeks. And much can happen in several weeks."

Sheldon was thinking, "God give me some way to send this lovely girl out of this hell. Weariness is on her face already. Why was I such a craven as to bring her up here!" And Clifford, the brother, half deadened with native wine, was thinking, "That fresh guy, King, has fallen for Kit; wish it had been this Sheldon fellow. I wouldn't have his job among these black-faced devils for half San Diego. But he's some gink anyway."

Meanwhile Dr. Katherine was deftly putting vaccine into the arms of Sheldon and her brother. But she was also thinking. And what was going on behind her white brow would have interested her brother, amazed Sheldon, startled King,

and alarmed the absent Rosa. "Tongue," was all she said as she turned from her work to the table. But Sheldon glowed. She had said it as if it were the one thing on earth she wanted.

After the light meal Sheldon and King escorted the brother and sister to a shack near their own. King had tried to keep up a sort of gaiety. It left him with so many unanswered and unnoticed sallies on his hands that he finally quit and sulked. Clifford had been too dazed to talk, and Sheldon and the girl too heart-sick.

THE EVIL EYE

THE photoplay version of this story by Hector Turnbull was produced by Jesse L. Lasky with the following cast:

Dr. Katherine Torrance.....
Blanche Sweet
Leonard Sheldon...Tom Forman
Frank King...Webster Campbell
Clifford, Katherine's brother...
J. Parks Jones
Mexican Joe.....Walter Long
Rosa.....Ruth King

A WEEK passed in much the same way as that first day. From early morning till night-fall Dr. Katherine went the rounds of the unpleasant shacks. Some of her patients grew better, but for every one on the way to recovery five were taken afresh with the dread malady. The girl was brave but bitterly unhappy in the face of

this condition. She knew she could change it if she only had the power. But something had risen up between her and the natives, thin as the atmosphere through which a threatening look may penetrate but strong as a fortress wall. They would not submit to vaccination. Dr. Katherine was so busy tending the sick that she had not the time to fathom why. And she hated to ask for more help from Sheldon than he was giving, for he was becoming paler and more careworn every day. It was Clifford who gave her the first appalling hint of the reason.

"Kit, you're wearing yourself to the bone for nothing," he told her one night when he came in later than usual. "Your looks are falling off and you'll never get anywhere. These nuts have their thumbs down on you."

The girl paid little heed for she didn't see how people for whom she was almost giving her life could dislike her. But to humor her brother, who liked to think he was taking care of her, she asked: "Who told you the people are against me?"

"Rosa told me. She's Mexican Joe's daughter, and a looker."

The girl was really startled. Here was a new problem for her overtried strength. "How do you happen to know Rosa?" she asked as gently as she could.

"Oh, everybody knows her," answered the youth carelessly. "A fellow's got to have some amusement in this vale of woe."

Katherine was, remembering Rosa's malevolent look when she had been holding Frank King's arm to vaccinate it. That made her think hard. "Couldn't you see less of the girl for my sake?" she asked.

"She's the only thing good enough to look at in this beastly hole except you, Kit, and you know how little chance I have to do that. Don't you worry. And remember, it's a good steer I've given you. Her father's an ugly brute and I think the best thing I can do is take you home."

"Does Frank King see much of Rosa," asked Dr. Katherine irrelevantly.

"No. Guess he's had enough of her. He says she was dippy over him till he had to stop it. Since then she's tried to get Sheldon. And I must say neither of them has been riled any at my going up there. She's just a sort of college widow around here. So don't gather unto yourself any worry about their making trouble for me. There's no jealousy in the air."

Dr. Katherine went to her brother and hugged him. Then she went into the little room. She slept soon, for she did not take Rosa's warning seriously. And as for any danger to her brother from the girl, she summed up her opinion in one sentence. "Bless him for the sweet boy he is."

The next morning Dr. Katherine started around to the homes of the sick with more courage than she had felt for days. She would make them like her. She started for the home of Mexican Joe first to treat his son, Tonio, who had been improving. As she approached the house

smilingly, something whizzed past her head from a window of the house. She looked at the object that fell near her feet and found it was the bottle of medicine she had left. For a minute she stood irresolute, then picked up the unbroken bottle and went to the door. She was met by Joe himself, scowling blackly.

"No come in," said the Mexican. "Go away. No want you."

As Dr. Katherine hesitated Joe's powerful wife joined him and Rosa could be seen smiling her inscrutable smile behind them. Rosa's smile told the girl more than the angry faces of the parents. She turned and went to the next house.

Here too she was refused admittance. And as she walked away another object whirled perilously near her head. It too was the bottle of medicine she had left for the man sick there.

The girl was both puzzled and distressed. There was nothing to do but call on Sheldon for help. Since it must be done, she went resolutely about it.

"I don't understand it," she told him.

The dark-faced group had closed in on her ominously.



"They have not only refused vaccination but now refuse to see me and are throwing my bottles of medicine out."

Sheldon dropped at once the work he was doing. "I'll go with you and see what it is."

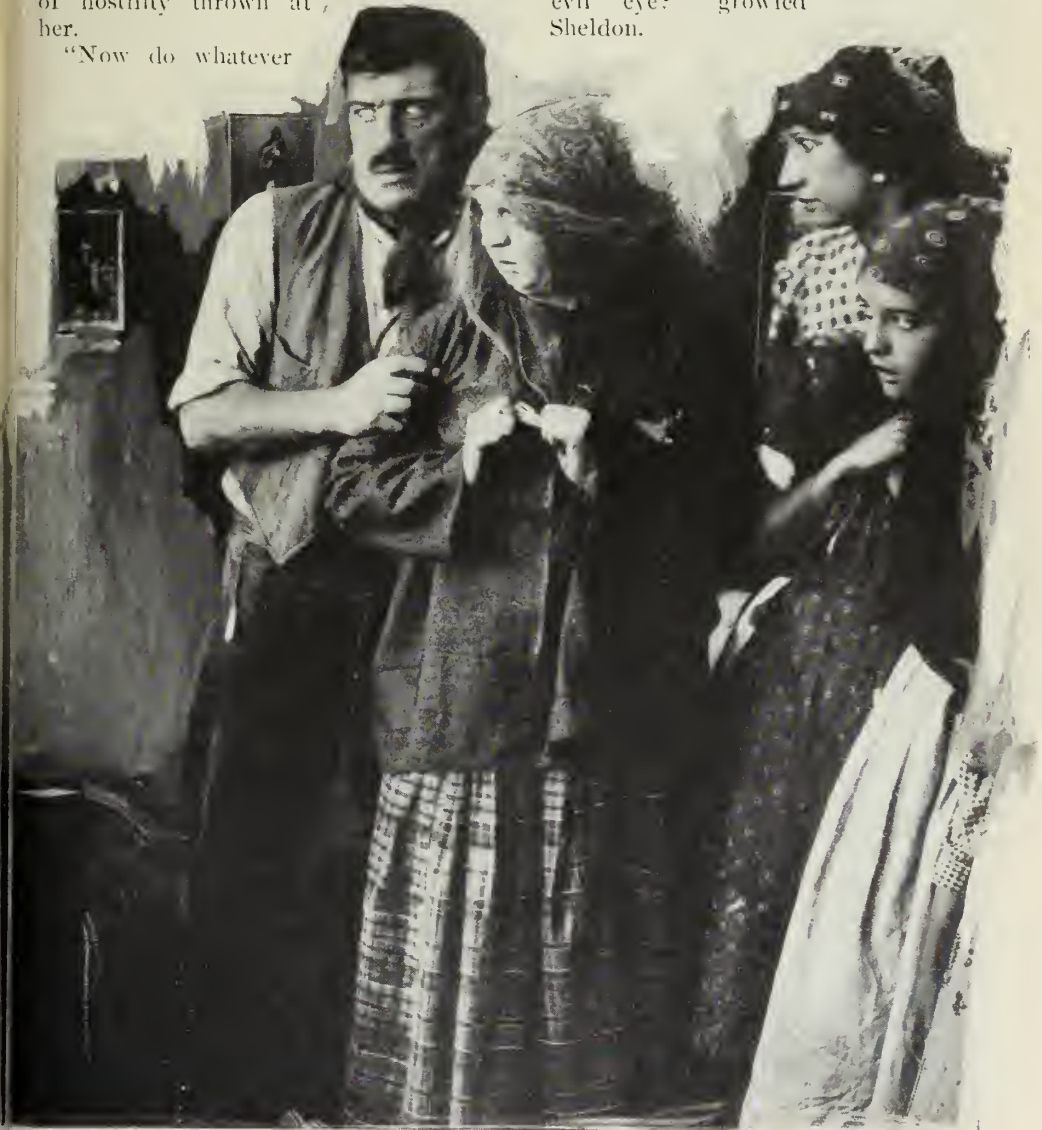
At the next place of visitation a little crowd of dark faces was peering from a window. When Sheldon knocked the door was opened and the sullen faces looked out. "I want to see Maria," said Sheldon firmly. The faces consulted silently, then way was made for Sheldon. As he led Dr. Katherine with him he did not fail to note the looks of hostility thrown at her.

"Now do whatever

you are accustomed to do on a visit," he said softly to the girl and she at once strapped the band holding her reflector light about her head and pressed the electric button. Then she tried to look into the throat of the sick woman. But the woman jerked away and there was a fierce grumbling among the onlookers.

"What ails you?" demanded Sheldon in Spanish.

"The evil eye," cried the members of the group together. "This she-devil has the evil eye. Look, see," and they pointed to the little reflector lamp on Dr. Katherine's forehead. "Who told you it was the evil eye?" growled Sheldon.



In an instant Mexican Joe and his wife were upon her.



Sheldon as soon as the door shut behind them. The girl's fine brow lifted into wrinkles. "Rosa," she murmured. "I see it all now." Her face flushed as she raised it to his. "She saw me vaccinating your assistant's arm. He was smiling at me. I saw her glance and it was full of hatred. She must care for him and must have thought I was coming between them."

Sheldon looked down into the clear, troubled eyes raised so straightforwardly and groaned. They told him what he wanted to know, that this lovely girl was not interested in King and that she innocently had involved herself in a danger from which even he might not be able to rescue her. She noted his gravity and asked, "Why should anything Rosa says carry such weight?"

"Because she's so unhappy," answered Sheldon bafflingly, "and because these people down here are so superstitious that I'm afraid even I, whom they trust, can't straighten this thing out. Go at once to your cabin and pack. No, there is no other way."

"Rosa, Rosa." they answered with one voice.

"And what made you believe Rosa?"

"Too many come sick. Too many do not get well."

"But you refused to be vaccinated. That would have kept down this plague. No-one gets sick who is vaccinated." And Sheldon rolled up his sleeve to show them the scar of his own vaccination. But the murmurings and black looks did not abate.

Dr. Katherine had not understood the talk but she understood the looks. Sheldon interpreted.

"Ask them if there is any other reason why they believed Rosa," she requested quickly. Sheldon did and a volley of Spanish was hurled at him. He turned from it with gleaming eyes. "Come, quickly," he said, leading the girl out. "You are in real danger. Do not show you know that. I will tell you all as soon as we are outside.

"What made Rosa hate you," asked

DR. KATHERINE did not argue. She was determined herself so she knew determination in others. She entered her cabin and found her brother there, sitting dejectedly at the table. "You," he almost screamed, as he jumped to his feet. "Heavens, but I'm relieved! We've got to leave this hole and be quick about it."

"Why?" blazed the girl, angry now.

"Because these hellions of Mexicans believe you have the evil eye and will destroy them. And that beauty, Rosa, is at the bottom of it. She has told that you are not only no good about healing this plague but that you—you have cast a spell, and, hang it I don't know how to tell it—she says you've taken the love of that bally-eyed King away from her, and that he's the father of the baby that's coming."

At last the girl saw the whole thing. King was responsible for Rosa's condition. The girl loved him, but couldn't get him to marry her. Then she, white and good looking, had come and King had tried to flirt with her, which Rosa saw. And her

work, her real ambition to help these people, must fail! Even her life was in danger. She rose to pack. Clifford went out to help Sheldon with the horses.

SUDDENLY the girl felt shadows in the next room. She went out to investigate. In an instant Mexican Joe and his wife were upon her. She darted to a window and called, "Leonard! O Leonard!" then turned to the maddened Mexicans who had come to avenge their daughter. She did not realize that she had called "Leonard" instead of "Clifford." Leonard was Sheldon's given name. But Sheldon did, and came like a catapult. He hurled himself against Mexican Joe, reached straight for the place he knew Joe carried his knife, got it, and threw it out of a window. Then he started in to wield that terrible American weapon that no *cholo* can withstand, a hard, educated fist. He kept his eye at the same time partly on Dr. Katherine and the Mexican woman. "What a woman," he told himself as he saw the strong white arms and courageous face he loved, half scare, half push the bigger figure against a door and hold it there till he could leave Joe bleeding on the floor and relieve her.

After Joe and his wife had been put out of the cabin, Sheldon stood guard till Clifford came. He had not long to wait. The boy entered with a rush and almost a whoop. "Kit! Kit!" he called, giving small heed to Sheldon, "I've fixed up that Rosa thing. I got that skunk, King, where he lived. He's soft as an onion. And when I'd thumped the truth out of him that he was responsible for Rosa's trouble, I led him to her. He'll marry her and she'll do the best she can about this evil-eye business. She's gone to tell the priest and ask to be forgiven. God, but I want a drink."

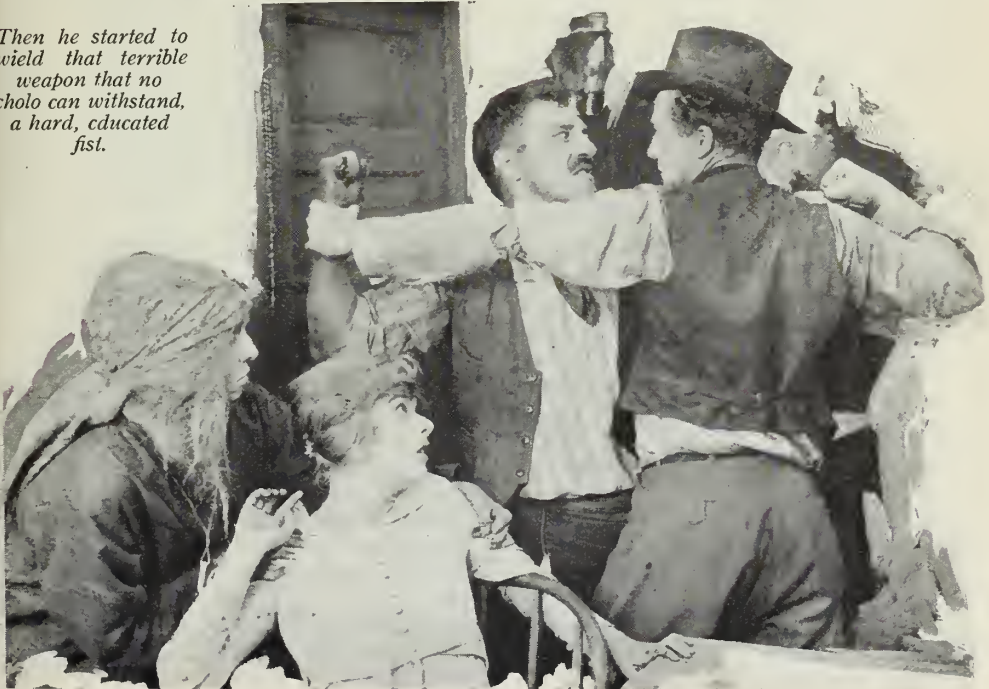
"Boy," said Sheldon, gripping Clifford's hand, "I didn't know it was in you."

"Cliff dear, there's fresh water on the kitchen table, and make it that," called Dr. Katherine from her room. "I'll be out in a minute to hug you for about the best man in the world."

"About the best," laughed Clifford. "I see where somebody else gets hugged too, if he has the nerve to ask for it. Say, Sheldon, you look a bit seedy. I advise you to try it. It's the best medicine Kit has."

AN hour later the good priest Father Silvestro had called many of the Mexicans together to tell them that the

Then he started to wield that terrible weapon that no cholo can withstand, a hard, educated fist.





beautiful Rosa was to marry Señor Frank King. From that he gently led all of them to Dr. Katherine and explained how her lamp was only the work of man so that she could see better to heal a throat. He spoke of her as a good angel, who was too tired to doctor them longer but would stay to care for Manager Sheldon, who was a little sick but not with the plague, and wouldn't have any physician except Dr. Katherine, while her father was coming to minister to them. The priest smiled broadly as he told this and the Mexicans went home jab-

An hour later the good priest Father Silvestro had called many of the Mexicans together.

bering amiably and grinning broadly.

"Meester Sheldon, maybe he be sick right up to his wedding," observed one of Sheldon's servants to Clifford.

"Maybe, old top," answered Clifford with a wink. "You've got a good eye and don't let it ever think it sees an evil eye again, unless it's one of Joe's. There's only one in this valley and he's got a monopoly on that."

Parcel Post Opened to Shipment of Films

THE United States has opened the mails to the distributors of film reels.

Up to January 1, 1917, all out-of-town deliveries of film were made through the express companies, but now film may be sent by parcel post.

The chief reasons why, on the face of the matter, this new facility should mean much good to the moving picture business are these: (1) Decreased cost of shipment, (2) ability to reach remote markets hitherto inaccessible because not served by

express companies, (3) advantage of ten-cent special delivery service, (4) corresponding advantages in returning of film to the exchange.

As against all this it is stated by some of the big distributors that the Post Office Department ruling admitting film to the mails is so hedged about with special restrictions that its ultimate advantage is speculative; that it is too soon to say whether the ruling will be a genuine benefit to the business.

Milady Gerda of the Danes

WILL some one kindly stop the lady? She seems intent upon walking out of the page, and we would have her linger longer while we gaze enraptured on her stately charm. Permit us to present you. Miss Gerda Holmes, your admirers the "movie" Public. It makes you want to live awhile longer on the chance of meeting her again, doesn't it? But softly and 'ware—she is already engaged as the wife of Rapley Holmes of the speaking stage. There, brace up, old top, don't take it so to heart.

The lower picture is a scene from "The Chain Invisible," a tragic melodrama in which Miss Holmes played leads with Bruce McRae; and she did noteworthy work with Robert Warwick in "Friday the 13th." Thanouser, Essanay, Equitable and World have benefited by Miss Holmes' acting before the camera. She is a native Dane, robustly handsome and came to this country to study music.

Before her advent to the shadow stage Miss Holmes made her mark on the foot-lighted stage under the management of Klaw and Erlanger in "The Round-Up," in which she played the feminine lead.



HERE'S THE BEST

Find the Film Players

THE PRIZES

1st Prize.....	\$10.00
2nd Prize.....	5.00
3rd Prize.....	3.00
4th Prize.....	2.00
Ten Prizes, Each....	1.00

These awards (all in cash, without any string to them) are for the correct, or nearest correct, sets of answers to the ten pictures here shown.

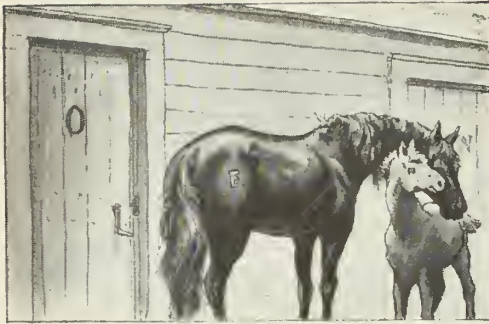
As the names of most of these movie people have appeared many, many times before the public, we feel sure you must know them.

This novel contest is a special feature department of Photoplay Magazine for the interest and benefit of its readers, at absolutely no cost to them—the Photoplay Magazine way.

The awards are all for this month's contest.

TRY IT

All answers to this set must be mailed before March 1, 1917.



1



2



4



3



5

WINNERS OF THE JANUARY MOVING

- First Prize... \$10.00—Miss Jean Main, Kalispell, Mont.
 Second Prize... 5.00—Maud Stevenson, Leadville, Colo.
 Third Prize... 3.00—Cora Umpleby, Indianapolis, Ind.
 Fourth Prize... 2.00—John Ward, Thief River Falls, Minn.

- Ten Prizes... \$1.00
 H. C. G. Ligertwood, Winnipeg, Canada.
 Mrs. N. E. Giffel, Kansas City, Mo.
 Mrs. Geo. P. Swain, East Orange, N. J.
 Griff Crawford, Amarillo, Texas.
 H. W. Draper, Spokane, Wash.

MOVIE PUZZLE YET

Names in These Pictures

DIRECTIONS

Each picture represents the name of a photoplay actor or actress. The actor's name is really a description of the picture that goes with it; for example—"Rose Stone" might be represented by a rose and a rock or stone, while a gawky appearing individual looking at a spider web could be "Web Jay."

For your convenience and avoidance of mistakes we have left space under each picture on which you can write your answers. Remember to write your full name and address on the margin at the bottom of both pages. Cut out these pages and mail in, or you may send in your answers on a separate sheet of paper, but be sure they are numbered to correspond with the number of each picture. There are 10 answers.

Address to Puzzle Editor, Photoplay Magazine, 350 North Clark Street, Chicago.

We have eliminated from this contest all red tape and expense to you, so please do not ask us questions.

Only one set of answers allowed each contestant.

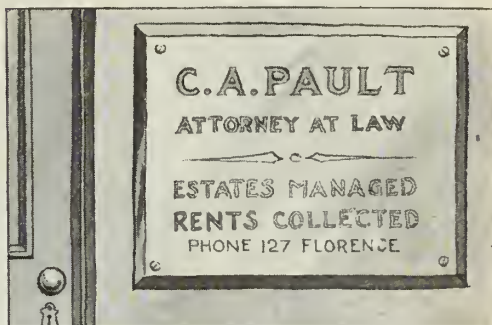
Awards for answers to this set will be published in Photoplay Magazine. Look for this contest each month.



8



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7



10

PICTURE SCENARIO CONTEST No. 2

Mrs. J. L. Cain, New Orleans, La.
 Mrs. I. W. Lusk, Sacramento, Calif.
 Mrs. W. E. Davis, Lancaster, S. C.
 Edw. Watterson, Titusville, Pa.
 H. C. Watt, Jacksonville, Ill.

Ten Prizes ... \$1.00
 (Continued)

CORRECT ANSWERS FOR JANUARY

1. May Dey
2. New Leaf—Parents
3. First Tooth—Extreme Cases
4. In Charge—A Foot Ball
5. Cradle—Handle
6. Checkers



Seen and Heard at the Movies

Where millions of people gather daily many amusing and interesting things are bound to happen. We want our readers to contribute to this page. One dollar will be paid for each story printed. Contributions must not be longer than 100 words and must be written on only one side of the paper. Be sure to include your name and address. Send to: "Seen and Heard" Dept., Photoplay Magazine, Chicago. Owing to the large number of contributions to this department, it is impossible to return unavailable manuscripts to the authors. Therefore do not enclose postage or stamped envelopes as contributions will not be returned.

Figuratively—Isn't It?

TWO darkey sweethearts were interested in the picture intensely, and when the villain came on the screen wearing a monocle the girl exclaimed:

"Say, honey, whnt's 'at funny thing he done got stuck in he eye, huh?"

"Dat, Sally," came the lofty reply without hesitation, "dat am a monnergram."

N. N. Belts, Towanda, Pa.

Nossir! It Can't Be Did!

A MAN who had played host to a little too much liquor for the sobriety of his feet came weaving past a "movie" theater, and stopped, attracted by a flaming poster.

"Home, Sweet Home, in One Reel," he slowly deciphered aloud. "Nossir (hic), nossir! it can't (hic) be did."

Miss Alma Palmer,
Longmont, Col.

Don't Try to Spoof Him, Hiram

TWO men talked in low tones while the advertisements were being shown on the screen:

"They say that in this new picture 'Intolerance' there's a million-dollar spectacle. Think of that."

"Oh, bosh, Hiram Jones, don't let them come any of that on you. I've got as fine a pair of spectacles at home as anybody, and they only cost me twenty dollars. That million dollar talk's just advertising."

And Yet They Would Vote in Jersey

"I WONDER," he remarked sarcastically, as he arose with his wife to leave the theatre, "what kind of a pistol that was. Did

you notice how many shots he fired without reloading?"

His wife: "Why yes, dear, I counted. It must have been one of those thirty-twos you read about."

Mrs. Mary Stilwell, Newark N. J.

Say, Fatty, Listen to This

AFTER watching Fatty Arbuckle for quite a little while small Bobby asked:

"Mother, don't you suppose he was made before the high price of meat began?"

H. Kerndl,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Recommendation Approved

AS everyone knows, the "drys" carried Michigan in the recent election.

At a screening of "The Devil's Double" a few days ago a scene was shown wherein the doctor advised the artist in regard to his failing health, and the caption read: "You must go immediately to a drier climate."

"Make it Michigan," came in a penetrating falsetto from the rear of the house.

Grace E. Marks, Toledo, O.

Delayed en Route

THE star was introduced by a subtitle which mentioned that she had "just reached the glorious age of twenty." She skipped friskily onto the screen, but unfortunately paused a bit too close to the camera.

"Just reached twenty," muttered a woman; "Gee, I wonder what detained her."

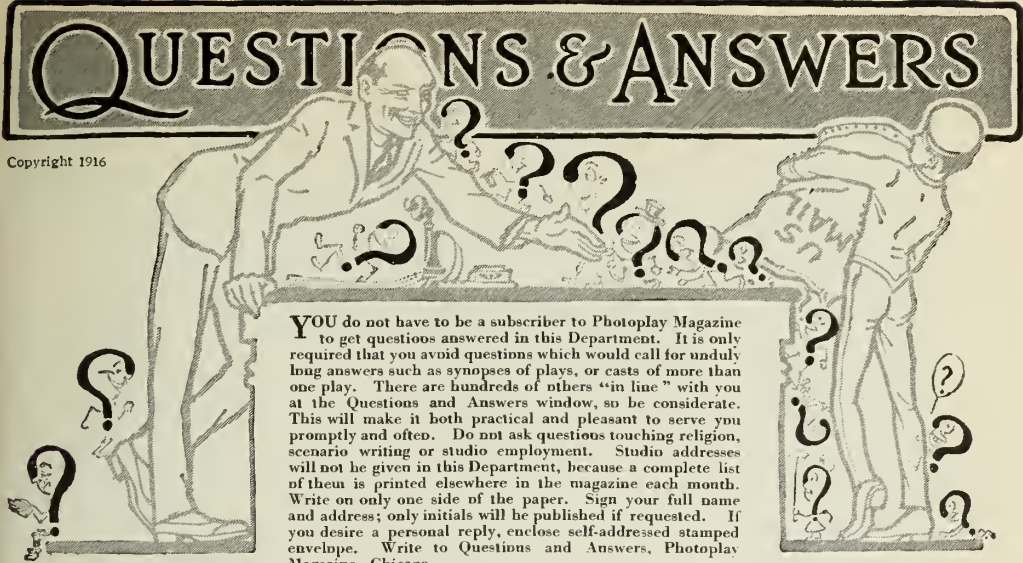
Geo. H. Plympton, Brooklyn, N. Y.



Movie Actor (relating experiences)
"And just think not twenty yards from where we were taking this scene there was a family of laughing hyenas."
She—"My, weren't you fortunate in finding pleasant neighbors?"

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Copyright 1916



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. There are hundreds of others "in line" with you at the Questions and Answers window, so be considerate. This will make it both practical and pleasant to serve you promptly and often. 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.

DIXIE, LOUISVILLE, Ky.—No, Dixie, we won't publish your little tribute to Harold Lockwood. Not that we love him less but because we love you more.

J. H., ST. LOUIS.—The ability to shed real tears is no valuable asset in itself. For photographic purposes drops of glycerine make excellent tears. In fact, they would deceive even Niobe.

PHYLLIS, BRONXVILLE, N. Y.—Thanks for your criticism, Phyllis, but why be so pernickety about it? If Theda Bara says she wasn't born in Cincinnati, far be it from us to contradict the lady. On the contrary, we hasten to agree with her. But what difference does it make, anyhow?

C. B., WASHINGTON, D. C.—Laurette Taylor has never posed for the movies. Hazel Dawn is a little over five feet high and is now singing in "The Century Girl." Film actresses do not use rouge on their cheeks while acting. Red photographs black. So far as we know, John Bowers is not married.

V. B., MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.—Your letter was charming, though we can't quite agree with your choice in actors. As to your question concerning the championship claims of competitors in American sports, probably the degree of our modesty is one of our Anglo-Saxon heritages.

R. L. W., LOS ANGELES.—Wallace MacDonald played opposite Mary Miles Minter in "Youth's Endearing Charm." Myrtle Stedman is married to Marshall Stedman. They have no children. The cast of "The Vixen": *Elsie Drummond*, Theda Bara; *Martin Stevens*, A. H. Van Buren; *Knowles Murray*, Herbert Heyes; *Helen Drummond*, Mary Martin; *Admiral Drummond*, George Clark; *Charlie Drummond*, Carl Gerard.

GEORGETTE, FREEPORT, ILL.—The girl whom Charlie Ray was to marry in "Honor Thy Father"

was Blanche White. She is the wife of Leo White, for so long the *French count* in the Charlie Chaplin comedies.

E. P., NEOSHO, Mo.—Beverly Bayne and Tom Chatterton are not, William Desmond is married. Tom is with American and Bill with Ince. Helen Holmes claims to be fully 22 and her birthplace is Chicago. We think, also, that Conway Tearle is *some* actor.

IT is the aim of this department to answer the same question but once in an issue. If your initials do not appear look for the answer to your questions under the name of another.

For studio addresses consult the studio directory in the advertising section.

A strict compliance with the rules printed at the top of this page will be insisted upon.

CRITICAL, NEW YORK CITY.—How much did Griffith get from the booze industry for his anti-prohibition propaganda in "Intolerance"? Well, don't you think that's a rather personal question? Sorry to admit that we can't provide an answer.

SISTER ANN, OMAHA, NEB.—Syd Chaplin is not playing now but is assisting Brother Charles to earn his \$670,000 a year, in a directorial capacity. We are given to understand that the \$75,000 cash gift he received from Charles was given on condition that he refrain from appearing on the screen during the life of Charles' contract. One Chaplin in eruption was enough, he thought. Some financier is Charles.

POLLY PEPPERS, BOONVILLE, Mo.—Welcome back, Polly, but if you want to retain our friendship never ask again how we like this cold weather. Peggy O'Neil is playing in "The Flame" on the stage. "Peg o' My Heart" has never been filmed. None of those you mention is married. Yes, Santa filled our sock, but it all leaked out.

WILLIAM H., DENVER, COLO.—Well, you've got some job cut out for yourself, Willum, if you intend to ride horseback to California and write scenarios en route. The scenes for "Liberty" were taken at Universal City and on the Mexican border. Charley Chaplin lives at the Los Angeles Athletic Club. Mary Miles Minter is at Santa Barbara, Cal., Broncho Billy in New York in the musical comedy business.

BABBETTE, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.—Thanks for your sympathetic missive. So dear of you; in fact, just perfectly sweet. But this job is lots better than digging ditches in zero weather, although it's harder on the eyes. It was Myrtle Gonzales in "The Romance of Billy Goat Hill" and she may be addressed at Universal City. Fairbanks twins are now on the stage in "The Century Girl."

R. S. H., LAKE CHARLES, LA.—First time we ever heard Louise Huff referred to as "The Girl from the Goober State" or "Dixie's Most Beautiful Woman." You should get in touch with her press agent. Meanwhile, we'll slip your request to the editor.

B. A. G., JACKSON, MICH.—Frank Bennett is married to Billie West. Elmer Clifton is still with Triangle and appearing regularly on the screen. Never heard that he was "divine," though. He's about 26.

PEG, SPOKANE, WASH.—Welcome back, Peg! Pomeroy Cannon was *Chuckwalla Bill* in "The Parson of Panamint" and, if we mistake not, Herbert Standing was *Bishop Wallace*. Anyhow, it wasn't Barney Sherry, who is with another company. A *Chuckwalla* is a second cousin to a Gila monster. "Intolerance" is showing in a half dozen cities. It is not a program release. Nance O'Neil is now with Mutual. Before that she played in one of the "Seven Deadly Sins" for McClure's. The "a" in Chaplin is short. Theda Bara was in "The Kreutzer Sonata." Willard Mack was last seen in "Nanette of the Wilds" with Pauline Frederick. How does "blessed little Marguerite Clark remain single"? Blessed if we know. Maybe she's wise to us guys. Thanks for the good wishes.

J. S., VANCOUVER, B. C.—The wife of Sam DeGrasse is Mrs. S. DeGrasse, if he has a wife, and, so far as we know, Harry Carey has none. Sorry we can't be more definite.

KELLARD LOVER, BUFFALO, N. Y.—Silly girl, to talk about men being "perfect darlings," and you only 14! Wait till you get a little older and you'll call 'em something else. Ralph Kellard is a year more than twice as old as you and can be addressed at Pathe's, Jersey City, N. J.

S. H., NEW BEDFORD, MASS.—Irving Cummings played with Miss Frederick in "The World's Great Snare." Doug Fairbanks' latest picture is "The Americano" and Jewel Carmen is now with Fox. Vernon Steele is back in the speakies.

E. F., NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE, N. Y.—Your writing doesn't look like that of a person who

would ask if it were true that F. X. B. is married. Eugene Ormond played with Marie Doro in "The Morals of Marcus." Conway Tearle has been married. Earle Foxe is.

S. W., SPRINGFIELD, MO.—Pickford pictures are not released by Paramount, but by Arcraft. Fannie Ward's latest picture is "Betty to the Rescue." Think you know the answers to your other questions if you are a conscientious reader of PHOTOPLAY.

GEO. H., MANITOBA, CAN.—*Lonesome Luke*, we think, is Hal Roach in private life and he can be reached, care Rolin Films, Los Angeles, Cal. Ford Sterling is still with Keystone and Bob Leonard is a Lasky director now.

FLO., '16, WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.—June Caprice was born in 1899. Edward Earle hasn't informed us whether or not he is married. Celia Santon is Earle Foxe's wife. Yes, Richard Travers played in "The Man Trail." "Her Surrender" is Anna Nilsson's latest picture.

G. E., TORONTO, ONT.—Those Canadian stamps are very pretty and will do for our small nephew's stamp collection, but they won't get by in the United States mails, you know. Or perhaps you didn't know? Your question is answered elsewhere.

L. J., SUPERIOR, WIS.—Beverly Bayne is the one who asks Mr. Bushman wherefore he is Romeo. Crane Wilbur is with Horsley and Mary Miles Minter with American.

G. D. S., CINCINNATI, OHIO.—Pauline Frederick, which is her real name, has blue eyes and brown hair. She has one sister, we think, but not on the screen. Yes, Miss

Frederick has been married.

SEATTLE TILIKUM, SEATTLE, WASH.—Mabel Normand has just made a picture called "Mickey" with her own company. Pronounce them *Pur-vi-ance* and *Pa-thay*. The charming Billy is not the mother of Gloria Ziegfeld, but of Florence Patricia Burke-Ziegfeld.

POLLY PEPPERS, BOONEVILLE, MO.—It was little Harold Hollacher who sat in the flypaper in "The Reward of Patience." No, Lottie Pickford's baby didn't appear in this picture.

MRS. A. T. V., DETROIT, MICH.—Your Uncle Sam will give you the best security against having your ideas "lifted." We know of no substitute for the Register of Copyrights in Washington. You may feel confident, however, that any reliable film company will be fair with you.

(Continued on page 152)

THE ANSWER MAN PASSES

Last night I died and gladly left
This vale of tears terrestrial,
And went on high to vistas dry,
Delightful and celestial.
(Or so I thought) until at last
I crossed the Styx with Charon,
And then I found, with grief profound,
That all my dreams were barren.

A thousand shades came rushing up—
Maids, youths, and even sages.
And then—My land!—they made demand

Of all the actors' ages!
"How old is Mary Pickford, sir?
How old is O. Petrova?
And is it true, in '92,
The great and good Jehovah
Set Beverly upon this earth,
Likewise the Normand Mabel?
Is Fanny Ward just sweet sixteen,
Or is that merely fable?
Is Clara Kimball twenty-one?
(For one so Young that's plenty.)
Is Mary Miles six, nine or ten,
Or all of these—plus twenty?"

They shot a million questions more
And left me this to ponder:
That Heaven was just like the job—
The job I'd left down yonder.
To Charon then I made this plea:
"Remove me from these ladies.
If this is Heaven, Char, old boy,
I'm going South—to Hades!"



Make Youthful Beauty Linger

Pompeian NIGHT Cream was designed especially for nightly use, being neither too dry nor too oily. At night—while you sleep—

it adds a soothing, softening, youth-i-fying touch to skins which are injured during the day by cold, wind, hard water and invisible dust. Only by being faithful, by acquiring the habit of using a little Pompeian NIGHT Cream every night, can a woman hope to get results and overcome the damage that is daily done to her skin by the countless complexion evils of our modern life.

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Motorist tubes, 25c. Jars 35c and 75c

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Gentlemen: I enclose 10c for a 1917 Mary Pickford Art Calendar and a sample of Pompeian NIGHT Cream,

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Address.....

City..... State.....



Peggy Roche: Saleslady

(Continued from page 28)

"Because they're sold, and—well, you wouldn't understand, but it's a business deal. I want those horses, and I'm going to drive them across the Siani desert and sell them to the British Government at Cairo."

Captain Braintree stared at her. "By Jove, we'd give a good deal for those horses," he said.

"But the Sheikh won't sell unless we can get his men out of the way, and they're guarding the horses now."

"And tie them at night to picket lines," said the Captain. "You've no more chance than I have, Miss Roche."

"Suppose you could get away?"

"No gasoline."

"But the machine?"

"Is all right. Three uprights twisted, but they'll hold out to Alexandria."

"I have gasoline," said Peggy.

Captain Braintree started. "What did you say?" he demanded. "You'll tell me you have an enamelled porcelain tub next."

"Well, I haven't that," said Peggy. "But I have gasoline. If I can help you get away, will your Government buy those horses?"

"I'll buy them myself. It's part of my job."

"How much?"

"How would thirty dollars apiece suit you? But you'll have to buy them from the Sheikh."

"That's all right," answered Peggy. "Excuse me a minute."

She called Ali into the tent and repeated the substance of their conversation.

"Ten dollars for the Sheikh," she said, "five for you, Ali, and a clean-up of fifteen dollars a head on—how many, Captain?"

"There must be a thousand of them," answered the Englishman.

"I have a thought," said Ali. "It sounds impossible, but remember the Arabs are very ignorant folk. Only the Sheikh has been to Coney Island."

And he outlined the details of his plan, while the others listened, the Englishman unperturbed, but Peggy incredulous.

"If it works," said Captain Braintree, "I can better it. I learned to loop the loop at Farmingham." Beyond which he would say nothing.

"Where's the machine?" asked Peggy.

"You'll find it lying under the crest of the hill," answered Braintree. "There's an Arab watching it, ready to shoot in case it flies away. Take a good look at it and fill up the tank."

As Peggy and the dragoman made their way toward it the Arabs came riding in, driving the herd before them. Splendid steeds they were, of the wiry Arab breed, led by a sagacious old mare whose every evolution they followed, until she drew them up in line against the picket ropes.

"If that mare will follow me," said Peggy, "I'll get the whole herd across the desert to Suez."

"THE American lady has spoken with the prisoner," announced Ali to the Sheikh, who sat in judgment that evening outside his tent, surrounded by his men. "He would rather not show you the workings of the machine, but he would rather show it than die."

"He shall assuredly die tomorrow unless he shows it," said Mouse-ben-Ishmael.

"This is the truth," said Ali. "In that machine he can go to any corner of the world within ten minutes."

"To Mecca?" gasped the Sheikh, who had never yet made the pilgrimage.

"To Mecca," said Ali gravely. "That is the reason why he was unwilling that such a machine should fall into the hands of his country's enemies."

The Sheikh stroked his beard thoughtfully. "For a whole moon I travelled, by water and land, before I reached Coney Island," he said.

"It is a secret device of the Feringhee. Did you not, at Coney, make the journey to the moon in five minutes?"

"Aye," said the Sheikh. "And yet, afterward I doubted whether I had really reached the moon, and not some midway place, such as the star Alghenib, which hangs between heaven and earth."

"Such unbelief becomes the infidel, O brother, and not the faithful," retorted Ali. "Nevertheless, tomorrow at sunrise the Feringhee will conduct you in five minutes by your silver watch to Mecca and back; and if he fails he shall die."

"If I reach Mecca I shall not wish to return within five minutes," answered the Sheikh. "Yet be it as the Feringhee says."

(Continued on page 148)

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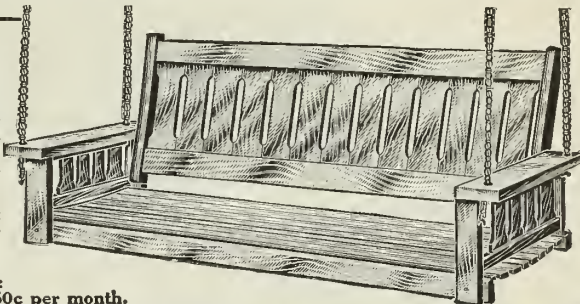
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HARTMAN WILL TRUST YOU

"Action!"

(Continued from page 47)

Out over the edge of the arroya we scrambled. I jumped over with my camera and tripod. I jammed the steel claws into the sand and rocks just as the rifles began to spit.

"Please God, let me get it," I cried. "Please God—"

Then I turned the handle and began the greatest picture ever filmed.

"Give 'em hell, boys!" I shouted, and all the oaths I had ever learned came back to me.

One of the tripod bearers smiled at my shouting and as he smiled he clutched his hands to his abdomen and fell forward, kicking.

I snatched up my camera—how feathery light it was—and went forward with our rifles.

I timed my cursing to the turn of the handle and it was very smooth.

"Action!" I cried. "This is what I've wanted. Give 'em hell, boys. Wipe out the blinkety, blank, dashed greasers!"

All the oaths that men use were at my tongue's end.

I was in the midst of it. I learned the whistle of a bullet. They tore up little jets of sand all around me. All the time I turned the crank.

One greaser made a rush for my camera. As he swung his gun, some one shot over my shoulder. The greaser threw his hands high over his head and fell on his face.

"It's action!" I shouted.

"Next time let go that handle and duck," called Sergeant Noyes, as he passed me. "I was lucky to get him. They think that thing is a machine gun, I guess."

"To hell with them!" I cried. "Let 'em come and die in front of my camera. It's action!"

To my left I heard more cursing. Big Schwartz, the greatest football player of his regiment, was holding his big right foot up. McDonald, his bunkie, was slapping

on a first aid bandage where a Mexican soft nose bullet had torn its way.

"That ends me," wailed Schwartz. "Now that asterisk, blank Fourteenth will cop the championship! Who's going to punt for us?"

McDonald began to weep.

"Get out of here, you little runt," yelled Schwartz. "Go in there and get those blankety spicks."

To the right the bandits tried to make a stand. Noyes and a little squad threw themselves forward. I went along, still cursing joyously.

Right on the edge of the melee, I set up the camera again. I turned the crank gleefully.

Then in the finder I saw Sergeant Noyes fall to the ground with a big hole torn in his forehead. Slowly from the bosom of his shirt crawled the little horned toad and blinked in the sun.

Our boys drove them back into a draw. My camera was set up in the thick of it. It was the finish of the reel. From the first charge to the last stand I had recorded the greatest motion picture ever taken.

"Action!" I cried, as our boys cut them down.

Then somewhere out of that tangle of guns a bullet cut its way.

"Zz-zing!"

I heard it whistle. The splinters cut my face as it hit the camera. It ripped the side open and smashed the little wooden magazine.

I sprang crazily to stop it with my hands. But out of the box uncoiled the precious film. Stretching and glistening in the sun, it fell and died. I stood and watched it dumbly.

Some time later, they found me sprawled face downward under the tripod. They thought I had been killed, until they heard me sob. And then they knew it was only that my heart was broken.

If you like the atmosphere and the patois of the studios, read

"THE FLASH-BACK"

in the next Photoplay. It is even a better and funnier story than "The Big Fade-Out" by the same author, Harry L. Reichenbach, in this issue.

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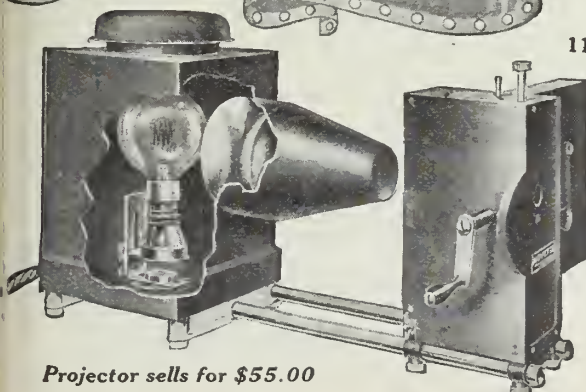
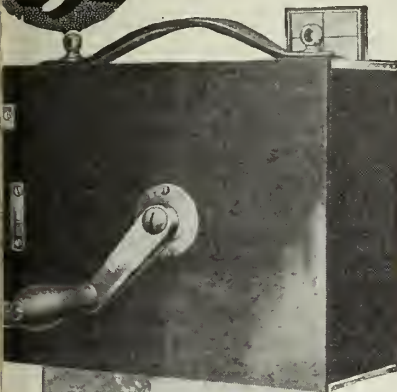
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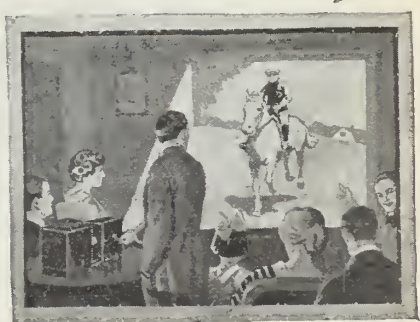
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St. Valentine and the Picture Master

(Continued from page 50)

"Ha! Ha!" echoed the captain of the corps. "I couldn't have done better myself if I had read forty scripts in search of it!"

"You couldn't have paid me a finer compliment," appreciatively declared the Picture Master.

They laughed together in perfect harmony.

"Well," finally demanded the Picture Master, "what did you find?—You've taken long enough for it."

"Well, my Master," replied the captain of the corps, with solemnity, "I read in the dictionary that, according to an ancient belief, the mating season of birds began on St. Valentine's Day, which was so called in honor of Valentine, who was beheaded on that date."

"Fine!" burst from the lips of the Picture Master. "I can see our great barnyard scenes now! And the beheading—we'll get some poor supe, I mean simp, to double with the lead, and accidentally make it real. Magnificent!"

"And," continued the captain of the corps, "I found there were at least three Saints Valentine, all named as martyrs under the same date."

"Oh, H-h-h-hush!" The Picture Master was always a gentleman and no matter what he may have started to say, he didn't say it. "How often have I told you not to make such extensive research? We can't go into the details of the lives of three Saints Valentine. It would confuse the

public! Why, it might even confuse me! Think of that! You must always bear such possibilities in mind."

"Possibilities, my Master?" murmured the captain of the corps, deprecatingly. "You mean impossibilities! Confuse you? The idea!"

"Well, well," observed the Picture Master, mollified, for he took his compliments as he took his oysters—raw, "well, well. It's annoying—not you, G. B., but history—but it can't be helped now, I suppose. Of course, I might change history, but it's hardly worth while. We'll drop this—it's almost March, now, anyway—and you get busy on St. Patrick. And don't dig too deep into his past. And when we get through with him, we'll do some American saints, say, St. Louis and St. Paul. A successful American owes something to his country, anyway."

"And the country owes something to a Picture Master," suavely commented the captain of the corps, who knew a thing or two or three.

"Very nice of you," observed the Picture Master, who knew when one received his due. "And now you may leave me."

The captain of the corps left him and when the Picture Master was alone, he inspected himself in the full-length mirror in his sanctum.

"St. Valentine was only a foreigner, after all," he commented. "And there were three of him at that. But there's only one Picture Master."

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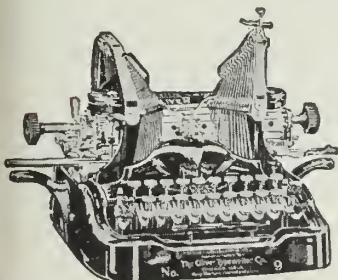
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What Next—?

(Continued from page 63)

its shades of meaning, it has an enormous advantage in the power of suggestion by light and shade.

Seeing this great new phase of dramatic art coming, the Lasky and possibly some other companies—compels all its directors to study the paintings of Rembrandt. When this idea first suggested itself they tried to copy the effect of Corot; but Rembrandt was found better suited to the purpose.

When I first heard these things I was filled with wild alarm. Heavens! Was the movie to become high brow and feed us psycho-analysis?

But sober second thought tells us that this will never be. The drama can never be high brow. The audience, as Victor Hugo pointed out, consists of three elements: The high brow or intellectual element; the female or emotional element and the good old rough trade which licks up narrative. You can do without either or both of the first two, but the drama cannot survive without the third. No play is a good play which lacks appeal for the third estate.

The late Hugo Munsterburg predicted that the movie would show great advances in psychology. He pointed out that the movie play has the great advantage of being able to visualize a man's thoughts. The spoken drama must fall back upon the clumsy soliloquy to show the mental workings of the characters. The movie can actually show the thoughts, intentions and mental operations of the people in the play.

At first consideration, it would seem im-

possible to analyze a man's soul without the help of spoken words.

I pointed this out to De Mille. "How can you show me what you are thinking?" I asked. "Here you are in your studio. I see you in puttees and smoking a pipe. If you jump up and swing your hat I will gather that you are glad. If you begin to break up the furniture I will believe that you are vexed. But how are you to show me the grades of your anger and the source of your joy and their effect upon your soul?"

His answer opened new lines of thought for me, so I will give it as he said it. From his answer it dawned upon me that the day of the author has come: that a day is dawning when the effects must be laid in by the trained hand of the educated dramatist.

"The context," was De Mille's answer. "These refinements of thought and emotion must be shown by the context and the context must be arranged with a great regard for and a great knowledge of dramatic law.

"If I suddenly jumped up and began swinging my hat, you wouldn't get the whole force or meaning of my emotion.

"But if you saw me in the trenches uncertain whether to hide or to fight and you had, before that, seen me leaving a wife and baby without financial means of supporting life, you would know with telling certainty of just what I was thinking and why I was in doubt whether to hide or fight. And you would understand it more clearly than words could tell you."

New York Would Protect "Movie" Babes

MOVING picture censorship in New York State has taken a third leg with which to climb upon the silent stage and start trouble. That remark is not by way of gratuitous criticism but is intended to savor purely of news.

Under a law lately enacted it is illegal to permit any child of tender years to participate in the filming of a motion picture "unless an authorized officer has approved the scenario of said picture and witnessed a rehearsal of the same."

Proponents of the new law charge that a great many stage children "are neglected, given no schooling, kept in close contact

with vicious influences, and made to perform dangerous acts."

This is a serious indictment, and the public is entitled to know how much truth is in it, because the public is the great guardian of the child. We incline to doubt the accuracy of the charges brought, but certainly we desire to stand in the very front row of those who think the accusations ought to be investigated. No doubt the enforcement or attempted enforcement of the new law will result in a practical investigation. Childhood must be protected at all costs—even, if necessary, at the cost of some injustice to maturity.

These Are The Hours That Count



MOST of your time is mortgaged to work, meals and sleep. But the hours after supper are *yours*, and your whole future depends on how you spend them. You can fritter them away on profitless pleasure, or you can make those hours bring you position, money, power, *real success* in life.

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Peggy Roche: Saleslady

(Continued from page 140)

"It will be necessary to feed the machine with the oil water which it consumes," said Ali.

"Let it be done," said the Sheikh, waving his hand.

At sunrise the expectant camp clustered about Braintree and the Sheikh as they entered the aeroplane with Ali. The Captain adjusted the strap about his waist and waited.

"Tell him to hold tight, lest he fall," he observed to Ali.

"Should I fall," observed the Sheikh grimly, as he loaded a grim looking revolver, "his soul shall precede my own to its appointed destiny—which, I do not doubt, is different."

Amid gasps of amazement from the Bedawi and screams from the women, the aeroplane rose into the air, circled once or twice, and shot into the distance, flying some thirty feet above the ground. The eyes of the spectators followed it until it disappeared behind the hills.

Exactly six minutes later it reappeared, this time at a higher altitude. When it neared the ground it was perceived that only Braintree and Ali occupied it. Murmurs arose, menacing shouts. The Arabs, fearful for their leader, were restrained only by the fact that the aviators had come back.

Ali leaped to the ground. "Men of the Beni-Hassan," he shouted, "hear the words of your Sheikh. He is in Mecca, and he wishes that every man of his tribe shall journey thither to make him a bodyguard, that he may meet the respect due his rank. Nay, one at a time," he added, as the Arabs, doubting no longer, clustered about the aeroplane and endeavored to enter it.

He took a passenger, and once more the machine flew over the hills, Peggy waiting with fear that gradually became enthusiasm as she saw the increasing excitement on the part of the Bedawi. Mad with eagerness at the thought of joining their chief in Mecca, they yelled like maniacs, discharging their rifles in the air and running hither and thither to catch the first sign of the returning aviators.

Forty times, until the morning had worn away and the hot noon sun beat down on the encampment, did Braintree and Ali make their mysterious journey, until at last they stood alone with Peggy before the

picket lines, at which the horses neighed uneasily, missing the cool shade of their mountain pastures.

Peggy looked around. A few women watched them from the tent doors, but dared not come within measurable distance of the men during their lords' departure. Peggy edged toward the mare, the leader of the herd, while Ali and the Captain selected the horses on either side of her.

"Now!" she cried, leaping upon the mare's back and kicking her heels into her flanks.

"The startled mare plunged forward, broke her light tether, and took the way southward, guided by Peggy's heels. And after her, with one plunge that tore the staples from the sand, raced the whole thousand horses, still roped together, keeping perfect alignment. And further back rose the wild wails of the women who had understood the plot at last. One or two rifle bullets hummed through the air above the riders. A few more moments and they were in the open country behind the hills. Peggy eased down her steed.

"You didn't hurt them?" she called to Braintree, panting at her side.

"No," he gasped. "Just dumped them out above the bitumen lake. They fell into the soft pitch. We'd better not delay too long. Miss Roche; the Sheikh ought to have made his way to shore by now. Lord, you ought to have seen the faces of those fellows as they saw the others floundering in the sticky stuff."

"It is," choked Ali, pressing his sides, "It is as good—it is as good as Coney Island."

"And I trust you to pay that money to the Sheikh, Ali," said Peggy, as she rode on.

"But not by my hand," answered Ali beside her.

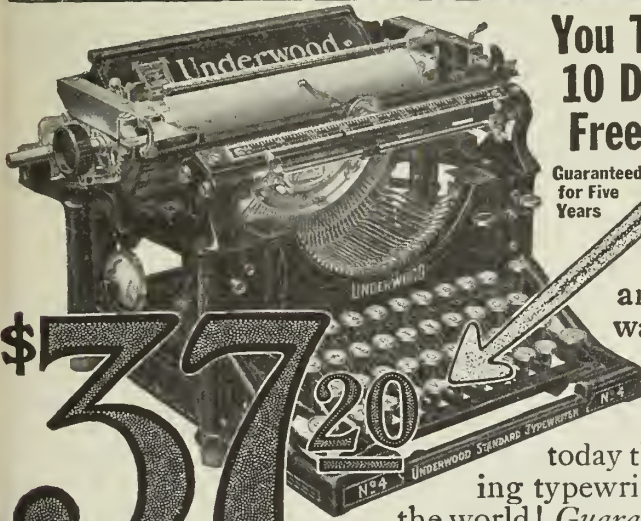
And the herd, which had stopped, pursued its even way behind the mare toward the Sinaitic desert.

GEORGE HAGAN pushed the table with the three iced drinks petulantly away from him.

"It's rotten luck," he said to Siefert. "We'd have ought to have cleared up a clean twenty thousand on those blankets, with prices what they are, and here's Yus-

(Continued on page 152)

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There Were Two Little Girls Named Mary

(Continued from page 41)

you one thing, and one only—the same thing that she gives, not only to you but to her work. That one thing is the secret of her success in the past; it assures her success in the future; it is bigger than any “dominating personality”; it is the biggest thing in the world of creative art. It is—SINCERITY.

Sincerity is the one element which can and does produce realistic results in the world of make-believe. Given a certain fair proportion of talent, a little opportunity, and a patient master in the days when technical details are being learned, and sincerity comes mighty close to being synonymous with genius. How this quality operates in Miss Marsh's ambitions is shown in the one positive desire she expresses concerning her work.

“I don't want to play just ‘sympathetic ingenues,’” she said. “I love Miss Blank, and Miss So-and-so, (mentioning two stars who, for obvious reasons, cannot be named here) but the sort of characters they almost always have to play are very tiresome to me. There is nothing to them—no special reason for telling what happens, to such characters. I want parts like Applepie Mary in ‘Home Sweet Home,’ or the gamin in ‘A Child of the Paris Street,’ or the boy in ‘The Wharf Rat.’ These are real individuals—not just girls that someone wants to marry, or wants somebody else not to marry, and all that sort of rot.”

Which is the essence of sincerity—the desire to create, not to imitate.

So with heart free, mind clear and blue Irish eyes looking out frankly and with keen interest on everything, Miss Mae Marsh awaits the arrival of February and her first actual starring engagement. And how does she pass her time? Well, for one thing, she “sculps.” She was introduced into this art by Miss Anita Loos, another young woman who is much more interested

in things than in theories about things. Miss Loos writes the Douglas Fairbanks scenarios, and out in Los Angeles she and Miss Marsh became chums. She has come to New York too; and the girls are going to rig up a studio and take up art “in a serious way.” The first thing that Miss Marsh did of this sort was a bas-relief plaque of one of her sisters—“Frances, the one with the brains—she's studying law.”

Another of Miss Marsh's diversions is painting in oils. She doesn't find this so fascinating, however, but a bit of a canvas on the wall is proof that her absence of deep interest in the palette, alone prevents her from achieving distinction in this direction.

Miss Marsh was born in Madrid, New Mexico, where her father held a position with the Santa Fe Railway. Later the family moved to San Francisco, and Mae received her education at Sacred Heart Convent. After the fire (commonly mis-called the earthquake) Miss Marsh and her mother were in the refugees' camps in Golden Gate Park for several days. The family moved to Los Angeles and Miss Marguerite obtained an engagement as a moving picture actress. Intent upon her ambition, as recorded already, Miss Mae persisted in her visits to the studio, and finally was selected from a large crowd of would-be “extras” by D. W. Griffith, for a small part. Her advance since that time has been rapid.

Today she is a fragile looking girl, with a strong suggestion of tremendous latent energies. She is not beautiful. The most beautiful girl I ever saw carried a spear in the left front row of a burlesque show chorus. But it was not nearly so pleasant to look at her as to sit opposite Mae Marsh and watch her blue Irish eyes light up as her alert mind encounters a new idea, and proceeds to make that idea her own.

Even as You?

I ADDRESSED my first script
 With due neatness and care;
 I stamped it with postage galore.
 I wrote in the corner
 “Return In Five Days”—
 And the blamed thing was back here in
 four!
 —*Lambdin Kay.*



Don't cut the cuticle: cutting leaves a rough, ragged edge—makes hangnails.



Discard your cuticle scissors—see how shapely and attractive Cutex makes your nails.

Why cutting ruins the cuticle

How you can keep it smooth and firm without cutting

START today to have the shapely, well-kept nails that make any hand beautiful.

See how smooth and firm Cutex keeps your cuticle without trimming or cutting it; how lovely it makes your nails look! Send now for a trial manicure set.

Dr. Murray, the famous specialist, says: "On no account trim the cuticle with scissors. This leaves a raw, bleeding edge which will give rise to hangnails, and often makes the rim of flesh about the nail become sore and swollen."

Over and over other specialists repeat the advice—"Do not trim the cuticle with scissors."

It was to meet this great need for a harmless cuticle remover that the Cutex formula was prepared.

Removes surplus cuticle without cutting

Cutex completely does away with cuticle cutting, leaves the skin at the base of the nail smooth and firm, unbroken. Send for your set today and try it.

In the Cutex package you will find orange stick and absorbent cotton. Wrap a little cotton around the end of the stick and dip it into the Cutex bottle. Then

work the stick around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle. Almost at once you will find you can wipe off the dead surplus skin. Rinse the hands in clear water.

Then a touch of Cutex Nail White—a soft, white cream—removes all discolorations from underneath the nails.

Cutex Nail Cake rubbed on the palm of the hand and passed quickly over the nails gives them a delightful polish.

The first Cutex manicure makes a decided improvement

Until you use Cutex, you cannot realize what a great improvement even one application makes; you cannot know how attractive your nails can be made to look.

Cutex manicure preparations are sold in all high-class drug and department stores. Cutex Cuticle Remover comes in 50c and \$1.00 bottles with an introductory size at 25c. Cutex Nail White is 25c. Cutex Nail Polish in Cake, Powder, or Paste form, is also 25c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort, for sore or tender cuticle, is 25c.* If your favorite store has not yet been supplied with Cutex, send direct to us and we will fill your order promptly.



Photo Hoover Art Co.
Ruth Roland, a motion picture star of long-continued popularity, uses Cutex constantly. Notice her lovely hands.

Send 14c today for this complete Midget Manicure Set

Tear off the coupon now and send it to us with 14c—10c for the manicure set and 4c for postage and packing—and we will send you a complete Midget Manicure Set containing trial sizes of Cutex and four other Cutex preparations, together with orange stick, emery boards and cotton. Enough for six "manicures." Send for it today. Address: **NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. 301, 9 West Broadway, New York City.**

If you live in Canada write MacLean, Benn & Nelson, Ltd., Dept. 301, 439 St. Paul St., West, Montreal, Canada, for Canadian prices.



This complete manicure set sent for 14c.

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Address _____

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New York City
I enclose 14c for my complete Cutex Manicuring Set.

Peggy Roch: Saleslady

(Continued from page 148)

souf Pasha cancels the contract and no sort of explanation. Result! blankets left on our hands and no chance of getting them out of Palestine now that the blockade's shut down."

"Try him with fly swatters, George," said Drummond. "Lord, I haven't stopped laughing yet about that little girl!"

He broke off, staring as if petrified, for at that moment Peggy Roche came tripping up the steps of the English Hotel.

"My line's blankets just now," she said, "and I'm buying, not selling. Horse-blankets. I'm paying three dollars for A1 quality. Know where I can get any?"

The three Georges glared at her. "You'd better use the ones you want to sell the Pasha," Hagan growled.

"I mean to, and they're yours," said Peggy. "Three dollars apiece. I can get them through the blockade. I'll pay the freight to Alexandria. Anything doing?"

"That'll just let us out even," growled Hagan venomously. "Say, what's the game, anyway?"

"Just this," said Peggy. "You had the blankets—only I got hold of the horses."

NEXT MONTH

Peggy Roche will be the heroine of another adventure in Salesmanship

"The Town Pond Submarine"

is the name of the second of the Peggy Roche stories by Mr. Rousseau. The title contains a hint as to the nature of Peggy's commodity in this venture. Get it in PHOTOPLAY for April—out March 1.

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 138)

L. H., HOT SPRINGS, ARK.—Mary Miles Minter played lately in "Faith," "Dulcie's Adventure," "The Innocence of Lizette." Dear Miss Lois, we who are about to dye salute you! We are accustomed more or less to being addressed with a Please, but when you lay between the layers of your gift-talk a Pretty Please we are constrained to fall upon our noble forehead and weep tears of gratitude, not to say of appreciation. Where do you get it, Miss Lois L. H.? Ah, where?

LO, LETHBRIDGE, ALTA.—Blanche Sweet has been with Lasky, at Hollywood, Cal., but we understand she is there no longer.

A. M., PEORIA, ILL.—When you asked us to "open another one" we really thought—but it was contests to which you were referring, was it not? Ever try our Puzzle Contest?

DUMB BELLE, COLONIAL BEACH, VA.—Glad you have overcome your natural diffidence and written us; it must have taken a lot of nerve. Carlyle Blackwell does not direct himself. Yes, they do say that he was educated in Ithaca, New York. The best-dressed man on the screen? Now, if you had asked us who the most-dressed man was, or the least-dressed woman, we might hazard a guess or two.

M. M. S., PITTSBURGH, PA.—William Shay, who did not play in "The Eternal Sappho," but did play in "A Daughter of the Gods," is 26 years old.

M. J., CALGARY, ALTA.—The nearest photoplay studio to which we can refer you is located in Chicago. See Studio Directory in this issue.

P. M., RIDGEFIELD PARK, N. J.—Anita Stewart, Dorothy Gish and Marguerite Clark are all unmarried. Dorothy Philips is married.

K. K., KANSAS CITY, MO.—Lionel Barrymore and Lois Meredith played in "The Seats of the Mighty," George Le Guere and Valli Valli in "The Turmoil," Robert Gaillard and Edith Storey in "The Two-Edged Sword" and Mahlon Hamilton and Ethel Barrymore in "The Final Judgment."

J. I. L., TACOMA, WASH.—Lizette Thorn was Mary Miles Minter's mother in "Faith." No, Pauline Frederick is not married now. Helen Holmes, who was born in 1893, is married to J. P. McGowan. Ethel Grandin is 20.

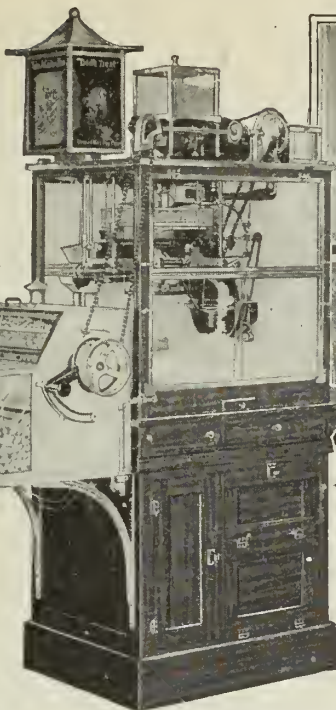
"BASHFUL EIGHTEEN," KINGSTON, ONTARIO, CAN.—Of course it is none of our masculine business, but just the same we ponder why a female who has attained to the ripe age of eighteen should plead bashfulness. Why, we are credibly informed that Eve was only sixteen when she stole the apple, held conspiracies with the Snake behind poor Adam's back and fixed it up to crab the apple. And you're eighteen and bashful! My, my, how times do change. To change the subject, if we were you we'd try to calm ourself; what's the good of being "madly in love" with Hennyery Walthall when already he has a wife yet? or with Cave Man Tellegen when Jerry has him clutched by the hair of his head?

E. T. S., ANNISTON, ALA.—Thanks for your nice letter. Isn't there anything we can do for you?

ALICE IN WONDERLAND, BUFFALO, N. Y.—The "release" of a picture means the placing of that picture on the market. It is "released" on the day on which it is first shown to the general public.

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A small cash payment starts the Butter-Kist Pop Corn Machine bringing you a tide of nickels, dimes and quarters. Balance soon paid out of Butter-Kist sales. Write for details.



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Yes! \$600 to \$3120 per year is the record of the famous Butter-Kist Pop Corn Machine in *extra* profits for hundreds of theatres, stores, stands and con-

cessions all over the land. Offers 70c extra profits from 20 admissions. And makes a big hit with theatre patrons.

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One picture theatre, Augusta, Ga., writes, "Butter-Kist sales \$128 first ten days." Picture play house in Staunton, Va. (population only 1639) sold \$4 to \$12 per day. Muncie, Ind., theatre daily average from Butter-Kist machine, \$10.

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Increases Attendance

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Sale of only 80 bags a day means \$1,000 profit per year. Many doing double that.

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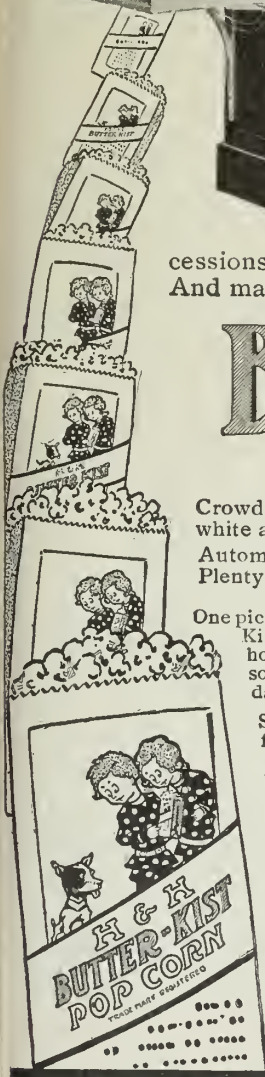
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TWO BIG BROWN EYES OF FRISCO.—If you're so sure that Francis Bushman is married, that Ford and Cunard are man and wife and that Theda Bara is the wife of Stuart Holmes, we'll not argue with you, even if we do happen to know better. Probably you won't believe us when we tell you that Tom Forman, Charles Chaplin, Hobart Henley, J. Warren Kerrigan are not married and that Charles Ray and Herbert Rawlinson are. Glad to know that Wally Reid hasn't false teeth or a wig. Now if you'll just keep on relaying us a little information from time to time, we may be able to keep going.

BILLY GORDON, PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Here are their dimensions. Wallace Reid: height, 6 feet; weight, 185 pounds. Robert Warwick: height, 5 feet 11 inches; 170 pounds. Francis X. Bushman: height, 5 feet 11 inches; 175 pounds.

J. P. L., THEFTORD MINES, QUEBEC, CAN.—Blanche Sweet is unmarried. Sweet is her true name. We do not presume in this department to say whether one producer or another has made the better dramatization of a picture. Inasmuch as Frank Mayo is the husband of Joyce Moore the person who writes this column doubts very seriously the report that Frank is engaged to Ruth Roland. Wouldn't you too?

WOOD VIOLET, SKELTON, CONN.—Anita Stewart is still with Vitagraph. Her picture was in the Art Section last August. Cast of "The Last Act": Ethel Duprey, Bessie Barriscale; Mrs. Cora Hale, Clara Williams; Suzette, May Allen; Ernest Hale, Harry Keenan; Lewis Bressler, Robert McKim. Cast of "Sis": Sis, Arline Pretty; Bill, Thomas Mills; Harold, Garry McGarry; Uncle Si, Jay Diggins; Aunt Jerusha, Edwina Robbins; Miss Perkins, Florence Natol. Cast of "A Man of Honor": Carter, George Marlo; Banker, J. H. Gilmour; Twins, Marion Fairbanks and Madeleine Fairbanks; Pugilist, Bert Keyes.

EMILY, BANGOR, ME.—Hartsook Photograph Studios are located in San Francisco and Los Angeles. Blanche Sweet is not married.

R. F. S., AKRON, OHIO.—Never heard of the Carlyle Blackwell Film Company. Douglas Fairbanks is 33 years old and has played in "The Lamb," "The Habit of Happiness," "Double Trouble," "The Good-Bad-Man," "Reggie Mixes In," "Manhattan Madness," "American Aristocracy," "The Matrimaniac," etc. "Macbeth," starring Sir Herbert Tree, has been released by Reliance. John Barrymore has appeared in "The Man from Mexico," "The Dictator," "Nearly a King," "The Red Widow," and "The Lost Bridegroom."

SYLVIA H., STOCKTON, CAL.—The dessert scenes in Mr. Griffith's "Intolerance" were filmed in California, and the city of Babylon was reproduced in Los Angeles. More than 16,000 players appeared in the picture. Marjorie Wilson played the part of Brown Eyes. Billie Burke's baby is a girl. That's all right, you are more than welcome.

A. M. H., SEATTLE, WASH.—Juanita Hansen is not a Seattle girl. She was born in Des Moines, Ia. Theda Bara is 5 feet 6 inches tall. "The Slave Market" is Thomas Meighan's latest picture.

CRICKETT, WACO, TEX.—Sorry you had to wait so long for an answer. Send us a stamped, self-addressed envelope next time. Louise Huff is at the Lasky studio in Hollywood. Bessie Love is with Fine Arts, Los Angeles, Cal.

MISS J. S., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—You delightful person! Thank you now and yesterday and through many tomorrows for the violets! We of this column lived several years in California, and haven't forgotten the violet trays at dear old San Francisco's windy, fog-draped street corners, bless 'em. An answer to your question: Paul Capellani played the male lead in "The Dark Silence."

H. S. S., MEDICINE HAT, ALTA.—J. Warren Ker-r-r-r-rigan's nationality? Trying to kid us? He has gray eyes and lives at 1765 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Geraldine Farrar's birthday is February 28 and Pauline Fredericks' is August 12.

H. F. H., HAMMOND, IND.—Mary Pickford starred in "The Bishop's Carriage." She has golden hair and blue eyes. Yes, of course, everybody thinks she's "a peach;" why shouldn't we?

MISS AIRCASTLE, TULSA, OKLA.—The tallest movie actress? Some day we'll get busy with a tape measure and let you know, but at present we haven't this information on file, although we suspect that Blanche Payson of Keystone with her 6 ft. 4 in. of brawn is at the top of the list. There's no reason why tall blondes shouldn't register well.

T. L. M., FRANKLIN, TENN.—Jack Nelson of Universal and Lark Taylor of Vitagraph are Tennesseans. The former was born in Memphis and the latter in Nashville.

S. C. H., ATLANTA, GA.—Glad you don't think that a wife demoralizes a man, because Earl Foxe has one. Margaret Fielding was *May* in "The Mischief Maker" and John Reinhard was the artist. The drug clerk in "Public Opinion" was Tom Forman.

E. K., WORCESTER, MASS.—"The Mysteries of Myra" and "The Scarlet Runner" are among the serials being filmed at present.

DOROTHY D., SEA CLIFF, N. Y.—By enclosing to each at the following addresses twenty-five cents to cover cost you likely can get the photos of: Earle Foxe, care Dramatic Mirror, New York City; Douglas Fairbanks, 923 Longacre Bldg., New York City; Mary Pickford, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. It is always a pleasure to receive the is-it-sos and whys and will-you-pleases of good folk who have honored us and themselves by reading Photoplay Magazine through the years. The Lord love Uncle Sam for his mail sack!

M. B., KANSAS CITY, MO.—Mae Murray is 5 feet 3 inches tall and a blonde. The African scenes from "The Plow Girl" were taken in California.

L. G. P., LAWRENCE, MASS.—"The beautiful young fellow" in "Anton the Terrible" was Harrison Ford. We're right again; Ruth Roland is still with Balboa.

A. W., PORT RICHMOND, N. Y.—David Wark Griffith was born about 1870 in La Grange, Kentucky. He is the son of the late Brigadier-General J. W. Griffith, C. S. A. After two years of stage experience, Mr. Griffith began his screen career in 1908, first as an actor and later as a director for Biograph and Mutual. He was the first man to use close-ups and cut-backs. Since 1915, Mr. Griffith was general manager of the Fine Arts Studio and one of the three vice-presidents in charge of the Triangle company, from which he recently retired.



"You CAN have a Figure as Perfect as Mine — if you really want it!"
says Annette Kellermann

"I wish," says Miss Kellermann, "I could speak with you personally. It would be so much easier to convince you."

"I could tell you all about my own experience: How, as a girl, I was puny and underdeveloped; how by devoting myself to a study of my body I gradually perfected my figure health and appearance to such an extent that *I became known the world over as the PERFECT WOMAN.* Think of it!"

"I could show you how the very methods that did so much for **ME** can **reduce or develop YOUR** figure, increase **YOUR** energy and improve **YOUR** health and general appearance; how they can do all this *without the use of drugs or apparatus, and in the privacy of your own room, for only fifteen minutes each day.* I'd give you proof conclusive, from the thousands of cultured and refined women who have followed my methods with such remarkable success. Even if I can't meet you personally, I can do the next best thing, for I know you want to find out more about a system that can do so much for you."

How you can find out

"I have written a little book which I want you to read. It is called **"The Body Beautiful"** and is illustrated with photographs of myself. This little book, *which you may have for the asking*, outlines my system and explains my methods frankly and clearly. It proves that there is a way to good health and a perfect figure."

Send a two cent stamp now and "The Body Beautiful" will reach you by return mail. You owe it to yourself at least to investigate.

ANNETTE KELLERMANN
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N. B. Miss Kellermann is an eminent authority on Physical Culture. She is just now amazing millions by the marvelous perfection of her form in her photoplays, "NEPTUNE'S DAUGHTER," and "A DAUGHTER OF THE GODS."

MARY ANDERSON Endorses

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Beautiful hair is one of woman's most subtle charms, and the secret of the success of many photoplay stars.



I always use Hiscox's Liquid Shampoo, because it makes my hair soft and glossy, and leaves my scalp so delightfully clean.

MARY ANDERSON

A beautiful face loses its greatest attraction when the hair is neglected.

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will bring out the natural beauty of your hair—remove dandruff, leaving your hair soft and fluffy, with a delicate rose fragrance which lingers for days.

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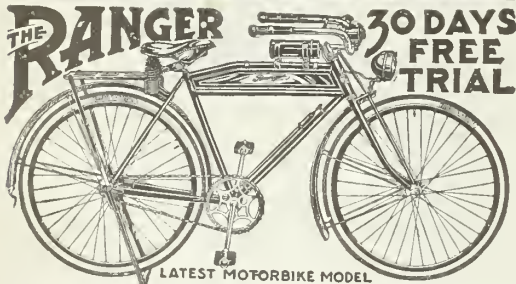
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MARIE, TIPTON, CAL.—John Bowers played opposite Mary Pickford in "Hulda from Holland." Francis Ford is divorced. Jean Sothern is with Art Dramas. You are not only welcome but our creditor for letting us do you a favor. Credit again.

J. B., BANDON, ORE.—Gail Kane is with Mutual. Yes, we think that J. Warren is "a perfect Apollo Belvidere," one of the best we ever knew.

A. M.—Cast of "The Pretenders": *Helen Pettingill*, Emmy Wehlen: *Hubert Stanwood*, Paul Gordon; *Silas T. Pettingill*, Charles Eldridge; *Maria Pettingill*, Kate Blanche; *Inspector Burke*, Edwin Holt. No, Anita Stewart is not married to royalty. That's another way in which you resemble her, isn't it?

G. K., PELHAM MANOR, N. Y.—Francis Bushman and Howard Estabrook are over 30 and are married to non-professionals. James Morrison and Warren Kerrigan are 28 and 27 respectively. Both are bachelors. Jean Sothern is 18.

RUTH, WATERBURY, CONN.—Anyway if you searched all our columns you didn't waste your time, did you? Thomas Meighan has the honor to have been connected by matrimonial ceremony with Miss Frances Ring, sister of the delectable Blanche who startled a theatre going world by warbling of a lover who wore rings on his fingers and bells on his toes and held an elephant at arm's length across the seas as a St. Patrick's Day lure to his desired bride, all of which you remember of course, X. Y. Z.

J. W. J., RICHMOND, VA.—Since Pearl White is the pivot of your existence, we'll tell our staff of artists and writers to give her some attention soon. Ralph Kellard is her leading man. Glad you called our attention to her.

KAY, ST. LOUIS, MO.—Marvel Stafford played the part of the hero's sister in "The Apostle of Vengeance." It isn't every miss in her "middle teens" who is sufficiently discriminating to include Frank Keenan in her list of favorites. We were surprised.

REX H., HOT SPRINGS, ARK.—Sorry we can't tell you where to procure a pair of waterproof shoes, but we have none in our files. No, Mary Miles Minter is not engaged. Madge Evans was born in 1909.

H. H., ATLANTA, GA.—William T. Carlton was *Pierpont Stafford* in "Gloria's Romance." Henry Kolker has appeared in "The Bridge" and "The Warning." Billie Burke is going back to the footlights. Theda Bara was born in 1890, Pauline Frederick in 1884, and Viola Dana in 1898.

R. A. B., NEW YORK CITY.—Our word, lady girl, but you keep a runaway pen in your house! Does Father lay in the ink by the keg, come long winter evenings? Gosh. Aside from which observation here is a gentle tip for you: We are not in the business of knocking, whether the knockee be Miss Edna Purviance or any other mortal she-woman or he-man trying to earn a living by wits and toes and dimples and eyelashes. G'bye and be happy; we're always for you, whether in sheltered life or at the trench edges of this bitter, bitter world. Try walking in the sun and see how nice it is.

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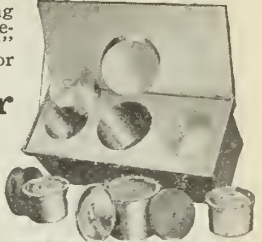
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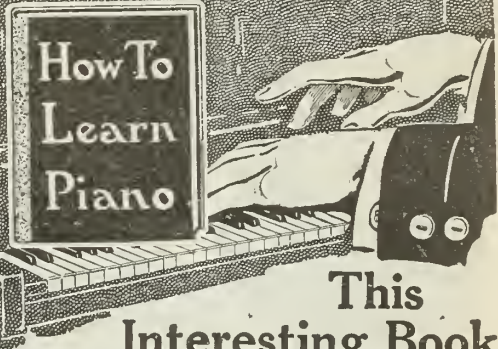
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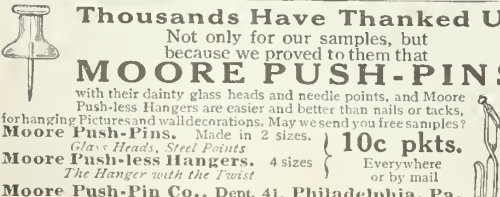
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D. C., CHARLOTTETOWN, CANADA.—Chiefly because of its controversial nature, we are not sending you a personal reply to your plaintive epistle. Seems strange that you would correspond with Mr. Bushman, knowing that he is married, but there's no harm done as it's probably his secretary who writes you those cherished letters. Strange also that you should complain that we "taunt him with being married." Is matrimony a misfortune or a disgrace? And then to tell us that you find only a few stories in Photoplay "that were pure enough to send to the soldiers in the trenches." Ye gods and young fishes! For a few moments you had our goat, but that last one saved the situation and made us recall our resignation. Gee, but life is a funny proposition!

J. R., SEATTLE, WASH.—Henry Kolker's address is the Lambs Club, New York City.

E. D., SANTA CRUZ, CAL.—William and Dustin Farnum are brothers, and they are both married. Ann Pennington is playing in "The Follies." Seen her in "The Rainbow Princess"?

CHARLES W. JR., ATLANTA, GA.—Will we answer a few questions please? Friend Charles, that is what we draw our insignificant pay for, and all you have to do is fire ahead. If we fail to shoot back, report us; we do assure you we shall be fired by our boss without unnecessary delay. All set? Yes sir, Mae Murray is married. His name is J. J. O'Brien. Her last picture was "A Mormon Maid," released January 11. She is with Lasky. Roscoe Arbuckle is the husband of Minta Durfee. Wouldn't you love to be the wife of a fatty de foi gras? No, son, Pearl White and Creighton Hale have nothing ancestrally in common. (Dressing family trees in fancy's leaves is not a man's job, Charles. Less of it, less of it!)

C. F. W., SOUTHBRIDGE, MASS.—Don't know how old House Peters is, about 35. Sessue Hayakawa was born in Tokio and educated in a Japanese college and at the University of Chicago. His wife, Tsuru Aoki, was also born in the Japanese capital. She was educated there and at a convent in this country. Neither of them has any American blood.

T. G., LARCHMONT, N. Y.—Douglas Fairbanks has only one son. Edward Earle lives in New York. Mae Marsh's latest picture is "The Wharf Rat." Yes, Lasky is still paying Mae Murray's salary. Bessie Barriscale's husband is Howard Hickman. Charles Ray is 25 years old.

MISS ADELE, HAWTHORNE, N. J.—Don't you know, dear Miss Young Lady, that a person of your gender never *does* "ask many things" unless she becomes very curious, and that becoming very curious is one of the darned delightful privileges of your utterly impossible sex? The women who apologize for having asked a question, useless or otherwise, is as prevalent as freckles at the seashore or hairpins on the dresser in the morning; we men can't do away with 'em and a few of us have sense enough to know how lonely we'd be if we could, so cheer up, Adele, the worst is yet to come. Oh, about those questions. Estelle Allen and Vivian Rich are still with Fox. Conway Tearle is married. There is no doubt that movie actors receive gifts from their admirers, and there is no question that if they are genuine men they sneer in their sleeves at their would-be benefactors. Why not be just your own sweet, modest self, Miss Adele? The actors are not running around after you, why should you make yourself cheap by running around after them?

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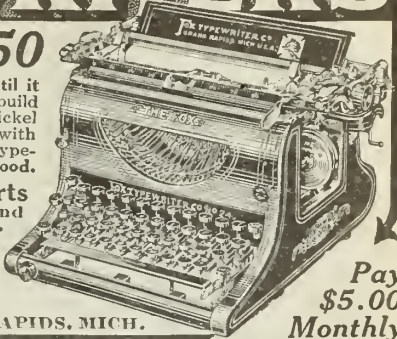
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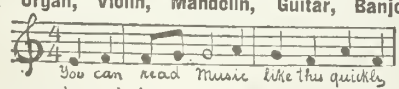
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MARGARET A., DOT, B. C.—Rhea Mitchell played opposite Orrin Johnson in "D'Arctagnan"; Dorothy Dalton was the Queen and Louise Glaum was the wamp. Lola May was Dolly in "Honor's Altar." Edna Hunter played in "Half a Rogue." Mary G. Martin was the wife in "The Wonderful Adventure." Leah Baird was Olga in "Nep-tune's Daughter." Lois Wilson played opposite Warren Kerrigan in "A Son of the Immortals." Margery Daw was the younger sister in "The Chorus Lady." No, Marguerite Clark has never been married to De Wolf Hopper. Have you asked enough questions? Well, enough for this time.

P. T. B., SEATTLE, WASH.—Crane Wilbur has brown hair and gray eyes and is 29 years old. Carter De Haven and Flora Parker De Haven are husband and wife and they have two kidlets.

R. C. W., CLARA, Mo.—My, my, what a traveler you've been, for sure! All the way to Southern California, just think. Wasn't it dandy? Bet they saw the "Mo." on the hotel register and hustled around to show you everything—what? In being so crazy about the superior merits of Photoplay you merely show your common sense, of course. Pauline Frederick is with Famous Players, not American. Harold Lockwood played opposite Marguerite Clark in "The Crucible." You are most mighty welcome. Pull the bell again.

H. A. E., BOSTON, MASS.—"The Fear of Poverty," Pathé, produced by Thanhouser," means that Pathé is acting as a releasing agency for the Thanhouser picture.

"BOB WHITE," WEBSTER, PA.—Robert *el Blanco*, we strongly suspect you of being a young lady instead of a gentleman, though we are wise to the danger of telling anyone he (or she) is no gentleman. We are a person of 'normous experience in deciding by the unshapeliness or otherwiseness of an individual's chirography whether the holder of the pen-holder be of this sex or that, and we unhesitatingly pronounce you to be of that instead of this—here, your betrousered pen-name notwithstanding nevertheless. Conscience alive, no mere man would have the nerve to ask so many questions inside of one envelope! Don't you see how you gave yourself away? Less action, less action! O well, here's at it. Viola Barry played *Maud Brewster* in "The Sea Wolf"; Cleo Madison played *Hermion* and Frank Lloyd Dionysius in "Damon and Pythias"; Stephen Gratten played *M. Brassard* in "Should a Mother Tell?" Here also be more answers, Miss Bob: In "The Rosary" parts were taken as follows: *Vera Wallace* by Kathryn Williams, *Young Brian Kelly* by Charles Clary, *Alice Wallace* by Gertrude Ryan, *Father Ryan* by Frank Clark, *Widow Kelly* by Eugenie Besserer, *Bruce Wilton* by Wheeler Oakman, *Kenwood Martin* by Harry Lonsdale, "*Skeeters*" Martin by Sidney Smith, *Evarts* by Fred Huntley. Good-bye, and please write when you're coming again, so we can arrange a lovely time for you.

H. P., DES MOINES, IA.—We hasten to your relief. J. W. Johnston is 6 ft. tall; weighs 180 lbs.; has dark brown hair and dark blue eyes; swims, rides, paints and sings. He was born in Kilkee, Ireland.

L. C. R., WILKES BARRE, PA.—Mary Miles Minter was born Tuesday, April 1, 1902, in Shreveport, La. She is 5 feet tall and weighs 110 pounds, has blue eyes and golden hair, and her hobbies are motoring and writing verse and prose—yes, actually. She is with American and her address is Santa Barbara, Cal.

JEANNE, NEW YORK CITY.—Permit us to trepan out of your delightful head the idea that it is necessary for anyone to write us questions in order to keep us busy. We walk knee-deep in questions six mornings a week from our modest home to our modest office, and frequently have difficulty jimmying our way into the lift because several tons of questions have accumulated themselves at the entrance thereof despite the efforts of several mail men with scoop shovels who labor valorously and more or less profanely to decrease the debris. So be at peace, you. For these same and more or less militant reasons we must decline, with your leave, to enter into a discussion of the adorableness of Miss Dorothy Gwynn, with which we totally agree, but will vouchsafe the information that you may get in touch with the lady in care Pathe, Jersey City, N. J.

PEG C., OMAHA, NEB.—Francis Ford is not married now. He was born in Portland, Me., in 1882. Hal Cooley's address is Universal City, Cal. You'll get an answer if you write to Grace Cunard.

G. M. W., DETROIT, MICH.—Mabel Taliaferro with Metro, 3 W. 61st St., New York City.

PEGGY, TORONTO, CANADA.—It pleases us to know that the convalescent soldiers read PHOTOPLAY. Constance Collier is not acting for the screen at the present moment.

META K., LOS ANGELES, CAL.—It was Vera Mersereau who danced in "The Dance of Death." She's on the stage now. William Courtleigh, Jr., is with Famous Players. Lillian Lorraine isn't with any company now. Forrest Taylor isn't with Kalem now. Florence Turner's studio is in England, but she is now in this country.

M. J. V. L., BAY CITY, MICH.—Grace Valentine was born in 1890 in Springfield, Ohio.

A. E., CORTLAND, N. Y.—Address Mary Fuller at the Iroquois Hotel, New York City. She is not connected with any film company at present.

N. E. W., LAKE CHARLES, LA.—So you "know most everything there is to know about Theda Bara and Wallace Reid," do you? How surprised they will be when they hear it! Here are a few facts about Charles Ray: He was born in 1891, in Jacksonville, Ill., and is married and lives in Los Angeles. Write to him at Culver City, Cal., for a photograph.

MRS. B., HOUSTON, TEX.—Alexandra Carlisle is on the speaking stage.

MISS OWEN, PASADENA, CAL.—Tom Forman is with Lasky at Hollywood. He has played in "Young Romance," "The Governor's Lady," "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," "Thousand Dollar Husband," "The Clown," etc.

THE NEWCOMER, OAKDALE, PA.—Jose Collins was Bessie and Lillian Tucker was Maisie in "The Light That Failed." Sure, Francis Ford would send you his photograph.

JUNIOR '18, BANDON, ORE.—Douglas MacLean played in "A Woman's Power."

B. F. C., STOCKTON, CAL.—House Peters did not play in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Some old pictures are laid on the shelf and others—the more popular ones—are reissued, like some of Mary Pickford's early successes and Clara Kimball Young's "My Official Wife."

M. J., TOLEDO, OHIO.—Frank Bennett's address is in care of Fine Arts, Hollywood, Cal.

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Will you kindly send me one (1) copy of the October PHOTOPLAY for the enclosed stamps? At noon, on September the first, it was impossible to buy one at any newsstand or photoplay theatre in the city of Lebanon. This certainly shows its popularity, does it not? Thanking you,

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M. S., NEW YORK CITY.—House Peters is with Morosco. He plays the leading part in "The Happiness of Three Women." Yes, quite an undertaking.

AMETHYST SAKE, DORCHESTER, MASS.—Wallie Reid's eyes are blue and his hair is light brown and he's just as stunning off the screen. Marie Doro is a pronounced brunette. Don't think she'd write to you.

M. S. K., DETROIT, MICH.—"Gloria's Romance" was filmed in the east and south. Ella Hall was born in New York on St. Patrick's Day, 1897.

H. J. D., DENVER, COLO.—Yes, we have a record of Josephine Ditt—quite a record, as she has played successively with Essanay, Horsley, American and Universal. She is still connected with the latter company. She has played in "Damaged Goods," "Mill of the Gods" and "The Foreign Spy." Betty Schade is 23 years old and of Teutonic descent.

E. B., TRENTON, N. J.—Lillian Walker did not appear in "Hughie of the Circus."

YOSEMITE, MACON, GA.—Rhea Mitchell is with American at Santa Barbara, Cal., and at no time of her life has she been married, she says.

N. S. W., NEW YORK CITY.—It is nice of you to thank us "again, and again, and again," but really you could have stopped on the second one without hurting our feelings the least little bit. However: What Mr. Ince meant when he said he preferred a "working synopsis" was about this: A scenario containing each and all of the technical directions necessary to the actual filming of the story the scenario tells. Few persons unfamiliar with studio conditions are capable of preparing a working scenario which will pass muster, but it is possible for an amateur to so clearly indicate the working directions he wishes followed that his terms are intelligible to the director.

M. S., CROTON-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.—Marguerite Clark is not married. She lives in New York and Wallace Reid lives in California.

M. M. W., NEW YORK CITY.—George Walsh is his real name. He is 24 years old and hails from Manhattan. Maybe he'll get his hair cut some day.

G. L. M., PANAMA.—Norma Talmadge is 20 and the wife of Joseph Schenck. Marguerite Clark is 29 years old, 4 feet 10 inches tall and an American from Cincinnati.

I. C. & M. C., SOUTH AMBOY, N. J.—Your initials sound like a railroad. Mary Miles Minter is only fourteen. Write to Anita Stewart care of Vitagraph, Brooklyn, and she'll answer your letter. Pauline Bush is not acting for the screen now.

L. S. K., WEST SOMERVILLE, MASS.—Lottie Pickford and Irving Cummings do not appear in "The Diamond from the Sky" sequel. Scenes of "The Pride of the Clan" ("The Lass of Killean") were filmed at Marblehead, Mass. Was the drawing you sent supposed to represent the Answer Man?

HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS, CINCINNATI, OHIO.—Three little girls from school, your idol, Tom Meighan is married to Frances Ring.

J. R., BOSTON, MASS.—Edward T. Langford played opposite Clara Kimball Young in "The Dark Silence."

GABRIELLE F., NEW YORK CITY.—It is as much a mystery to us as to you that you have not received answers to four of the five questions you say you have sent to this department in the last two years. It is our endeavor to make all answers promptly, either by personal letter or in these pages. Could you have misdirected, forgot postage or inadvertently neglected to mail? If you have been a regular reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE you cannot well have overlooked articles published about Mary Fuller, her life and career. Cleo Madison has formed a company of her own. Mabel Normand's new picture is titled "Mickey."

MAURICE M., NEW YORK CITY.—Violet Mersereau was born in your own city. Jane Novak is, as stated, the wife of Frank Newburg; they have been married over a year.

RUTH N., MANKATO, MINN.—Wallace Reid has no children. He is twenty-six years old and has blue eyes. We have no doubt that he will be flattered by your interest in him.

VIRGINIA G., NORWOOD, O.—See the Robert Warwick story on page 35 of this issue. Quite a brisk letter you write, Miss Virginia. But we confess to ignorance of the word "movatized" you wield so confidently, and unfortunately we are not able at the moment to place our right forefinger on "some sweet quiet pale young thing" to enact your *Dinah*. We'll think about it though earnestly.

A. H. B., MONACA, PA.—The leads in "Then I'll Come Back to You" were played by Alice Brady and Jack Sherrill. We are not informed that any of the plays you list has been published in book form.

A. G. C., FT. WAYNE, IND.—You write: "Please send me full particulars as how to be a moving picture star. I am a young girl of sixteen years of age and am greatly interested in being a star. Do you think there is any chance for me?" No, frankly, Miss A. G. C., we do not. That is blunt talk, but unpleasant truths are always more or less blunt. You are one of about a million or more young girls who would like to be moving picture stars and who have each about one-millionth of one per cent. of a chance to become. If you have been a steady reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE you have encountered in these pages advice which we shall now, once more and patiently, repeat: At the beck and call of the moving picture companies are the very finest, most clever and accomplished, as well as most beautiful and successful, actresses of the speaking stage. When even these experienced beauties are sorted over and half of them rejected because they are not suited to become screen stars, what chance have you? Don't you see? We are not meaning to be unkind; we are trying to be kind, so kind that you will be helped in dismissing from your thoughts a futile dream.

THELMA S., LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Your perspicacity in deciding that we are neither a Miss nor a Missus barely escapes prescience. Your resultant deduction that we are a masculine person does credit to your female powers of ratiocination. You are really quite a logical person to be wearing pettiskirts. Here's to you, Cousin Thelma, with that information: Hal Cooley was born in New York City in 1888; educated Northwestern Military Academy, Highland Park, Ill., and University of Minnesota; on the speaking stage in stock; in the pictures successfully with Selig, American and Universal; height six feet; dark brown hair; blue eyes.



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F. N., ATHOL, MASS.—It's wise to secure permission from an author to use his book for a scenario, for the same reason that it's wise to secure permission to use your neighbor's lawnmower or his umbrella before appropriating it.

G. E. P., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—It is almost easier to gain admittance into the presence of a crowned head than it is for the average citizen to visit a motion-picture studio. You must have some special influence before you are privileged to scuff your toes in the sacred dust of a movie lot.

M. A. K., MOBILE, ALA.—E. Mason Hopper is Ruth Hennessey's husband. Mrs. Hopper isn't with any company at present.

J. S., ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—Jack Mulhall is married to Laura Burton. Tom Mix has a wife, pending the decision of the court. Marguerite Courtot is enjoying single blessedness.

Hi S., CHICAGO, ILL.—23 E. 26th St., New York City, is the address of the Bray Studios.

O. P., SUPERIOR, WIS.—Myrtle Gonzales is at Universal City. She was born 22 years ago. We haven't heard anything about a screen strike. Do they want higher wages, or more close-ups?

GWENDOLYN, BALTIMORE, MD.—Maude George is a Universal actress who hails from Riverside, Cal. She is 5 feet 7 inches tall—a stately vampire.

I. L., KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Wallace Reid will send you his picture for a quarter. Ann Pennington's picture has not appeared in our Art Section yet, but it has appeared elsewhere in PHOTOPLAY.

W. L. A., CORVALLIS, ORE.—Helen Arnold, our "Beauty and Brains" girl, is now playing in support of Ethel Barrymore for Metro. She played in "The Witching Hour," with C. Aubrey Smith and Jack Sherrill. Write to her, include the customary fee of one-quarter dollar, and she will send you her photograph.

W. D., MERIDEN, CONN.—We'll send you a copy of the October number of PHOTOPLAY at a bargain rate—15c.

A. F. H., NEW YORK CITY.—Maurice Costello is no longer with the Consolidated Film Company and he's still married. If you really think that a shoehorn would be of assistance to F. X. B. in adjusting his headgear, we'll suggest it to him in your name.

S. C. H., PORTLAND, ORE.—Yes, Thomas Meighan is considered a prominent actor, quite entirely prominent. He is with Famous Players in New York and is married to Frances Ring. Seen him in "The Heir to the Hoorah"? He has never had anything to do with auto racing, not in a professional capacity, at least. Send the Answer Man a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your questions if you desire a quick answer.

M. L. F., EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL.—Carlyle Blackwell, another one who was so heartless as to take unto himself a wife, is with the World Film Corporation, playing with Ethel Clayton. Yes, you can get a picture of his six feet of dark romantic beauty by writing to him in New York—and don't forget that two-bits.

E. H., SCRANTON, PA.—Lou Tellegen and Cleo Ridgely took the leading roles in "The Victoria Cross." And you only ask us one question!

STUDIO DIRECTORY

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal ones below. The first is the business office; (*) indicates proper office to send manuscripts; (s) indicates a studio; at times all three may be at one address.

AMERICAN FILM MFG. Co., 6227 Broadway, Chicago; Santa Barbara, Cal. (*) (s).

ARTCRAFT PICTURES (Corp., Mary Pickford), 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

BALBOA AMUSEMENT PRODUCING Co., Long Beach, Cal. (*) (s).

CALIFORNIA MOTION PICTURE Co., San Rafael, Cal. (*) (s).

CHRISTIE FILM CORP., Main and Washington, Los Angeles, Cal.

CONSOLIDATED FILM Co., 1482 Broadway, New York City.

EDISON, THOMAS, INC., 2826 Decatur Ave., New York City. (*) (s).

ESSANAY FILM MFG. Co., 1333 Argyle St., Chicago. (*) (s).

FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM Co., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 128 W. 56th St., New York City.

FINE ARTS, 4500 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.

FOX FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City (*) ; 1401 Western Ave., Los Angeles (*) (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

FROHMAN AMUSEMENT CORP., 140 Amity St., Flushing, L. I.; 18 E. 41st St., New York City.

GAUMONT Co., 110 W. Fortieth St., New York City; Flushing, N. Y. (s); Jacksonville, Fla. (s).

HORSLEY STUDIO, Main and Washington, Los Angeles, Cal.

THOS. H. INCE (Kay-Bee Triangle), Culver City, Cal.

INTERNATIONAL FILM Co., Godfrey Bldg., New York City.

KALEM Co., 235 W. 23d St., New York City (*) ; 251 W. 19th St., New York City (s); 1425 Fleming St., Hollywood, Cal. (s); Tallyrand Ave., Jacksonville, Fla. (s); Glendale, Cal. (s).

KEYSTONE FILM Co., 1712 Allesandro St., Los Angeles, Cal.

KLEINE, GEORGE, 166 N. State St., Chicago.

LASKY FEATURE PLAY Co., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 6284 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

LONE STAR FILM CORP. (Chaplin), 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Cal.

METRO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway, New York (*) (all manuscripts for the following studios go to Metro's Broadway address.); Rolfe Photoplay Co. and Columbia Pictures Corp., 3 W. 61st St., New York City (s); Popular Plays and Players, Fort Lee, N. J. (s); Quality Pictures Corp., Metro office; Yorke Film Co., Hollywood, Cal. (s).

MOROSCO PHOTOPLAY Co., 222 W. 42d St., New York City (*) ; 201 Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

DEPT. 21, 350 NORTH CLARK ST., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

M. L. D., WEST PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Clara Kimball Young's mother did not play with her in "The Common Law." Julia Stewart took the part of Mrs. Neville.

PAULINE FREDERICK ADMIRER, GARDEN CITY, S. D.—Your favorite's birthday is the 12th of August. We'll do as you say and beg for an interview with her. Grace Darling is with International, Godfrey Bldg., New York City.

B. V. D., CHICAGO HEIGHTS, ILL.—Joyce Moore, Frank Mayo's wife, is decidedly not Alice Joyce Moore's daughter. Alice Joyce Moore's daughter, Mary Joyce Moore, happens to be only a year old.

G. T.—Dustin Farnum was born at Hampton Beach, N. H., May 27, 1874. Maurice Costello is of Pittsburgh descent and Pearl White is half-Italian, half-Irish. "The Yellow Pawn" was filmed in California.

H. E. W., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—Bessie Love will write to you if you write to her, care of Fine Arts, Hollywood, Cal.

B. McC., JOPLIN, Mo.—Niles Welch was born in Hartford, Conn., and attended Yale and Columbia. Your guess is as good as ours on the question of his marriage.

DE N. McK., SALISBURY, N. C.—Harold Lockwood is with Metro in Los Angeles. Address Creighton Hale at the Screen Club, New York City. They'll send photographs.

R. W., ATLANTA, GA.—Niles Welch was the man who played in "Miss George Washington"—leastwise, he was one of 'em.

M. K., HARMONY, MINN.—William Pike played opposite Beatriz Michelena in "The Unwritten Law." Irene Cuttrim was Estelle in the same picture.

J. C. B., FORT WAYNE, IND.—Winifred Greenwood isn't with any company at present. We'll give Mabel Van Buren and Mary Martin a little publicity, if you say so. At least, we'll instruct the editor so to do.

N. I. W., TORONTO, ONT.—Cast of "The Fall of a Nation": Virginia Lorraine Huling; Angela, Flora MacDonald; Vassar, Arthur Shirley; Waldron, Percy Standing; Billy, Paul Willis; Thomas, Philip Gastrock. It was Katherine Harris who played with John Barrymore in "The Lost Bridegroom."

BABE, DETROIT, MICH.—Misfortunes never come singly; Dustin and Harold are both married. Now, then, if you are able to read further after that double blow, we'll inform you that Eimar Linden was Don Jose in the Fox production of "Carmen."

A CORNSTALK, WELLINGTON, N. Z.—Antonio Moreno was born in 1886. He is not married. Elsie McLeod wore a wig in "Carmen." Louie Ducey was Madam Prudence in "Camille"; Victor Rottman was Ted in "The Bogus Ghost"; Eileen Godsey was the Queen in "Ham the Explorer." Shirley Mason is Viola Dana's sister.

RED-HEAD, MEMPHIS, TENN.—Norma Talmadge is with her own company, Mrs. Castle with International, Jack Pickford with Famous Players, and Pedro de Cordoba has no studio address at present. You can't lay on the compliments too thickly to suit us. We thrive on them.



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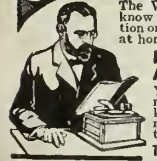


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G. R. C., PARKERSBURG, W. VA.—Jack Sherrill was born in Atlanta, Georgia, in 1898, and was educated at the Berkeley School in New York City. He is the son of William Sherrill, the head of the Frohman Amusement Company. Although he was married about a year ago, it is reported that he will not long remain so. Mr. Sherrill is 5 feet 9 inches tall and weighs 135 pounds. He has brown hair, blue eyes and a light complexion. Some of his best-known pictures are "Then I'll Come Back to You," "The Builder of Bridges," "Just Out of College" and "Body and Soul."

J. H., NORFOLK, VA.—"Two Gun Hicks" is the title of an early Kay-Bee film of Bill Hart's. Pleased to be of service to you.

B. R. L., WASHINGTON, D. C.—No, Lillian Walker isn't married. We don't know why it is, unless it's because we've never asked her.

F. U., VICTORIA, B. C.—S. Rankin Drew, the director, is Sidney Drew's son by his first wife. So you're one of those serial fiends, are you?

M. J. S., LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Elsie Janis and Hazel Dawn are playing in "The Century Girl" on the stage. William Courtleigh, Jr., is married. When Douglas Fairbanks has a fight in his plays, does he really fight? Well, it's our private opinion that Douglas is such a good actor because there's so little fake about his acting. No, the Fairbanks twins don't belong to him. Marguerite and Ethel Clayton are not related; Constance and Norma Talmadge are sisters. Maude Fealy is with Lasky. Florence Marten was Alice in "Miss George Washington." Carlyle Blackwell is married. Geraldine Farrar has been married since 1915. Well, now we should hardly say just because Conway Tearle doesn't adopt caveman tactics, that he is not a virile player.

JUD 16, POMONA, CAL.—"Where Are My Children?" was cast as follows: *Richard Walton*, Tyrone Power; *Mrs. Walton*, Helen Riavme; *Mrs. Brandt*, Marie Walcam; *Walton's Housekeeper*, Cora Drew; *Her Daughter*, Rena Rogers; *Roger*, A. D. Blake; *Dr. Malfit*, Juan de la Cruz; *Dr. Homer*, C. Norman Hammond; *Eugenic Husband*, William J. Hope; *Eugenic Wife*, Marjorie Blynn; *Dr. Gilding*, William Haben.

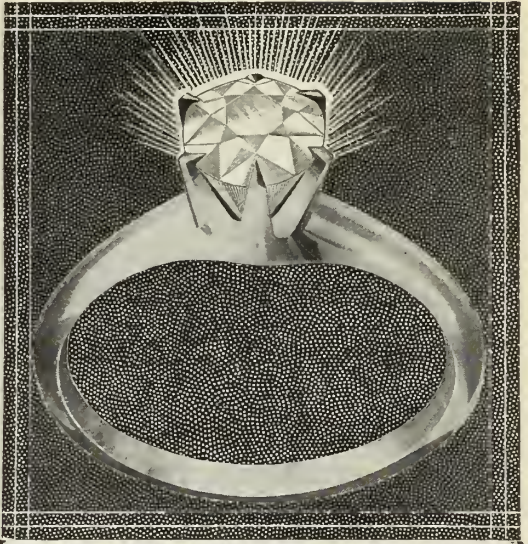
MACK, COLLINSVILLE, OKLA.—Sorry, but we haven't been keeping track of William Courtleigh, Jr.'s, birthday. Wallace Reid's home is in Los Angeles, Cal. Marshall Neilan is about 25 years old. The scenes of "The Shielding Shadow" were laid in New Jersey. Seen Creighton Hale in "Snow White," with Maggie Clark? Norma Talmadge recently married Joseph Schenck. Will that hold you until next time, Mack?

L. M., GRANITE FALLS, MINN.—It is with a feeling of conscious righteousness that we wearily but patiently inform you that Ford and Cunard never have been married to each other. Neither are Reid and Ridgely. Mary is older than Lottie Pickford. Lottie's husband's name is Rupp. Never heard of Georgia Gish. Aren't you thinking of Lillian's sister, Dorothy?

N. B. B., DALLAS, TEX.—Henry Brazale Walthall was born in Shelby County, Ala.

E. K. P., BOVILL, IDAHO.—Creighton Hale was the *Laughing Mask* in "The Iron Claw."

F. A., SPOKANE, WASH.—Frank Borzage is married to Rena Rogers. He's 24 years old and has brown eyes and hair and comes from Salt Lake City.



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ODIE, SAN DIEGO, CAL.—William Desmond and Bessie Barriscale are both with Ince.

MOVIE FAN, PEWEE VALLEY, KY.—Walter Hiers was *George Crooper* in "Seventeen." Mary Pickford wore a wig in "Madame Butterfly." Yes, Wallace Reid is 26 and perfectly magnificent. Marshall Neilan played opposite Mary Pickford in "Rags" and Niles Welch played opposite Mary Miles Minter in "Emmy of Stork's Nest."

CUPID, WASHINGTON, D. C.—Scenes in which dwarfs or small people are shown in contrast to normal-sized actors are produced by a very simple trick of photography. In "Snow White" actual dwarfs and children were used. June Caprice, whose real name is Betty Lawson, was born in Boston in 1899. She is 5 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 105 pounds and has blonde hair and gray-green eyes. Of course you know she is with Fox. Arnold Daly and Creighton Hale are on the legitimate stage.

M. C., PITTSFIELD, MASS.—Mary Pickford has no children. Earle Williams did not play in "The Daring of Diana."

M. A., ST. CATHARINES, ONT.—Yes, Owen Moore is Mary Pickford's husband. Goodness gracious, where have you been? Antonio Moreno isn't married yet. Blanche Sweet hasn't a husband.

J. B., NORFOLK, VA.—Harold Lockwood is 29 years old and 5 feet 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches tall. He has brown hair and blue eyes.

G. H. K., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Naomi Childers, of Vitagraph, may be addressed at Brooklyn, N. Y. See the studio directory.

M. J., LAWRENCE, KANS.—Impossible for us to give you any information concerning scenario agencies. We have no means of knowing positively which ones are reliable and which ones are not.

F. B., ANTWERP.—Virginia Pearson and Theda Bara are not sisters—not even cousins. Mrs. Kimball, mother of Clara Kimball Young, played in "The Feast of Life." Arthur Hoops died just after he had completed his part in "Extravaganza."

H. L., BOSTON, MASS.—Ann Pennington was born in Camden, N. J., in 1895. "Seventeen" was filmed in and around New York City.

R. L. X., CAMBRIDGE SPRINGS, PA.—Camille Astor is now a leading lady for Selig, in Los Angeles. She has played in "The Code of Honor," "Little Papoose," "The Shipwrecked," "The Captive," "Chimmie Fadden," "For the Defense" and "The Thousand Dollar Husband," for Lasky.

L. M., JEFFERSON, TEX.—Kathlyn and Earle Williams are not related, but Mae and Marguerite Marsh are sisters. Billie Burke's real name is Ziegfeld. "Easy Street" is Charlie Chaplin's latest.

J. M. U., JEFFERSON, TEX.—Anita Stewart is not married. Theda Bara did the vamping in "A Fool There Was."

F. W. C., MOLSON, WASH.—Yes, "Tess of the Storm Country" certainly contributed toward Mary Pickford's fame. The World Film Corporation produces no plays that are less than five reels in length.

H. E. K., AMSTERDAM, N. Y.—Pauline Frederick is with Famous Players and Theda Bara is with Fox. Write to them there.

TIPSY and CUTIE, STEVENS POINT, WIS.—Your remark that an Answer Man is a handy sort of thing to have touches us more deeply than any of the thousands of tributes with which our desk is daily submerged. We don't know what you are leading us into, but we'll admit to a liking for redhots, peanut butter kisses and blondes. What then?

BERT-PONDS, MARSTON'S MILLS, MASS.—Lois Wilson of Universal City has been in pictures for about two years. "The Chaperon" is Edna Mayo's latest picture.

W. G., PIERCE CITY, MO.—Harry Myers is 34 years old. Ray Gallagher played in "Saved by a Skirt." Billie Rhodes was recently unmarried. Luella Maxam is 22 and the wife of William Brunton.

AH-KAH BLVLAH, PORT RICHMOND, N. Y.—Bessie Barriscale is a Mrs.—Mrs. Howard Hickman, to be exact.

D. D., ROCHESTER, MINN.—Frank Belcher was Mulry and David Powell was Freneau in "Gloria's Romance."

L. W. H., WATERBURY CTR., VT.—Yes, "Robinson Crusoe" has just been filmed by Henry W. Savage and previously by Universal. Bryant Washburn was born in Chicago. "Ham and Bud" pictures are still being produced by Kalem. Mr. Bushman is married and the father of a quintette of children. Heaven help us to be strong! Miss Bayne is not married. You want to know what the new dances are? We've heard that there was one called "Walkin' the Dog." "The Children Pay" is Lillian Gish's latest picture. She is unmarried. So are Lillian Walker, Florence La Badie and Gladys Hulette. Robert Brower was formerly with Edison. Cast of "The Heart of a Hero": Nathan Hale, Robert Warwick; Colonel Knowlton, Alec B. Francis; Guy Fitzroy, George McQuarrie; Tom Adams, Clifford Gray; Cunningham, Henry West; Alice Adams, Gail Kane; Widow Chichester, Clara Whipple. Will that be all today?

G. F. MACD, BUFFALO, N. Y.—The Triangle Studio is sometimes in the market for some kinds of scripts, but not always in the market for all kinds of scripts. C. Gardner Sullivan is scenario editor for only the Ince angle of the Triangle.

MRS. A. S., PLEASANT HILL, ILL.—Cleo Ridgely, of Lasky, recently disposed of her husband, with the assistance of a Los Angeles judge.

A. M. H., PITTSBURGH, PA.—You will have the pleasure of seeing Milton Sills play with Irene Castle in the serial, "Patria." He is a native of Chicago.

POLLY, NEW ULM, MINN.—We never had occasion to ask for a library or a hero medal, so we don't correspond with Mr. Carnegie. He lives at Skibo Castle. Theda Bara is with Fox at Fort Lee, N. J. Send her a quarter for a picture. Don't send Andy one, though. It wouldn't be good form.

I. B. K., LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Mae Murray is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 115 pounds, has light hair and gray-blue eyes, has been in pictures for about a year and is just 20 years old.

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A. N. H., PATERSON, N. J.—Strict originality is the quality that is regarded by scenario editors as above the price of rubies.

MR. DEM., PITTSBURG, PA.—J. W. Kerrigan is to play in his own film company, it is reported.

R. J. L., MERCED, CAL.—Robert Edson has played in "The Call of the North," "On the Night Stage," "The Absentees," "Mortmain," "The Cave Man," "For a Woman's Fair Name," "Fathers of Men," "The Light That Failed" and "Big Jim Garrity."

MRS. H. T., SAN DIEGO, CAL.—William Desmond was born in Dublin town, he says, as his black hair and Irish blue eyes will testify. He has grown up to be 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 170 pounds. Mr. Desmond was on the stage for 8 years before the screen claimed him.

D. W. T., WASHINGTON, D. C.—Fox's "Romeo and Juliet" was filmed in the month of September. Dorothy Bernard's husband directs pictures and sometimes acts in them. His name is Van Buren.

FORDHAM, NEW YORK CITY.—Henry Walthall has been married for several years. He is in Chicago, with Essanay, at present. Annie May Walthall is his sister. Isabel Fenton's picture has never appeared in PHOTOPLAY.

C. M., NEW BRIGHTON, PA.—William Farnum is with Fox at Los Angeles.

S. W., ATTLEBORO, MASS.—Elmer Clifton was the hero of "The Little Schoolma'am." Send him a quarter for a picture.

J. A. G., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Yes, indeed, Marguerite Clark of the screen receives honorable mention in "Who's Who in the Theater."

ALICE, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—Sis Hopkins' real name is Rose Melville. Jean Sothern's address is 220 W. 42nd St., New York City.

HARRIET, NEWBURY, N. H.—We'll have to pass up the eighty-seven questions that you ask us, because the editor seems to think that we just simply must have something else in this magazine besides an answer to your letter. Unreasonable of him, isn't it, Harriet?

BON TON, WILLOWS, CAL.—Write to George Walsh, care of Fox, Los Angeles. Edwin Carewe was the leading man in "The Snow Bird."

HENRIETTA, ALLENTOWN, PA.—Ivy Close was connected with Kalem. She is back in England. Jeanne Eagels is 22 years old.

W. F. W., HOOD RIVER, ORE.—Bessie Barriscale is 5 feet 2 inches tall. So is Billie Burke and Blanche Sweet is 5 feet 5 inches in height.

ERNA F., ST. LOUIS, MO.—Pauline Frederick played the roles of both sisters in "Ashes of Embers." Grace Cunard and Francis Ford play in "Peg o' the Ring" and William Courtleigh, Jr., in "Under Cover." Pearl White, Creighton Hale and Sheldon Lewis played in "The Iron Claw."

M. J., PASADENA, CAL.—Dorothy Gish is 18 and a blonde; Mary Miles Minter is a blonde and 14; Fannie Ward is a blonde, but not quite so young as the other two. Tom Foreman played opposite Blanche Sweet in "The Thousand Dollar Husband."

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D. D.—Madam Petrova was born in Warsaw, the capital city of Poland. She has been on the stage for a dozen years, appearing in "The Quaker Girl" from October 23, 1911, to May 18, 1912. Here is a list of her photoplays: "Tyres," "The Heart of a Painted Woman," "My Madonna," "The Vampire," "What Will People Say," "The Soul Market," "The Eternal Question," "Playing with Fire," "The Weaker Vessel," "The Black Butterfly" and "Extravagance." She is now with Lasky.

NILES WELCH ADMIRER, JOPLIN, Mo.—Your hero of the light brown hair and azure orbs is quite of marriageable age—28—but we haven't heard that he's actually done it. Sorry we can't say the same of Earle Foxe, who took the part of Richard Leigh in "Ashes of Embers," but—it does seem a shame, doesn't it—he's married. Write to Mr. Welch at 220 W. 42nd St., New York City, care of Amalgamated Photoplay Service.

LOUISE, BRISBANE, AUSTRALIA.—Enid Markey's address is Culver City, Cal.

BILLIE BURKE ADMIRER, CHICAGO.—Yes, Flo Ziegfeld was once the husband of Anna Held.

H. M. T., BRONX, N. Y.—Joan Sawyer, who hasn't told us whether or not she is married, was born in 1884.

M. E., NEWPORT NEWS, VA.—Thanks for your offer of assistance. Just now we need someone to keep the Earle Williams fans pacified. Want the job? Write to Juanita Hansen, care of Keystone, Los Angeles.

E. D. BOOSTER, SHERMAN, TEX.—You know, it has always been our opinion that Elliott Dexter didn't require any boosts from the Answer Man. However, since you request it, we'll see what we can do for him.

M. I., EL PASO, TEX.—Billie Burke was interviewed in the May, 1916, number of PHOTOPLAY.

ELSIE, HASTINGS, N. Z.—Mary Pickford's address is 729 7th Ave., New York City. Yes, Blanche Sweet was once called Daphne Wayne, the name having been wished on her.

KANGAROO, W. MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.—Sorry you Australians took offence at being called "Englishers." Do you mind if we refer to you as Britishers?

PEGGY, 17, PASADENA, CAL.—Howard Gaye was the Nazarene in "Intolerance." No, Wally Reid is not burdened with a university degree, but he has some fine dogs.

D. J., ROCKAWAY BEACH, N. Y.—Theda Bara will send you a picture of herself if you write to her at Fort Lee, N. J., and enclose a quarter in your letter. I'm afraid you'll have to color the picture yourself, however.

W. L., SEATTLE, WASH.—If we thought that the details of our placid existence would make interesting reading matter, we'd bare them to a curious world, but, honest, the most exciting thing that ever happens to us is the morning's mail and occasionally a belated arrival for dinner in the evening.

T. C. F., HARRISBURG, PA.—Ann Pennington is one-half inch shorter than Marguerite Clark—4 feet 9 1/2 inches. Hazel Dawn isn't married. Norma Talmadge is.

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M. N., EAGLE RIVER, WIS.—Cast of "Puppets": *Pantaloen*, De Wolf Hopper; *Harlequin*, Jack Brammall; *Clown*, Robert Lawlor; *Columbine*, Pauline Starke; *The Widow*, Kate Toncray; *Pierrot*, Edward Bolles; *Scaramouche*, Max Davidson. Cast of "Honor Thy Name": *Colonel Castleton*, Frank Keenan; *Viola Bretagne*, Louise Glaum; *Rodney Castleton*, Charles Ray; *Rosalee Carey*, Blanche White; *Mrs. Carey*, Gertrude Claire; *Jack Deering*, George Fisher; *Rosita*, Dorcas Matthews; *The Moth's Mother*, Agnes Herring; *Uncle Tobey*, Harvey Clarke.

F. M., PRIMGHAY, IA.—Harry Hilliard was *Caprice's* husband in "Caprice." Marguerite Clark measures 4 feet 10 inches, perpendicularly speaking. Harold Lockwood says he is not married. "Tess of the Storm Country" and "A Girl of Yesterday" were produced in 1914.

LEE, CAPE GIRARDEAU, MO.—Raymond McKee is with Metro. Mary MacLaren, Louise Lovely and Ella Hall play leads for Universal. Yes, Francis Ford is divorced. Billie Burke has retired from the screen in favor of the stage, but Marguerite Clark is still loyal to the "movies." Lucille Zintheo, Peggy Bloom, Lucille Satterthwaite and Helen Arnold are now acting for the screen. Marie Walcamp is with International.

A. E. F., MT. HOLLY, N. J.—Annette Kellerman is married. The following players took part in "The Explorer": *Alec McKenzie*, Lou Tellegen; *George Allerton*, Tom Forman; *Lucy Allerton*, Dorothy Davenport; *Dr. Adamson*, James Neill; *McInnery*, H. B. Carpenter.

TED H., MUSKOGON, MICH.—Mae Marsh is single. Write to Gloria Swanson, care Keystone, at Los Angeles and ask her for a photograph or a curl. We'll hazard a guess, however, that she'd rather part with the former.

T. F., SHREVEPORT, LA.—Norma Talmadge is with Selznick, Louise Glaum with Ince and Theda Bara with Fox.

A. B. B., CHARLESTON, W. VA.—Matt Moore is working for his sister-in-law, Mary Pickford. They play together in "The Pride of the Clan."

J. C., SYDNEY, N. S.—Tom Foreman is with Lasky and James Morrison with Ivan. Write to them in care of these companies for photographs. We agree with you that it is a crime against society for homely women to appear in pictures. Why can't they confine themselves to such activities as require merely brains? Jimmie Morrison and Creighton Hale are bachelors. The latter was born in 1892 and Tom Foreman one year later. Marguerite Clark is 28. Norma Talmadge has made one picture for her own company, "Panthea." Ralph Kellard is Pearl White's leading man in "Pearl of the Army."

A. R., DENVER, COLO.—Here are the several birthplaces of your favorites; Robert McKim, San Jacinto, Cal., 1887; Marshall Neilan, also California, 1891; James Morrison, Illinois, 1891; Harry Morey, Michigan; Harry Northrup, Paris, France, 1877; Ann Pennington, Camden, Del., 1895; Edna Purviance, Paradise Valley, Nev., 1895; Clara Williams, Seattle, Wash.; Fay Tincher, Topeka, Kans.

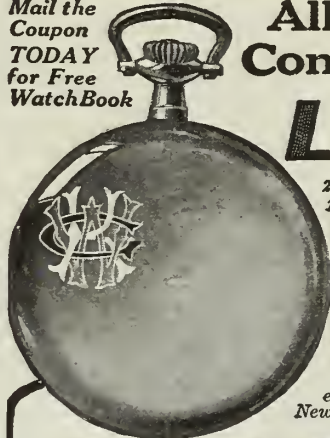
M. E. B., CHICAGO, ILL.—May Allison and Hazel Dawn are not related, even by marriage, as neither is married.

POLLY F., JOLIET, ILL.—Lois Weber's address is Universal City, Cal.

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"The National Movie Publication"

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VOL. XI

No. 5

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Published monthly by the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING CO., 350 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

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ROBERT M. EASTMAN, Sec.-Treas.

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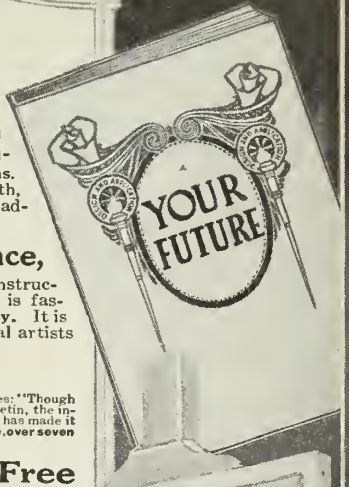
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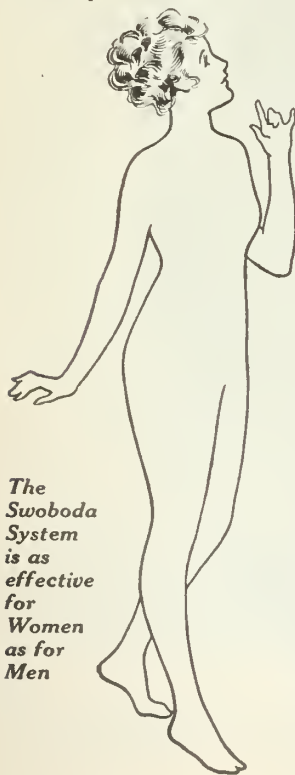
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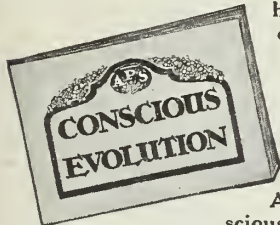
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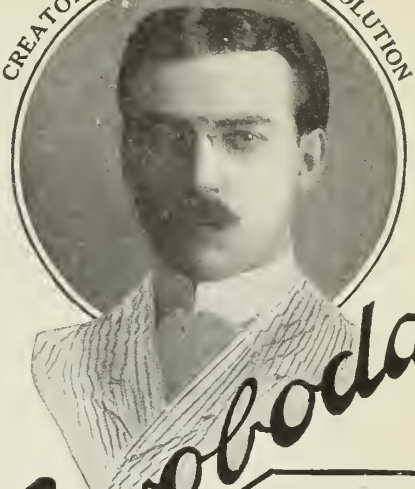
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.....	April, 1916, and August, 1916	LEE, JANE.....	May, 1916
BAYNE, BEVERLY.....	March, 1917	LINDER, MAX.....	February, 1917
BERNARD, DOROTHY.....	August, 1916	LOVE, BESSIE.....	August, 1916
BLINN, HOLBROOK.....	July, 1916	LUCAS, WILFRED.....	June, 1916
BRADY, ALICE.....	September, 1916	MARSH, MAE.....	March, 1917
BRENON, HERBERT.....	July, 1916	MASON, SHIRLEY.....	March, 1917
BURTON, CHARLOTTE.....	December, 1916	MAYO, EDNA.....	April, 1916
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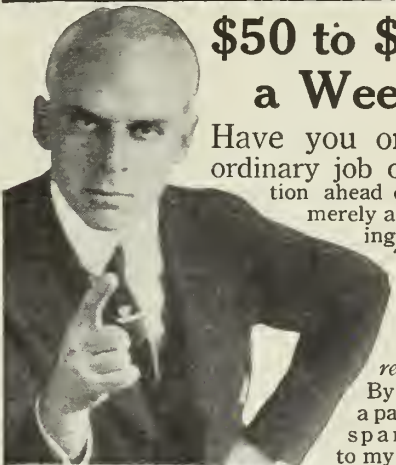
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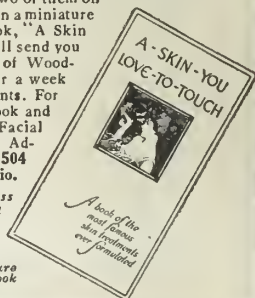
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Portraits
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Photo by White

LENORE ULRICH

has done her share to make Milwaukee famous in the few years she has been at it. Her rise to stardom on the stage was meteoric as her name was almost unknown when Oliver Morosco began to feature her in "The Bird of Paradise." Miss Ulrich is a distinctive brunette and of medium stature. She has appeared on the screen exclusively under Morosco auspices. Her last stage success was "The Heart of Wetona."



DUSTIN FARNUM

is so well known to the playgoing public that little remains to be said about him. He experimented with the motion picture camera in Europe when photoplays were new and was one of the first stage notables to espouse its cause. He has played before Lasky, Ince and Morosco cameras and is now with William Fox. Mr. Farnum is in his early forties, a native of New England, a quarter inch over six feet and an outdoor enthusiast.



Photo by Witzel

ORA CAREW

is officially listed as a "comedienne" probably because she is a member of the Keystone funmaking crew, but she is just as much at home in drama as in comedy. Miss Carew had much experience on the vaudiville stage before entering the films via Griffith studio and for a time she was also with Universal. She is a native of Salt Lake City, 22 years of age and two inches over five feet high.



Photo by Hartsok

FRANK MAYO

is a New Yorker by birth but he began his screen career in London after a dozen or so years on the stage. He was with Selig for a while but his most noteworthy work was done for Balboa. "The Red Circle" gave him a big following. He is 30 years old and the third Frank Mayo in the family, his grandfather of the same name overseeing his first appearance on the stage at the age of five. Joyce Moore is his wife.



Photo by White

EMMY WEHLEN

comes from Vienna whence came "The Merry Widow" in which she once starred in London. She was a musical comedy luminary of bright luster before heeding the call of the screen and she has had no difficulty in transferring her personality, minus vocal talent, to the silversheet. Her film work has been confined to Metro's studio. Miss Wehlen is in her early twenties and has light hair and brown eyes.



Photo by Witzel

LEO WHITE

is best known for his French Count characterization in the Chaplin comedies. Like Chaplin, he is English-born, coming to this country in musical comedy. For some time he was with Fritzi Scheff. His first film experience was with the old Powers company. He accompanied Chaplin to Mutual from Essanay but is now back with the latter in Chicago. There is a Mrs. White, also a talented player, and two little White boys.



Photo by Apeda

ALICE JOYCE

has had almost everything that is nice said about her and it's all true but for the benefit of the newer generation of screen enthusiasts it may be stated that she is one of the first of the film stars upon whom the speaking stage has no claim. After a year of retirement because of the arrival of little Alice Mary Joyce-Moore, Miss Joyce is again playing for the shadows, this time with Vitagraph.



Photo by Ira L. Hill

GAIL KANE

was a footlight villainess of excellent repute before casting her lot with the mercury-lighted stage: and now she is rarely iniquitous. For a long time she played in World photoplays but recently she contracted to appear for Mutual during the coming year. Miss Kane is a native of Philadelphia, of dark complexion and five feet, seven inches in height. She is an expert swimmer and a devotee of all outdoor sports.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

April, 1917

Vol. XI, No. 5

The Poor Little Rich Girl

WHAT IS A GOLDEN HOME AND A LIMOUSINE COMPARED TO A MAMMA TO KISS YOU, A PAPA TO PLAY WITH YOU, AND A PLACE TO MAKE MUDDIES?

By Constance Severance

"THERE she goes! Her folks a-grindin' us down so that she kin have everything an' my Thelma an' your Teresy can't have nothing! Ain't it a wonder we don't have revolutions in this country?"

Two women stood at the corner of Third Avenue and Sixtieth Street, in the city of New York. The speaker, plump, comely, untidy and thirty, clasped a chubby child by the hand. She and the woman addressed followed a rapidly receding limousine with their eyes. It had just descended the long Manhattan incline of Queensborough Bridge, coming in from Long Island. A footman and a coachman, in white leathers, corduroys and shiny top-hats, sat in front. Finely lettered on the limousine door was the name of a man whose munitions of war were always east-bound in a dozen vessels; a man whose unprosperous metal bed factory in Bridgeport, turned to the manufacture of destruction, had made him ten times a millionaire. He was playing the market, now—successfully; his wife was playing society—unsuccessfully.

The description has followed what seem unimportant material details. But really these were the all-important details. The sweet-faced little girl in the car, with her sensitive, gentle mouth; her wondering eyes and her marked expression of loneliness, was quite un-



*"Papa
won't
play
with me,
now."*

important except in the eyes of such utter outsiders as these two females. They gazed at her with hatred in their eyes, but could they have known the truth they would not have exchanged her lot for the sordid content of little Thelma and wee Teresa.

"Let's send the car on and walk, Miss Royle!"

The governess bent a marble stare upon her too-human charge. Turning, she sighed and straightened an imaginary wrinkle in the child's white lace collar.

"Gwendolyn, I am astonished."

"There's such a lot of little girls, Miss Royle—"

"Brats, you mean?"

"I never have a n y fun!" Gwendolyn began to cry. Miss Royle sighed again, a sigh of exasperated resignation.

"The Lord will punish you if you say such things, you ungrateful girl! Why, you have everything!"

"I don't have anything! Mamma doesn't even come in to kiss me good-night, now, and papa won't play with me, and I never see any little girls, and they whipped me just because I wanted to make mud-pies in the conservatory—"

"Spoiling a lace dress that must have cost your poor, hard-working papa at least a hundred dollars!"

"I don't care—I never have any fun!"

"Gwendolyn! If you die do you know where you'll go?"

Gwendolyn was silent a full minute.

"If there'd be anybody there for me to play with I wouldn't care where I went." she whispered, brokenly.

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Royle, wordless at this infantile blasphemy.

The English motor stopped soundlessly near one of the new apartment houses which, rising like towers over Central Park, are cursed by the genuine aristocracy and are pointed out with *gusto* by the vociferators of the rubber-neck wagons, who tell their pop-eyed customers that you must rent a whole floor or nothing, and that a floor will cost you twelve thousand a year.

No, Gwendolyn did not live in the apart-

ment house. Right alongside was one of the finest of the blue-blood homes, and the owners, scandalized at the hotelish invasion, had leased their sacred dwelling to Gwendolyn's papa, and had moved to Tuxedo.

In this environment Gwendolyn's dreary little life ran on day after day. She was glad to say that Miss Royle did not often go riding with her, for Miss Royle was exact as a cash-register, cold as ice and as ornamental as a lath. Most often Jane, Gwendolyn's nurse, accompanied her on these semi-royal rolls through town, and Jane was at least exciting. Jane had some sentimental novels, and, the gossip of the

other servants seldom giving her leisure to read them at home, she took them in the machine, holding them low in her lap, and when the big motor was trundling through the great procession on Fifth Avenue she read greedily. The excitement for Gwendolyn came at the moments she interrupted Jane.

"Keep still or I'll give ye to a p'liceman!" threatened Jane, most often. Or again: "Shut up or I'll pitch ye out and ye'll get lost and starve to death!"

So Gwendolyn interrupted her a great deal, hoping that she would make good. Gwendolyn thought being given to a policeman would be quite a fine adventure, for all the policemen she knew were great soldierly fellows who smiled and tipped their caps when she waved her hands at them. And, as for being lost and starving—the little girl thought up some perfectly wonderful adventures she could have before she *quite* starved. Once, tiring of Jane's timidity in fulfilling these horrifying promises, Gwendolyn unlatched the limousine door and volunteered as a lost starver, but unfortunately Jane caught her arm, and, wrenching it cruelly, yanked her back in the machine. Gwendolyn was careful about volunteering after that, because she remembered, always, that Jane had slapped her mouth and cut her lip, so she couldn't eat any supper. Jane told her mother that the child bumped her face on the door itself, trying to run away, but Gwendolyn couldn't

"THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL"

THIS narration has been made, by permission, from the screen production by the Arcraft Film Corporation; this, in turn, was adapted from the stage play of the same name by Eleanor Gates. The film version has the following cast:

Gwendolyn.....Mary Pickford
Her Mother...Madeline Traverse
Her Father....Charles Wellesley
Jane, the nurse..Gladys Fairbanks
The Plumber....Frank McGlynn
The Organ Grinder Emile La Croix
Miss Royle, the governess.....

.....Marcia Harris
Thomas, footman, Charles Craig
Potter, the butler, Frank Andrews
The Doctor.....Herbert Prior
Johnny Blake....George Gernon

remember even touching the door, except with her fingers. Thereafter Jane and Pot-

ter united forces to frighten Gwendolyn into quietude whenever they went upon an expedition.

The biggest event in Gwendolyn's life took place on the dullest of spring afternoons. She was alone, standing at the open window of her nursery, when Audisio, an aged organ grinder who had been a street-musician in Italy, came over to the avenue with his manual musical motor and its mince-pie of Verdi and Irving Berlin. The fact that the "Miserere" was slightly off key and had asthma in three of its notes did not worry Gwendolyn, who was sure that she had never heard such delightful music.

Thereafter Jane and Potter united forces to frighten Gwendolyn into quietude whenever they went upon an expedition.





"That's just wonderful, sir!" she cried from the window. "I'll bet if my papa could hear you he'd give you a whole lot of money."

Hospitality clutched her.

"Won't you come in" she whispered ecstatically. "You an' me can have a 'musicale.' That's what my mamma goes

to all the time. Nursie left me two tea-cakes and you can have one and all my milk for I just hate milk—come on! I'll open the door!"

Now Audisio, though he had not been largely entertained in Fifth Avenue homes, warmed to the smile of a child, and, seeing her at the big front door, he bowed and



Gwendolyn had climbed on the big marble wash-bowl in her room to paint the brass light-fixture with white tooth-paste. Down came bowl and girl, on flew Miss Royle's raucous voice and Jane's heavy hand—dear, dear, things were dreadful!

hobbled in stiffly with his discord-wringer slung from his shoulder.

"Had you rather give your concert first, or'd you rather have tea first" asked his hostess, making one of her forty dolls stand up that the great musician might sit down.

"Wella. . . . I do nota want anyteeng. Mees!" Audisio smiled and spread his hands deprecatingly. Gwendolyn approached, looking very wise. She laid her hands on his knees and gazed at him with her head on one side, like a parrot.

"I bet I know whose papa you are!" she murmured with an air of triumphant finality.

"Papa? . . . No."

"Yes, you are! You're Mr. Caruso's papa. Mama took me once to hear him in the afternoon at the Plaza!"

"Ah, Carus! Voce divino!" The old man laughed silently, and kissed his fingers to the ceiling with an air ever so delicate and wonderful, Gwendolyn thought. Why didn't her papa do that when he spoke admiringly of Mr. Morgan

Now it happened that Gwendolyn had been an exceedingly bad little girl, and had climbed on the big marble washbowl in her room to paint the brass light fixture with tooth-paste (the room was white, the tooth-paste was white, and why did the foolish people who made that bathroom put a brass fixture in a white room?) much to the washbowls detriment. It was an old washbowl, and Gwen wasn't exactly a feather, so down came bowl and girl, and on flew Miss Royle's raucous voice and Jane's heavy ready hand—dear, dear, things were dreadful! But at any rate, as we started to say, there was a plumber there repairing all this Gwendolian damage; and as the soiree musicale below was just finishing the eating stage, down came the plumber with a coil of lead pipe curled handsomely over one shoulder. Gwendolyn espied him, going through the back hallway.

"Oh, there's my piper!" she cried, hop-skipping toward the astonished trade unionist.

"You're *what!*" questioned the plumber.

"My piper! You must play that . . . that *that*, at my musicale!"

"Let the dago play," protested the piper, dragged unwilling toward the artistic arena. "I'll be aujience. How much is it—a coupla pins to git in?"

So the party proceeded, presently with the addition of Johnny Blake, a newsboy who lived just around the corner on Madison avenue, and who often waved at Gwendolyn as he went down the avenue toward his midtown stand.

As yet, mind you, there'd been no music. The arrangements of impresarii are often so tedious and difficult in consummation!

At length the grand affair was all set, the plumber consented to hum something, and at Johnny's suggestion, Gwendolyn decided to be her own Ruth St. Denis.

Away they went, Audisio grinding out the "Lucia" sextette, Johnny clapping an accompaniment, and the plumber blowing an oom-pah bass into his leaden coil. Gwendolyn essayed a terpsichorean movement which we might call the *nursery bacchanale*, when—

The first strains of Audisio's rheumatic melody reached the kitchen, where Thomas, the footman, and Potter the butler, were having their fortunes told in cards by Jane. Scarce believing their sanctimonious ears, Thomas and Potter rose in such haste that they almost upset the table. In another moment they, and the outraged Jane, were at the front of the house. Potter pounced upon Audisio, the plumber held onto the Italian, Johnny clutched the plumber, Gwendolyn—crying—vowed not to lose Johnny, and Jane formed the tail of this kite of misfortune, as she savagely tried to yank her charge from the whole plebeian entanglement. And upon the battle descended Gwendolyn's mother.

"I'm sure I do everything to please her, ma'am," murmured the humble Jane, "and I just want her to let me know what she wants!" She curtseyed and smiled a sweet carbohic smile.

"You mustn't do things to displease Jane," murmured her mother, stroking Gwendolyn's hair. "You know she loves you so much!"

With the bestowal of a greenback to Audisio, the soiree ended.

"Come, dearie," murmured Jane, dulcetly. "Let's go up to the nursery and play with your own little things!" Once out of mother's sight: "You pull another stunt like this on me, you impident little minx, and I'll lock you up in your closet for a whole day!"

"Oh, Jane, not that!" cried Gwendolyn, terror-struck at last. "I am afraid of the dark. You know I'm afraid of the dark!"

"Then you behave yourself!" concluded Jane, grimly.

Bye and bye Gwendolyn's eleventh birthday came. There were presents and presents, but Gwen liked best a little bird in a golden cage. The cage was small, but it was wonderful, and the bird sang sweetly within it. Gwendolyn found an unconscious kinship with the little prisoned bird.



Potter pounced upon Audisio, the
—vowed not to lose



plumber held onto the Italian, Johnny clutched the plumber, Gwendolyn — crying Johnny, and Jane formed the tail of this kite of misfortune.

In the evening her mother invited in many friends. Gwendolyn was never happier—she thought it all her party, until, at 7, they sent her to bed. Then she was heart-broken. She should have understood, of course, that to a lady who would rise in society, functions must have legitimate excuses. Her mamma would rise, and took the legitimate excuse of her little girl's birthday to invite in those who would give tone to her establishment. Of course, Gwendolyn herself didn't matter. So, and also of course, she went to bed.

But she couldn't sleep.

She remembered the ragged little girl on Third avenue, and she wished she could change places with her. She thought, too, how lovely it would be to be kept in jail by some nice, friendly policeman; or how exciting to be lost and starving to death. Suddenly she saw Jane approaching the

bed, a large table-spoon in one hand, a bottle in the other.

"But I'm not sick, and I don't want any castor-oil!" protested Gwendolyn, in her shrill, clear little voice.

"This aint castor-oil. It's medicine. You take it or I'll put you *in the closet all night!*"

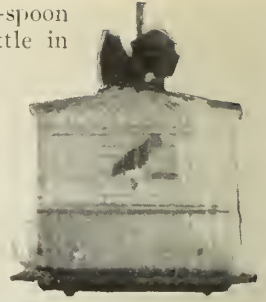
Gwendolyn gulped the liquid alternative to this horror very quickly.

It was Jane's night on, but, with Thomas, she wished to attend a vaudeville show not two blocks away. What harm? Besides, Thomas himself had procured the sleeping-potion from the drug-store; and, to make sure, she had given Gwendolyn a double dose.

Downstairs the party went on, but somehow there wasn't much life to a little girl's birthday party without a little girl, and the folks, pleading engagements of various sorts, left early.

"Is Gwendolyn sleeping well?" called her mother, pausing at the door of her own room. There was no answer. "Jane!" she cried, in a vexed tone. Silence. She turned quickly toward the nursery.

At the threshold the sight that met her eyes rebuffed her foreboding of disaster. The rays of the moon, striking in brilliantly through the diamond-paned window, fell across the bed, upon which the child lay quietly, her head on one side, her wee hands relaxed across her breast. A mist blurred the mother's vision a moment. How little she had thought of her baby! After all, did these baubles of fashion



Gwendolyn found an unconscious kinship with the little prisoned bird.





It was a real, winding horn that "Mr. Piper" had now, Gwen was glad to note; he and "Mr. Grinder" looked ever so much younger and happier.

atone for the neglect of a child? She came toward the bed, stepping carefully, so as not to waken her. She bent down and pressed her lips against the childish forehead.

That forehead was cold as marble, and all respiratory movement seemed stilled.

The sudden wild cry of a mother who finds she has awakened too late rang through the whole great house.

AS for Gwendolyn . . . for the first time since her little babyhood, she was truly happy.

Awakening, as she thought, from too heavy sleep, her head had ached just dreadfully. Then the headache went away, and, somehow—she didn't know how—she found herself in front of her father's great house. It was night and winter, but it was not cold. And she wore what she had longed and longed for—a gingham apron! And there were her friends, Audisio, the old musician, and the merry piper. It was a real, winding horn that

"Mr. Piper" had now, Gwen was glad to note; and "Mr. Grinder" looked ever so much younger and happier. Had he forgotten the music-box? Gwendolyn was afraid—no, he had it, safe enough!

She was so overjoyed in meeting her two friends again that she did not notice the journey to *the tell-tale forest*, or even know the way they came.

But they were there, anyway, and she began to see things in their true light.

For instance, she had once heard her papa call Potter, the butler, a silly ass. She had wanted to ask papa what he meant by that, because Potter didn't look in the least like the pictures of an ass in her animal-book. But perhaps a silly ass was different from a regular ass. And Jane, once upon a time, had remarked to Miss Royle that Thomas was "all ears." Upon asking Thomas why Miss Royle called him "all ears," he had cryptically replied that Miss Royle was "a snake in the grass." So Gwendolyn was more puzzled than ever.

And here they were, just as the others

said they were! Potter, cavorting with high flung heels, resembled the noblest of donkeys. Thomas had grown a pair of ears big as his head. And, in a sinister slide, came Miss Royle, a veritable serpent in the undergrowth!

Gwendolyn had scarcely time to note these wonderful natural curiosities, for the insistent movement of their party. She was fairly dizzy with the excitement of it. Mr. Grinder was at the head, rolling out the merriest of marches, with Mr. Piper blowing a noble obligato behind him. Though they were going, Gwendolyn could scarcely see where they were going. . . . it was all dark, outside their little circle of light . . . anyway, Big Ears, Silly Ass and Snake in the Grass kept coming right along.

Presently there was brilliance everywhere—above, below, on every side.

"Where—?" queried Gwendolyn, too overwhelmed to ask more.

"This," said Mr. Grinder, is *the land of lights.*"

"It's where the light comes every time it goes out!" whispered Mr. Piper.

"Oh, is it?" echoed Gwendolyn. "I've always wanted to find this place."

Suddenly—who? Her father!

"Papa! Papa!" called Gwendolyn, ecstatically. He paid no attention, and even in the midst of her new-found happiness the child's lips curled in woe.

"He is too busy riding his hobby," whispered Mr. Grinder. And, sure enough, he was. It was a crazy sort of thing, too. Gwendolyn laughed, reflecting that, even though she were just a little girl, she wouldn't ride a silly old hobby like that one. And how his suit clanked and rattled, as though he were sheathed in ill-fitting armor. Looking more closely, his daughter saw that his garments were woven of nothing but coins.

Terror came to the child's heart when she saw her mother dash in, oblivious to everything except the urge of the social bee firmly fixed in her bonnet.

"Help mamma!" she cried. "That naughty bee is just stinging her to pieces!"

"On the contrary," answered the piper, smiling a little as he licked his blown-dry lips, "she enjoys it. You'll observe that even as she jumps around she's smiling."

"Won't she ever make it go 'way?" asked the child, timidly.

"Some day," said the piper, "she'll wonder why she ever entertained it so long."

"On!" shouted Mr. Grinder at this juncture. And they all began to move.

It was a fiercer, more dizzying movement than they had yet made. Everything seemed dark and blurry to Gwendolyn as they sped along, and she felt just a little sick and queer. Nevertheless, she had the utmost confidence in Mr. Piper and she realized that if they were rushing, it was because they just had to get some place immediately, if not sooner.

When they stopped, she couldn't see Mr. Grinder, and she was quite disconcerted, especially as there was a tumult about her, and the most unpleasant people. Suddenly his voice came in her ear.

"This," he said pleasantly enough, "is *Robin Hood's barn*, and we are going around it."

Robin Hood's barn wasn't altogether a peaceful place, as Gwen's procession circled it. There were numberless beautiful peacocks, but they were all fighting angrily, or squawking fiercely at Gwendolyn. And they had human faces! Most of them Gwen had seen; they were women who came to her house and smirked at her, above their decollete gowns, as she was being carried spitefully to bed.

And there were great crocodiles, too, shedding numerous tears into the Lily Pool which seemed to spring up in front of Gwendolyn. It was just the sort of pool they had in the conservatory at home, and it looked like it, except that it was much bigger. Gwendolyn wanted, oh so much, to make mud pies in the tempting black soil that bordered it—but there were the sorrowful crocodiles!

Backing away from this enchanted water, she found herself in a street where bulls and bears were rampaging at will. It was a walled street, and the high barriers gave her no opportunity to escape.

Gwendolyn was so frightened by the great brutish creatures that she didn't notice whether Silly Ass, or Big Ears, or Snake in the Grass were now accompanying her. She didn't even wait for the good humor of Mr. Piper, or the wise counsel of Mr. Grinder. She fled precipitately, for there was a gate at the end of the street, and it might be open.

Her papa was at the gate, and a great

(Continued on page 156)



She Really Admits They're Hers

Ethel Barrymore, like the legendary Roman mother, calls her children her jewels. Beginning with the charming child on the left you see Ethel Barrymore Colt, four years old; John Drew Colt, three, and Samuel P. Colt, a grown man of seven. Probably Mrs. Colt would tell even an answer man about them.

A Jill of All Trades

SHE
VAMPS,
AND WRITES
AND
LECTURES,
TOO, AND
SOMETIMES
SHE'S AN
INGENUE

and short stories and scenarios
—all of them bought and
paid for.

Her No. 3 job is lec-
turing — she's been
stumping it for Vita-
graph.

Four is that of
legitimate actress
and No. 5 is being
manager of her own
theatrical company,
which she took
twice to Alaska.

Her pictures
here displayed
show her



DOING five things — at
different times, of course
—is great fun when
you've got the ability coupled
with plenty of pep. That's what
Nell Shipman has done. She's
first of all a film actress and a
good one. Her last screen ap-
pearance was in "The Lone
Wolf" opposite Lou-Tellegen.

Her No. 2 pastime—though,
she may list it as an "occupa-
tion"—is writing. Oh, just a
few little things like novels,

equally presentable as ingenue,
vamp, lead and authoress.

Miss Shipman's entrance in
films was unpremeditated. She
went to the coast armed with
some scenarios for sale. They
sold and at good prices. Then
a director suggested she appear
in one of them and so Nell
blossomed out in "God's Coun-
try and the Woman," a Vita-
graph. She was so successful
in this that she decided to keep
up both writing and acting.

Back to Babylon for New Fashions

THE SCREEN'S A GENUINE STYLE-CREATOR, FOR THE "PRINCESS BELOVED" IS INSPIRING THE MODISTES OF FIFTH AVENUE

By Lillian Howard

Drawings by Eleanor Howard



Babylonian embroidered borderings and handings and the front hanging stole girdle of Attarea's frocks as seen in a new spring model.

AFTER a strenuous, eye-fatiguing, and consequently brain-fagging day spent in viewing offerings of the choicest modes ateliers of Fifth avenue, were a present day Mrs. Abou Ben Adam experiencing her resurrection dream, asked to sit in judgment in a fashion contest of the forthcoming feminine resurrectionists, she must needs name Attarea, beloved of Belshazzar, as the lady who led all the rest. Which means that since the production of Griffith's picture "Intolerance," the Babylonian note is conspicuously evident as the last word in gowning.

Attarea herself, were she to come to life in an opera box garbed in her robe of state of straight cut shimmering metal tissue with its shoulder-hung court train of velvet, cut to a deeply pointing decollete back-

line, would present a fashionably up-to-the-minute picture. Her coiffure in the original might furnish a sensational paragraph or so for society reporters. And were she to be found lunching at the Biltmore in one of her heavily embroidered and fringed morning frocks girdled at the waist with a stole sash, no one would consider it a twenty-five hundred years old frock in the light of present displays.



A modern Attarea at the opera in a gown of silver tissue with spangled budice and low hung girdle. Rose colored velvet mantle train hung from the shoulders and embroidered in silver.

Indeed, had Attarea not slain herself before the Persians, but were she held in a state of hypnotism and brought to life in some clothes emporium, she would undoubtedly have felt sufficiently at home to withstand the transition shock.

When "Intolerance" brought us Babylonian modes, straight-way the designers took notice. They had dabbled the past season in medieval inspirations of slashed sleeves, pointed bodices and moyen-age waist-lines with full, gathered skirts, but the real inspiration of the day came when they gazed upon the filmed ladies of Belshazzar's court. Paris for some time past has been seeking to introduce needlework as a trimming in all its possibilities, as a means of aiding her women left as sole providers for the families while the men are at the front. Here in the Babylonian inspired modes, needlework comes into all its glory.

The ancient Babylonians used five symbols in the embroideries which were a conspicuous feature of their robes. These designs were embroidered on neck bands and the deep borders which finished the hems of their garments, also for that most distinctive feature of these straight hung dresses, the broad, encircling hip-girdle with its stole ends. Sometimes the girdle was twice wound about, at the waistline and again below, to hang down the front in stole ends. These girdles were heavily embroidered in silks or jewels, as the status of the lady's liege lord might be. A fringed silken sash end, extending well down to the hem of the garment, often replaced the narrower stole ends.

Here enters our new spring chemise frock in straight-lined silhouette with its embroideries, fringed bottom and engirdling sash, tying not to back or side as has been the way heretofore of regulation sashes, but always draping the front of the gown after the manner of Babylonian girdling.

Fashion as well as anything else can be used to demonstrate that there is really nothing new in ideas in this world of ours. You who indulge in a spring frock of the new up and down lines, with its heavy embroidered bandings and borders, and its sash tied low in the front, think you not that here you have the newest of the new. Just some such frock in general contour hung in the wardrobe of one Miss Attarea of Babylonia some several hundred B. C.

The brain-fagged modistes, having appropriated everything wearable from Nijni-Novgorod to Waikiki, welcomed Mr. Griffith's revelation.



One-piece street frock, which is nothing but an Assyrian garment slightly modified for the Fifth Avenue Girl of 1917.



Fifth Avenue evening frock of mauve chiffon banded in spangles of a deeper tone—a true Chaldean inspiration.

Of the "Younger Set"

BUT ALMA REUBEN IS UP
AMONG THE STARS TO STAY

JUST a little more than a year ago she was a student in the convent of the Sacred Heart, San Francisco. Now, in her twentieth year, she is one of the increasingly bright luminaries of the "younger set" in celluloid stellar circles. She had her first venture in a Vitagraph picture but first attained recognition in "The Half Breed" with Douglas Fairbanks. Ever since then no cast has ever contained her name properly spelled.

The unsimplified way is *Alma Reuben*, although strenuous efforts have been made to make it *Rueben*, *Reubens*, *Ruben* or *Ruebens*. Despite this bucolic cognomen, its wearer has steadily progressed along "The Glory Road." She shared honors with William Hart in "Truthful Tulliver" and won encomiums—a word in high repute with press agents—opposite Douglas Fairbanks in his Triangle swan song, "The Americano."

Miss Reuben's profile is very reminiscent of Marie Doro's side view. She is a "native daughter" having taken her first slant

at life in the city by the Golden Gate, way back in 1897, so she is in the pioneer class even if not a 49'er, and she can even recall the big shake.



Photo by Witzel



A little gloom in Paragonia. Miss Reuben and Mr. Fairbanks in "The Americano."

An Essay on

AND IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT'S
ANNETTE, JUST READ THE STORY

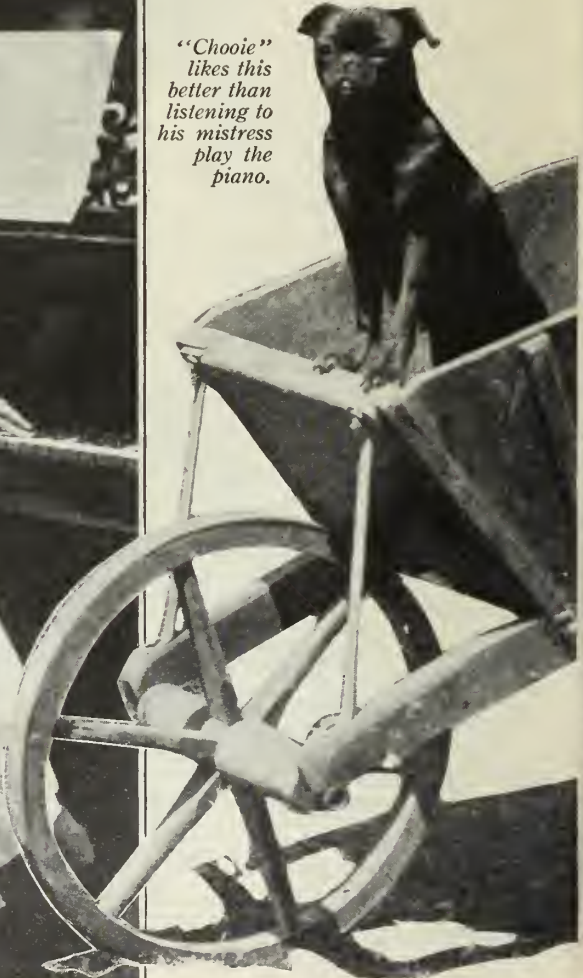


WERE it not for the little picture at the left, it is doubtful if many film enthusiasts would recognize this as a story about Annette Kellermann, upon whom all of Mr. Webster's stock of adjectives pertaining to feminine physical loveliness have been utilized at some time or other.

Clothes may make the man as some cynics have observed, but a Kellermann with clothes is as far from a "Daughter of the Gods" as—well, make your own comparison. But it is clothes that



"Chooie" likes this better than listening to his mistress play the piano.



Clothes

makes this a very remarkable pair of pages because it is the first time in history that a story about the divinely proportioned Annette was unaccompanied by photographs illustrating the aforementioned proportions un concealed by aught but an alleged bathing suit.

When not engaged in her aquatic profession, Miss Kellermann is at her home on Little Neck Bay. Here she mows the lawn—anyhow somebody does because there is a lawnmower in the picture—and plays with "Chooie," her French bull, who is co-starred in this feature, so to speak, with the fair Annette.



Photos by White
taken exclusively for
PHOTOPLAY


On Location:— Midland

DON'T get the idea that the United States, pictorially, is composed of two coasts and a vacancy. While there are many more companies at the edges of the Atlantic and Pacific than there are in the great prairies of the Middle West, at least three of the world's biggest picture organizations are to be found in Chicago, and many of their camera volleys have been fired in or about that mighty marketplace.

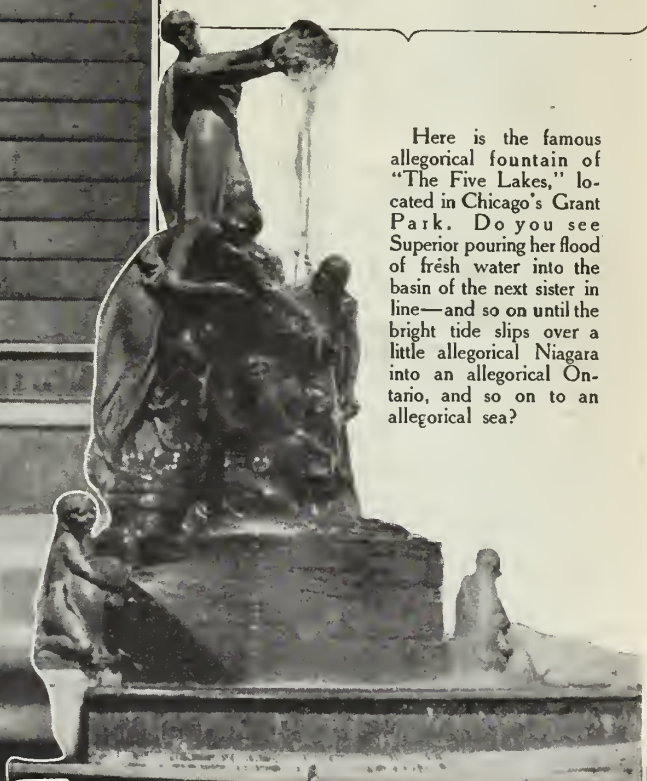
As a matter of fact, Chicago's practicality has received universal advertising at the expense of much of its pronounced loveliness. Its great park system, its wonderful homes a long the shore of Lake Michigan—a strand of splendor graphically known as "The Gold Coast"—the Lake itself, its northerly woods, the wonderful "dune country" of Indiana adjacent on the south, and its scores of boulevard miles are features usually buried in the thick commercial sandwich of the Stock Yards and the Board of Trade.

You see this street on an average of twice a month in every newspaper. Next to Broadway, Michigan Avenue is America's most famous thoroughfare.





Who was it called Chicago's Michigan Avenue "The American Champs Elysees"? Not that it matters, but we wanted to congratulate him on being a clever picker of names. "Boul Mich," as Chicagoans affectionately nickname their magnificent thoroughfare, is a street of the mighty in many ways. It is one-sided, facing Grant Park. In its boulevard width it extends for much more than a mile, through the heart of the city's waterfront. On its west extension rises a sky-ripping phalanx of Chicago's great office buildings and celebrated hotels. On the East, grassy sward, monuments, and the depressed tracks of the Illinois Central, now probably in its last years as a smoker. The only edifice on the east side of this part of Michigan avenue is the Chicago Art Institute, the nation's second largest repository of the marbles and canvases of genius. It is the leonine facade of this great museum which rises like a Corinthian temple at the left of these lines. The Art Institute in its latest extension goes quite across the sunken railway trunk lines, and abuts upon the aviation field where numerous American records have been made—and broken again. And at the end of the aviation field is America's biggest municipal pier.



Here is the famous allegorical fountain of "The Five Lakes," located in Chicago's Grant Park. Do you see Superior pouring her flood of fresh water into the basin of the next sister in line—and so on until the bright tide slips over a little allegorical Niagara into an allegorical Ontario, and so on to an allegorical sea?

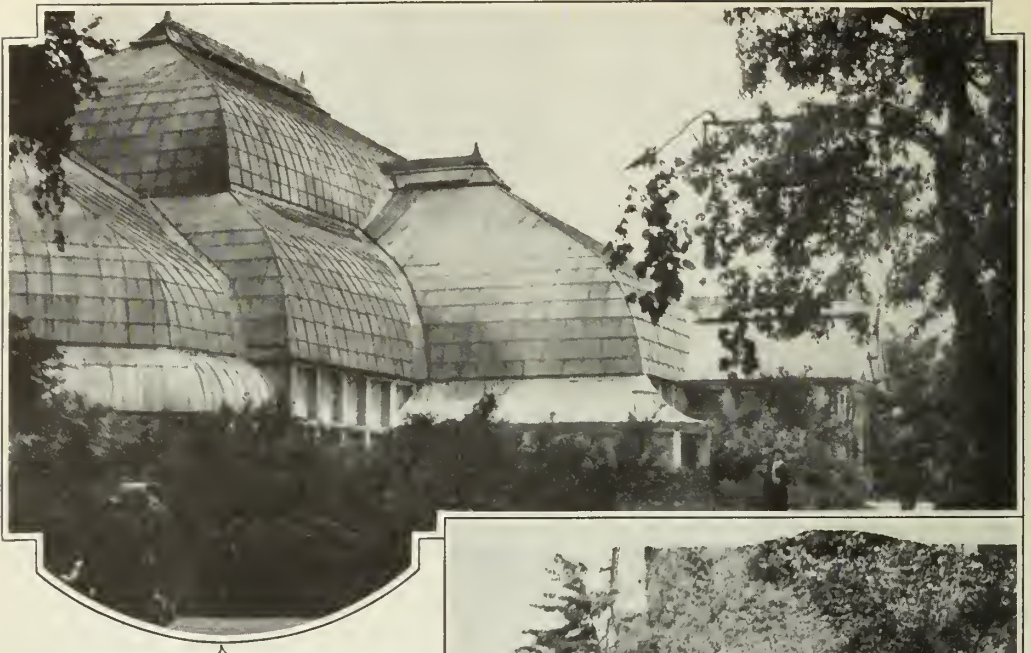




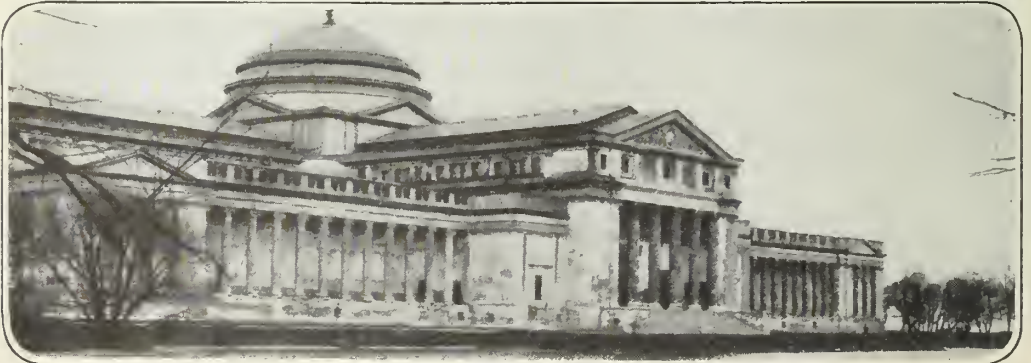
Above, a slope in Chicago's Lincoln Park, and the pretty viaduct shudderingly referred to as "Suicide Bridge." Just why, nobody seems to know.

At any rate, this stretch of water is declared to be more like the Thames than any other piece of fluid in America, and upon this bridge many a camera has been set to intune a Thames regatta. At the right runs State street, Chicago's most redoubtable retail thoroughfare. A block beyond the tall white building at the left is the junction of State and Madison streets, which traffic experts have just figured out is the busiest corner in the world. At the left is the loggia of the great Northwestern Railway Station in Chicago. This has been used for concourses of various screen sorts—at the moment we remember, particularly, "A Black Sheep," the Hoyt play which Selig produced. Also of interest is the fact that up and down these stairs tramp most of the world's picture stars, going to or coming from California. There are no genuine transcontinental trains, you know.



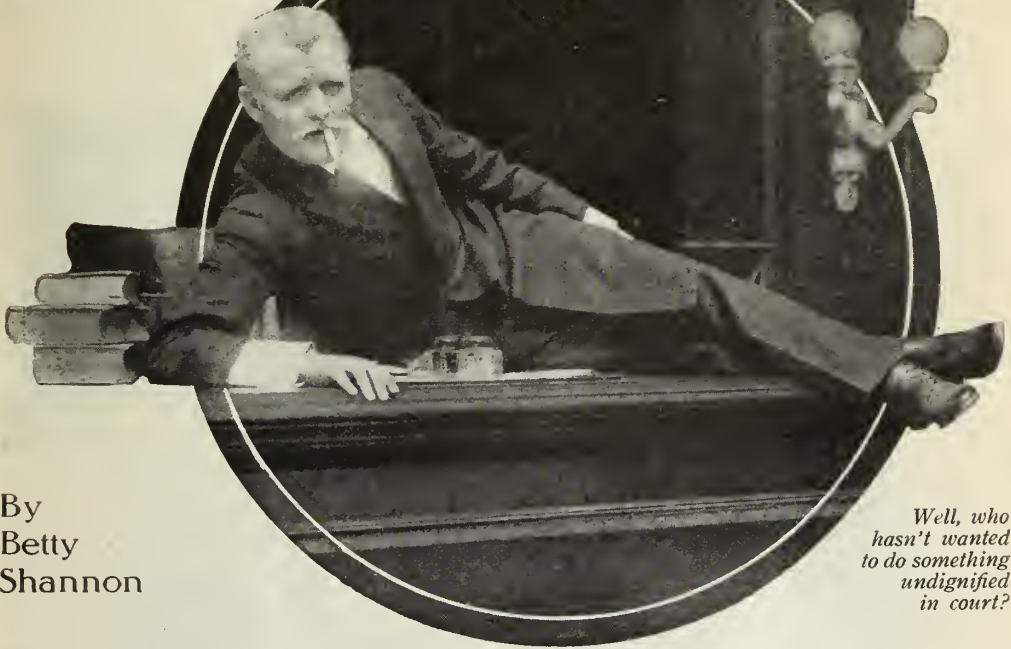


Above, the great conservatory in Chicago's Lincoln Park. The whole series of Selig-Hoyt comedies blossomed here. At the left is "Starved Rock," one of the beauty spots of Northern Illinois. Tradition hath it that some unfeeling red men, in the days when Indians had other jobs than standing in front of cigar stores or appearing in Buffalo Bill's show, penned some white folks there, and left them, until, having no caviare or potage or pate or patisserie, they just up and died. However—you've seen this in "The Prince of Graustark," and many another piece. Below, the Field Columbian Museum, in the old World's Fair grounds, Chicago. This venerable pile of *staff* comes in quite handy in many ways. Did you observe it in the Pavlova picture, "The Dumb Girl of Portici"?



A Cheerful Anarchist

AND WHY SHOULDN'T
HE BE? HE HAS A
HIGH CASH VALUE



By
Betty
Shannon

*Well, who
hasn't wanted
to do something
undignified
in court?*

GEORGE ARLISS, the "Disraeli" of the English stage, once referred to our subject as "that cheerful anarchist and dear pal, Richard Bennett."

And in that the esteemed Mr. Bennett is very accurately described, as will be recognized by those acquainted with his own peculiar, personal art of stage and picture.

Mr. Bennett is a perambulating protagonist for liberty, the rights of men, free speech and any number of other perfectly plain Causes which so many of us recognize on the street but never personally befriend.

A considerable ways back yonder Richard Bennett started out at Niblo's Garden in New York—in 1891—as Tombstone Jake in "The Limited Mail," thereby opening up a highly picturesque career. Bennett's rather sensational stage success in "Damaged Goods," relatively recent in his stage history, opened for him his motion picture opportunity, when Samuel S. Hutchinson induced the actor to translate the production into pictures with the original Broadway cast. "Damaged Goods" on the stage is said to have netted Mr. Ben-

nett the interesting total of a quarter of a million dollars and the picture version on the first edition is credited with doing a business in total admissions for the theatres of approximately a million and a half dollars. The distributors of the film "Damaged Goods," have admitted gross rentals from picture theatres of in excess of \$250,000—and now the picture is about to go out again in a new second edition.

All of which is interesting as to the cash value of being "a cheerful anarchist." There is something about Mr. Bennett's cheerful anarchy that is reminiscent of the assurance of a millionaire socialist.

Bennett being of the material of genius has his whimsies aplenty. No less an authority than Adrienne Morrison, who is Mrs. Richard Bennett in private life, has testified to the characteristic absent-mindedness of her gifted husband, and insists that he has never been rivaled even by that famous entomologist who chased a midnight moth from his own bedroom light down a fire-escape and through the forbidden precincts of a female seminary, wearing the while the major portion of

some pink pajamas and an air of concentration.

Much of Bennett's subtlety in "Philip Holden, Waster," was spontaneous with him. For instance, in the scene where he is reproached by his brother-in-law for scribbling at novels while he hasn't a cent in the world, Bennett turns on him, pipe in mouth, with the whimsical declaration that while he had supposed himself broke the bank insists he has \$1,200 on deposit.

"If they admit it," says Bennett, "it must be so, what?"

Dick Bennett at home is really

Dick Bennett at his best. He is a whole-hearted lover of children, especially of his own children, and is the father of two little girls who give "Daddy" no rest once he gets home. There are five cats, eleven dogs, a tame deer and innumerable birds in the

(Continued on page 154)

Mr. Bennett and his two daughters are great pals.

Mrs. Bennett is known to the stage as Adrienne Morrison.





Some of dese comejens has a habit of when I am all wrapped up in me art, to get behind a set and holler "Props!"

Fighting for Fame

PETE PROPS PULLS SOME REAL
BATTLE STUFF BUT HIS RIDING
CAN STAND SOME IMPROVEMENT

By Kenneth McGaffey

Illustrations by E. W. Gale, Jr.

GOSH! I gotta go down an get me pitcher taken. Here I might get a mash note any minute an not a pitcher of me in de house. I'm all upset cause I don't know whether to get it took in a spnort shirt, or wid a black necktie wrapped seven or eight times aroun me collar. I got de cigarette to hold in me hand all right so dey will know dat I am a actor but I should wear one of de odders so dat de public will know dat I am a genuine because I wear funny clothes.

I'm gettin along fine as a actor. All de time I am tinkin up new pieces of business for meself to do. De odder day my director—do you get dat "my director" stuff?—well, de odder day my director tells me to be mad at someting, to register anger, so I lights a cigarette, takes one puff, an throws it on de floor. He said it was great an would help make de pitcher.

I gotta get a new leadin woman too. Dis one I got keeps trying to hog all de scenes an I have had to have my director speak



She standin on de back of de horse wid one leg in de air an wavin de Merican flag like a wire walker.

to her several times. An den dey don't give me de right kind of support. I gotta have a better cast. Dey can't expect me to carry de whole fillum meself.

I am woikin on a pitcher now dat I expect will be a sensation if dey gives me enough close-ups. It's called "De Battle of Life," or "In at de Death." I'm a gay young American what falls in love wid a beautiful Mexican pianola who is de daughter of a wealthy Don in disguise an only pretends to be related to de peons she is livin wid, to test me love. I get mixed up wid a lotta international complexions an

finally by wavin de Merican flag an me trusty revolver for thirty feet, save de whole country from bein massaged an de goil I love does a fall into me waitin arms.

Dere is a couple of swell fights in it an I get a chanct to clean up some of de hams aroun de studio dat didn't know I was a artist in disgust when I was rompin wid de props. Some of dese comejens has a habit of when I am all wrapped up in me art an probably doing a lot of emotionin, to get behind a set an yell "Props!" just to make me jump.

Dere is a bunch of scenes where dese comejens all dolled up like Greasers try to steal de pianola. I am prancin down de street an dey get a close-up of me hearin her yelp for assistance an I come bustin into de room an lick all dese guys, an carry de goil back to her home dat dey had kidnaped her from.

Me director rehearses dis fight stuff real gentle like. I make a pass at one of de guys an he is supposed to drop dead wid me fist a foot from his beak. Den I muss up de

odders. Right in dere I suggest a great piece of business. Dere is a lamp in de room an' I suggest dat I pick it up an trow it at one of dem. Say! de director nearly fell off de Christmas tree! He said it was a entirely new piece of business an walked all around me wonderin how I thought of it. He said it would be de hit of de pitcher an in all de advertisin dey would say—"See de Great Lamp Throwing Scene in de Battle of Life"—a real lamp actually trown at a live actor regardless of expense. Yessir,—I created dat stunt all by meself. Dey tell me dat somebody else has used it

since but I am here to tell you dat I invented it.

We spend several hours rehearsin dis fight stuff an den de nut director puts two cameras on it so dere won't be any need for a retake an I sails in. I busts in de door an dese hick actors starts for me all accordin to de rehearsal. Den I started to clean dem. Believe me, it was some conflict! Dey gets sore an we sure do rough it. Dey keep me so busy for a while dat I nearly forgets to trow de lamp. Dere is one comejen I had it in for particularly so I don't do a ting but get him down an den walk all over his map. You could of heard him yell for a mile. I was so strong on de scrap dat I forgets all about de dame I am supposed to rescue, an she had to do a leap at me so I could save her. Den I walks into de close-up wid her in me arms an heaves me chest like a real hero.

Dere was no pitchers took any more dat

day. One of de guys said I didn't give him a good chanct, so I had to take him out back of de prop room an lick him all over again. De odders went in an yelled to de boss an we had quite a argument until I convinced him dat I was so wrapped up in me art dat I forgot all about dat it wasn't a real fight. But de manager says if I mused up any more of his talent I would have to go back rustlin props.

Dis leadin woman of mine is a ex-circus rider an I have a hard time wid her cause she wants to finish ever scene wid one of dese circus poses—kissin de hands to de audience or doin de old ring bow stuff. She keeps tellin de nut director dat de circus stuff would go great an in de scene where I am supposed to dash in on horse-back an save her from de mob, she wanted to do it in her circus ballet skirt an tights so she could be remembered by her thousands of admirers, dat had seen her under de canvas. She was a nice girl but I



Believe me, it was some conflict.

couldn't see her crabbin me technique by showin her shape.

She put sometin over on me in one scene dough, dat I don't know wedder to let her get away wid or not. I aint quite sure wedder or not it's artistic. In de pitcher after a lot of fightin an scrappin wid de Greasers, dere is a scene where I dash into de ragin throng—grab her up on de back of me horse an dash away to safety. Dis dame knows she is a better rider dan me, seein dat she had been doin de bare-back stuff ever since P. T. Barnum was in kilts. She's all de time puttin burrs under me saddle so I will get bucked off on me head. Of course it don't hurt me none, but dese performers shouldn't be so fresh wid a regular actor. Den while I am rubbin me bean, she will jump on her horse an pull a lot of fancy stuff just to show me up.

We got a mob of about nine hundred extras in dis scene an dey are shootin an a'hollerin away, an bangin at de door of de house wid a batterin ram, an de smoke pots is shootin out of de windows. I have just have had a desprit fight wid a flock of dem an kill a couple of million before I break troo an come dashin in on me trusty horse—ridin like a Cossack wid de Bill show—dey had me tied on so I wouldn't fall off an waste a lot of fillum. . . . I bust troo, bend down to reach de goil, but she steps back out of reach—does a runnin jump an lands standin right back of me saddle, den she sticks one foot up in de air an holds it next to her head wid one hand an wid de odder grabs out a Merican flag an we beat it out of de scene wid me lookin like I am all shot to pieces tied to me saddle an she standin on de back of de horse wid one leg in de air an wavin de Merican flag like a wire walker. Now what me an me nut director can't

decide is if it is good stuff or not. I am sorta fraid it takes de scene away from me, an if it was shown, might hurt me wid me public, an de nut director can't quite dope it out wedder or not de stunt is in keepin wid de tense dramatic spirit of de pitcher.

I got anudder nice scene. One of dese bold bad bandits shoots me in de arm so de brave hero-wine ties a nice white bandage around it. She tears de bandage from her skirt which was a idea of me own at that. I am supposed to be knocked coo-coo an when I come to, say "Where am I?" De director told me dat such original dialogue was too good for de movies an dat I should ought to write a drammer for de speakin stage some Sunday when I aint busy. I always go down an stand in front of some pitcher theatre Sunday afternoons so if I did it at all I would have to do it Sunday mornin. I may dash off a little somethin for dis guy Belasco some time when I aint got too much of a hangover from playin aroun de Alex bar on Saturday nights.

I gotta go down dere an talk loud once a week or oderwise I wouldn't be a regular actor. I tell de barkeep how good I am an get a lot of publicity. Den I can tell him how punk some of dese other hams is dat are paid for actin an den he knows I'm good cause I can point out de holes in dere technique dat he would never notice. He was a tellin me de odder night dat meetin so many actors had sorta spoiled his taste for pitchers, but he promised to go see me in me next pitcher.

I gotta go now an read a scenario. De odder night I forgot an took all of my make-up off so dere was a lot of people on de street car didn't know I was a professional.

I tell you, in dis business you can't be too careful.

Talking Only in Millions

WHEN one seventh of the population of the largest city in the world puts on its hat and says: "C'mon, lets go to the movies" at least once every day, then the man and woman who scorns the films ought at least to take a little notice.

It sounds like a big percentage but according to Herbert F. Sherwood of the National Board of Review, that's what happens in New York City every day.

Some other staggering figures given by Mr. Sherwood were that 360,000,000 feet, or 68,000 miles of films were produced in this country, including duplicates, during 1914. The cost of the films alone was \$37,000,000.

The paid admissions to the 20,000 photoplay houses scattered around the U. S. A. were \$319,000,000 during the twelve months of that year.

Selling a Submarine to an Inland Nation Seems an Impossible Feat of Salesmanship—But Peggy Could Have Sold Wooden Nutmegs in Connecticut

Peggy Roche: Saleslady

THE ADVENTURE OF THE TOWN POND SUBMARINE

This is the second of a series of amusing adventures of a remarkable saleslady. The first "The Adventure of the Three Georges," appeared in the March issue. The next, "The Torpedo-Broker of Holland," will appear in May Photoplay.



Peggy waited. It was two in the morning.

By Victor Rousseau

Illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell

YOU bested me on that horse-deal in Palestine, Miss Peggy," admitted George Hagan, of Jersey City, as he sat beside Miss Peggy Roche upon the porch of the Hotel Magnifique of Janina and mopped his bald head. "And I confess it. And I don't bear no malice. You're an A1 saleslady, Miss Peggy. Shake!"

Peggy extended her hand cordially. She had come to like fat George Hagan, whom she had seen at various times since the Palestine episode. George traveled in war goods for one of the biggest corporations in the United States, while she represented the six thousand dollar concern of her sweetheart, the Byrne War Goods Supply Company, of Stamford, Connecticut.

"Now I'll be frank with you, Miss Peggy," continued Hagan, chewing off the end of a Turkish cigar and lighting it. "So long as it's to our interest to work to-

gether, we'll work together. When I give you a tip, it won't be a fake tip. When I don't say nothing, I'm out for myself."

"Same here," said Peggy.

"Then," said George, "if you'll tell me what brought you to the Principality of Janina, I'll tell you what brought me."

"I'll tell you," answered Peggy. "I thought when I came to Europe that I could sell anything that was salable. I didn't know that the whole continent had been combed about as fine by war drummers as Harlem is by the book agents. I didn't know it was easier to sell a sewing machine or patent washer in the Bronx than it is to sell war goods to any of the warring powers just now. And then I read in the papers that Janina, with her four thousand population and independence dating back to the year one, was thirsting to enter the fray. I guessed they wouldn't have anything but flintlocks and muzzle-

loaders, and I thought there might be a chance to unload on them."

"Them's my views exactly," answered George. "But I guess I've got the pull on you this time, Miss Peggy." And he nodded toward a van which had just drawn up at the hotel door, out of which four sturdy Greek porters were carrying a huge packing-case.

"I've got the goods this time," continued Hagan. "Rifles, ammunition, quick-firers, blankets—everything except 42 centimetre guns. And I'm to see the mayor this afternoon and deliver them. By the way, Miss Peggy, what's in them cases of yours I see down to the stage depot?"

"One of our warships—just a sample," smiled Peggy.

Hagan threw his head back and emitted a roar.

"That's rich!" he said. "Say, I wish I'd have thought of that. I guess there ain't a duck pond in Janina Principality big enough to float a catboat. Honest, Miss Peggy, what have you got in them cases? Because, you see, since you ain't got a chance of selling anything, I might take it off your hands at a trifling profit to you. I've got the right of way here."

"A sample warship," repeated Peggy.

Hagan looked aggrieved. "O, very well!" he said stiffly, rising. "I guess you don't have to tell me if you don't want to. Only you'll find it would have paid to have been frank, that's all. Come to me for the fare back to Connecticut when you get busted, and maybe I'll help you."

He rose with the air of a man whose friendly advances have been repulsed, and walked into the little wooden shanty's one room which served for meals, smoking, sleeping (when the six bedrooms were all engaged) and, incidentally, for the monthly meetings of the Janina Government.

Peggy felt no inclination to answer him. George Hagan had beaten her to Janina by one day, and, as he had boasted, he had the goods with him that time. In fact, he had staked a great deal upon this venture. The little mountain principality, which had an area of some two thousand acres and had been independent since the beginnings of European history, had allied herself with Greece and declared war upon the Albanians, chiefly because the recent smashing defeat of those mountain tribes had rendered it a safe thing to do. And George

had taken advantage of the extravagant enthusiasm of Janina to unload upon her every conceivable kind of war material. And he was to meet the Mayor-Prince and municipal council, alias legislative assembly, in the hotel that afternoon.

Even while Peggy sat there she saw packing-case after packing-case carried into the hotel and stacked in the single room, under the direction of Hagan, who occasionally cast a triumphant glance not unmingled with malice toward her.

Peggy had told him the truth, because she could not think of anything else to tell him. She had brought a vessel of war across the mountains—nothing less than a small, new, patent, portable submarine of Jim Byrne's invention. And she had brought it to Janina under the hazy belief that it lay somewhere near Lake Scutari, instead of being miles distant, behind a range of impassable peaks.

The maps were deceptive, and Peggy had necessarily to work single-handed. There was no place within twenty miles where the submarine could work, unless she placed it on the five-acre pond that served as the source of the city's water supply. Peggy was bested this time—utterly bested by George Hagan. Everything that could be sold Hagan would sell that afternoon! She might as well leave her packing-cases at the stage coach depot and retire to the coast.

She had got her submarine into Janina, but she could never get it out again. The coast was too closely watched for that. And it meant the loss of half Jim Byrne's capital, ruin for the Byrne War Goods Supply Company, the indefinite postponement of certain private and personal dreams of a bungalow on the Connecticut shore, with a garage, a cook, and a colored parlormaid.

"Hey, there! Why don't you get a move on?" shouted Hagan suddenly.

Peggy came back from her dream. George, hot from his work, and dripping with perspiration, was addressing the hotel dragoman, an Albanian, like all such functionaries in Europe south of the Balkans. He was a magnificent creature. Six feet four or five, and correspondingly broad, he had been lounging all the morning at the hotel entrance, twisting his long moustaches and ogling the Greek girls who passed. He wore a pair of silver spurs, two silver-mounted pistols stuck conspicuously from



CHARLES D. CH

"By my soul, no!" shrieked the dragoman suddenly. "By the beard of my father, no!"

his slashed leather belt, his fez was stuck jauntily over one ear; to the unsophisticated he might have passed for the beau ideal of manhood; to Peggy he looked as if he had stepped straight out of a Broadway show.

"Hey!" repeated George. "You ornamental shrub, you! Get a move on! Get busy!"

The dragoman, at first incredulous, turned his head slowly without relaxing from his lounging attitude. Then, realizing that George was really addressing him, he scowled fiendishly and laid his right hand upon the butt of one of his silver-mounted pistols.

"Aw, can the melodrama! You make me tired," muttered Hagan. "What're you there for, anyway, you Queen of Sheba? Put them tin toys away and give a hand where you're wanted!"

The dragoman looked thunderstruck. He actually recoiled three steps before the ferocious Jersey Cityite.

"I am," he said, in a choked, squeaky voice, "I am Georgios Polybuteros."

"Well, I'm Georgios Haganoperos," retorted the other. "You ain't got nothing on me. Are you going to work now, or ain't you?"

"By my soul, no!" shrieked the dragoman suddenly. "By the beard of my father, no. I never work, sair—never! I hotel dragoman!"

"All right! That's straight! Don't you come round my back door asking for pie, then," said George, turning back into the room.

Peggy could hardly restrain her laughter at the sight of the dragoman's face. He seemed like a man who had received a mortal insult which only his sense of duty to the hotel prevented him from avenging there and then. He strode in agitation up and down the street in front of the hotel.

And Peggy, who had learned that the hotel dragoman is the guide, friend, and philosopher of travelers in trouble, had the germ of an idea, so faint a one that she was unconscious of its portent. She only knew that an impulse prompted her to seek this ally against George Hagan.

"Georgios Polybuteros!" she said in a low voice, as the frowning man stamped past the porch railing in the street.

Georgios looked up, and, seeing her, brought his hand across his forehead with

the military salute. "Come here!" said Peggy, casting a glance backward, which assured her that George Hagan was likely to be engaged for the next hour at least, arranging his samples.

Georgios Polybuteros advanced upon the hotel porch and lounged gracefully against the railing. Peggy went up to him.

"I am a stranger in Janina and I need a friend," she said, in ingratiating tones.

"I am the friend of all ladies who need friends, especially American ladies," answered the dragoman, laying his hand upon his heart.

"I knew I could trust you," said Peggy. "You look so fine a man, so different from these Greeks about the hotel."

"By my soul," said the dragoman, twirling his moustaches, "I am an Arnaut from the mountains. I could crush three of these Greek dogs in either fist if I were minded to. But alas, here am I, Georgios Polybuteros, condemned to toil for three drachmas daily, for a miserable hotel-keeper, while my nation is at war."

"Why?" inquired Peggy.

"The accursed Greek moneylenders have eaten up my country. My blood-brother lies in prison for debt."

"And you are working to pay off his debt? How noble of you!"

"Yes, sair! My blood-brother's debt is mine. He lies in the hands of a rascally contractor from Saloniki. In vain I sell my farm to pay his debt. I sell my wife to Turkish harem, I sell my children to slave-market. In vain! Still more drachmas must I raise to pay my blood-brother's debt."

"And what will you do now that Janina has declared war upon your people?" asked Peggy.

The dragoman blew into the air, as if dealing with unrealities. "The frogs are brave when the stork is away traveling," he said. "When the stork returns the frogs dive into the pool."

"Georgios, you don't think these people have the stomach to make war?"

"By my father's beard, who ever saw a Greek with any stomach for anything but boasting and treachery? With twenty Arnauts I could stampede the town, and plunder it."

"Will you be my friend, Georgios?" asked Peggy.

The hand came to the salute again.

Georgios's gallantry was touched. "Until the death," he answered.

"I may want your aid, Georgios. By the way, how much still remains to be raised on your blood-brother's debt?"

"Two hundred drachmas, Princess of America. Sixty-six days of slavery, as the money-changer calculates for me. But I do not despair, for I have a mother's sister, of great age, but not beyond work. She has been ill; she is better now, and she might bring me two hundred drachmas at auction. Such sacrifices one must make for one's blood-brother," said Georgios regretfully.

"Don't sell your mother's sister. I will give you two hundred drachmas if you will aid me," said Peggy.

The dragoman's incredulous look changed to astonishment. He gaped at her as if he were afraid the whole episode was a dream.

"I want you to be here to-night after that man has gone to bed," said Peggy. "George Hagan, you know—the bald man with the boxes."

"For two hundred drachmas I shall cleave his skull to his shoulders, Princess."

"I don't want you to do that yet," answered Peggy. "But I think there may develop a way of getting even with him. He has done me a wrong as well as you, Georgios. Shake hands!"

The big Arnaut and the Connecticut girl clasped hands on the hotel verandah.

HOW Peggy got her intuitions she could never understand. Nobody had told her that Janina's act in declaring war on Albania was a piece of impressive bluff. Yet she had sensed it; and that afternoon, seated on the verandah, listening to George Hagan talking with the Mayor-Prince and his Council inside the hotel, she was sure of it.

"This here is a model 75-centimetre quick-firer," said George. "I have twelve more at the depot, carried on mules over the mountains. With these your country will be invincible."

"I take them all," answered the Mayor, through the dragoman.

"This here is a sample of our improved saddle," said George. "These are very reasonable. You see, you can pack a week's rations in the saddle-bags, and the horse'll never feel it. These are twenty-five dollars.

I've got five hundred of them at the depot."

"I take them all," answered the Mayor again.

"Now," said George, "I come to blankets. It'll be cold in the mountains, where you're going to chase them cowardly Arnauts." Peggy saw the dragoman scowl fearfully as he hesitatingly translated. "I got a thousand, two for each of your valiant army."

"I take them all—everything," said the Mayor-Prince.

"And boots, Your Highness," said George insinuatingly, opening a packing-case. "These are the best boots that ever come out of America. Warranted never to split or crack, or open at the seams. Five dollars. I got a thousand pairs."

"Give them to me as fast as you can," answered the other.

"And rubbers," George pursued. "Keep the boots water-tight when you have to go over wet land. A thousand pairs?"

"All you got," said the Mayor.

"Then there's bayonets and ammunition. I can stock you up on them. Shells for your quick-firers, and rifle fodder. That's the big item, Mayor. I want to talk to you about that. It's ninety thousand drachmas, but it'll make your valiant army invincible."

"I take everything—everything."

"And when'll you pay?" demanded George.

"Next week, when the annual taxes are delivered into the treasury."

"That's good," said George. "How much you got there now?"

"Twelve drachmas. But we've confiscated all the Albanians' lands and fined all the rich men, and we'll have a million drachmas in a week's time."

"That's better than ever," answered George. "Spot cash for delivery. I guess your war will have to wait for a week, Mayor."

The Mayor looked crestfallen. He spoke to the dragoman, who translated with scorn that he made no effort to conceal.

"He says if Providence requires that his army wait a week before its triumph, he must bow to Providence. He says the triumph has already begun to be accomplished. He says a courier has left for Athens bearing news of the approaching victories."

"All right," said George. "Just harp a little on that spot cash proposition, will you?"



Without stopping, he rode full tilt through the Janina



army, which opened to make a passage for him.

Outside the hotel a vociferous crowd had collected. Their yells, which had become continuous, drowned the latter part of the discussion so far as Peggy's ears were concerned. When the Mayor-Prince and his counsellors emerged, ten minutes later, the crowd let loose.

As if by preconcerted plan, the appearance of Janina's ruler was the signal for a remarkable demonstration. Along the single street of Janina came a motley army—the force of the Republic. Three hundred strong, half mounted, half on foot, some shouldering ancient guns and fowling pieces, one or two with discarded Krag's, the ragged, yelling procession streamed toward the hotel, without any particular attempt at order, and surrounding the Mayor, let loose their voices. At the same time flags appeared at every window. Drums beat, a brass band was mobilized and squeaked the national anthem from dented instruments: Janina was celebrating its triumph over its hereditary enemies.

The Mayor-Prince had George Hagan by the arm and was talking to him, by the aid of Georgios, in an eager and anxious manner. George Hagan was shaking his head.

"It don't go, Mayor," Peggy heard him say. "It ain't like America, where you can send a collector the first of the month. I got to see the money. I'm the spot cash man—that's me."

They passed down the steps, and the crowd surrounded them and bore them, shoulder high, toward the Palace, a two-story affair resembling strikingly the house in which Peggy had boarded in the suburbs of Stamford, Connecticut, when she first went there to try her fortune.

Georgios lounged up to the girl.

"That Mayor and the American very well matched," he said. "Both swindlers. By the blood of my blood-brother, there will never be more than a hundred thousand drachmas in treasury. The Mayor, he got all the money in Janina."

"How much is that?" asked Peggy.

"One hundred thousand drachmas. Never more, never less. The Mayor, he pay salaries every month. The town, he spend Mayor's salary at the Mayor's shops. All come back to the Mayor. Always just one hundred thousand drachmas in Janina."

"How did it get here, Georgios?" asked Peggy.

"The English Government pay him ransom for Lady Bing."

"Ransom, eh? Brigands?"

"O yes, Princess. Ten years ago, the Mayor carry off Lady Bing who come here to write a book. The Mayor he sell Lady Bing back to English Government for one hundred thousand drachmas. Before that, no money at all in Janina. Since then, just one hundred thousand drachmas. Never more, never less. First of the month, one hundred thousand drachmas in Mayor's bedroom, under the floor, in town treasury. Last of the month, twelve drachmas. First of the month, everybody pay bills to the Mayor."

"Well, that's a good way to go," said Peggy. "The Mayor was lying, then, when he spoke to Mr. Hagan?"

"Lying? He is a Greek," retorted Georgios, spitting.

"All right, Georgios. To-night you and I will unfold a plan whereby you shall have your two hundred drachmas and eight hundred more besides."

"Eight hundred!" shouted Georgios. "Why, that will buy me a new wife and redeem my farm from that thief of a Greek dog in Saloniki!"

"Your own wife, Georgios—" began Peggy gently.

"Never!" shouted the dragoman. "The past is past! What I have lost, I suffer cheerfully for my blood-brother. A new wife and my farm again, and the curse of Shaitan upon all Greeks!"

"Georgios," said Peggy, "since we are here, I won't wait till this evening. We'll begin now."

THE disappearance of Georgios from the hotel interested nobody except the landlord. The stalwart dragoman had simply asked for his money and gone, apparently to discharge the remainder of his blood-brother's debt. The days that passed were stirring ones. Janina, now at war with the Arnauts of Albania, waited for the completion of mobilization only until the Mayor's promised million drachmas was in the treasury. George Hagan was alternately hopeful and cynical. But he was proof against all persuasion to deliver the goods before payment.

The spot cash man received and rejected deputations of notables, of citizens, of the Mayor-Prince and his council, joint and

separate. His heart was adamant, and none dared to lay forcible hands upon the tempting display of war goods in the hotel dining-room, or the massive packing-cases at the coach station. For even in Janina the American flag had achieved respect.

Peggy and Hagan were on fairly friendly terms. Hagan had at least ousted Peggy, even if he had failed to make a sale. But on the second evening after the events recorded, while Janina was cheering itself hoarse, as the Mayor made an impassioned speech from hustings erected in the one street, Hagan came to Peggy with bulging eyes.

"What's this I hear about that submarine of yours?" he demanded.

"Why, Mr. Hagan, if you can put across your junk and get away with it, I guess I can sell Janina a submarine," said Peggy.

"A submarine!" yelled Hagan. "What's it going to sub in? Why, it couldn't turn round in that old duck pond on the hill, and there ain't no fish there to sub against. And you're asking a hundred thousand dollars. Have you gone crazy, girlie?"

"Now keep calm, George," said Peggy. "If you can ask a million odd drachmas for your old junk, I guess a hundred thousand isn't too much for mine."

"You've as much chance of putting that bluff across as Janina has of whipping the Arnauts," answered Hagan. "If the Austrians hadn't smashed them up three months ago, they'd be bartering with me in Janina now, instead of Mayor Alexandrovskobolos, or whatever his name is."

"Wait and see," said Peggy cryptically. "By the way, you don't happen to know where the treasury is, do you?"

"In the vaults of the Janina Bank," said Hagan. "And it'll stay there till I carry it away in my pockets day after to-morrow."

Nevertheless, Peggy's submarine created a decided sensation when it was put together upon the town pond. There was room to turn in, though not to manoeuvre in. It fired one torpedo, it held eight men—crowded; it ran by gasoline, it sank, and, most important, it would rise again. Jim Byrne had been hampered by lack of funds, but the Connecticut spirit had remained.

"One hundred thousand drachmas," said Peggy to the Mayor.

The Mayor, who had just addressed the army for the fourth time that day, answered excitedly:

"Listen, then, Mademoiselle. For the glory of Janina it is right that this warship should be hers. Shall my brave troops, marching daily from victory to victory, lack a navy, when every other power possesses one? I will pay you one hundred thousand drachmas, giving notes for three, six, and twelve months."

"I am the only original spot cash store," answered Peggy, though it is doubtful if the interpreter got home with that part of the message. However, he conveyed the effect of it.

"But in three months, when the olive crop is in, the treasury will be overflowing," said the Mayor. "I will pay interest, too: ten, fifteen, twenty per cent. All that you will."

"I am the spot cash man," repeated Peggy; and the Mayor, who had learned the meaning of the word "cash" from its repetition, shrugged his shoulders with resignation.

Peggy saw a look of amusement pass over George Hagan's face. After all, he could afford to smile, even if he came down to five hundred thousand, which would still leave him a hundred per cent. clean-up. He was amused at Peggy, but he could not understand why the girl was wasting her time in Janina.

IT was the last night before mobilization.

On the morrow George Hagan was to receive, as he hoped not too fondly, his million drachmas. Janina had cheered itself hoarse once more and gone to bed. George Hagan had gone to bed. But Peggy waited, fully dressed, in her room, looking out over the distant hills.

It was two in the morning. Would Georgios prove a man of his word? Or had he found another wife and forgotten their compact in the honeymoon?

Suddenly a clatter of horsehoofs was heard, and then a rider was seen, spurring his steed at a hard gallop along the single street and up toward the Mayor-Prince's palace.

Simultaneously came the sound of windows being thrust open. Rows of heads appeared across the street in the moonlight.

A little later a bugle sounded. Then came the clump of feet on the cobbled stones of the road. And suddenly there arose the distant shout of a multitude of voices.



The City Council came bustling forward, with knees that wobbled curiously.

Peggy, smiling grimly, went down to the hotel porch. Hagan joined her almost immediately, in overcoat and pajamas.

"What is it?" he asked anxiously. "A revolution?"

Peggy shook her head cryptically. George Hagan looked at her without interest; then he looked more critically; then his eyes began to assume an expression of curiosity at the look on Peggy's face.



"Does anybody here speak English?" demanded Peggy.

Suddenly, with wild cries, the motley army of Janina, roused from its sleep, rushed into the market place before the hotel, some mounted, and some afoot. At its head rode the Mayor.

sound of the shouts seemed to paralyze Janina.

"The Arnauts!" shrieked a man at the Mayor's side.

There was an instant of confusion, and

Assuming an attitude of martial ardor, which strikingly resembled the pictures of Napoleon, the Mayor addressed his followers in stirring tones. As he spoke he waved a naked sword in his right hand.

With responsive yells the army clustered about him. There was no mistaking the meaning of the situation. Warning had been given of the approach of an Arnaut force and the Mayor had accepted the demand of his army to be led forth to instant victory. All the street cheered madly and heads bobbed from all the windows.

Then, from afar off, the distant notes of another bugle sounded. And, following it, another rider came clattering down the street. He was bent double over his horse's neck, he spurred it unmercifully, and without stopping, he rode full tilt through the Janina army, which opened to make a passage for him. And as he rode, he yelled.

The Mayor, cut short, let the sword arm fall. A sort of whirling movement made itself manifest among his followers. The cheering was cut off abruptly.

Then from the porch Peggy could see a little band of a dozen horsemen riding madly across the bridge at the end of Janina town. As they rode they shouted and waved their swords, and the

then the Janina army turned tail and bolted for safety. Upon their heels dashed the marauding force of twelve, screeching in the most blood-curdling way. It dashed along the street and disappeared. The yells grew fainter. Presently no sound was to be heard. Every window along the street was closed.

"What's it all mean?" cried Hagan, who had been watching, thunderstruck, from the hotel entrance.

Peggy slipped past him without answering and made her way to the back entrance. Standing there beside a horse was Georgios.

Peggy nodded and smiled at him, leaped into the saddle and rode like the wind for the Mayor's palace. She spurred the beast through the deserted barracks in front of it and hammered on the doors.

After a long time a trembling hand shot back the bolt. A quavering voice was speaking. Peggy caught the word "drachmas." "Drachmas," repeated half a dozen other voices from behind.

Peggy was looking at the Mayor. He breathed a vast sigh of relief. Behind him the council came bustling forward, with knees that wobbled curiously as it moved.

"Does anybody here speak English?" demanded Peggy.

"Me spek English," answered a voice. "Me live five years in London."

"Then tell the Mayor that the Arnauts are at the other end of the town," said Peggy. "Twenty thousand of them. That was only an advance body you saw."

The faces blanched, even in the dim oil light of the hall. The council clustered round the Mayor, who jabbered frantically.

"He will give all the money in the treasury," expounded the linguist. "If his valiant army had been ready he would have led it to victory."

"How much is in the treasury?" asked Peggy.

"Twelve thousand drachmas. If his valiant army—"

"The Arnauts will not accept money. They demand the lives of the Mayor and all the Council. Georgios, the hotel dragoon, told me. I came to warn you. They demand your lives, or they will sack Janina."

With a despairing yell the Mayor fell on his knees and clutched at Peggy's hand, slobbering over it.

"I will save you," said Peggy, "for a hundred thousand drachmas."

"There is only twenty thousand—" began the interpreter.

"Very well," answered Peggy, turning away. The Mayor let out a scream.

"He says there are a hundred thousand drachmas," said the interpreter. "He says he will give a note—"

"And I know where they are," said Peggy, pushing upstairs.

She stamped her feet on the cheap carpet in the Mayor's bedroom. One of the boards was loose. She nodded to the Mayor, who had followed her. He rolled the carpet back, disclosing a box beneath the floor.

Three minutes later, having transferred the contents of the Janina treasury to her own pockets in the form of good Bank of Athens notes, Peggy faced the trembling Mayor-Prince and Council.

"There is one means of safety," she said. "Would you save your lives at the expense of Janina?"

"Yes, yes!" yelled the Mayor, when the interpreter had translated. "My life is valuable. I must lead my valiant army—"

From the far distance underneath them came the blood-curdling shouts of the invaders. Everybody shook with fear—except Peggy.

"Come, then, and I will save you," she said.

She led them from the Palace in the direction of the town pond upon the hill. They arrived in her wake, breathless. Peggy was standing beside the anchored submarine.

"Push off and float her," she said. "You understand how the boat works. In six hours, when the air supply is exhausted you may come up. The Arnauts will be gone. Then, when you see signs of them returning, go down again. And do this till your valiant army has had time to mobilize for another glorious victory. Good-bye."

But without waiting to bid her farewell the Mayor and Council broke for the boat, pulled up the anchor, and let her glide out into the middle of the pond. Then came the sound of water rushing into the tanks. And slowly and majestically the submarine disappeared. Not a ripple remained upon the stagnant surface of Janina's water-supply.

Peggy strolled back to the Palace and,
(Continued on page 150)



Extra Girls Who Became Stars

THOUSANDS ANNUALLY STORM FORTUNE'S CITADEL BUT FEW WIN A SNUG PLACE WITHIN

Choosing players for minor parts from the "extra list" at Essanay. Nice job! What?

By Grace Kingsley

—AND one day Totty Two-Shoes, after tiring of picking oranges in the morning and making snowballs on Mt. Baldy in the afternoon, decided to go out to the movie studio and see how motion pictures are made. Director Humpty Dumpty noticed her among the bystanders, and halted his William S. Hart drama or his Mack Swain comedy, instantly. There was a brief conversation, and next morning Little Totty went to work for \$200 a week."

That's the way you read about it in the papers. But it doesn't happen that way often in real life. Life—seething, red-blooded life, such as pours itself into every pioneer movement,—this is the real life of the motion picture studios.

The raw, chill, bleak beginnings of pictures furnish many a tale full of human interest and thrill. Very democratic were those old days when out of the ranks, all in a day, might come forth a Fanny Davenport of the films, a shadow Sarah Bernhardt.

The modern theatrical miracle,—the mobs of the moving picture world: whence do they come? And the stars who rise

above the mob, what power or chance places them there? Is an army wanted to storm a mimic French bastille? Must a fear-maddened throng hurl itself into the sea? Is a horde of naked savages needed in a hand-to-hand conflict with wild beasts? Presto! The thing is done.

"Extra motion picture people seem to spring up from the earth," David Griffith once said to me, "willing to die by sword or fire."

Some day a Bret Harte-ish person will arise to epitomize the life of the studio. Meantime the writer has gleaned a few of the thousands of interesting tales—giving just a glimpse of the other side of the pattern which is woven on the screen.

The group of heroines of "Intolerance" all have interesting stories.

Like a fairy fable is the story of Mae Marsh. Miss Marsh was working as a telephone girl in a hotel, helping to support her mother and sisters. One day she visited the Los Angeles Biograph studio where her sister, "Lovie" Marsh, was working. She wore a plain little frock, and her hair was "slicked" back to form a knot at the nape of her neck. And that head, Mr. Griffith

noted, was a perfectly shaped one. He was directing a picture, but during a lull came over and spoke to the plainly dressed little maid, and then it was he noted those wonderfully luminous eyes of hers.

He asked her if she would like to do a bit in a picture. She said yes, she would. She was terribly frightened, she says. But she played the bit next day, registering with such clean-cut dramatic instinct that she was at once engaged. She was featured at first in comedy but made her first great hit as "little sister" in "The Birth of a Nation."

One of the principal parts in "The Birth of a Nation" is that of the girl who was to represent throughout the whole story the lost cause. She had not much to do; she must at times be in an obscure corner. She must sit pale and silent. She must not move nor gesticulate wildly, and yet she must "get to" every one in the audience.

A great actress had been sent for to play the part, but when Mr. Griffith spied a quiet, sad-eyed little girl at the studio one day, he decided to give her a chance. But it was difficult for her to grasp the full significance of her role.

One day Griffith spoke roughly to her,—more roughly than he had ever spoken to any one on the lot before. The girl looked up quickly, hurt pride, fear, humiliation, all expressed in her wonderful dark eyes. That look was just what the big director wanted. The black hair close around the head, the great staring eyes, the little trembling figure, and that look, wounded and broken. Was not the South so wounded and so broken? Too weak to fight back too, much beaten with the fight of the world to contest, all she could do was to look, but in that look flamed out all the hurt that the director wanted.

The rest of the story is short. The negotiations for the famous actress were stopped. The girl who only looked and flamed through her eyes the hurt that was in her soul, had acted the greatest there is, the acting that makes you feel you have seen reality. The girl's name was Miriam Cooper.

Seena Owen, another "Intolerance" star, a few years ago was a society girl. She received her education abroad, and had settled down to a life of pink teas and piffle when her father suddenly lost his money, died and left his family almost destitute. Miss Owen at once turned to the stage, and

found work at the old Alcazar Theater in San Francisco. She received \$5 for her first week's work and was grateful! Then she came south and went into pictures. She did a bit in "The Birth of a Nation," registering so well that she was soon starring in her own right.

Over at the Lasky Company, the other day, one of the stars drove up to the gate in her own white car, and there alighted Anita King, famous for her solitary trip across the continent via automobile, as well as for her screen work. She, too, was an extra girl.

"One morning, I remember, I was working in a mob scene. We were all wielding clubs, and the director called out, 'Look out there and don't hurt Miss King! She's got to play a lead tomorrow!'"

"My first real part was with Dustin Farnum in 'The Virginian.' I went into the office one day, and 'Dusty' was there talking to Mr. De Mille. He looked over at me. I had met him only once, but he turned to Mr. De Mille and said: 'Miss King is the very type I want for Mrs. Ogden in "The Virginian."'"

"Mr. De Mille answered that the part already had been cast, but Mr. Farnum persisted. Mr. De Mille refused to commit himself, but I wanted that part badly, and whenever I saw him, I'd say, 'You've changed your mind about that part, haven't you? You're going to give it to me, aren't you?' I think he finally gave it to me to get rid of me."

Miss King lately has been named as one of the Los Angeles City Mothers, appointed to look after the stray young girls who drift into the city's maelstrom! Miss King's duties having to do with the young girls who seek work in the pictures. She tells many an interesting story of her experiences and reveals the dark and sorry side to the tale.—the story of failure.

From all over the country they come, these girls, with their little hoards of savings. Two girls last summer walked all the way from Seattle to try to find fame in the pictures! Neither had good looks nor talent nor anything except determination to recommend them. A test was made, but they were photographically impossible, and the City Mothers took up a collection and sent them home.

A little mother with a baby six weeks old rode out from Montana a-horseback

with her baby across the saddle. At home, on a ranch, she had a husband and two other children. It was pointed out to her quite frankly that she had no good looks and no talent besides her riding ability, and that her baby stood in the way of her chances. But she persisted. She would not give up. She got down to her last cent, they even put her in jail to try and cure her, and finally the City Mothers had to get funds and send her home, but her last words as she said good-bye were that she would never give up, and when her baby was big enough to leave, she was coming back.

A stenographer who had worked in the capitol at Washington came West, and got work as an extra girl. She worked three days as an extra with a big gang of Mexicans, out on location, in the rain,—and was glad to return home.

In the old Essanay days of 1912 there was a little girl whom everybody jokingly called "Ruth of the Ragged Heart." That was Ruth Stonehouse, now a Universal star.

The way of it was this. Ruth, though almost a child then, had to help in the support of her mother and sister. She had done a little in vaudeville, but wanted to remain at home in Chicago.

Thousands of extra girls have stood in this doorway at Universal City and not a few have emerged as "featured leads" and stars.

"So one day I went over to the Essanay studio, and asked for work. I got it, but only bits. I didn't seem to get ahead, and I began to feel that I was a failure. One day I was standing watching a scene. I was heartsick and discouraged, and really on the brink of giving up. Suddenly the girl playing the lead was taken ill, and had to leave. The director looked frantically around. He saw me. It was the beginning of the picture, and he was behind in his work; so he popped me into the picture.

"It was one of these weepy stories, and I guess the director thought I was the most forlorn thing he had ever seen. I was supposed to emote, and I did. I emoted enough for seven Sarah Bernhardts. I cried all over the place—and became the official sob-sister of the studio. I died in every way there was to die, I think, and had more children dead and alive than any woman that ever lived. Niobe was a dry-eyed, marble-hearted dame compared to me. So one day I wrote a comedy for myself. It was accepted, worked over a bit,

and that's where I escaped the thrall of tears."

Out at the Fine Arts studio in Hollywood, there is



a sort of official chaperone. Her name is Lucille Brown, and she's not one of your hard-eyed policemen of the proprietaries, but a real human being with an ear for every woe, a competent and discriminating eye, and an understanding heart. She employs the extras, and does it with a fine competency which means much to the studio, and many are the tales she can tell of the rise of members of her extra flock.

"One day when we were hiring people for "The Birth of a Nation," said Mrs. Brown, "I noticed among the pushing crowd the flower-like face of a lovely little girl. It was toward evening, and the light was almost gone. All day we had been working on the task. I called over to the girl, 'You'll do.' Her face lighted beautifully. She didn't go away, but when the crowd had dispersed, she came timidly over to my desk.

"'Maybe you didn't notice,' she said, 'that I have only one arm.' I hadn't. 'Well, dear,' I said sadly, 'I'm afraid we can't use you.' The tears came to her eyes. Paul Powell chanced to be standing close by. 'Never mind,' said Powell, 'I think I can use you. I'm putting on a mill picture, and we'll pretend your arm was cut off in the mill!' The child brightened up.

"She turned out to have wonderful talent. We used her in several pictures after that. One day Director Rogers of the Fox studio sent for her to work in a mill scene, and she is now in stock regularly with that company. The little girl's name is Dorothy Whiteman.

"Sometimes very old ladies come to me.

They have had no experience, and are really too old for the pictures: I had four such in one week while Mr. Griffith was producing 'Intolerance,' and I used them all as chaperones for the girls working on location. They proved excellent in that capacity, and have been working at the job ever since.

"Not long ago a youngster came to us. He was about ten. He was a ragged little orphan, and they were about to put him in an Orphans' Home, he said. Chet Withey happened to need a kid about his size. 'Can you swim?' he asked the boy. 'Sure,' answered the neryv youngster. 'I'm a Boy Scout. Sure I can swim!'

"Next day they took him down to the ocean and threw him in. The gritty youngster never made a whine either. But he couldn't swim. All he could do was a little duck-paddle, and they had to rescue him from drowning. But he had shown so much nerve that they kept him right along. When he isn't acting he's selling papers, and he leads an independent and self-respecting life. His name is Joe Wright, and he's one worth watching."

One day George Siegmann was directing a picture out on location. He wanted a man to dig post-holes, and there was nobody to do it. The extra men all stood back, considering themselves "actors," and too good to do such work. One young fellow stepped out of the crowd: "Well, by George, I need a job, and I'll do it!" he offered. He did the bit of hard labor all by himself. His talent for post-hole dig-

(Continued on page 145)

Giving a "mob" the once over at the American studio, Santa Barbara.





Venice, N. J.

TURNING Sparkill Creek at Piermont, N. J., into a Venice street—or do they call them canals?—was a recent expensive venture of the World Film Corporation.

The Venice scenes were required for a film version of "Frou Frou" and Director Emile Chautard saw to it that real Venice, Italy "locations" were accurately duplicated. Only the facades, as shown in these illustrations, were constructed but even at that, the bill was over \$20,000. The work was done at the Fort Lee studio and the Venetian buildings transported in sections to Piermont, where the inhabitants enjoyed the occasion, one and all.

The gondolier nearly froze while the scenes were being "shot" as the weather declined to enter into the Venetian spirit. By this time the New Jersey Venetian kids probably have runners on the gondola.



The Cover Lady

"WE should run at least two pages of the Lovely Thing on our April lid," murmured the art director. "Look at these peachy pictures!"

"But," expostulated his typewriter assistant, "what is there to say that's new?"



Below, a snap-shot of Miss Clayton in her boudoir. A mirror is responsible for the double likeness above.





"Beauty is sufficient unto itself. Novelty is its least charm." Our Rembrandt thus rebuked us.

Well, we've explained that Ethel Clayton is Joe Kaufman's wife.

That she's happily married and doesn't care who knows it.

That her home is in New York City.

That her best work was done in Philadelphia, at the Lubin studio in a series of domestic dramas under her husband's direction.

That she is at present, as she has been for some time, with World.

That she is in her early twenties.

That she's been in pictures since 1912.



© Lumiere

Skin Deep

LOOKS — either good or bad—count for much in the film world. If you're a top-notch in beauty—great! But if you're in George Fawcett's class, maybe you'll find it pays almost as well.

Fawcett's feature map never raised a sigh from the most ardent of our sweet young things. Never have feminine "ohs" and "ahs" followed his appearance on any screen. Just shivers—except when he is playing the rough old miner with the "heart of gold."

But those deep lines on Fawcett's face help in painting the villain and as a villain — especially the western type—he stands high. For in filmland Fawcett ranks as one of our worst citizens. Yet homeliness, like comeliness, is only skin deep and George is one of the best liked players on stage or screen.

He was born in Virginia and his stage career has been extensive both in England and America. One of his latest film showings is in "Panthea" and as the Russian police officer he's about as ugly as anyone ever dreamed a Muscovite could be. He is now a fixture with Selig.

Mrs. Fawcett is Percy Haswell, of the stage.



Moffett photo

The Shadow Stage

A Department of
Photoplay Review

By
Julian Johnson



*Norma
Talmadge
and
Earle Foxe,
in
"Panthea."*

TO any fair-minded man or woman, studying our varied dramatic arts from the comparative standpoint, the extraordinary wealth of screen subjects, as set against the comparative poverty of recent stage ideas, will be at once apparent.

Though the screen disgorges trash as freely as the Great War disgorges death; though its greatest weakness is its tendency to rush everything and to give opulent setting to silly stories and worthless plots, it can be easily shown that the sun stage has done more for distinctly American theatricals in the past year than has the electric stage in a decade. We expect that the champions of the speakies will give this statement the gentle smile of pity, and wonder that we are allowed to perambulate without our keeper. Therefore we'll endeavor to clinch our statement with proof.

We will consider those plays of words or pictures which concern our own country and our own people. Obviously, if we are to have a national literature or a national drama, it must deal with our life and our problems.

The whole substance of our theatre is borrowed. Its material has come largely from England; its form has come from

France. We expect strong stories from London; from Paris, technique. For a generation we have been moved or amused by Pinero and Jones, by Barrie, Shaw or Maugham. At the same time we have acclaimed the French Sardou as the master of melodrama for whom there seems no successor, and the young French Jew, Henri Bernstein, as the finest exponent of form in the modern play.

There is at present no craftsman of the theatre in America to replace Clyde Fitch, Bronson Howard, or the early Augustus Thomas.

We may reverse court procedure, and give the defense the first inning.

Going back ten years, we come to that evening in which William Vaughan Moody's tremendous play, "The Great Divide," first saw the incandescents. Here is an almost epic document of America, written by a college professor, and produced by Henry Miller. The routine theatre managers considered Miller monkeying with the highbrows. His triumph soon made them wish they had monkeyed in his place. Moody wanted to call his piece "The Sabine Woman." The name it bears—which I believe to be Miller's—

probably tipped the scales to popularity.

Other plays true to American life and descriptive of it, in the past decade, are "The College Widow," the classic of freshwater scholasticism, by George Ade; "The New York Idea," a glittering satire of metropolitan society, by Langdon Mitchell; "Too Many Cooks," an idyll of ye complete suburbanite, by Frank Craven; "Kindling," a true picture of the hopes and the pathos of the submerged tenth, by Charles Kenyon; Joseph Medill Patterson's newspaper play, "The Fourth Estate;" Louis Anspacher's "The Unchastened Woman," a keen X-ray of society worthy Oscar Wilde; "The Easiest Way," Eugene Walter's masterpiece, and

the one really great play of the upper-underworld; "A Man's World," a tremendous feminist work by Rachel Crothers; "Potash and Perlmutter," a light but factful transcript of our important Jewish life, by Montague Glass; Mr. Cohan's dramatization of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford;" Augustus Thomas' "As a Man Thinks," and "The Witching Hour;" Edward Sheldon's "Romance" and "Salvation Nell;" and the Ditrichstein-Hatton "Great Lover," a paraphrase of our style of taking the arts.

The length of a thing is no argument in its favor or disfavor. If that were so, "Hiawatha" would pass Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" as a piece of fine art. Most of the photoplays I am going to name occupied (probably) less time in taking and preparation than any of the stage dramas put down above. Certainly their presentation is a briefer matter. Nevertheless, the substance is here. The big American thought is here. The tran-



Irene Castle,
in "Patria."

script of our life is here, and when it comes to truth expressed, a brochure is as potent as a two-volume novel—more so, because the big-book scares folks away.

Here are American photoplays of the past year, or about the past year:

First, "The Birth of a Nation."

From the Fine Arts studio came "The Lily and the Rose," an unrivalled study of domestic sweetness and outer lure; "The Penitentes," a vivid document from the early history of the Southwest; "Cross Currents;" "Let Katy Do It;" the incomparable "Acquitted"—than which no truer American play has been presented on any stage; "Betty of Grey-stone," a genuine idyll; "Susan Rocks the Boat;" "Fifty-Fifty," a satire on skin-deep Bohemianism; "The Children Pay," a really remarkable study of the consequences of divorce; "The Microscope Mystery," a show-up of our national obeisance before the patent-medicine god; "A House Built on Sand;" and "American Aristocracy," a satire so genuine that it is like a rollicking early work of Bronson Howard's.

From Ince's shop came that fine study of youth and its impulses, "The Coward;" "The Iron Strain;" "Matrimony," a beautifully handled story of domestic drifting; "Between Men;" "The Winged Idol;" "The Green Swamp"—remember the clinical terror of its tetanus?—"Hell's Hinges;" "The Moral Fabric;" and "Honor Thy Name."

From the Lasky-Famous camp we select a few of numerous good plays. Mostly, they have presented plays or told stories. But such fine and distinctively American plays as "The Cheat," "Ashes of Embers," "The Secret Sin," "The Blacklist," "The Soul of Kuri San," "The Honorable Friend," and "Witchcraft," lend tone and distinction to any theatre anywhere. Lasky's little group of Japanese-American subjects

is, indeed, daring and faithful treatment of a new material: the aggressive Oriental in the United States.

Morosco contributed "The Parson of Panamint," and "Pasquale," a genuine study of a patriotic heart divided between love for the motherland and love for the dear ones in the adopted country.

Vitagraph's "Kennedy Square," was an epoch-maker for that company.

Universal's "Where Are My Children," "Idle Wives," "Jewel," and "Saving the Family Name" belong in any list of strong contemporary tales.

"Dollars and the Woman," a matchless story of a home and hearts, and the running of them, was told as a sort of fine finale by the passing house of Lubin.

From Selig came those thoughtful, excellently made and representative productions, "The Crisis" and "The Ne'er-do-Well."

The man or woman who attempts to argue the triviality of motion pictures compared to what he or she is pleased to consider the intrinsic value of the stage knows nothing about motion pictures at present, has no patience to dig into facts—or lies.

We admit the tawdry mass of punk plots and hastily slapped-together scenarios, but who so refuses to go deeper than surface

superficiality for truths worth while is as foolish as a diamond-digger who would refrain from plucking his rough, dull-looking gems because their primal encasement is sticky clay.

In point of energy and worth-while productiveness the American Photoplay is beating the American Stage.

PANTHEA. Here is another screen novel: directly told, staged with an eye both to artistic lighting and dramatic effect, true to life even in its most melodramatic moments, tingling with suspense, saturate with sympathy. All of which sounds as though we considered it the best picture of the month. We do. It is one of the best photoplays in screen history, and if there were more like it every interpretative art would have to cinch its figurative belt and prepare to fight for existence.

All of this notwithstanding a watery and ineffective ending; where both author and director seem to fatally hesitate between marshmallows and catastrophe, and, having a mind to neither, uncomfortably straddle a problem picket fence.

"Panthea" first served the serpentine Petrova, when the Shuberts introduced her as their tragedy white hope. At this time it was an alleged transcript of turgid life, and considerable sapolio might have been

*A scene from Universal's
Grand Canyon photoplay,
"God's Crucible."*





A scene from "The Iced Bullet." William Desmond is the profile figure.

used in its sordid corners. Here, with the exception of the wavering finale, it is all quite antiseptic—there are deep thrusts and wide wounds, but they are made with clean swords.

Panthea herself is a piano graduate of the Moscow conservatory. At her keyboard valedictory a number of impresarii attend, among them a Baron. The Baron sizes up Panthea's person rather than her performance, and connives with his friend, the Moscow Chief of Police, to have Panthea raided on a charge of Nihilism. Then he—the Baron—may demand and secure her release, thus establishing himself forever in her good graces. But it happens that Panthea's brother—presented by his parents with the not uncommon name, Ivan—is really a Nihilist, and is holding vigorous revival services of his own kind when the fixed police arrive to arrest Panthea. The sham turns into reality, Ivan flees, and a soldier is killed. Now the Baron will *have* to extend himself indeed—but Panthea, helped out of a vaulty prison by a common soldier who had once been her schoolmate,

escapes to England. She is pursued by a secret police agent, on the same boat. There is a wreck off the English coast, and Panthea, unconscious, is carried to the Mordaunt estate. Gerald, the piano-playing younger son, immediately discovers a soul-and-music affinity, and they trip off to Paris, where they live in happy married life for a year. Gerald would be an Anglo-Saxon Verdi, and wilts daily because he cannot get his opera produced. Panthea goes to a French manager who is about to turn her down when a distinguished visitor from Russia sees her card. It is no great surprise to learn that it is our old friend the Baron. Panthea is in the toils again. She makes the compact to save her husband's life, while the Baron, Scarpialike, ar-

ranges to have her pinched as soon as his personal purpose is accomplished. But a weak heart gets him in her parlor, and he does not long outlive his culinary villainy. The police agent is on hand, and starts back to Russia with her. The final fadeout is upon her and Gerald, camping in the Siberian snow, while he assures her that the English diplomatic machinery must even now be grinding the grist of their formal release.

The direction is Allan Dwan's, and he manifests that same leisurely, perfect passion for detail that he showed in "Betty of Greystone." The lieutenant who comes to arrest Panthea in the early episodes is the perfect picture of the "well, it's all in the day's work" type of blase young militarist. Wonderful is the revelatory close-up when the Baron attends Panthea's recital: all the other old men, we infer, are watching her hands, for there is a great keyboard close-up; but when it is the Baron's turn we get a close-up of Panthea's shapely foot and promising ankle, upon the pedal! Equally subtle is the first view of the Baron in the

Parisian office; he is in a deep chair, back to us, and only his eager hand, reaching for Panthea's card, is visible—but we know that it is he.

The lighting of this play sets a new mark in photodramatic illumination. The tone in the main is deep, as it is with most of Dwan's plays, but it is never gloomy.

Norma Talmadge plays Panthea with a verve, abandon and surety which denominates her queen of our younger silver-sheet emotionalists. There is no woman on the depthless stage who can flash from woe to laughter and back again with the certainty of this particular Talmadge. She is 100 percent surefire. Rogers Lytton, as the Baron, surpasses all his other efforts. Earle Foxe plays Gerald in psychopathic correctness. George Fawcett is totally disguised as the sinister Chief of Police; Murdock MacQuarrie comes to the fore with all his fine old melodramatic resource as the Secret Agent, and the rest of the faultless cast includes such players as William Abingdon and Winifred Harris.

There are several points where the plot wears perilously thin, but the craft of the director and the artifices of the players send the beholder skating safely across.

THE MYSTERIOUS MRS. M. Here is one of the best pieces of suspense ever shot out of a projection-booth. The story of this play about a fake fortune-teller was narrated in fiction form in last month's PHOTOPLAY. As the reader is never let into the plot of the young hypochondriac's companions—the plot to frighten him into an appreciation of life—the fulfilment of her predictions, one after another, and finally the apparent end of her own life, as prophesied, is a nerve-shaking thrill.

Acting



merit seems to fall upon Frank Brownlee, as the physician; Willis Marks, as the faithful servant, and Evelyn Selby, as Mrs. Musselwhite. The "leading" people, Miss MacLaren and Harrison Ford, are scarcely more than figureheads in the narration of a complex plot woven by others. This is especially true of Mr. Ford.

God's Crucible. A play about the Grand Cañon and in the Grand Cañon. In plot it is a familiar panacea. Warren, son of Lorenzo Todd, is a pretty wild boy, and his father puts him out as a forest-ranger, or something of the sort. He disappears; becomes an outlaw. Meanwhile, pater goes to the Cañon himself as a sightseer; gets lost, and a tide of floodwater cuts off the guide's camp, in the lower part of the cañon, for days. The apoplectic Lorenzo, his colorless servant, and the guide's merry little boy, have to make the best of things. The party is joined by the missing Warren—when will scenario writers quit permitting fathers not to recognize their sons because they wear beards?—and in the quartette scramble everybody is rejuvenated both

above and below the collar. George Hernandez, as the elder Todd, offers a genuine characterization worth seeing. But this play will stand on its



"Easy Street." Rampant, Mr. Chaplin; recumbent, Mr. Campbell.

wonderful scenic shots. If painters cannot do the great gash justice, of course a camera cannot express it fully; nevertheless, the best that a camera has ever done for the Gorge of God is beaten here.

Polly. Put the Kettle On. Isn't that a quaint name?



Myrtle Stedman
and House Peters,
in "The
Happiness of
Three Women."

The piece is just a pictorial account of a hard-working little girl who sacrificed to rear her brothers and sisters—and ultimately married the playwright she loved, and he had been hardworking, too. Doesn't sound great, and it isn't great, but it has something many great things lack: charm. Douglas Gerrard produced it.

JIM BLUDSO. Peace hath her heroes, as well as her victories, and of these Jim Bludso, a Mississippi river engineer, who, with his craft in flames, held her nozzle agin the bank till the last galoot got ashore, is in the front rank. Mr. Bludso was renowned in the poetry of a generation or two behind Edgar Lee Masters—probably Mr. Masters would pour vinegar into the milk of renown by proving that our hero never sent money home to his folks, or heaved firewood at his old man—and has

been warmed over in various dishes of art. Now comes the thoroughly applaudable Fine Arts vision, with our champion character-maker, Wilfred Lucas, as the engineer. In the slightly shifted story Olga Grey is the wife, George Stone is "Little Breeches," and James O'Shea is Banty Tim. The suspense is excellent, and the burning of "The Prairie Belle" a scenic spectacle. There are many fine touches of detail in properties and people.

In *The Little Yank*, and *Nina, the Flower Girl*, we have two Fine Arts productions which by no means approach Fine Arts standard. Both of them seem to be result of a day in which a release was needed and the hypo of inspiration was not to be found.

THE ICED BULLET. Here is a scenario of a scenario, much as the stage delights to give us, from time to time, a play of a play. William Desmond, who is not by nature comic, but who can get away with comedy by reason of his physical force, his sunny smile and great good nature, is here cast as a determined rank outsider who would a photoplaywright be. The locale is Culver City, the new foundry where Ince emotions are welded into enduring shadows. Mr. Desmond, possessing the great resolve and his scenario, tries as many ways to get in as Heinz has pickles, and finally, overcoming a gang of painters to escape a lawn-spray, reaches the roof and an open ventilator. His progress to the managerial office is swift, and once there he has an amusing bit of business in which he plucks framed photographs of the well-known Ince stars from the walls to ideally cast his masterwork. Having done so, he discovers that he is locked in. Philosophic, he morrischairs himself to await the watchman, and falls asleep. His chosen favorites appear in the dream, the technical stage directions are given quite without translation, and the scenario within the scenario begins to be a play. Nor is it an unclever notion: a murder committed by a criminal who arranges to have a gun fired by the expansion of freezing water.

The Crab. Once more, the rejuvenation of the dusty, crusty, musty old man by a little child. When our ultimate descendants are sorting the mail from Sirius, just arrived by interstellar radium post, this theme will doubtless retain much of its

pristine freshness. In this Ince play the finest moments are the last parting of an old man and the wife of his youth, rôles played, respectively, by Frank Keenan and Gertrude Claire. Never have I seen a death-scene of such gentle, poignant beauty; so devoid of morbidity and so full of the calm that comes with death's reality. Miss Claire's performance and direction, and the unassuageable grief of Keenan as the old man, are bits of high art in pathos-portraits. Thelma Salter, a plump child with a wise little face, shows more intelligence than most leading women.

Chicken Casey. The old-fashioned type of stage author: a combination of simp, boob, sucker and congenital idiot, is here dragged out by his keepers, dusted off, and made to perform. "Chicken Casey" is not a relish, a newsboy or a bantamweight, but a "prominent actress" who desires to convince a "prominent writer" that she can, and will, do his character-heroine. How such a dumbhead as this author could ever do anything is beyond us. Chicken Casey proves that she has a chicken head by going to the nuptial clinch with him in the last fifty feet. Dorothy Dalton frolics as Chicken, and looks like one, while Charles Gunn and Howard Hickman are chief support. Apart from the foolish dramatist, the scenario is conducted in an orderly manner, and the other processes are sane and harmonious.

BETTY TO THE RESCUE. In the good plays in which that rose of eternity, Fannie Ward, has appeared. Jack Dean has been the worst feature. In this, her worst photoplay, he is the best feature. "Betty to the Rescue" is a soufflé of gold and oranges. Henry Sherwin, dying, leaves his daughter Betty to his book-worm friend John

Kenwood. Sherwin also leaves Betty a mine, but James Fleming, mineralogist and designing fellow, calls the mine worthless, and then tries to marry Betty just to get hold of the property. A Southern California frost makes Kenwood's orange crop one with Nineveh and Tyre, and Betty, after a variety of complications and counterplottings, unmasks Fleming, and makes Kenwood accept her, thinking she is penniless. Thus all end out of the bankruptcy court except the wicked schemer. Jack Dean's Kenwood is a real characterization. I think it would be a characterization even without the horn spectacles and the beard. Miss Ward in an innocuous part has no more inspiring moment than that in which, returning from boarding school to an orchard in the full flood of irrigating day, she doffs her oxfords and bursons, lifts her lingerie a distracting trifle, and has one large wade.

A Mormon Maid. I doubt the propriety of a play attacking an existing sect, even for performances distinctly beyond the pale. "The Latter-Day Saints," as the followers of Joseph Smith call themselves, have written one of the strangest pages of American history. In general practice at least polyg-



*Theda Bara in
"The Darling of Paris."*

amy seems to have disappeared in Utah, and many of our staunch Western patriots and good citizens believe firmly in the Angel Moroni, the revelations on the golden plates, and all that. "A Mormon Maid" deals with the militant period of the Mormon church, and the escape of a gentile from the compulsion of sex-greedy Mormon elders. There are "Avenging Angels," plotting, broken hearts and sudden death in this well-told, convincingly written story—which, as I have said, seems a morbidly unnecessary rehash of a certain phase of American history. Mae Murray is the principal artiste.

The Evil Eye. Here, on the contrary, is a play about a people, and a condition, which is a justified indictment. The tale in full was one of PHOTOPLAY'S leading stories last month, and will not be detailed here except to say that the plot describes the adventures, near-disaster and love-discovery of a young girl physician in Northern Mexico. Her eye-mirror, to flash light down a sick child's throat, is mistaken by the ignorant peons for a device of the devil. The story is well told, the direction is good, and Blanche Sweet in the leading rôle gives a characteristic portrayal.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS. Gradually the novel classics are turning under the eye of the lens. This latest Dickens story before the lamps is bound in celluloid by Famous. Its honors go to Frank Losee, playing the convict, Abel Magwitch. In the last three months Losee has gone the limit of characterization, successfully, for there is no greater gap than that separating his study in "Ashes of Embers" and his delineation of the slimy yet pathetic wrongdoer here. Not all the honors of achievement are youth's. Losee and Rogers Lytton—mentioned elsewhere in these reviews—should enjoy the fruits of a screen triumph genuine as any prima-donna's. Jack Pickford is all that one might ask as "Pip," the boy, and Louise Huff is a winsome Estella. In direction and equipment there is a pretty fair idea of the period both in material and deportment.

A Girl Like That. A well-told, fairly convincing story of crooks and, of course, salvation. It is quite without originality, but puts forth as chief attractions Irene Fenwick and Owen Moore. Miss Fenwick is one of the few silversheet women pos-

sessing genuine subtlety, and she gives a definite value to almost anything in which she appears. She gives definite value to this play. Mr. Moore is in her shadow, as an artist, but he provides highly acceptable support in a rôle which he characterizes with real energy.

The Happiness of Three Women. A fine story of real life. In its original, it is a quite familiar tale by Albert Payson Terhune, and need not be retold here. It is acted by House Peters and Myrtle Stedman with generally good support.

The Right Direction. Not right, but all wrong. A preposterous Polyanna melodrama stirred up for Vivian Martin.

THE BONDAGE OF FEAR. A story of persistent pursuit, and a dead lover, instead of a skeleton, in the family closet. Vesta Wheatley, a Southern girl, marries John Raulolph, a Northerner, and comes North to live. Dick Mortimer, one of her back-home spooners, follows, determined to win what has already been won. His pursuit leads him to a hunting lodge where she is alone. An itinerant thief, hopping here and there to escape asphalt fly-cops, happens in and makes it a three-some. Dick is killed, and his body is done away with. Thereafter Skinny, the thief, becomes Vesta's blackmailer, and the pleasant finish arrives when he is finally polished off in Vesta's own home. The situations in this play are false and forced, though some parts of the story ring true. Perhaps this is because World's most accomplished woman, Ethel Clayton, plays Vesta. It seemed to me that Rockcliffe Fellows, as Randolph, was altogether too actorish. I should have preferred John Bowers, the altogether natural mild villain, in this part. As the thief, Arthur Ashley contributes a coke-shaken wretch of conventional type.

The Hungry Heart. "Frou-Frou," in its day, was a grand old play, but we have ceased to regard life through the spectacles of a false and dewy sentimentality. That is why the sorrows of Frou Frou herself do not in the least affect us. However, Alice Brady has much to do with this. Having the materials for pleasing impersonations, not too heavy in nature, Miss Brady has not in months made any advances. Last year she was well on her way to high screen accomplishments: now, she does not progress.

(Continued on page 170.)

A Boy Named Kelly

WHO MAKES THIRTY THOUSAND A YEAR
AS A FREE LANCE SCENARIO WRITER—
A STORY OF YOUTHFUL TRIUMPH.

By Randolph Bartlett

Portraits by White

*He succeeded
because he
had the
"picture
instinct."*



"THEY" say that Anthony P. Kelly, who has now almost reached the mature age of twenty-five years, makes \$60,000 a year writing scenarios. I asked him about it.

"I only wish it were true," he said with a laugh.

"Perhaps," I hinted, "sixteen thousand sounds like sixty."

"That would be nearer the mark," he admitted.

When he told me, later, that his output has been about one hundred scenarios in four years—twenty-five annually—I did a quick piece of mental arithmetic, and my guess is that his income is about thirty thousand, as I happen to know of one instance in which he refused to make a seven-reel adaptation of a novel for \$1,000. Think of it, ye dwellers in Grub Street—refusing \$1,000.

Be his salary what it may, it is true that this young man is the most successful free-lance writer in the business today.

A list of his works would occupy almost

*Young Kelly at
work with his
currency mill.*



the entire space allotted to this article. A few of them are adaptations of "The Man of the Hour," "The Thief," "The Great Divide," "The Witching Hour," "Today;" samples of his original scripts are "The Soul of a Woman," "The Light at Dusk," "Somebody's Paradise," "Shadows in the East," "The Crucible," "Parentage," and so on—and so on.

So far as the public is concerned, his adaptations are most widely known, for the film manufacturers are still laboring under the delusion that film audiences are conversant with the literature of the moment, and go to great expense to make pictures from stories that never were intended for the screen. And Mr. Kelly encourages them. "When I adapt a story or a play," he says, "all I am selling is my technique. When I write an original photodrama, I am selling an idea, which, once gone, depletes my stock in trade just that much." Yet his original pictures are among the best the camera has recorded, as a glance at his formidable list proves.

Four years ago he was trying to apply the knowledge he had accumulated at Loyola and De Pauw colleges to newspaper reporting in Chicago.

"As a reporter I was a joke," says Anthony. "I used to write the most fantastic, flowery stories about the most unimportant incidents. I suppose I had too much imagination. One day I collected a few fragments of this surplus imagination, tied them in a bundle and shipped them to the Vitagraph. A check came back, and I found that I had turned out a one-reel picture story. That was all the encouragement I needed. I set to work in earnest, and I must have had a natural knack, for the checks kept coming with a regularity that was, for months, a constant source of astonishment.



Since then I have sold scenarios to practically every important producing corporation in America."

We spoke, guardedly, of the suspicion that lurks in the mind of almost every tyro in the scenario "game"—that many of the companies deliberately filch the idea from the manuscript, and return it "with thanks."

"I believe this is absolutely untrue, so far as all the established companies are concerned," said Mr. Kelly. "It is necessary for a producer,

especially if he is turning out a regular program, to have staff writers who can be relied upon to deliver stories if the outside supply fail. I have always felt that these writers should not be required to handle contributed manuscripts. Not that they would deliberately steal ideas—though the temptation to bolster their standing with their employers at the expense of unknown authors must be very strong, when they run short of ideas. But no writer knows the source of his ideas. Sometimes they seem to come into your head from nowhere, sometimes from a brief newspaper article, sometimes as an absolute opposite of some story in a magazine. When a staff writer has read a score or more manuscripts, and then sits down to write a story of his own, it is quite natural that he may unconsciously adopt as his own, the germ of a plot in one of the contributions he has read.

"But one of the most frequent complaints from the tyros is that after a manuscript has been rejected, the story has been recognized on the screen. Of course, if it is the same, in detail, it is a clear case of pil-

(Continued on page 152)

She Was the Bernhardt of the Klondike

IF you ever see this lady playing one of those Alaskan dance-hall girls, so popular in our current gelatines of emotion, observe closely: her business will be the real thing; she'll be giving you a drawing from life.

Not that Marjorie Rambeau has been an Alaskan dance-hall girl. Once upon a time she was the Klondike Bernhardt, and the dance-hall girls, and the sour-doughs, and the Indians, and the Esquimaux, and the gamblers, were her admiring applauders. And she was very young, too; those were her marymilesminter years.

No actress on stage or screen had such a youth of travel and experience as Miss Rambeau. Her mother, an actress, was a young widow in California. With her little girl she traveled to Alaska, started a stock company, and the youngster, by her graphic characterizations of every sort, became the wonder of the midnight sun. Mrs. Rambeau returned to the Southern Coast, and after she'd had varied stock experiences Oliver Morosco found Marjorie in a stock company in San Diego. He took her to Los Angeles, where she made a great sensation.

Presently Willard Mack found her—this was in Salt Lake City—and she became Mrs. Willard Mack. They went East together, and she was "discovered" grandly by the New York critics.

She was first featured in "So Much for So Much," became a star—again for Morosco—i n

"Sadie Love," and this year is one of Broadway's great established luminaries in the swift melodramatic comedy, "Cheating Cheaters."

Marjorie Rambeau is still under thirty, and is doing her first picture work under Director Frank Powell. Miss Rambeau was in stock in Los Angeles when that city received its first consignment of raw film but by the time the stage was being ravished of its stars, she had departed for the east to woo fame in the drama's capital on Manhattan.



Photos by White

A Bear of a Baby!

By Allen Corliss

SOME day she'll timidly tell the marriage license clerk that the name's "Helen Marie Osborn, if you please, sir," but right now she jubilates under the radiant title, "Little Mary Sunshine."

Hardly a year ago Pathe released a feature of

*"What are you fishing for, my pretty maid?"
"I'm fishing for an audience, sir," she said.*



We think one of the cutest little animals we ever saw is Helen Marie's own baby camera, standing up there on its sturdy short legs just like it was a regular shooting box.

that name, in which Helen Marie and the rest of it appeared. It was her screen debut. And she wasn't four years old. Balboa produced the picture, the Pathe folks scoffed when they heard of it—and when they saw it in their own projection rooms they put it under the best brand they had.

"Little Mary Sunshine" as a name outlived that picture's course, for it was immediately tacked onto our split-pint sou-brette, the aforesaid Helen Marie.

Helen Marie is a unique specimen of intelligence, endurance and variety. There may be other children with physical and mental resources capable of sustaining a five-reel story like a Cooper-Hewitt veteran—but if there are, they haven't appeared yet.

She and her director, Henry King, are very fond of each other. Helen Marie is a little Balboa baby, and does not come of a theatrical family.

Does she eat the prop candy and cake and keep the prop dollies? She does.



Above, impressionistic study of a prominent actress at a lake side. Our subtle detective instinct leads us to believe that it's a warm day. At the right, the celebrated star is being urged by her director to wear a Louey Quince gown, while she wishes to wear—nothing!

PENCIL-SHOOTING THE FAMOUS PLAYERS IN MANHATTAN,



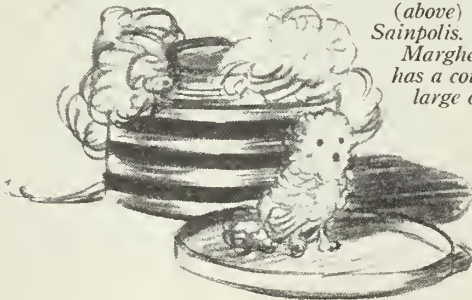
Marguerite Clark in "The Fortunes of Fifi" —portrait and sneaking approach.



"Ain't Nature Wonderful!" says the mirror.



Toto the Mastiff (left and right) looks like one of the pom-pons on Fifi's chapeau. The two "Fifi" gentlemen are Mm. Sorelle (above) and Sainpolis. Small Margherita has a couple of large chairs.



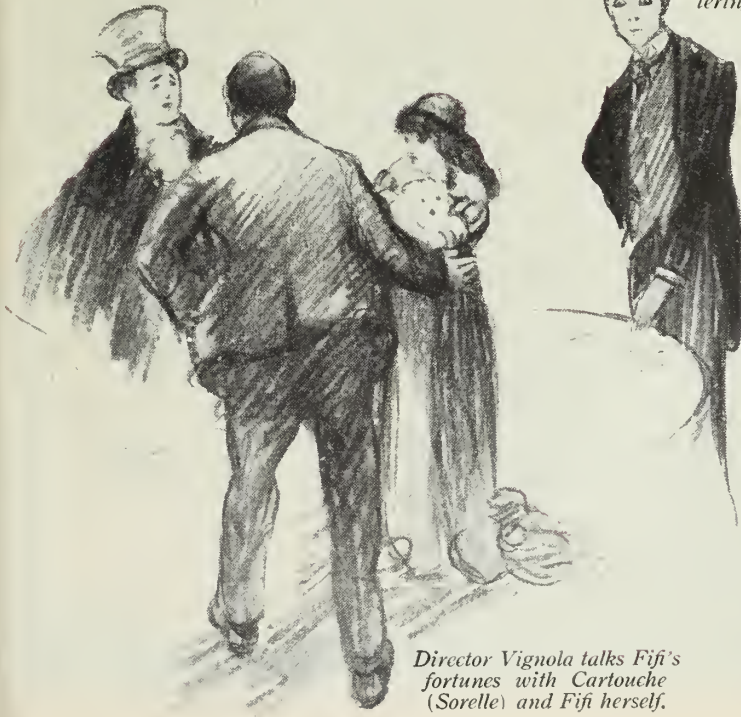
AND THE VARIED GAME THE AGILE GRAPHITE BAGGED



"M'gawd, the detectives!"
Pauline Frederick and Pedro de Cordoba have just been raided.

Artist Reynard writes:

"Miss Frederick wore a pink nightie and a sad look." Sorry, Grant, that the pink didn't register. Anyway, she and Senor De Cordoba are registering something just below.



Director Vignola talks Fifi's fortunes with Cartouche (Sorelle) and Fifi herself.

DOROTHY DONS HER LUCILE SLICKER



Yes, strange as it may seem, it *does* rain in Sunny California, but on very rare occasions; and then, each drop, according to the experts, is worth a thousand or so simoleons. Also, it causes sadness in the movie colony, because exterior shooting is inhibited and the actor folk must work "under the lights."

Twenty Minutes Out

A LITTLE STORY ABOUT A LITTLE RED HOUSE AND SOMETHING OF ITS OWNER

By Kilbourn Gordon



DOWN at Bayside, Long Island, which—if you are fortunate and catch an express—is just twenty minutes from New York, is a little red house. It is a house that even to the stranger passing by, seems set apart, individual, artistic, atmospheric. It is Nance O'Neil's little red house.

About it is a high fence and a gate with a formidable looking lock and a bell. Through the foliage one caught a glimpse of latticed windows, always suggestive of romance. Altogether it is reminiscent of anything but a New York suburb.

Miss O'Neil herself greeted me, and as passing the censorship of butlers and maids is ever a thankless proceeding, I was grateful.

"How," I asked, after we had settled down in the study—a room redolent of that indescribable charm which is elusive, yet intimate—"did you ever find such a unique bit of the old world in modern Bayside?"

"That," said Miss O'Neil, "is quite a story. Mr. Hickman and I (in private life, as you probably know, Miss O'Neil is Mrs. Alfred Hickman), were driving by here one day and this place caught our eye. At that time I had no inclination whatever for

a home in the country. For several years I had been living on Central Park West and that, to me, seemed country enough. However, the house did look different and we determined to investigate.

"There was a 'for sale' sign which whetted our curiosity. The gate was locked but finally we roused from his digging in the garden an elderly French gentleman who assured us that the 'proprietaire' was not about; that we must have a permit, and that furthermore we could not get a permit until the 'proprietaire' was assured that our intentions were 'serieuse.' In fact, he seemed to question very much whether they were.

"We finally got a permit through an agent and with it came the discovery that the elderly gentleman who had assured us that the 'proprietaire' was not to be seen was himself that individual and was probably putting into practice the American slogan of 'safety first.' Evidently convinced that our intentions were 'serieuse' the 'proprietaire' took us under his paternal wing and admitted us to his house and confidence.

"The house he had built himself after his own ideas and, as you see, it is typically and thoroughly French. I was fascinated by it the moment I got inside. The entire arrangement, the latticed windows, the breakfast porch, the locks and keys in every conceivable place positively thrilled me. I felt as though I had walked into my own walled castle and that I had but to pull up the drawbridge to shut out the whole world. After that, it did not take long to come to terms."

Knowing that Miss O'Neil's artistic activities had carried her on several globe-girdling tours, and knowing also that she had at various times resided abroad, I wondered how this transplanted bit of the continent of which she is mistress, compared with the various domiciles she had occupied in the far places. I asked her.

She was silent for a moment.

"Home, to me," she said, "means a great deal. It means a place of rest, of peace, and yet of work and accomplishment.

There should be between a home and its owner a sense of sympathy,

a bond of understanding,—the one should be, in a way, a part of the other. That is why," she continued, "this place has come

to mean 'home' to me in the true sense of the word. I

once had a home in Cape Town,

South Africa,

another in Adelaide,

South Australia, another in Melbourne, and

for a time I even called a camp in the desert home."

Below in the circle is the little red house. The rest of the picture is composed of Mr. and Mrs. Hickman and the pup.





The Mash-Note Conspiracy

HON. HAGASAKI, VALET AND BABY-TENDER
TO HON. FILM HERO, ASSISTS HIS AUGUST
WIFE TO PLOT AND ACHIEVE HIS DOWNFALL

Data gathered from Hon. Hagasaki's personal reminiscences

By Irving Sayford

D r a w i n g s b y Q u i n H a l l

THIS job I are striving with were what you call all made in America, being nurseman to infant portion of home of Moving Picture Star who have wife and five kids but persist to public that he are bachelor, because have conclude this tactic should swell up popularness with skirt section in theatres. Therefore some scenes when actor come home unfrequently, myself being mixed up in midst.

I are cross sea by benevolence of august parent to achieve english language and return highly learned, therefore condescend with cheerfulness toward any job that projects itself against me with quickness.

Excellent parent proclaim to me as are going on board ship for America thusly:

"O Hagasaki, be busy remembering thy honorable ancestors, which are of the Samurai blood down along generations. Bow thyself at those time when the West people tumble laughs against thee, not forgetting to observe for Nippon out of corners of the eye."

Being arrived upon job, I commune to myself that this distinguished advice of parent are in large contradistinction against fool attitude of star boss which are father of five kids and state to public in newspaper also surreptitious by letters that he are not possessed of that wife or kids.



I are not possibly attaching ear to keyhold account least eldest of star's kids are bawling in arms of self.

Also one young woman person in not enough clothes to refute any cold draught.



I propose privately to myself that this Star are a simp.

Also am observing that he are not much popular except with female m. p. public and self, other portion of United States race not being wild with friendliness. I unearth that Wife of simp are observing likewise, and not always slow about roasting Star alongside swelled head. Star promulgate back at Wife that house are littered up with too much kids and quarrels lying around loose, and he propose he shall beat it away from those and settle down in honorable hotel for few weeks.

Wife phonograph back with spiciness he should do more better by stay at home and settle up. Star flounce himself out of house with hasty accumulated suitcase, failing to leave hotel address behind.

Excellent wife considers whether it are time to weep or laugh; decide it are sufficiently wise to do not either but take advantage of immediate present for discovering that hotel address.

"Hagasaki," she belligerate to me, "you to go quickly out and follow that husband person at distance, spot hotel place, return swiftly and confess that information at me." While absent on shadow job, Wife cook up some meanness to pull, thank you.

Star are discovered by me registered at Hotel Goldlight, which are enforcing hill-top rates in exchange for surplus style of exclusiveness. These finding out I hand along to Wife when get back. She perpetrate grim mouth and denounce thusly:

"Hah! Watch toward me, Hagasaki; I are presently fix that husband star whole lots." I duck, assuring self that barbarities of those kid in nursery are safer danger than being around too closely in vicinity of Wife when temper storm breaks out, which I deduce signs it are getting ready shall do.

Come second day, no come Star. Wife begin to shake out revenge stuff, thusly:

She are go upon telephone and talk low six minute. Presently doorbell call out. I

button down white-stiff jacket, answer. Young woman person require for Missus Star, who are follow me to door and take away this calling woman to some room, shut door. Soonly they ascend up stairs. Briefly return and come down, Husband's wife supporting in both two hands sufficient of female letter notes, I later demise, to upblow once and a half times two thirds of all homes in Los Angeles which are inhabited by go-easy wives or sportly looking young fool girl daughters which possess maybe automobile from father.

"This letters," berate Star wife to caller friend which she hooked in over telephone, "are smash notes which I hand money to props man at darn Star Husband's studio to steal from devil Husband's dress-room. You experience desirability to read them?"

This conspiriting wife and Friend deposit themselves on floor same as honorable Japanese custom, read aloudly to each other out of letters, which I listeningly ascertain are having at bottom sig. of wives' or daughters' only first names, not last; sometimes all initials.

Some of this sigs. Missus Star detect identification of, and become highly pugnationable. Specifically so when peruse one smash note of excess softness which gush delightful reply to one other smashing note which are been sent these Mabel person by Star alongside unspeakable love and solemn confession that he are bachelor and heart are made singing-happy at finding out Mabel go at bed every night with his photograph reposing under tender pillow.

These smash words induce Star Husband's wife to consider tearing out hair. Calling Friend dissuade that were better and not hurt so much pulling out considerable proportion Husband's hair, which are delectably prolific.

"You are knowing this Mabel Person?" belligerent Wife demand toward Friend.

"I are having that dishonor," depose her.

"Where are this butterscotch hussy reside?" contemplate Wife.

"She are society people on West Adams Street," confer Friend. "What plan you are murdering up in your mind to subdue same?"

"Thisly," acclaim outrageous Wife. "I are proposing with myself that shall make life his burden for that bald face Star which are lying to public that he are

bachelor, and flirting and mixing up on side with fool smash note females when he are owing distinction of husband to me and father over my five children."

Then Wife and Friend caller boil up together executively with door shut; I are not possibly attaching ear to keyhold account least eldest of Star's kids are bawling in arms of self and so cannot approach myself closely to door, I regret.

Eventually in at big showdown, however, thank you.

I are commanded by Wife that I shall go along with caller Friend on errand and escort back answer from her. I call out taxi, Friend and self discommode ourselves into, after while stop at too much expensive hotel where Star husband are put up. Wife's Friend go into council in private manager's office, where talk long time too low for self to decode. Then I are sent back to home of Star (walking thencely without aid of excellent taxi, which Friend capture for own use, thank you).

That get-in-bad plotting uncover itself same evening. Thusly: Star's Wife's Friend invite that wife and five kids, also myself as nurseryman for least old brat, at



Also if those shes are pretty and he are not acquainted he please himself with bowing and smiling anyway,

"Where are this butterscotch hussy reside?" contemplate wife.



dinner in main dining room of too-living-high-cost hotel where Star are hiding out from family. Table for these are set down near middle of room, which are hugely long and containing much number of people. At table next those one where Wife's Friend and Wife and five Star kids are beseated, self posing straightly behind chair, are one not much youthful person with short white moustache that look cross, and pinkly cheeks; also one dame woman holding up many diamonds on fingers and snuggled in hair; also one young woman person in not enough clothes to refute any cold draught.

After soon, when soup been demolished, I are shake in shoes at beholding manager person of hotel with Star which are husband-denied of that Wife which boss me, enter through doors and confiscate small table which are made in reserve across aisle from that White Moustache and Diamonds and cold Shoulders party. They are sit down at small table, not seeing Wife-Friend-Five-Kids Party across room.

I breathe in important devil-devil stuff must soon to happen. There are some casual big stir around through tables when Star are recognize. He apparently knowing great many persons in skirts at those tables; also if those shes are pretty and he are not acquainted, he please himself with bowing and smiling anyway.

Manager and Star begin destruction of foods, but Star encounter difficulty clearing plates because are finding it necessary to send smash notes all over room with his eyes.

Soonly Waiters Captain are seen this way coming with large stack of white envelopes on arm, which bus boy confide toward me are invitation that dinner guests shall preserve selves for hotel dance after meal. These envelope, I glance out, are reposed on all tables, and guests begin opening with eagerness.

I are sniffing some dramatic tragedy impending, when that rustle of envelopes and their insides suddenly cease itself and one tombstone quiet wrap up those great room.

Nextly these silence are cracked with one man throwing out laugh completely at end of room. This are followed after by lady bunch across carpet aisle put napkins to face and make shriek-laugh, also rocking around in chairs and uptumbling glass of wine in too much foolish fun ecstasy.

I scout my eyes over dining room and capture some pieces information, thusly:

Simp's Wife at table where I stiffly stand are wearing milky face, also one mouth straight like shut trap; Friend are boring Simp's table with lorgnette machine; all diners which are not giving way to napkin laughs are unloading bayonet stare at same, and he are rapidly accumulating ripe tomato flush on face. "Star person are experiencing self to be a Simp," I ratioscinate. "What are the why of this?"

Manager call Waiter Captain to table with excitedly waving hand; Captain person stoop down and do mutterings. Manager bang table top with tumultuous fist, signal orchestra to shut up, and pronounce for silence. It are immediate.

"Regret to pronounce," declaim Mana-

(Continued on page 177)

He Hates His Successes

BUT MAYBE THAT'S BECAUSE HE'S
USUALLY CAST AS THE VILLAIN

By George Craig

For Mr. Lytton is a kindly soul and would much rather be an adored hero.



Photo by White

HERE'S a human encyclopedia of experiences. His name is L. Rogers Lytton. To what page would you desire to turn for a brief reading? You may choose from the following list of topics:

An American boy's experiences in German schools.
Foreign travel.
Architecture.
Music.

The vocal stage.

Decorative arts.

Preparedness.

Being a "villyun" in the movies.

Mr. Lytton has come prominently before the audiences of the darkened theatre of late by reason of a remarkable impersonation of a Russian baron in "Panthea," in which he pursued Norma Talmadge all over the map of Europe, and got himself killed for his pains, and his pleasures.

He was with Vitagraph for five years before that; and perhaps the most interesting page from his remarkable book of experiences is the story of how he made his first connection with the Flatbush plant.

"I went to the Vitagraph studio on appointment with Mr. J. Stuart Blackton," says Mr. Lytton. "I was told he would see me 'presently.' I waited three hours, and then took my courage in my hands and went into the inner office.

Mr. Blackton was pointed out to me, and as soon as he had finished a conversation with another visitor I introduced myself. We had quite a chat, and then he said:

"What a pity you were not here sooner. I have just cast an actor in a part that would have fitted you admirably."

"'But I have not just arrived,' I told him. 'I have been waiting three hours.'

"That seemed to impress him, and summoning a director he told him to take the other actor out of the cast and put me in—presumably actuated by a sense of justice. From that time I was a regular member of the Vitagraph company until I resigned five years later. The moral of this is the element of chance that enters into success."

Among his best pictures were "The Price of Fame," "Phantom Fortunes" with Barney Bernard, and the rôle of the foreign spy in "The Battle Cry of Peace." His biggest successes have been in "heavies" which, he says, he "loathes and despises." The truth of the matter is that while Mr. Lytton assumes something of a militant attitude toward life and art, there is a vast infusion of the milk of human kindness in

his system, and he has no patience with the white goodness and black badness of the conventional moving picture characters. He likes the fine shadings, which bring out the human side of character and show the individual not as a type but as a living person.

His principal interest, for which he has temporarily abandoned acting, is at present the National Security League. He is captain of a company at Summit, N. J., which drills regularly, and fits volunteers for service, either at home or at the front, in time of war.

Mr. Lytton is a native of New Orleans. He attended school in Germany when a boy, and returned to America for his college course. He is a graduate of the architectural school of Columbia University, studied art and music in Paris for two years, and finally centered upon dramatic art for a career. He appeared in support of such stars as E. H. Sothern, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Wright Lorimer, Raymond Hitchcock, and Robert Mantell, before making the trip to Flatbush.

If chance hadn't switched Mr. Lytton into moving pictures it is probable he would have taken up architecture or music. He has a decided taste for both and at one time thought of becoming an architect.

He doesn't look wicked, does he? But here he is—the villain in "Panthea."



C L O S E - U P S

EDITORIAL EXPRESSION AND TIMELY COMMENT

The New Comparison.

UNTIL the Wilson administration American cities voiced their more or less heated rivalries in terms of erudition, good roads, wealth, high buildings, parks or comparative smokelessness. In the new standard of comparison Smith of Chicago and Jones of New York are apt to fight it out in the terms of motion pictures.

Recently a St. Louis man paid a visit to his Manhattan friend, who trotted him about and showed with special pride several of New York's widely advertised photoplay theatres.

"Here," said the New Yorker, hurling his hand in a grand arc overhead, "you see perfect projection with a throw of 145 feet. Got anything out West to equal that?"

"Never stopped to measure," answered the Missouri metropolite, steadily, "but in our *Odeon* the projecting machine has to run three minutes before the picture hits the screen."



"Who Loves Oo, Little Godmother?"

THE picture press-agent has found a new arena for his Munchausening.
It's France.

Where is the star of such tiny magnitude today that she hasn't a file of godsons in the trenches? Do not the noble Belgian boys keep her picture in their dug-out?

They do. Do not the sons of Gaul write things in their note-books about her, to be found tragically upon the field after the big drive? Of course. Aren't the Tommy Atkins imploring the old dears in the War Office to send reels of her to the front, and jolly quick, too? So they say.

Perhaps Mary Fuller started this, with the tragic (and true) tale of her English admirer. Perhaps it was Mary Pickford, who is really *marraine* to a whole Belgian brigade.



For an All-America Company.

FOR years sport writers have picked all-America baseball, football and track teams, and the dramatic critics have picked all-America companies for the representation of plays on the stage. Latterly the moving picture editors have conducted newspaper opinion contests on the all-America photoplay company.

As no three people ever seem able to agree on the personnel of a representative camera organization, we've chosen to have a little fun in picking a new All-America cluster, differers notwithstanding. We haven't picked stars, as stars. We haven't singled out the splendid individual actors of the country. We have endeavored to select a group of assorted and tried talents who would successfully amalgamate in the screening of a realistic story of modern life with thrills and serene moments, laughter and tears. Such a story, on the screen, would have more characters than would be

allotted it in the speaking drama, where the playwrights, for financial reasons, sprinkle their supporting parts about very frugally; hence the apparent surplus of character people.

If we had a great story of life as it is lived we might suggest these ladies: Norma Talmadge, Ethel Clayton, Gladys Brockwell, Mabel Normand, Josephine Crowell and Mary Maurice; and these gentlemen: Conway Tearle, Harry Morey, Raymond Hatton, Charles Ray, Theodore Roberts and James Neill.

Here's
Some
Service!

THE Kansas City Star planned to show "Snow White" to the orphan children at Christmas time—altered its plan to include other children—wound up by hiring the town's biggest auditorium, and giving several day's free show to every woman and child in the city!

It is estimated that practically every female in Kansas City, of nine, ninety or nineteen months, took in the delicious fairy-tale on the newspaper's invitation. This is our idea of entertainment service to a community.

We Won't
Vouch For
This —

—BUT it's a good story just the same.

When the eminent French farceur, M. Linder, came to this country, both he and Mr. Chaplin, the prominent Anglo-American comique, passed words—to friends.

Some of the words that Chaplin passed reached Linder via underground.

Very secretly, Linder challenged Chaplin to a duel.

"As the challenged, I may choose the weapons?" queried Chaplin.

"Certainment!"

"Very well: I choose insect powder."

Now we ask you how can a Parisian gentleman fight a duel with insect powder? The mortal debate seems off.

Next
Needs In
Anatomy.

THE scavengers of the screen, availing themselves of every fetid air which sweeps up from the sewers of thought, have successfully sailed the sea of maudlin popularity in the rotten bottoms of impossible adventure, white slavery, morbid romance and nakedness for its own sake. The present conveyance is birth control, for and against, under a variety of tissue guises and prurient titles of the "She Didn't Know It Was Loaded" order. Lois Weber, with her very fine and sweet play, "Where Are My Children?" opened the door to this filthy host of nasty-minded imitators, who announce obscenities and present bromides.

Since we are on anatomical topics, PHOTOPLAY begs to suggest that these sharpers and shabby merchants take up another bodily subject which will lengthen life and the wind, diminish the landscape and reduce the high cost of living:

Drop *birth control* and take up *girth control*.

**It's Up
To
You.**

DO you live in a small town?

If so, are you dissatisfied with the films you see? Yes? It's largely your fault.

You, plus a few like you, can improve picture conditions anywhere. Within the limits of reason, you can have anything you want.

The trouble is, you won't treat your picture-shop proprietor as you treat your grocer or your dry-goods merchant.

If your grocer doesn't carry the soap, the canned goods or the brand of flour you wish, you tell him about it. If he is a wise grocer he amends his order list and you get your goods.

The motion picture exhibitor is only a merchant, but no merchant is left so in the dark. He has to guess what you want. If he doesn't guess right, you stay away. Instead of staying away, why don't you ask him to procure so-and-so? If enough of you desire a change of programme you'll get that change of programme. If you ask and receive not, in due time, the bells are probably unhinged in your manager's cupola.

If things are wrong in your town, if you want good things and are getting trash, in spite of all you can do, let PHOTOPLAY take a hand in your struggle.

Write the editor, but don't pen a mere complaint. Set down the facts.



**How To
Beat the
Doctor.**

HOW?

Keep well.

Not a new adage in bodily health, but it has received a lot of thought on the part of photoplay manufacturers this past month.

If the manufacturers will be careful about what they put into pictures there will be practically nothing to censor out.

Doing away with the censor, eventually, will be a matter of sanitation, not surgery.



**Fighting
"Gray"
Pictures.**

SCREENCRAFT invents its own phrases, even as fire-fighting, policing and the circus business. "Gray" is the exhibitor's snappy summary of photoplay morbidity in all its annoying phases, just as "blue" is the vaudeville managers' general name for any off-color story.

The "gray" picture is a peculiar new product of the screen: a cross between straight tragedy and the conventional happy ending. It is an attempt to escape the ceaseless routine of joy-finishes, without the nerve to essay the smash of catastrophe.

The result is usually dullness, and the means of attaining the dullness four thousand feet of self-pity, the self-pitier usually being a woman.

The exhibitor is fighting the "gray" picture, and he is right. It is not art. It is not entertainment. It is bad writing, rotten acting, dishonest life.

**Actresses
Only?**

IS the American photoplay industry making actresses and neglecting actors?

This is a very serious question. In considering "actors" and "actresses" we ignore the male ingenue and the baby doll, however popular they may be in the Mary Garden perfume set. An actor, or an actress, is one who can characterize; not character with crepe hair or a funny frock, but the character which proceeds from within; character with the record of humanity—life, and its fires and furies—written large.

The actors of great powers in the pictures have, with few exceptions, sauntered from stage to screen. Witness Theodore Roberts, Hobart Bosworth, Herbert Standing, William Farnum, William S. Hart, Robert Warwick, Frank Keenan, George Fawcett, Charles Richman, C. Aubrey Smith—even matinee idols like Francis Bushman and George LeGuere once walked behind footlights.

Yet the feminine stars of the screen, women who can really act, are in large part camera born and bred, as far as career is concerned. Of these are Mary Pickford, Ethel Clayton, Blanche Sweet, Miriam Cooper, Kathlyn Williams—even young Mary MacLaren. The fact that at various times these women may have appeared in theatrical performances has nothing to do with the case; they brought nothing from the theatre but their looks and their talents, whereas most of the men were made there.



**We
Wonder
Why.**

JUST a little thing, but it's always wrong when worn away from home: the New York police uniform.

Greater New York is not only America's metropolis, but the greatest city in the world in population and importance. Practically two-thirds of our photoplays about cities, no matter where intuned, concern Manhattan or its neighbor-boroughs. Yet only those companies resident in New York garb their mimic peace-officers in the smart and wholly distinctive metropolitan police uniform, as different from the regalia of any other American copper as the attire of opposing armies. For the rest, anything seems to do.

We wonder why. Isn't a cop a prop liable to receive as many glances as a period chair?



**The Fields
of
Peace.**

WE are perhaps not exactly inartistic in appropriating a little false smoke to make picture war visible.

Real war, nowadays, is invisible.

Even the red heights of Verdun and *No Man's Land* along the Somme are fields of peace.

In the vividest films from the battle-front only occasional cotton-balls, floating lazily in the upper air, show where death is flung on high.

There is more smoke in one camera skirmish than Rheims has seen. But if we filmed a military engagement as it is, a sheep-shearing would be far more exciting.

The Flash Back

By Harry L. Reichenbach

Author of "The Big Fade-Out."

A romance of the Cooper-Hewitts that narrowly escapes having a happy finale. If you dislike tragedies don't fail to read this one.

Illustrated by May Wilson Preston

WE all make mistakes. That's why they keep the stuff in show cases at Tiffany's. If we was always right, they wouldn't be no need of putting rubbers on lead pencils.

But how a strong guy like Achilles W. Coombs ever let that frail wren hemstitch herself onto his sleeve, I can't figure, and I've been all the way up to mixed fractions, too.

Achilles was strong every way excepting with women.

A plain every day skirt hanging on a clothes line gave him a thrill, so imagine the osteopathic touch a swell looking dame handed him.

I said Achilles was strong. He must of been born strong to get that name, but I guess the "W." sort of alibis him. It must stand for Weakfist.

Achilles was a director for the Omnipotent Film Company. You'll note I said "was" He is now entirely ex-officio if that means out of a job. By the way, how do you like the name, "Omnipotent?" I made that up out of my own head. It means that our pictures is everywhere, all the time.

Well, Achilles is with us no more. But he was a bear while he lasted. He made a couple of junk pictures, but when he did make a good one, it was O. K. to the last fadeout.

To get to the narrative, as they say in the Old Sleuths:—Achilles was getting ready to put on "Her Blighted Career" and was looking for a perfect thirty-six to double for Louise Mazurka.

Louise was our principal permanent prominent star. That is, she was the only one who ever knew she was going to work the next week. Louise's fiancé was our finance—and Louise just run the Omnipotent about like Cook runs his tours: Personal.

Louise had a couple of morals that stuck out like a sore toe. Two of them was that she would not appear in a bedroom scene or play the part of a model. She was what one might term a Salad Star—needed lots of dressing. In "Her Blighted Career" there was a scene where Louise would have to peel down to just a few degrees above the equator, and as Louise would not do that—well, we wanted a double who had a narrow waist and a broad mind.

We made a mistake when we let Achilles select the cast for "Her Blighted Career," but then, as he would have had too many excuses if the picture flivved, we let him have his way.

Achilles advertised in one of the moving picture papers for a perfectly formed young lady, weight about 125, with or without stage experience, to play an important part. Applicants were to apply to the studio, direct to Achilles.

There wasn't any.

Not a one.

There ain't a soul in the world who wants to get into the movies. Oh, no!

The only thing that kept all the women in the world from applying was the war in Europe.

But Alatia arrived ahead of her time.

Alatia, be it known, was a newcomer at Fort Leo.

She got into town at 9:45, read the advertisement at 9:48, and was at the studio at 10:10.

Achilles was right in the middle of a scene in silent drama, aided by carpenters' hammers, sliding scenery and considerable conversation. I guess they call it silent drama because the noise gives out before the release.

Achilles was developing a situation. Alatia was developing a desire—and when she threw out a beacon to Achilles, summer



Louise was called in to look Alatia over, and after taking a peep at her coastline, she O. K.'d her.

turned right into the home stretch and flowers bloomed on all sides.

Alatia came from a small town in Minnesota and was just about the finest bit of frailty the burg had ever turned out.

She had those question-department eyes that make a man dissatisfied with his income, and anything Houdini could do with

his hands would have been child's play for Alatia's lamps.

Alatia walked around the doorman as if he was Ramtard's remains, and, laying one radiating finger on Achilles' pulsing wrist, grabbed off the job of substitute for Louise. If Achilles had been a king he would have handed her the crown jewels.



Achilles did wonderful work that day and when, hours later, he sat down to dinner with Alatia and ordered leg o' lamb, he knew he was gone.

Any other time Achilles would have ordered the leg of a piano. He played the "quantity" restaurants off the boards. His off hand thumb was all chafed from push-

ing nickels in at the automat—yet Rector's and Churchill's was too cheap for him when Alatia was anchored alongside.

Louise was called in to look Alatia over and after taking a peep at Alatia's coastline and knowing she herself would get full credit for any goods Alatia delivered, she O K'd her, and the thing was set.

Being press agent par excellence for the Omnipotent, Achilles sent for me to come to his office one day about a week after he had named his favorite street after his queen.

"Dave," he said, "I want you to watch me put Alatia through some scenes. I been bringing her out a little. She's got great timber."

And when he said that he stroked her hand.

I got to hand it to Achilles, though. He sure made that dame act *a little*. I ain't going to tell everything that went on because Achilles had his own way of bringing her out; and being in love, sort of, why, well—it wouldn't be fair—but that Alatia would never create any novel methods of burning up the universe, I was sure.

They did one scene from a picture Achilles had made a few months before, and Alatia ate it up. But she had a couple of words with Achilles about kissing.

"Do you have to kiss me, really, just to make me act right?" she cracks.

Achilles felt hurt. He was as happy as a guy with neuralgia, and he comes back:

"No, you don't ever have to kiss me, Alatia, but don't blame it on me if you are dead in your scenes."

But then, I won't tell any more—yet—about the scenes.

LOUISE began nosing a rodent and wanted to know from Achilles whether this dame meant more to him than food and drink.

Louise never looked ahead. That is, not more than five minutes, when she looked at all, and outside of knowing exactly how to handle a rummy with a bundle of sugar, her mind was always at perfect repose.

Achilles never looked anywhere except over his shoulder, while Alatia could see farther into the distance than any honest to goodness clairvoyant ever born.

Alatia was always four jumps ahead. She kept her lead, and when she looked back at Louise and Achilles at all, she did it with eyes closed for the day.

Well, the time came for the beginning of "Her Blighted Career," and as it was to be our masterpiece, we pulled off everything at the studio so as to have all the time we wanted to get the sets ready and rehearse the troupe.

Achilles worked something like a flivver

motor. He went along all right until he was actually needed; then something gave out.

He was normal, walked all right, carried matches and everything, but seemed a little brittle in the belfry.

WHEN Alatia was talking to anyone else at the studio, you could have stolen Achilles' ideas and he wouldn't have missed them.

He worked with one eye on his job and the other one trailing Alatia.

He was so jealous he wouldn't even trust himself with her.

Louise asked him one day whether he was working or dreaming.

"Both," comes back Achilles. "I'm dreaming of the day I can take Alatia and make her one of the great figures of the screen universe."

"Well," Louise cracks, "Just go on like you are and the day is only a couple a weeks away when you can devote all your time to that idea."

But then, the significance of the remark failed to penetrate Achilles' bean and he went about his work as though he was doing everything on credit; not putting his heart into it at all.

Alatia began superintending the picture with the first shot.

According to her, the photoplay business started a week late and she was personally sent down by Providence to bring it up to date.

Knowing as much about picture work as she did about anything else, which was thirty-love in favor of minus, she made suggestions to Achilles, in the presence of the whole outfit, which, if they had been carried out, would have made "The Birth of a Nation" look like a split reel comedy on the old trust program.

She wanted to slam Louise into the distance so far she would blend with the back drop, and when it came time to show her bare and shimmering back, it required four crews of construction experts to keep her from peeking over her shoulder at the camera.

Louise had a little talk with Achilles that night and tagged him for no-man's land.

"You have the symptoms of a man, seeking from office to office for an activity" she told him, hoping to cure him of Alatiatitis—but Achilles was always disappointing.

He admitted that he had never yet fulfilled anyone's expectations. Even when he was a kid, he says, his mother treated him for measles and he went ahead and developed hives!

Well, between Louise and Alatia, Achilles must of felt something like the middle of a rope in a tug-of-war.

If Louise turned to the right, Alatia made a little sound like a squirrel cracking a nut, which helped Louise wonderful—nit.

If Achilles ordered Alatia to lean forward so her bare back would show, she would, but she managed to get her profile into the shot from some angle.

So it went.

Everything moved along at the studio like as if there was a couple of lost trenches that had to be gotten back before sunset every day.

Even the extra people fell to battling among themselves.

Old Joe Hooker, who hadn't had two consecutive days' work since Gus Daly made his last coast to coast trip, got to acting independent-like and wanted fifty cents a day more.

Achilles couldn't be severe even with him.

Joe was playing the part of a sneak in the picture, and had been registered in a set that was broken up, and we had to fall for his demands. There was a guy who had been rubbing a cook book over his stomach for years, standing out for a four bit raise. And Alatia was to blame.

She had come over the ferry with Joe that morning and told him how to work it. Joe just asked for a raise, told Achilles that Alatia had suggested it—and he got it.

Louise phoned presently for her fiancé. He was a little fat guy named Finkelstein. "Finke," as Louise called him, was puffing like a tired hound when he came into the studio. Louise grabbed him and in a few minutes, Achilles was sent for. I happened to be there on business and sort of strolled into Louise's dressing room just as Finke opened up.

"What's the big idea?" he spills. "Are you making a picture for us, or making Alatia for you?"

Achilles was taken back. On the level, he was surprised!

To give the sucker his dues, I don't think he ever thought he was doing wrong.

He was so mushy over Alatia that when he committed an error, he forgave himself in advance.

"Why, what's wrong?" he asks Finkelstein. "Is the stuff punk, or what?"

"Punk, no," says "Finke," "but whatinell do you think I'm putting all this kale up for, for you to make this wild woman from Minnesota?"

Poor Achilles, it all came to him about like a joke comes to an Englishman. He grabbed it and let it sink in.

"I guess I know what you mean," he sort of mumbles. "I guess I'm so much in love with her I didn't think."

"Well, I'm in love, too," puffs Finkelstein, "but it aint got me all bruised up!"

Achilles was all busted to pieces.

"Finke" was sure riled.

Louise just sat nice and quiet like a tarantula before he slips you the old front tooth.

Achilles is shifting from one foot to another, "Finke" is fingering a big watch charm. Louise is waiting to rattle her buttons before she bites, when who comes busting into the room but Alatia.

If Achilles was no bigger in size that he felt right then, he would have had to take a step ladder to kiss a kitten on the lower lip.

BUT Alatia! That gal just about was built to run strikes and things and urge men to dynamite bridges and pull other happy stunts.

"What's the idea?" she busts out, "of keeping me sitting around like back-to-nature while you people hold services. I ask, what's the idea?"

Louise slips the old poison dope right into her stinger and cuts loose.

I said Louise never did much forward gazing.

"Why you little pup, git out of this room! What the devil do you mean, trespassing on a lot of professionals?"

"Go on out and bare your brazen back—and then when you've done that, go up and tap the cashier on the shoulder for your soup money!"

Louise, as I said, looked backward when she looked.

If she had looked ahead just one minute, she would have put armor plate on and prepared for a charge.

When we picked Louise up off the floor,

and "Finke's" coat was unhooked, Alatia had Achilles by the hand and was pulling him out into the studio.

Being no favorite at the bank and having no assets outside my job, I stuck around, brushed Louise off, and suggested killing Alatia.

"Just you keep this out of the papers," cracks Louise, "I'll take care of her!" Turning to Finkelstein she said: "go on out and pay them bums off and get 'em out of here before I do something desperate."

But "Finke" was looser pursed than jointed. It took an hour to do it, but it was worth it, for Louise, entirely subdued, came out and went through the couple of scenes.

Alatia continued to conduct things her own way and when the picture was finished in a couple of days, Achilles and Alatia were told to leave the Omnipotent studio and never to darken the doorway again.

ABOUT the picture? What's the use!

We took a slant at it in the projection room. If you could see a play where George Cohan came on for a scene and then Nat Goodwin played the part in the next scene, you'd have some idea of the consistency of it.

It was the nearest approach to a feature with a succotash lead that's ever been made.

Alatia's face stuck out in every scene. If she was not on stage, she got her map in just the same, even if it was only from the edge of the camera line. Louise was just about as important in the picture as Bryan is to this noble land of the free.

When Louise was in a scene, Alatia's shoulder or arm was just out far enough over her face to cut off a couple of her features.

Finkelstein hated to do it, but he had to put the old negative in moth balls. It was sure a dual personality affair and even Achilles wouldn't have been able to tell which was the leading woman when any one was leading.

We put the picture on the shelf and sent out a hurry call for another director.

BUT about the budding romance of Achilles and Alatia: The rumor spread that we had a punk picture—which helped Achilles not a little in staying idle. But he was busy with his heart pang.

Every night the two turtle doves (basing

the remark on Achilles' ostentatious behavior), would trail into one of the bizarre coaling stations along Broadway, and while Achilles daintily nibbled on the corner of a three pound steak, Alatia would ply him with questions.

She wanted to work. She wanted to know when "Her Blighted Career" would be shown, and if she was to be co-starred or just featured.

Achilles was afflicted with various torments. His bank roll was becoming more frank with him every day. He was not in demand. He could not get admittance to the big producers' offices and Alatia was becoming impatient waiting for her second chance.

I lost track of them for a couple of weeks, but once in a while I got a tip that they were railroading farther apart every day.

Achilles was offered a couple of jobs but when he sprang Alatia on them, he rolled right out of the prospects.

About a month after we got astigmatism from looking at "Her Blighted Career" I met Achilles on Broadway. Every flagstone in the street knew his footsteps.

His feet were not under his own control any more.

They simply carried him from one office to another in search of work.

"I haven't eaten today!" was his first crack, when I slip him the hello.

I fell, and we vamped into one of those get-full-quick hasheries.

"Well," I pulls, "what you got in sight?"

"Nothing but the sky line," he comes back at me.

"Well," I wells again, "you got Alatia, you must be very, very happy."

"Yes," he said, "happy. Ha! just like I had a cinder in my eye."

"What's the idea? Ain't you happy with her?"

"I'm not *with* her," he says; "I'm *against* her."

Then it comes out.

After Achilles has spent a month, a few hundred dollars, and made more sacrifices for her than the Israelites made crossing the Syrian desert, Alatia took a choo-choo and went da-da with a low browed technical guy.

But it was funny the way she-slipped him the bad news!

They was eating dinner one night at a

sure-fire restaurant. That's one of those places where the maximum is fifty megs. You don't worry about the sorrowful paper they slips you but know you can't get set back more than a caser for two.

Alatia cracks something about having something in mind, and Achilles comes back with the staring eyes and querying voice, as to what it might be.

"I met Dean Rollins, technical director of the Porterhouse Film Company today. He's leaving for the coast and says if I was out there, they'd play me like a country club."

IF there was anything in the world outside poison ivy that Achilles hated, it was Dean Rollins.

"He rolls right off my knife," says Achilles, "I couldn't make him, even mixing him with mashed potatoes. He is nix."

"Maybe," Alatia responds. "but he certainly has grabbed himself a great piece of activity with Griffith. He's going to work steady like and he dropped a hint he could fix you and I, if I would go out with him and then shoot you a wire when to come."

Well, Achilles got all muscle bound in the head-like. He said something about not wanting the woman of his heart doing a tour of the world with a weak-minded carpenter, when Alatia takes exceptions and asks him if he thought she wasn't straight.

"Of course you're straight!" Achilles howls, but he didn't get away with anything, for Alatia pushed her plate away, which was unusual for her, and pulls the

old tear material, sure fire stuff.

Achilles didn't suspect a thing, until a day or two later, when he lamps into Alatia in front of the Astor, talking to Rollins.

He pulls a W. J. Burns for a little while and sees them slowly growing closer together. Then he walks around the block in time to meet Alatia.

"I begin thinking," said Achilles, "that may be he was making her a lot of promises and I asked her about it."

"Well," she says, "I don't want to violate no confidences, but we were having a little committee meeting on what's what at Los Angeles, and I'm beginning to think that California without me is like California without oranges. Get me?"

THAT was all Achilles ever sees of her.

She just eased herself out of his young life like as though she was a spook—and Achilles felt just like getting through with things and matters human, entirely. He took Bluebeard's point of view in toto.

Achilles comes back to the Omnipotent in a couple of weeks.

He's taken the Klu Klux Klan oath against females, and from now on, is going to disburse his affections nonchalant.

ALATIA'S back in town. She made such a hit in Los Angeles they couldn't stand her no more. But she's posing for a Childs restaurant now. She's the sandwich model there, and maybe you don't think they're cutting them thin these days, with the war and everything!

The Story of a Filmless Orange

WHAT the Sunday closing of moving picture theaters can do to a community's morals and pocketbook has a remarkably concrete example in the experience of Orange, California, if newspaper reports are correct. And what it did wasn't at all what our movie "reformers" of Sabbath recreation thought would happen.

Several years ago blue laws compelled an ultramarine Sunday in Orange so far as amusements were concerned. Then along came the films. Cinema houses sprang up and flourished for a time in spite of their Sunday handicap. And then business fell off. Efforts to repeal the law were unavailing. On January 1 of this year the

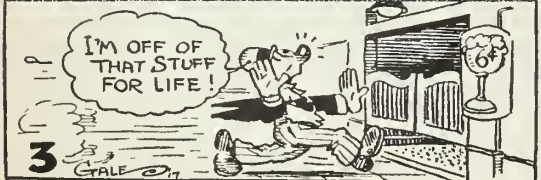
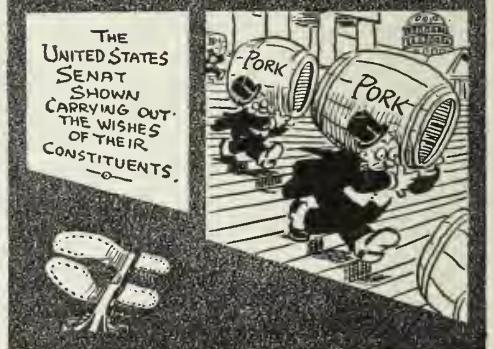
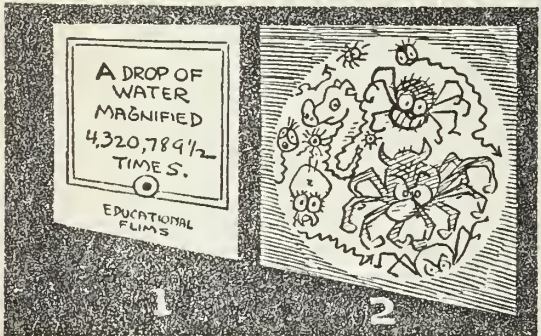
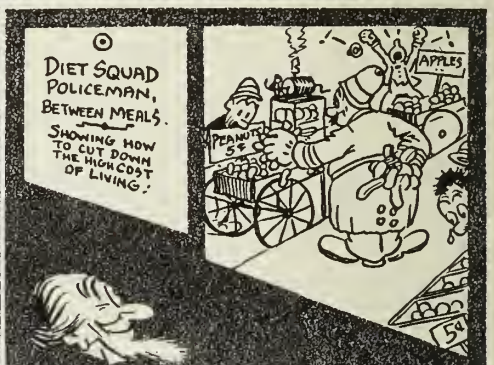
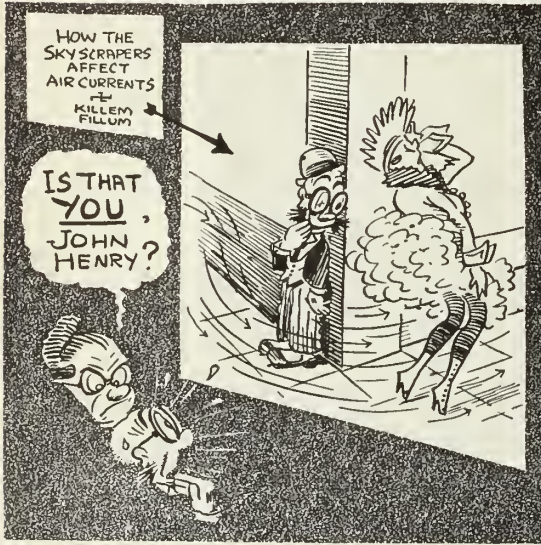
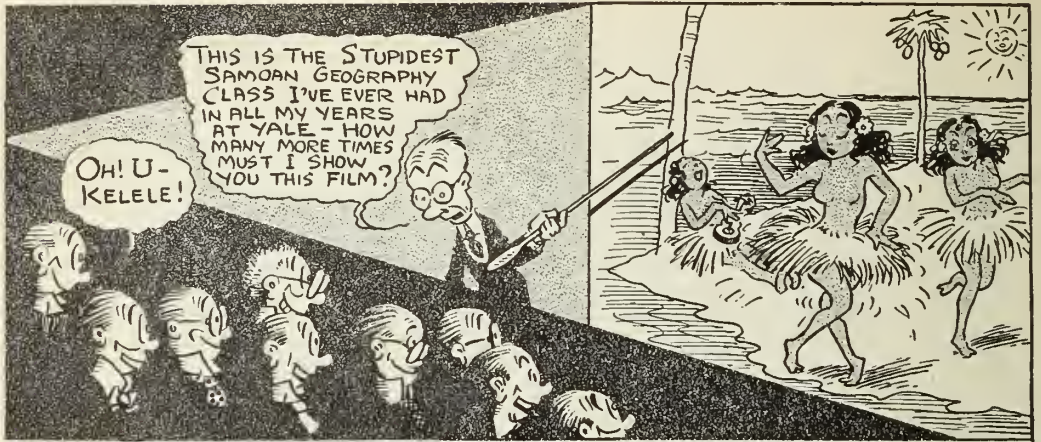
film managers gave up the fight and quit.

And in the short time which has expired since their departure, according to published accounts, this is what has happened: Drunkenness has increased; church attendance has decreased; Saturday night shopping has fallen off.

Investigation disclosed that laws or no laws, Orange residents were going to go movieing—and they did—in Santa Ana, a neighboring town. But they did their shopping there also.

So now the Orange business men are circulating a petition asking that the question of Sunday closing be put to a referendum vote.

VISUAL EDUCATION A WONDERFUL THING!



Logical Continuity

IT IS BY FAR THE MOST ESSENTIALLY IM-
PORTANT FACTOR IN PHOTOPLAY WRITING

By Capt. Leslie T. Peacocke

THERE are a number of "continuity writers" in the scenario departments of the various studios drawing salaries of \$125 and \$150 a week. And they earn their money.

They are experienced photoplay writers. They have to be. There was a time when the mere skeleton of a scenario was deemed sufficient to hand to a producing director—a matter of perhaps from 15 to 20 main scenes—allowing the director to inject the "close-up" and "flash backs" and "business" to suit himself. Very few companies will allow this to be done now. The managing heads of the best film companies now want to see in black and white all that is to be embodied in a production before the thousands of dollars necessary to make it are appropriated. The "Pig in a Poke" days are over.

It has come to the point now—as I long ago predicted it would—when no production worthy of the name is undertaken before the photoplay scenario is carefully worked out in logical continuity by an expert writer in that line. In a great many studios the directors are no longer allowed even to alter one single scene or inject "business" of their own invention without first consulting the scenario editor, the continuity writer and the general manager of the company. This is as it should be; several heads are better than one.

It is not the director's good money that is at stake. He is merely an employee. He is made responsible for the making of the production, it is true, but how often—how very often—have directors marred their productions and caused untold thousands to be lost to their employers by changing plots of stories and injecting "business" of their own creation, invariably resulting in illogical and faulty continuity? The stock books and bank books of some of the oldest film producing companies will tell you the tale.

THIS is the third of a series of articles written especially for Photoplay Magazine readers who are interested in writing moving picture plays. The next one will be on the subject of the scenario writer's relation to the photoplay director.

And now we come to the subject at issue. What is logical continuity?

It is the placing of the many scenes that go to make up the photoplay in a logical sequence, so that the play may run perfectly smoothly, without breaks

and jumps which otherwise would have to be covered by wordy and explanatory subtitles.

Except in light comedies where comic subtitles are often injected to enhance the comedy, as in the case of the George Ade fables and light comedy dramas of that nature, no subtitles should be necessary at all; except, of course, in the bridging over of time or place, when it is often absolutely necessary to employ the printed words—but a well-constructed scenario should as far as possible be devoid of subtitles. A scenario writer who has to use numerous subtitles to get his photoplay over should be doing something else. *Action*, not words, should carry the story along. The public does not want to sit and read printed words. Audiences pay their money to see pictures, described in action. Exhibitors know this well, and how the exhibitors *do* hate a mass of subtitles! Many a five-reel feature that would otherwise be classed as good has been turned down by exhibitors because it was replete with wordy subtitles.

In working out a scenario the writer should aim for perfect continuity, while at the same time the main plot of the story should be continually borne in mind. It is always well to jot down the main scenes that will have to be employed to bring out the action most vitally important to the play before beginning to shape it into a working script. This will entail a little extra trouble, but will prove of invaluable assistance as the work progresses, both as an aid to memory and as a guide enabling one to gauge the number of minor scenes that will have to be employed to carry the photoplay to its proper and logical length.

In a dramatic story it is well to allow for about 50 to 60 scenes, including "close-ups" and "flash-backs," to a reel (which is 1,000 feet of film) and from 75 to 100 scenes in a comedy or comedy-drama, in which the action is always considerably more lively. In slapstick comedies from 150 to 250 scenes may be employed, but there is no need to worry about them, because they are not much in vogue now and any that are being made are evolved in the studios and generally doped up by the directors and the members of his comedy company as the play progresses. There is seldom any plot to them and they have to depend on boisterous and vulgar "business" to get the few horse-laughes they aim for from the small class of people that enjoys them.

Main scenes must not be too long. If they threaten to be so, they must be broken up by close-ups or flash-backs. Also, when employing dialogue between the different characters, it is always well to bring the speaker to as near a close-up as possible, so that her or his facial expression may register well while the words are being spoken. In dramatic action the characters should be worked as close-up to the camera as the action will permit. In fact, except for the purpose of depicting some beautiful scenic effect or expensive stage setting the best directors are now aiming to work all the scenes they logically can with the actors fairly close-up to the camera. Audiences do not pay as much attention to settings and scenery as might be supposed, being mainly interested in the actions and facial expressions of the actors and the evolving of the plot. This the exhibitors have found out and their requirements are speedily made known to the producers, and in this way the productions undergo various phases of change from time to time. Except in big scenic productions you will find that the action of the play is being done much closer to the camera than formerly.

Now, as an example of the working out of logical continuity I shall give you one main dramatic scene and show you how it may be broken up so that the scene will not drag, while at the same time seeing that interest in the main issue may not be lost.

LOGICAL continuity is the placing of the many scenes that go to make up the photoplay in a logical sequence, so that the play may run perfectly smoothly, without breaks and jumps which otherwise would have to be covered by wordy and explanatory subtitles.

The Scene—Interior of a courthouse. John, a wealthy traveling salesman, is on trial for a murder which he did not commit. The characters in the Scene are: John, in the prisoner's dock; the judge, on his bench; twelve jurymen in the jury box; the prosecuting attorney, who is addressing the jury; the attorney for the defendant; court reporters; three police officers; and a number of spectators. John's pretty young wife, Alice, is at a tennis party at home and she does not know that John is in any trouble, as he is in a distant city and had given a wrong name when he was arrested for the crime he did not commit. His wife is, at the moment, seated in the garden with an admirer who is making ardent love to her, and she is flattered at his attentions and undecided whether she will yield to him or not. These points were brought out in former scenes in the story, but the main scene at present at issue is the big dramatic scene in the court room. We shall designate this Scene as number 200 in the photoplay, and from there, showing the "action" and the continuity which carries the scenes along until the main scene involved shall have been done with.

Scene 200—Interior of courtroom—full view of room. Prosecuting attorney addressing the jury. All others tensely interested.

Scene 201—Close-up of prosecuting attorney's face. He shouts, as follows: (*Insert Dialogue*) "The prisoner will not tell where he comes from! Why? Because he fears we should rake up his guilty past!"

Continue the close-up of prosecuting attorney finishing above sentence, then cut in, as follows:

Scene 202—Close-up of John's face, smiling at the wrongful accusation. He casts a glance towards the jury box.

Scene 203—Fairly close-up of the members of the jury looking fixedly in direction of John. Cut back to the full scene.

Scene 204—Court room—full scene. The prosecuting attorney takes a big hunting knife from the table beside him and dramatically holds it towards the jury box,

indicating with his finger the bloodstains on the knife.

Scene 205—Close-up of the knife in prosecuting attorney's hand, with a finger pointing to stains on the knife. Cut back to the scene.

Scene 206—Court room—full scene. The prosecuting attorney hands the knife to the jury and they examine it, passing it along from one to the other.

Scene 207—Summer House, behind the tennis court. Alice, John's wife, is seated with Graves, the man who is trying to win her from John. He seizes her hand and pleads with her to elope with him.

Scene 208 — Close-up of Graves pleading with Alice. She is weighing his words carefully and seems on the point of yielding to him.

Scene 209 — Close-up of Alice's face, showing indecision. She is thinking deeply. Then fade-in beside her face (double exposure) the face of John. He smiles tenderly at her. Fade-out the vision and show by Alice's face that she cannot be false to John. Cut-back to the full scene.

Scene 210—Summer House, same as Scene 207. Alice withdraws her hand from Graves' and tells him finally that she cannot do as he asks. He tries to seize and embrace her, but she repulses him determinedly and rises. He attempts to stop her, but she tells him not to follow her and then walks firmly away, leaving Graves gazing after her, scowling at his defeat.

Scene 211—Court room—full scene. Show the judge taking his seat on the bench, the jury filing into the jury box and John being led into the prisoner's dock by an officer. All in the court room are intensely excited.

(SUBTITLE) "THE VERDICT."

Scene 212—Fairly close-up of the jury. The foreman of the jury leans forward and earnestly announces the verdict of "GUILTY," the gravity of his expression telling what the verdict is, so that there may be no need of announcing the verdict by a subtitle. Cut back to the full scene.

Scene 213—Court room—full scene. All in the court room are profoundly affected by the verdict. John hangs his head: all look at him, then he raises his head proudly, and the judge issues some instructions from the bench. John is led away by the officer and the crowd in the court room starts to leave. As John is being led out, fade-out the scene.

Now, here you have one main scene—the court room—to which all the other minor scenes are incidental. The scenes depicted in the summer house were merely placed there to show what was happening in John's home in his absence and to predict that his wife would probably come to his rescue eventually—also to break up the court room scenes and prevent the trial from being too prolonged and monotonous. It was left for granted that the case had been argued out by the attorney for the defense and that the judge's summing up had taken place during the time that the Summer House scenes were being enacted.

I trust that I have explained clearly what I mean to convey—namely, that a photoplay scenario must not merely comprise the main scenes that go to carry out the story; but that every little bit of action that takes place in those scenes must be clearly and logically brought out in detail and proper continuity, so that the producing director may know exactly how to break up the main scenes and to convey the action required, without the aid of superfluous subtitles.

The day is not far distant when subtitles will be practically eliminated. The best scenario editors are employing continuity writers who can construct photoplays almost without them, and any scenario writer who cannot work out a photoplay except by written and printed explanations should be doing some other work for which she or he is better fitted. The exhibitors and the public will not stand for masses of subtitles any longer. They don't want reading matter—they want "action," and they can get this only from writers who devote thought and care to developing logical continuity.

Of course it takes time and careful thought to develop a photoplay as it should be developed nowadays, but continuity

THE day is not far distant when subtitles will practically be eliminated. The exhibitors and the public don't want reading matter—they want "action"—and they can get this only when the scenario is worked out in logical continuity by the staff continuity writer.

writers are being well-paid for their work. The directors soon get to know who are the best writers in that line and their services are eagerly requisitioned. Consequently they can demand big pay and get it, some demanding and getting as much as \$200 a reel.

The main reason why some of our best writers of fiction have failed signally in the writing of photoplays is because they have not sufficiently studied pictures on the screen and have not grasped the fact that it is the "close-ups" and "cut-backs" and inserted "business" that go to make and build up a photoplay. They have not seemed to recognize the fact that every time the camera is shifted to a new position or different angle it constitutes a separate scene. They have apparently considered that photoplay writing is an absurdly easy task that any fool who has the slightest knowledge of writing can make more or less of a success of; that any fiction story, worked into a certain number of scenes, with the action that is difficult to depict by mere

acting slurred over by a mass of bromidic subtitles and the story strung together by written "inserts," will pass muster for an interesting photoplay; but they have been badly mistaken in a great number of cases. They have lacked the assiduity and the experience of the trained continuity writer. They have looked upon scenario writing as something beneath their serious consideration and they have hurt their reputations in consequence.

And then, a number of prominent authors of fiction have sold the film rights to their books and plays to the producing companies and have seen their wonderful stories absolutely ruined by incompetent scenario writers and even their plots changed beyond recognition. Now, I certainly think it wise for all prominent writers of fiction to find out who is going to scenarioize their work before the film rights are contracted for; that is, if the author is not capable of doing the work himself. Otherwise the production may turn out to be a flivver and the author of the book or play will suffer badly in reputation.

A great number of writers are claiming

that there is a more ready market for film stories if merely worked into synopsis form and they submit their efforts in that style, but that is mainly because they are lazy and do not care to take the trouble to work their photoplays into logical continuity. Now, take it from me, there is nothing that so greatly delights a producing director's heart as to come across a strong original plot, told in a short, concise synopsis, backed up by a working scenario evolved in perfect and logical continuity—so that he can take the 'script in hand and start to produce it, with the safe knowledge that by following the 'script implicitly he will be making a production which will do him credit.

IN working out a scenario the writer should aim for perfect continuity, while at the same time the main plot of the story should be continually borne in mind. It is always well to jot down the main scenes that will have to be employed to bring out the action most vitally important to the play before beginning to shape it into a working 'script.

Every scenario writer should practice continuity writing persistently and should follow carefully the continuity of productions he sees upon the screen, and then he will readily pick the flaws in other writers' work and see where they themselves could better it if given the opportunity. Continuity writing is largely a matter of practice and keen observation. A

great deal of attention is being paid to the matter now, and staff writers who cannot work their photoplays into pleasing continuity or who have to employ an overabundance of subtitles to carry their stories along, do not last long in steady employment these days. That is why trained continuity writers are receiving good pay for their work. The success or failure of a production depends so largely upon logical continuity.

A free-lance writer will not have to go begging very long for a steady, lucrative position if she or he can demonstrate the ability to work out a story into practical photoplay form, with the little human touches that all directors are eager to find embodied in 'scripts, and with the action so clearly outlined that they can readily understand it and, above all, as free from subtitles as possible.

In a near issue I shall designate a number of the best-known successful continuity writers, and tell you how and why they have achieved the success to which they are so well entitled. Logical continuity requires careful study, but the reward, nowadays, is well worth while.

S. Rankin of the Clan Drew

YOUNG ACTOR-DIRECTOR HAS CARVED OUT A
NAME FOR HIMSELF ON THE SCREEN TABLETS

By Fred Schaefer

TIME: Last October.—*Location:* The familiar old yard of Vitagraph, Brooklyn.—*Scene:* A wine cellar, low-vaulted and cask-filled, such as they have commonly in Northern France and in motion picture studios infrequently.—*Action:* A lithe young American in a Norfolk jacket and white duck trousers frenziedly heaving casks into a barricade against a door at which soldiers are hammering; a fantastically clad peasant helping to heave casks, a beautiful French girl resolutely lighting the task with a candle;—*Result:* A 30-second scene for "The Girl Philippa."

The young American actor comes out of the scene shaking from his exertions, and with fingernails torn and bleeding. He resolves himself into the young American director, S. Rankin Drew. The French girl sets down her candlestick to help dress his injuries and resolves herself into Anita Stewart, still beautiful but not French. But the next moment Drew is hopping about as busy as ever, emphasizing instructions with bandaged hands.

Probably the youngest director of features for Vitagraph, it was a considerable distinction for Mr. Drew to be chosen to handle the company's most popular star in the most elaborate special release of the year, the eight reel production of "The Girl Philippa." Its success is a particular triumph for Mr. Drew. He had to "get over" the

Drew directing himself in the duel scene.





exceedingly romantic spirit of the Robert W. Chambers story, besides handle a very strong cast of principals, play the lead, direct hundreds of supernumeraries, stand responsible for interior sets and a huge outdoor set comprising a French village faithfully adhering to the foreign atmosphere, and to devise extensive battle scenes for making the story spectacular.

Several great difficulties had to be overcome before the picture could be completed. The French village set, when just about ready, was blown down by a high wind and needed to be entirely rebuilt. Miss Stewart too, after she had done about half the scenes, was ill and out of the cast for eight weeks, the latter part of the production being delayed until she had completely recovered.

Mr. Drew is a native of New York City and comes of a distinguished theatrical family. He is a son of Sidney Drew, a nephew of John

Two strenuous flashes from "The Girl Philippa."



Drew and a grandson of McKee Rankin. His mother, who was a daughter of McKee Rankin, has been his main inspiration. She was a celebrated writer during her life and under the name of George Cameron wrote many plays and magazine stories. Young Drew was brought up for the stage. After graduating from the Cutler school he was three years on the stage with his father in vaudeville and in the legitimate drama. Part of this time was in "The Yellow Dragon" a sketch written by his mother. But, as he modestly states of his own accord, he was never a light on Broadway.

He went into motion pictures upon the advice of Lionel Barrymore. Vitagraph was the company to which he turned, where his father about that time began his film career. Young Drew started as an actor, playing many parts during a period of about three years and learning the technique of the work. Most of his work was as a "heavy" which was due more to the choice of the management than his own, but he also played juvenile leads. He had the pleasure of seeing an adaptation of



General Drew and his chief of staff direct the battle.

his mother's story, "Agnes," put on the screen as "A Million Bid," the multiple reel production in which Anita Stewart made her first conspicuous success. Time came when he was permitted to direct.

Beginning as director Mr. Drew put on 1 reel plays and then went to multiple reel productions. His first star was Charles Kent, and next Edith Storey. He then directed Virginia Pearson in four pretentious pictures. One of these was "Thou Art the Man," a story that had been left Mr. Drew by word of mouth by his mother. Mr. Drew put it in shape for the screen and played the male lead opposite Miss Pearson.

"The reason I chose to be a motion picture director" says Mr. Drew. "is because it is the most artistic end of the business. It combines also knowledge of many of the most valuable things to be known in the production of pictures—ideas of composition and color values. I have always had a great taste for such knowledge.

Although a young man Mr. Drew frankly admits that he is influenced in his work by the old dramatic school of stage management. This he has so intelligently and progressively applied that his results are probably due as much to development as to schooling based on the ethics of the legitimate stage. This system relates to the method of putting action into the photoplay picture.

"The secret of directing as well as acting," he says, "is in speaking directly to the vision. I try first to talk to the eye, second to the hearing, which of course is not to be considered at all in motion pictures; and

last to the brain. As my grandfather, McKee Rankin, used to say, 'If you confuse the eye, you confuse the brain.' Hence my first thought is to make everything lucid to the understanding through the vision.

"The employment of pause, however, is a matter of artistic instinct. Where pause is employed in an obvious manner, that becomes at once poor directing or poor acting."

Another interesting observation by Mr. Drew is upon the spoken line in motion picture acting. "I believe absolutely in giving the players feasible dramatic lines to speak," he says. "Because if they speak something suited to what they are supposed to feel—and especially if it is colloquial enough to be spoken naturally—it is reflected in their faces and expression and thereby helps the action. This belief, however, is not agreed with by all who have made motion picture directing a study. My results with it nevertheless confirm me strongly in the belief."

There is of course a definite set of motion picture ethics employed generally by all directors. Mr. Drew has applied most of them in his own way. This has been marked in his case with a certain inspiration, and with a delicacy that is reflected in his record of never having raised his voice to a player while engaged at work with a cast. The difference in the quality of work noted in the productions of different directors is a matter of difference of personality and instinct. Mr. Drew's productions have always been remarkable for their artistic finish.

WATCH FOR THE OPENING INSTALMENT OF THE YEAR'S MOST SENSATIONAL NOVEL

If you miss it you'll be begging for back
Numbers—and remember that Photoplay
has precious few of those on hand!

IMPRESSIONS: 1917

By Julian Johnson



NORMA TALMADGE: Seeing Farrar's voice; a quick kiss, stolen; Juliet, born in Keokuk; Nazimova singing syncopated hymns by Irving Berlin.



ETHEL CLAYTON: Orchids against cream charmeuse; Coty's jasmine; violets in a limousine; the dream of Athanael in the Theban desert.



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS: Charlie Chaplin introducing Henry Ford to the Kaiser; T.R. giving a week-end party to Villa; "I Hear You Calling Me" by a jaz band.



CHARLES RAY: Her school-day lover; an aeroplane hero from France; "The American Boy," a pen-and-ink by Gibson; Parsifal in Peoria.



MAE MURRAY: Sheherazade in the Claridge Lounge; a hula danced to mandolin music in Italian moonlight; the fire of four lips; absinthe and ice cream.



ANNA PENNINGTON: What they chant about that beach at Waikiki; any sensible dictionary's definition of "chicken;" why blindness is awful; vanilla.



CONWAY TEARLE: Every sod widow's first husband and every grass widow's next; purple; the ideal co-respondent; a sex best-seller.



WILLIAM S. HART: The Caruso of horse opera; Billy Sunday on the range; John Drew, in the cattle business; religion at the muzzle of a colt 45.



GLADYS BROCKWELL: Mary Magdalene in Montana; the "Lucia" sextette in ragtime, on ukeleles; a female who interests you without rice powder or hired hair; Sixth Avenue.



MIRIAM COOPER: The Spirit of the Confederacy; a deep red rose; a sad-eyed girl on Broadway at midnight, saying "Hello, kid!" with painted, trembling lips.



HOBART BOSWORTH: George Washington at a leak inquiry; Jim Corbett educated for the Church of England; a Wagnerian tenor for the eyes; a marble by Rodin.



TULLY MARSHALL: The ghost of the Grand Inquisitor of Spain; the modern Mongolian; Machiavelli in Chicago; opium; yet he looks like George Ade!

A Busy Day



These photographs
were taken
especially for
PHOTOPLAY



in Mr. Bushman's Business Office

GLANCE at the two top pictures, right and left: on the other page Director Christy Cabanne is showing Edward Connelly, who stands behind him, how to carry on a tense scene with Miss Helen Dunbar. On this page Mr. Connelly and Miss Dunbar are rehearsing the scene, with slight modifications, Mr. Cabanne observing with approval at a distance of a few feet.

Below you'll see Mr. Cabanne, script in hand, standing beside the cameraman while the actual "shooting" of an episode is in progress. There are five people in range of the camera—Mr. Bushman, the central figure; the man in the chair; the man and the woman beside Francis Xavier, and the elderly woman behind him. The men in the doorway are out of range.

At the left, below, is an impromptu jinks of evidently hilarious nature. Miss Bayne, in Chinese costume, is just in the picture at the right. Mr. Bushman, in a mandarin coat, a kaiserish moustache and an expression of unwonted deviltry, faces Cabanne, who, arms folded, is smiling at the



extemporaneous comedy stunt.

Christy Cabanne is probably the most successful director Mr. Bushman and Miss Bayne have ever had. He has been getting results, and has kept them extraordinarily busy, first on five-reel features, and latterly on the serial, "The Great Secret."



Plays and Players

FACTS AND NEAR-FACTS ABOUT THE
GREAT AND NEAR-GREAT OF FILMLAND

By Cal York

A FAMINE of stage players has been brought about by the film players. The drama is "suffering disastrously from the dearth of players to present it," in the words of Augustus Thomas at a recent session of the Society of American Dramatists. Further raids on the legitimate stage for the wearers of names usually spelled by electric lights have brought the cry of "famine." With the beginning of the new year, film producers, in their frenzied scramble for stage stars, virtually cleaned up the ranks of the "hold-outs." Those who previously had scorned the new art-expression, placed themselves on the auction block and went to the highest bidder. Returning to Mr. Thomas's plaint, we quote further from his address:

"The scarcity of competent players is due to the inroads of motion pictures. Hundreds of our best known players have engaged in film work, and the salaries are so prodigious that the remuneration possible in the spoken drama does not appeal to them. The plays to which I refer are comedies which if moderately successful might draw from seven to eight thousand dollars a week. On that basis the plays should be presented with a salary list of not more than \$2,500. It is not possible at this time to engage a company for that sum. Therefore, the manuscripts remain on the shelf."

THE legitimate stage, however, will not suffer because of the most notable capture of the month, that of Mary Garden, who was signed up by the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation. Miss Garden will not allow her picture work to conflict with her operatic endeavors. Inasmuch as much ado was made of her recent feat in getting her weight below the 120 mark, the suspicion is engendered that she is

to essay ingenue roles. Goldwyn also captured Madge Kennedy, who played the lead in the original "Fair and Warmer" company.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY continued their quest for stage players by bagging Elsie Ferguson, who, it is said, will receive an aggregate of 240,000 quaint simoleons for two years' screen work. Metro contributed to the gaiety of the occasion by appropriating Robert Hilliard. Meanwhile Margaret Illington has begun work under the diffusers at Lasky's

Hollywood studio. Her first photoplay will be a film version of Basil King's novel, "The Inner Shrine," which once was converted into a stage play by Channing Pollock, dramatist for both sun and electric stages.

SUBMITTED without argument: "Miss Bara firmly believes that she is the reincarnation of the ancient and historical Egyptian enchantress, Cleopatra, and that her portrayals of the modern Twentieth Century vampire is but a repetition of the wiles practiced by Nero's heroine. Honest to goodness, this is the way it came to us, grammar, historical data and all, from the eulogy department of William Fox. This takes all prizes for the month.



Here's the latest release in bridal couples, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Moore, nee Cunard. They were wed in California.

MATT SNYDER, oldest of the active film players of note, died a month ago in San Francisco after a very brief illness. Mr. Snyder was the *Colonel Carvel* in "The Crisis" and *Count Anteon* in Selig's recently produced "Garden of Allah." He was in excellent health until a week before his death. Mr. Snyder was 82 years old.

CREIGHTON HALE did not remain long on the singing stage. He had the leading male role in "Oh Boy!" a musical comedy, but he left soon after it had emerged from the

rehearsal stage and by this time is perhaps back before the camera.

PERHAPS the greatest matrimonial sensation that has come out of filmland for several cons was the Moore-Cunard tie-up in January. The contracting parties, as the society editor used to say, were Grace Cunard, noted screen partner of Francis Ford, and Joe Moore, the youngest of the famous family of Moore which includes Owen, Tom, Matt and Mary. Joe has been working "in the pictures" for several years and recently he was engaged by the L-KO Comedy company, an offshoot of Universal. While working on the same "lot" he met Miss Cunard and two months after their first meeting the wedding occurred. It was in the nature of an elopement, the pair going to Seal Beach, a resort suburb of Los Angeles, where the ceremony was performed. P. S. If all readers of PHOTOPLAY read this, it will save the Answer Man much future work and worry, and perhaps prevent him from attempting future poetic effusions.

ANOTHER well known figure in the land o' films, Niles Welch, joined the ranks of the married ones the latter part of January. The bride was Miss Dell Boone, leading lady of the Technicolor Motion Picture Company, with which company Mr. Welch is now enrolled as leading man. The affair occurred at Jacksonville, Fla., and it was quite some celebration. The maid of honor was Grace Darmond, Pathe heroine, and the best man, W. B. Davidson, leading man for Ethel Barrymore. Mr. Welch acquired a considerable following through his playing with Marguerite Clark in "Miss George Washington" and other well made productions.

IT is rumored that Geraldine Farrar will not play for the screen this summer, the rumor being accompanied by another to the effect that the diva-film star is to go into retirement in anticipation of a very important family event.

BEATRICE MICHELENA is no longer with the California Picture Company and it is understood that she left the company before her much advertised film version of "Faust" was completed. George Middleton, her husband-director, accompanied her eastward from the San Rafael, Cal., studio, and

her leading man, William Pike, is also said to have left. Truly, the way of the producer is hard.

TIME was when "Gaumont" was one of the biggest names in the film lexicon abroad. But the house of Gaumont has quit making films and instead is producing war munitions in its Paris plant. Word from across the Atlantic is to the effect that the film producing business is almost wholly paralyzed in England and on the continent.

FRANK KEENAN, star character man in numerous Ince photoplays, has turned stage producer. His play is called "The Pawn" and deals with the Japanese problem, but the remarkable thing about it is the absence of Mr. Keenan. He confines himself to bossing the job.



Of course you remember little Julie Cruze. Well, here she is nearly grown up, with Mamma Marguerite Snow and George M. Cohan, a well known film star.

LILLIAN WALKER, whose name has almost been synonymous with Vitagraph, is no longer with that company. The announcement from the intelligence bureau of Vitagraph stated that Dorothy Kelly would take Miss Walker's place on the stellar roll. Miss Walker's future affiliation will be awaited with interest by many.

FORD STERLING, for years one of the mainstays of Keystone funnyplays, is no longer frolicking under the Sennett flag. His contract expired last month and he left the Coast for the film fields of the Eastern sector of the continent. During the last two years he has directed his own comedies. With Sterling and Roscoe Arbuckle and Fred Mace gone, Keystone won't seem like the same old place, although Charley Murray will remain to uphold the traditions of the old crew. Murray recently signed a contract for two more Keystone years.

ANNA LITTLE, of whom little has been heard (no pun intended) since she abandoned the little old Pacific slope to its fate, is to be seen next in the second Robert Warwick photoplay made under that player's own banner.

MABEL NORMAND'S "Mickey," although widely advertised, is still to be seen on the screen. At this writing no release date has been set for the multi-reeler of the noted comedienne. It is intimated that it was put

together at a total expenditure of \$300,000. Incidentally, it may be chronicled that the cost of the last Chaplin two-reeler, "Easy Street," was something like \$150,000, a heavier footage cost than incurred in filming "Intolerance." This, of course, included the salary of Sir Charles.

BOBBY HARRON, Fine Arts star, did a little traveling last month. He and Lloyd Ingraham, his director, and company toured leisurely eastward via New Orleans, taking scenes en route for his newest photoplay.

DERWENT HALL CAINE, son of the Maux author of almost as much name, and a leading actor for the Pathe company, is reported as having "aviation mania." This malady is not always permanent, as the victim usually takes a tumble to himself. Mr. Caine played the lead in a picturization of "The Deemster," one of his father's novels.

ONE of the cleverest funny men of the stage, Leon Errol, is to can some of his comedy for Metro in two-reel installments. Mr. Errol was in numerous Follies and is now the chief comedian and general boss of "The Century Girl," the Dillingham-Ziegfeld super-Folly show.

CHARLEY RAY is to remain a professional resident of Culver City, Cal. He celebrated the expiration of his contract by signing another with Thomas H. Ince at what is reported to be a heavy advance in wages. Ray came to the front in "The Coward" and since has become one of the best screen attractions extant.

MARY FULLER, after a long absence from the two-dimension stage, is back from the Cooper-Hewitts. She has been engaged by the Lasky people to play opposite Lou-Tellegen in "The Long Trail." It is being directed by Howell Hansell, another new Lasky acquisition, who first gained fame as the director of "The Million Dollar Mystery" for Thanhouser.

JULIUS STEGER is Norma Talmadge's new director and he has a co-director in Joseph A. Golden. Mr. Steger may also play in the forthcoming Talmadge photoplays. Allen

Dwan, director of "Panthea," the first Talmadge vehicle, has gone to the Goldwyn company.



Tom Moore is presented herewith, the excuse for presentation being his recent joining the Lasky group of Famous Players.

SEENA OWEN, the "Princess Beloved" of the big Griffith quadruplay, is again gracing the stages of the Fine Arts studio after a temporary retirement. Father and child are doing well. By the way, Father is George Walsh of the Western Fox studio.

ARNOLD DALY had a narrow escape from the big adventure in January. He was stricken with peritonitis and rushed to a hospital, where he was operated on, and although he was reported once as dying, he managed to squeeze through. Mr. Daly is highly thought of in the "provinces" for his Elaine exploits with Pearl White. He was starring in "The Master," his his own play, when he was stricken and the play was immediately suspended.

LOIS WEBER, hailed as the highest paid director—man, woman or child—now has a studio of her own and will produce her photo-

plays independent of Universal supervision, although under Laemmle auspices. Miss Weber is said to receive \$5,000 weekly—at least for publication. Anyhow, she has her name on a long-term contract that places her on the ephemeral street called "Easy."

HENRY BERGMAN, one of the best known character men on both stages, died suddenly at his home in New York early in January. Mr. Bergman was 58 years old and leaves a wife and daughter. He appeared in a number of notable Metro plays, including "The Kiss of Hate" with Ethel Barrymore, "In the Diplomatic Service" with Francis X. Bushman and "The House of Tears" with Emily Stevens. Riley Chamerlain, for five years a character actor with Thanhouser, also died during



Giving "Mrs. Balfame" the once over. That's the name of the play which Nance O'Neil (left) is doing into celluloid, and with her is Gertrude Atherton, noted author, who wrote the novel.

the month. He was 62.

VITAGRAPH'S chief heavy, Hughie Mack, has just heard about Horace Greeley's advice to young men. At any rate, he has taken his company and hit the sunset trail.

Hereafter his comedies will be made at the Hollywood studio.

MMUTUAL'S star raiding continues merrily on. One of the late acquisitions is Marie Cahill, who will do two-reel comedies for that organization.

RUMORS are rife as to the ensuing year's activities of Charley Chaplin. The leading rumor is that he will listen to a million dollar talk from Kessel & Baumann, chief owners of Keystone, and return to the Sennett fold. If he does it will be at a salary of \$1,000,000 for the year, according to "inside" gossip. And yet, two short years ago, Essanay won Chaplin from Keystone with a salary of something over \$1,000 a week.

THE life insurance business picked up considerably during the last month. Messrs. Zukor, Lasky and Friend, chief executives of the Famous Players-Lasky combine, had their lives insured for an aggregate of a million dollars with the company named as beneficiary in each instance. Then Joseph Schenck made another agent happy by buying a pair of policies for \$50,000 each for himself and his wife, Norma Talmadge.

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE has also been amusing the doctors. The adipose comedian, who recently severed his Keystone affiliation, injured his knee, it became infected, and he spent several weeks in a hospital in Los Angeles. Fortunately for his future career, however, he did not lose much weight—only about 60 pounds. Mr. Arbuckle's independently produced comedies are to have a place on the Paramount program, beginning this month.

NAT GOODWIN, who has been out on the two-a-day stage for some months, is to have a motion picture company of his own. It is to operate on the actor's ranch a short distance from Los Angeles. The company, of which Mr. Goodwin is president, is composed of Milwaukee capitalists.

TOM MOORE is to make his next screen appearance as a Lasky player. The well known husband of Alice Joyce, brother-in-law of Mary Pickford, brother of Matt, Owen and

Joe Moore and brother-in-law of Grace Cunard, will make his Lasky debut as leading man with Mae Murray.

BRONCHO BILLY ANDERSON appears not to have had great success in his recent musical comedy venture in New York. The name of the production-to-be was "Some Girl" and the DeHavens, Carter and Flora Parker, were to have been featured players. Just about the time rehearsals were getting good, it was decided to call it all off and "Some Girl" was shelved temporarily.

EDITH STERLING, who used to ride bronchos in the old Bison thrillers back in the days when she called herself Edythe, is a new one at Kalem's Glendale, Cal., studio. Miss Sterling was a member of the expedition to Guatemala to film "The Planter."



Here's a new face on the screen, Elaine Hammerstein, granddaughter of the late Oscar H. She appears in "The Argyle Case" with Robert Warwick.

GERTRUDE GLOVER, of Essanay, became the bride of Robert Jeffries Watt, a young Chicago business man in that city on Feb. 3. Mrs. Watt was the daughter of the late Lyman B. Glover, a well known dramatic critic.

AFTER listening to offers of fabulous sums from every point of the cinematic compass, Douglas Fairbanks is reported to have smiled with favor on that emanating from Arcraft, the home of the Mary Pickford and George Cohan films. As he was holding out for a salary of \$15,000 a week, the

presumption is that he is getting something like a Chaplinesque salary. Director John Emerson and Anita Loos, the watch-charm scenarioists and humorists, are understood to be included in the bargain.

MARY PICKFORD is to do "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" and because of the chilling March zephyrs characteristic of Manhattan which are fatal to summer exteriors, California locations will be utilized. It is announced that one or two other photoplays will be staged by Miss Pickford at Hollywood.

KATHLEEN CLIFFORD is a capture of Balboa from the vocal stage. Miss Clifford is renowned for her portrayal of boy roles in vaudeville and musical comedy. She is already engaged in her first filmplay at the Long Beach studio of the Horkheimers.

WILLIAM FOX, having experimented successfully with the undraped drama and the so-called "red-blooded" stuff, is now indulging in a film fairy tale. It is "Jack and the Beanstalk" and to play the Giant he has acquired one James Grover Tarver who measures seven feet five inches from sole to pompadour, has a displacement of 400 pounds. He was born in Texas and is circus-broke.

AFTER a brief engagement to replace a player in Cyril Maude's "Grumpy" company, who had died, Montagu Love is back at the World studio Bradymaking. He recently accompanied Kitty Gordon to Cuba for scenes which will be shown in their next photoplay "Forget-Me-Not."

CZAR ZUKOR, of Famous Players, has determined to perpetuate "Sappho" on the screen. Something in the nature of an all star cast has been doped out and Hugh Ford is the director selected. Pauline Frederick will play the name part, Pedro DeCordoba will be *Flamant*, Tom Meighan is cast as *Gaussin*, Frank Losee as *Caoudal* and John Sanpolis as *Dejoie*. Indications would indicate, so to say, that it will be a reel best seller.

MAX LINDER is enjoying a screen revival since coming to our so-called neutral shores. That is, Pathe is re-issuing a number of Linder comedies that used to amuse the early generation of filmsee-ers. Meantime, the original Max is laboring at Essanay's Chicago studio on his made-in-America comedies, surrounded on all sides by blondes, on 15-below-zero days, wishing he was back in those dear trenches.

ADELE BLOOD almost became a film actor. She was to have played in "The Easiest Way" with Clara Kimball Young, but something happened and Miss Blood walked out on the Selznick company before the photoplay was begun.

CONSTANCE COLLIER L'ESTRANGE, who uses the latter name only in private and legal life, has brought suit against the Success Film Company for \$3,500. Miss Collier,

or Mrs. L'Estrange, asseverates that she was engaged to star in "The Eternal Magdalene" at \$700 weekly, and that the company failed to begin operations.

NUISANCE NOTE: Sessue Hayakawa returned from his filming trip to Honolulu a convert to the ukulele.

VERNON STEELE is to be Mae Marsh's leading man in her first Goldwyn photoplay. Mr. Steele has attained a considerable degree of popularity because of his work opposite several of the best known film stars. On the stage, he was Billie Burke's leading man in "Love Watches."

Marguerite Marsh, formerly "Lovie" Marsh, is to have a part in her sister's production.



Here is one of the new Goldwyn captures, Madge Kennedy, who is regarded as one of the greatest of the new comedienne of the legitimate stage.

ALL of the Charles Frohman plays that have not been translated to celluloid will undergo that operation at the hands of the Empire All-Star Corporation, a new concern organized for that purpose by interests affiliated with Mutual which will have the marketing of the Frohman plays in film form.

JULIA ARTHUR is dickering with film producers. Her accession to filmdom will make it unanimous.

HARRY MOREY, Vitagrapher extraordinary, is to have the leading male role in the picturization of "Within the Law," one of the greatest stage

successes of a decade. It will be an eight-reel film.

WHAT next?" people asked when "Intolerance" was first flashed on the screen. The answer recently was made by D. W. Griffith in an announcement that he was to go to the European battlefields, and with real armies and real engagements, transfer to lasting celluloid an immortal epic of the world's greatest war. It is said that he has already mapped out a great dramatic spectacle and that he will sail soon.

COMES now the four-reel "feature." The Balboa company has contracted with General Film to turn out an aggregate of 52 of them—one a week for a year.

Rich Girl, Poor Girl, Beggar Girl — Thief!

*This girl wants to go to jail. Oh, you
lucky prison!*

GLADYS BROCKWELL WOULD
PLAY THEM ALL BUT VAMPS
ARE GIVEN THE FIRST CALL

By Grace Kingsley

"**R**ICH girl, poor girl, beggar girl,
thief—"

Can you imagine Mary Pickford wanting to play Sardou's "Cleopatra," or Val-eska Surratt in the role of Pollyanna? Well, that to which Gladys Brockwell aspires seems nearly as funny to you when you meet that youthful, vivacious little person. For Gladys Brockwell, energetic Fox star, wants to play character parts.

"But what's a person to do who has a Nancy Sykes soul, a Lady Babbie personality, and a director who insists you play Leah-the-Forsaken roles?" asks Miss Brockwell.

But as a matter of fact, why should a beautiful young woman.—Miss Brockwell is only just past twenty-two,—who can emote in a truly Pauline Frederick manner, and who can almost rival Mary Pickford in the girlish-laughter-and-curls stuff, — why should such a young woman want to play character roles anyhow? Character roles: conjuring up visions of stringy hair, messy checked aprons, besooted chins and "tragedy" make-up.

Yet this is Miss Brockwell's ambition, confessed the other day in the confidential atmosphere of tea entirely surrounded by pinky-white dressing room. And one must admit she did her character work very well indeed in "Sins of Her Parent," in which she played the double role of a young girl and her dissolute mother.

"Why do I want to play character parts?" Miss Brockwell settled herself into the cushions of her chair, and



prepared to "pour." "Because one can get *thought* over in them, even on the screen. It isn't the make-up at all; it's because one who plays a character role must think it out ahead of time, else it will have no flavor at all. In character work, one works from the inside out, as it were. In playing that mother in 'Sins of the Parent,' I tried to imagine what her original character was, and how life reacted upon her, and how those reactions would show both in her physical and mental processes. It's rather a sad thing, isn't it, that all parts on the screen and stage aren't 'characters?' They should be made so.

"I think our divisions into types very silly and artificial. I have seen many a gifted girl settle down satisfied in a role,



merely because she looked the part, and thought she need go no further. This is particularly so on the screen, and is in fact a big rock in the way of development of film art."

She leads a double life, too—though one means this in an entirely high-brow way. I met her frivolling the other night at a ball. She danced very well, and flirted even better, and she wore her clothes exquisitely. And next time I saw her, she was reading a volume of Spencer in her dressing room.

Though it was one of those dull, dark, afternoons, which naturally conduce to the "once-upon-a-time" stuff in interviewing, Miss Brockwell dived brightly (if one can dive brightly!) into the middle of our interview.

"Do you know what I'm simply dying to do? Please don't form any hasty judgments about it,—I'll tell you why afterward. *I want to spend a term in prison in order to study the women prisoners at first hand.*

"By the way, I was arrested for speeding, the other day, and they let me off with a reprimand. I mean to deliberately get myself arrested for 'sassing' a traffic cop, some day. Then I shall be fined fifty dollars or fifty days, and I shall take the fifty days!

"I have a number of characters in mind which I wish to play. One is the wife in

*One of her pet dogs.
Below, ready for
a job lot of
vamping.*



David Graham Phillips' 'Old Wives for New.' Then there are some wonderful character studies in the roles one would find in playing Lizzie Hexam in Dickens' 'Our Mutual Friend,' Lily, in Edith Wharton's 'House of Mirth,' and Maggie Tulliver in George Elliot's 'Mill on the Floss.' But you're forgetting your tea!"

So I had another cup, and we went on.

"Were you on the stage?"

"Oh, yes! I think I was born in a dressing room! I was carried on the stage at the age of three weeks. Mother was playing in stock then, and I'm sure they wrote baby characters into a lot of the plays so mother could have me right there with her all the time. I think many a gratuitous scandal and complication in family affairs in those remodelled plays must have been the result of my innocent advent. I played my first part when I was seven, and when I was seventeen I was leading woman in a stock company, and played everything from 'Merely Mary Ann' to 'Cleopatra.'

"But going back to characters. I'd really like to do a fine line of vampires, too,—the baby vampire and her baby stare,—I understand Earl Carroll has just written a song about her,—she's the sort that gets away with murder! And then there's the intellectual vampire, who holds men by the power of intellect and a sense of humor as well as by physical appeal. She's the only really dangerous vampire after all.

Then Miss Brockwell told a little story on herself, just to show that even if she is an artist, she is also a human being.

"One of the hardest little things I do in pictures is to weep. I don't mind a fight with the villain, and they may if they wish throw me over a cliff, but I'm not a natural born sob-sister.

"Frank Lloyd, who directed 'Sins of Her Parent,' had a good system. He would absolutely ignore me when I was to emote,—treat me like a post, and order me about with a cold courtesy destined to damp the highest spirits. You remember the last scene in 'Sins of Her Parent,' where there is so much unhappiness and weeping? Mr. Lloyd called me into the set one afternoon. I was feeling out of sorts and down-hearted anyway. I told him I didn't feel like work.

"'I just can't act today,' I said. He only looked at me with a sort of cool detachment, almost scorn. 'We'll do the scenes,' was all he said.

"I began to cry,—somehow I couldn't help it. Mr. Lloyd paid no attention. I was hurt and mortified. Then I just cried for spite, and I cried all through those scenes,—couldn't stop by that time,—cried all the afternoon.

"When you see the picture, don't you believe it was art; it wasn't; it was just silly pique. When we had finished Mr. Lloyd came over and patted my arm. He looked like the kindly human being he is, then. 'You did wonderfully,' he said. 'We're all proud of you.'

"I stalked off to my dressing room, unmollified, but when I saw the picture, I was glad I had 'suffered for my art' as the temperamental people say."

In May Photoplay, on sale April 1st

"3-3-3-3!"

A Remarkable Love-and-Action Story of a Fire-House and Its People

By JACK LAIT

During the past twelvemonth Mr. Lait has topped all American records as a narrator of the great episodes of real life. He writes of things he knows, and he writes the whole truth.

Stories about firemen are not new. You've seen them crawl along a hundred ledges, waiting for the inevitable flare, nozzle in hand. But have you ever seen a vivid tale of the fire-house itself—its inner traditions, the peculiar language of its inhabitants, the conduct of its intricate orders and communications, the generalship of a great fire? Here is such a story. It reflects the tensivity of the conning-tower during a great naval battle.

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT T. REYNARD.

FEEDING THE DEARS IN SENNETT'S ZOO



The doe of largest visible area is Louise Fazenda, while the little fawn in the velvet pants is Ruth Rogers. Lunch-time during a Keystone busy day.

Her Prince Strongheart of the Dark vanished
with the coming of the New Prince of the Light



Princess of the Dark

By Jerome Shorey

TO James Herron, looking out upon the little mining town and up at the grim mountains, from his cabin which was his prison, and soon would be his tomb, the squalid little settlement, huddled in an elbow of the hills as if ashamed of its own appearance, was unspeakably ugly, and the peaks above sullen and threatening. The sight of the town from his window choked him, and set him to coughing, so he would turn away, and look at the towering peaks; but their vitality, their attitude of overbearing power and magnificent health only emphasized his own waning strength. So he would close his eyes and try to remember the verse from the Bible, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." But in neither man, nor nature, nor his own prayers could he find peace.

To "Crip" Halloran, crooked and bent, because when he was a baby his mother had not the time to watch him every minute, and supposed anyhow that he was more scared than hurt the time he fell off the back stoop, the town was a hell full of superior devils who looked upon him with contempt because he would never be any use in the world; and the mountain range was another hell of mocking crags and inaccessible hiding places from his hell in the valley. With unutterable longing he would gaze up at the tall, dark trees, where one could lie all day long, and not be seen by the big, bullnecked miners, whose pity was driving the life out of him. If they would only curse him, kick him out of the way, but their pity was murderous. And hot tears would burn his cheeks, until he realized that he was crying, and dash



Herron fed his daughter's quick imagination with romances until she made a dream world of her own.

them away, before someone should see, and pity him the more.

Strange, then, that to Fay Herron, the daughter of the sick man, the town was a grand place, where dwelt the most wonderful, kindest, most beautiful people in the world. To her the rough miners were gruff, beneficent giants, and the slovenly women fit for places in the finest society. And the mountains—just the thought of them alone brought a catch to her breath, and a glad little song to her lips; for they were like castles and palaces, with broad battlements and splendid arches. Strange, that Fay should see all these things, hidden to her father and to Crip, for most people would say that Fay was more unfortunate than either of them. Yet she did see these marvels—for Fay was blind. From birth she had never known the difference between light and darkness, but there was no dark chamber in her mind. There, everything was beautiful. And so she knew that all the world was beautiful as well.

James Herron never let his daughter guess otherwise. She was eighteen, and it was twelve years since he had come to this spot in the hope that the high altitude would prolong his life, bringing his motherless child with him. The people of the village had been kind, as the poor ever are kind to the unfortunate. Fay learned to make her way about the trails with the curious sure instinct of them who are born blind. The villagers regarded her with a

respect that amounted almost to superstitious awe. Unable to solve the tragedy he knew must eventually come, Herron devoted himself to the task of making Fay's life as happy as possible; and as her greatest delight, from childhood, had been in hearing him read tales of knights and ladies and courts and tournaments, he fed her quick imagination from Malory and Froissart until she made a world of her own in which to live and dream.

Fay was not so entirely impractical as to believe her own dreams. She knew that not everything about the village could be perfect, nor all the mountain peaks magnificent.

But when her knowledge conflicted with her dreams, she closed her ears to the discordant

note. In other words, she avoided the village, as much as possible. She explored the trails, and made friends with the woodland sounds. Thus it was that she discovered, one day, a spot she loved so well for its seclusion that she decided to make it her throne. It was an abandoned tunnel, bored years ago by an unsuccessful miner, lighted from above by a shaft, up which an old ladder still provided another means of exit.

Had anyone with seeing eyes searched the entire mountainside, he would have been unable to find a less lovely place. Yet to Fay, in her happy ignorance, it was of noble proportions and exquisite loveliness. Here she held her lonely court, day by day, and through her busy brain there passed a procession of princes and princesses, come to pay her homage. There was only one thing lacking—a hero. Him she was not satisfied merely to imagine. In all the stories, the prince came at last, tall and handsome and strong. So she waited for her prince.

One day he came.

Crip Halloran had stared and stared at those hiding places in the mountains until his very soul cried out for their shelter. He could bear it no longer. Painfully and with slow, faltering steps, he climbed the steep trail out of the village, pausing often as he almost fainted from his tremendous efforts, but toiling upward again. The gloomy entrance to Fay's cavern attracted him with its promise of shelter from all eyes, and he crept in. Fay, seated upon

her throne, heard him stumbling among the loose rocks.

"My Prince!" she exclaimed gleefully. "So you have come at last."

Crip was about to turn and hurry away. Then he realized it must be the blind girl, for no one else in the village spoke like that of princes. Her selfmade fairyland was no secret. And as all Crip desired was not to be seen, he joined the Princess.

"Yes," he panted. "I have come. It is a steep path."

"But now you are here. I have waited long for you, my Prince. Come, sit by me, and watch the tournament. You shall joust with the winner, for my wreath of laurel."

Crip winced. How should Fay know that he was different from other men? At least he would not tell her. So he entered into the game, and found it a pleasant one. She did not know, and she helped him forget. So this day passed, the first of many days, the happiest either of them had ever known. How Crip found the strength to drag his crooked form up the steep hill he did not know, but no pain was too great to make him forego the joy he found. Sometimes the rough boulder was a throne; sometimes at the edge of a beautiful fountain she visualized her prince and herself, a happy princess. All these things made life for Crip a little easier to bear among the people who only pitied him.

AT last James Herron could fight no longer against his ruthless foe. He would not have cared, rather would he have welcomed the end of his suffering, only for the thought of Fay, left without even so much as his slender protection against a callous world. But still, he thought, at least no one could be cruel to a blind girl, and with a prayer that this might be true, he breathed his last.

IN part, the father's hope was fulfilled. No one was exactly cruel to Fay, but on the other hand, no one was actively kind, except poor, helpless Crip. There was little he could do, but that little he did. His mother ran a boarding house, if the dingy, reeking, ramshackle place could be dignified

with the name, and Crip timidly suggested that she take in Fay to help about the place in payment for her keep. Fay was penniless, her father's pittance ceasing with his death.

"An' what good would a blind girl be, stumblin' around an' breakin' everything?" Mrs. Halloran demanded.

"She don't stumble around, mother," Crip protested. "You know how she goes about, as if she could see like anybody else."

Mrs. Halloran was doubtful, but as the experiment would cost nothing, she decided to try it. Crip jubilantly carried the news to Fay, and brought her home with him. Until she had learned every nook and corner of the house, where to place every dish,

and all her duties as a drudge, Crip was her eyes. But she learned quickly, and Mrs. Halloran's many cries of warning became fewer and fewer, and at last died away into silent disapproval, which was her nearest approach to approbation. As long as she did not scold, she was well pleased, and with this Crip and Fay were

both satisfied.

Because Fay was a drudge, it was not so easy for the Princess and her Prince to hold court in their mountain retreat. But neither was unhappy about it. Fay understood her position of dependence, and often nearly succeeded in breaking down Mrs. Halloran's sullen attitude toward the world in general, by her expressions of appreciation. She did her work cheerfully and well, and did not permit herself to pine for her former freedom. As for Crip, he was satisfied to sit in a corner and watch her move about the house. In fact, he so seldom went out when she was at home, that his constant presence irritated his mother. His deformity seemed an accusation, and she could not bear to look at him. And as all little souls seek refuge in anger when disturbed, she turned on her son one day.

"What do ye be sittin' around the house all day fr'? Sure I get tired lookin' at ye wid yer —"

"Hush, mother, please," Crip interrupted. Fay was in the next room.

"Don't ye 'hush' me," his mother retorted, in rising tones, trying to find in his

PRINCESS OF THE DARK

THE photoplay version of this story by Lanier Bartlett, was produced by Thomas H. Ince with the following cast:

Fay Herron.....Enid Bennett
"Crip" Halloran....Jack Gilbert
John Rockwell...Alfred Vosburg
James Herron....Walt Whitman
Crip's Father....J. Frank Burke



Sometimes, at the edge of a beautiful fountain, she visualized her prince and herself a happy princess.

words a justification for her display of temper. "Haven't I enough on me mind, without havin' to look at y'r crook —" "Stop!" Crip cried, in an unnatural, strained falsetto, looking at his mother with fury and terror mingled in a frightful expression. Mrs. Halloran stared at him, open mouthed. Never had she seen Crip like this. "What's the matter?" she gasped.

"Fay don't know I'm— like this," he said, hanging his head. "I think it would



hurt her to know." He paused, and added, in a barely audible whisper, "It would kill me."

"So that's it," his mother commented, nodding her head. With something definite to think about, she was satisfied to sneer. "I thought you was kind o' soft on her. Well, it can't do any harm, an' it can't do any good. Ye'd be a pretty couple at the church door, now wouldn't ye—a blind girl and a —" but she paused of her own accord, and looked into the other room.

Fay had heard part of the quarrel, but quarrels were not so rare in that house as to call for special attention. At least, it was soon obvious to Crip that she had not understood its cause. For at the next opportunity she called him her Prince, with as much sincerity as ever in her voice. And Crip again took heart.

It was thus that Crip learned the truth about his feeling for Fay, and it made him both happier and unhappier, hot and cold, in a breath. "I love her." He said it aloud to himself, when no one could hear. He could not marry her, it was true, but then, there was no likelihood of anyone else wanting to marry a poor, blind girl. So they would just go on in that way, as Prince and Princess. He would watch over her, and be her eyes, and she would give him an excuse to go on living. Until she had come into his life, his excuses for living had often been hard to find, and he knew that one day he would exhaust them all—and when he thought of this, he shuddered. But now, hopeless as his devotion was, it lent motive to life, even though it aroused no false hopes.

The only stenographer the village boasted was one of Mrs. Halloran's boarders. She came from "the city," being satisfied to make a living in the squalid town because she had not the ability to compete with girls of better education. Nor was she from a stratum of society which made her surroundings unendurable. She had graduated from dire poverty that made Mrs. Halloran's house something like luxury. But the slatternly women she saw all about had a demoralizing effect upon her, and in course of time she became quite a typical member of the community. One day she astonished everyone by hurrying through her midday meal, dashing into her room, and emerging a few minutes later, suspiciously clean and beribboned, and with a fishhook curl, that was *au fait* when she left the city, pasted against each cheek.

"By all the saints, what's happened?" Mrs. Halloran demanded.

The stenographer tossed her head and hurried off to the office of the mining company where she was employed.

"Jim Halloran, did ye see that?" Mrs. Halloran asked her husband.

Jim grinned, and gulped a mouthful of food.

"Young John Rockwell came to town this morning," he said, as if that would explain everything.

"Who's he?"

"'Who's he?' Oh, nothin' much. He's only the son of old man Rockwell that owns the Big Six mine, an' by the same token owns the whole mountain, an' the village, an' you an' me, and everyone else here—"



No one can know what sensations came to Fay in that first wonderful moment of restored vision.

abouts. We'll be seein' a good deal of him. He's takin' over the management for his dad."

"An' does that fool think she's goin' to make a catch?" Mrs. Halloran sneered.

"I guess it ain't as bad as that," Jim theorized. "But it's only natural th' kid wants to look her best."

Crip and Fay heard all this with only passing interest. No matter who might come and go, what difference could it make in their lives? They had something more important to think about. The next day was Sunday, with comparatively light duties, a day set apart for the Princess and her Prince to hold court in their retreat.

JOHAN ROCKWELL was not a "kid glove" manager. He had come to the mine to learn all about mining, storing up knowledge against the day when he would own the great property, a day which he devoutly hoped was far distant. But as his father, a sturdy old Presbyterian, had refused "to accept dividends that came from Sabbath breaking," as he called it, the

works were always shut down on Sundays. And as the village offered nothing except problems of reconstruction, John told himself with a smile that to consider his plans for improving conditions was in the nature of work, and so a breach of his father's rule: so he strolled off into the mountains.

Sauntering idly along a path, Rockwell became conscious of voices, and looked about him. One was a girl's voice, light and rippling with laughter; the other the voice of a young man, tender and deferential. The sound seemed to come out of the solid rock, and the listener paused to investigate. Then, turning a bend in the path, he found himself in front of the mouth of a deep cavern, and peering in, saw Fay and Crip at the other end, where the light from the open shaft reached them.

"Hello!" he called, cheerily. "Having a picnic?"

"O-o-oh!" Fay cried, clapping her hands. "Another Prince."

Crip tried to whisper a plea, but Fay would not listen. Apprehension clutched his heart, and he shrank off to one side.

"Enter, strange Prince, and proclaim thy name and fame," Fay called.

John Rockwell already was making his way through the tunnel, and at a glance he noted the girl's blindness, and with a second saw the pleading, doglike look in the face of the hunchback. He understood the situation intuitively, and entered into the game with zest.

"I had almost called myself Prince Strongheart," he said, "but I see that would have been to call down upon my head the royal disfavor, for he is already here. Let me be Prince Fortunó, for I am truly fortunate in finding you."

Even Crip was at his ease again, almost immediately. He knew this was the young millionaire, and Rockwell, with his forefinger on his lip, had cautioned him not to tell. So there was a bond of secrecy between them from the beginning.

"Prince Strongheart and Prince Fortunó! what a lucky Princess I am, to have such a splendid court!" Fay exclaimed.

So they told him all about their great game of make-believe, and he was both young enough and old enough to understand what it meant to the two unfortunatés. And more than that, he was forced to confess to himself that he really liked it. Business had not yet claimed him entirely for its own, and he found deep enjoyment in the discovery that he was still able to play. As the days passed, he found himself looking forward to this relief from the routine of work. He even interceded with Mrs. Halloran, and persuaded her to let Fay go for walks with him in week-days. Not that he had to do much persuading, for already the village was beginning to show the results of his campaign of renovation, and the miners were taking a new interest in their surroundings; and his wish was

the law of the community. His walks with Fay invariably led them to the cavern throne, and there they would talk, or he would read new stories from books he had sent from the city, or they would sit quietly and dream. One day, as they were dreaming, Rockwell looked at Fay, and asked:

"Have your eyes ever been examined—by a good specialist I mean?"

"Why, no," she replied, astonished at the question. "I have always been blind."

"But that doesn't prove that you couldn't be cured," he insisted.

"Do you mean it?" Fay asked, excitedly. "But no. It can't be. Please don't make me hope. I'm not unhappy, and if I began to hope, and then were disappointed, it would be so much worse."

"Then, suppose we don't hope, but just find out the truth without hoping."

"Oh, wouldn't it be wonderful? Just think, to see all this beautiful world."

"Don't think too much about this beautiful world. There are many things in it that are not beautiful. But there is enough beauty to make up for all the ugliness."

"Yes, yes, I understand. But you are beautiful, and I *know* Crip is beautiful. I know this, because you're both so good."

"No, no—you mustn't say that," Rockwell interposed. "Sometimes the things that are best, and the people who are kindest, are not the most beautiful to look at. But you will let me send for the specialist, won't you?"

"Yes. And I promise not to hope—too much."



"Do you mean it?" Fay asked excitedly.

SO the specialist came, and asked interminable questions. Most of them, nobody could answer. She was blind, she always had been blind, her eyes never pained—that was all there was to

say. The doctor made a minute examination, and finally told them there was every reason to believe that a quite simple, though delicate, operation would restore Fay's sight.

"There is only about a ten per cent chance that it will not be a success," he said.

"Then I can indulge in ninety per cent hope," Fay exclaimed. "How wonderful!"

The day of the operation brought varied hopes to the three persons most deeply interested. Fay was in an ecstasy of anticipation for at last she was to see her beautiful world, for she knew it must be beautiful, in spite of Rockwell's warnings. Crip was divided between his happiness in the thought that Fay would probably regain her sight, and the terrible thought that if she did she would know him as he was—a shapeless and repulsive thing. Rockwell at last began to understand that his interest was something more than that of a mere bystander, trying to help a poor mountain girl. Her natural refinement impressed him more and more, for living apart from her sordid surroundings as she had, she was free from the effects of the dismal life in which she had been reared but in which she had not lived. In brief, she had become so dear to him, that Prince Fortunio now desired to be Prince Charming.

The operation was concluded. The doctor said it was successful, but it would be several days before the full light could be permitted to reach her eyes. Thick bandages had to be used, and removed layer by layer, until the nerves were strong enough to perform their function. Fay was patient.

"I know I can see," she said, over and over again. "I feel it—here." and she pressed her hands to her heart.

At last the day arrived when the last layer of the bandage was to be removed.

The doctor was there, and Rockwell, and Crip. The doctor gently lifted the cloth, and stepped back. Rockwell stood at one side. Crip, his head bowed and dry sobs shaking his poor little body, crouched at her feet.

No one can know what sensations came to Fay in that wonderful first moment of restored vision. She had expected a beautiful world, and with pathetic determination not to disappoint her, they all had made the poor room as attractive as possible. Yet it could not have been what Fay had dreamed. It was an awakening to the realities of existence, and in a flash she understood what Rockwell had meant by his warning. Then she felt Crip, clutching at her skirt, and looked down at him.

For this she had not been prepared, and involuntarily she shrank back from him. It was only an impulse of an instant, but that was sufficient. Crip felt the knife-thrust of her natural repulsion, and, looking into her eyes saw there the thing that had tortured him all his life—pity. With a heartbroken cry he hurried from the room.

"Crip, please Crip, come back," Fay called, but he was gone.

The others left Rockwell and Fay together, and in a few moments they had forgotten Crip's tragedy in their own joy.

"Take me to the cave," she pleaded at last.

"It was beautiful, only because we made it so." Rockwell warned her again.

"No matter how ugly it may be to others, it will always be beautiful to me," she replied.

As they made their way through the tunnel to the sunlit throne at the other end, they saw a huddled form in the darkness. Rockwell knelt to see what had happened—then returned to Fay and gently led her out of the tunnel.

"Strongheart has gone to find the land where dreams are real," he explained.

Must Have Been Some Garden

RIVAL Chicago firms became involved in a dispute over a film bearing the interesting title "The Garden of Knowledge." Federal Judge Landis ordered the

film brought into court. He saw it. Then he ordered that everybody in the world be enjoined for all time from ever showing the film.



Bill, a Violet

MERELY A FIGURE OF SPEECH TO
INDICATE HIS EXTREME MODESTY

OF course he's modest. Most men standing two inches over the much wished for six feet and with many pounds over the two century mark to his credit and with a proficiency in boxing which makes him fear nothing—well, they're usually modest and unassuming—and convincing—in physical argument.

Anyway, William F. Russell, one of American's stars, really is modest and not only physically but mentally. His stage and screen career has given him every opportunity to climb up on a pedestal and look down on admirers but he doesn't. He's natural, quiet, unassuming and dodges talk about himself and his work. Of course, boxing is play and he's always willing to talk about that.

Russell's sparring ability was really self

earned. When he was five years old he won the approbation of the neighborhood belles by lambasting a juvenile Jack Johnson eight years old and several inches taller than himself.

"Honestly, I never forgot how proud I felt when one particularly pretty young lady of at least four years old came up and threw her arms round my neck and kissed me. Right then and there I decided prize fighting was the noblest profession in the world."

Later Russell, who was born in New York in 1886, practiced boxing under professionals and became an expert. At one time he gave a boxing exhibition in vaudeville.

His stage career began as program boy, hat checker and other light occupations

around Manhattan playhouses. In after years he appeared with Ethel Barrymore, Ezra Kendall and others.

His screen work began under Griffith in the Biograph days. Then after two years with Thanhouser he returned to Biograph. Then came Famous Players roles and later he appeared in "The Diamond from the Sky." S. S. Hutchinson of American then signed him for a series of star roles.

And when you try and talk with William about those star roles he just grins and makes another remark on the advisability of all youngsters learning to box.

Would he discuss his success as "Lone Star," the Indian? He would not—"Boxing's great stuff for anybody—boy or girl."

How about the future of the films—"You see it puts confidence into a guy when he knows he can slam the daylights out of the ordinary person and—"

Does he ever write scenarios?—"Why I knew once who never could make good at school or anything else and then his father had him learn boxing and when he found he wasn't afraid of the other kids, he found he wasn't afraid of lessons—and that youngster won a Phi Beta Kappa and turned out a good business man to boot."

Oh, what's the use. If you

his own scenarios—
a kid

can't get anything but fistic advice when you want personal stuff, then ring the bell and switch on some facts.

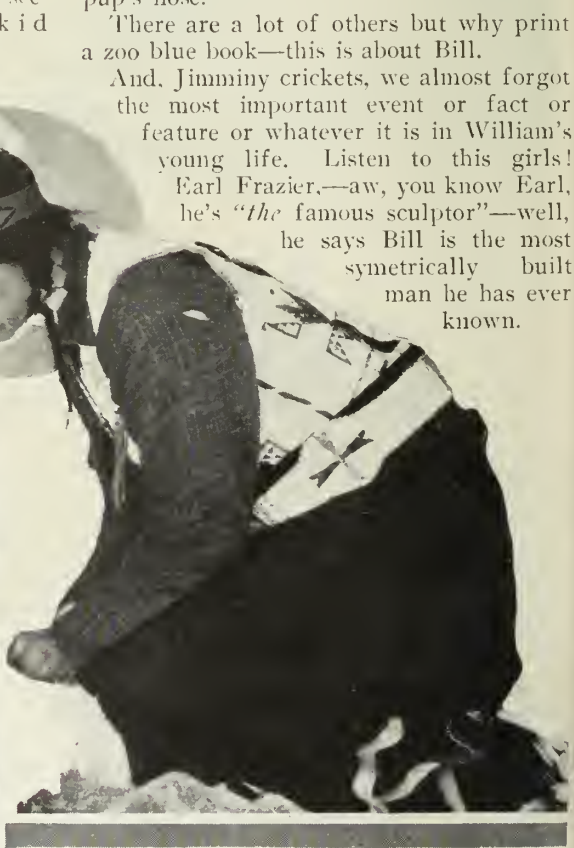
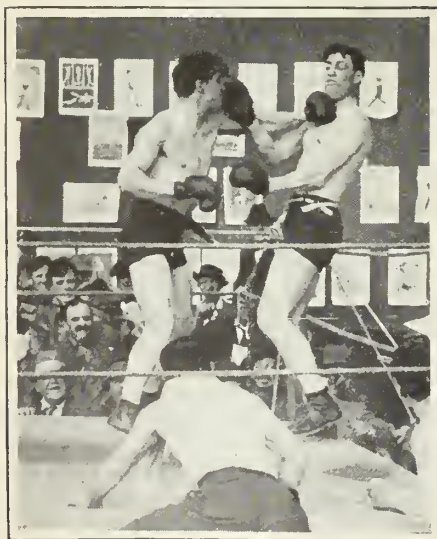
He lives a bachelor's life in spite of his good looks on a little ranch de luxe on the outskirts of Santa Barbara. And girls—a Chinaman does the housekeeping!

He's fond of pets of all kinds; and all the animals on his ranch are included in this class. Just listen to this directory: Babe, the horse, Jocko, the goat, Gimmack, the turkey gobbler (and old Gimmie knows his moniker if you've something good to eat in your hand); Judie, the collic pup and Oscar, the Persian cat; a gorgeous green and gold parrot well named Theodore—and when he isn't fighting with Gimmack he's busy talking. He's great friends with Judie, however, and when let out of his cage will wobble up to the dog and rub his beak against the pup's nose.

There are a lot of others but why print a zoo blue book—this is about Bill.

And, Jimminy crickets, we almost forgot the most important event or fact or feature or whatever it is in William's young life. Listen to this girls!

Earl Frazier,—aw, you know Earl, he's "the famous sculptor"—well, he says Bill is the most symmetrically built man he has ever known.



He makes quite a nice looking Indian. The square shows a film fight, a la Queensbury, and a good time is being had by all, apparently.

Mother of Many

SUNSHINY California makes a comfortable happy last reel for most stage and circus celebrities who long ago have ended their usefulness for the hardships of road tours or the unrelenting demands of physical topnotchness of the whirling rings and trapeze.

And Jennie Lee, aged and crippled, is sunning herself in comparative ease and luxury at the Fine Arts Studio. She has been "mother" to most of the studio. She weighs 300 pounds, she carries a cane and she admits that she sometimes has to work fairly hard but—

"It's just loafing after years and years of one nighters and circus work," she said.

And Jennie has a romance. When she was apprenticed at the age of seven to a circus of sixty years ago she was championed and helped by a youngster named "Billy" Cortright, in after years famous as a minstrel star. Later she lost sight of him. Twenty years later she heard his name mentioned by a theatrical man in Chicago. And when she heard that Billy was not expected to live, she took the first train to South Dakota and found Cortright in a serious condition. She nursed him back to health and of course became Mrs. Cortright.

Jennie Lee had her best screen part in "The Birth of a Nation," that of the old negro

Here's Jennie ready for the director's commands.



mammy, who will be remembered for her prowess in her own battle with the colored soldiers. The picture at the bottom of the page shows her as the Apache mother in "A Child of the Paris Streets," and the other circular picture, her most recent characterization in "Nina, the Flower Girl."

PHOTOPLAY ACTORS

Find the Film Players

THE PRIZES

1st Prize \$10.00 3rd Prize \$3.00
 2nd Prize 5.00 4th Prize 2.00
 Ten Prizes, Each \$1.00

These awards (all in cash, without any string to them) are for the correct, or nearest correct, sets of answers to the ten pictures here shown.

As the names of most of these movie people have appeared many, many times before the public, we feel sure you must know them.

This novel contest is a special feature department of Photoplay Magazine for the interest and benefit of its readers, at absolutely no cost to them—the Photoplay Magazine way.

The awards are all for this month's contest.

TRY IT

All answers to this set must be mailed before April 1, 1917.



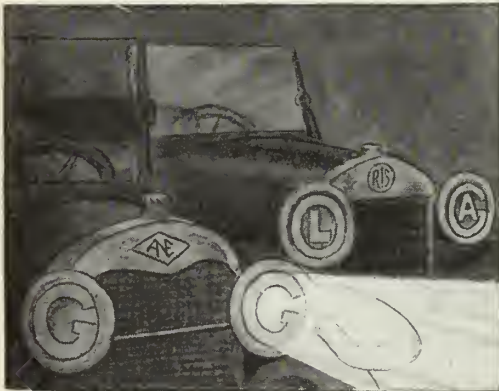
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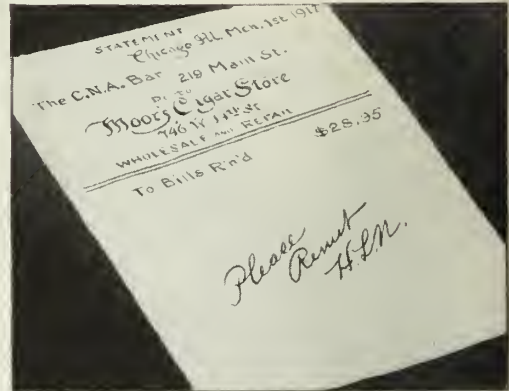
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WINNERS OF THE FEBRUARY MOVING

First Prize... \$10.00—Miss Gladys W. Wright,
 Clearwater, Fla.
 Second Prize.. 5.00—L. S. Carlisle, New York
 City.
 Third Prize... 3.00—Frederick May Gittings,
 Baltimore, Md.
 Fourth Prize.. 2.00—Ruth Lang, Cleveland,
 Ohio.

\$1.00 Prizes to

Esther Berger, Willow
 Lakes, S. Dak.
 Miss Esther Shaw,
 Phoenix, Ariz.
 Mrs. Chas. Robinett, An-
 derson, Ind.
 George W. Martin, New-
 buryport, Mass.
 Miss Carrie M. Sweet,
 Utica, New York.

NAME PUZZLE

Names in These Pictures

DIRECTIONS

Each picture represents the name of a photoplay actor or actress. The actor's name is really a description of the picture that goes with it; for example—"Rose Stone" might be represented by a rose and a rock or stone, while a gawky appearing individual looking at a spider web could be "Web Jay."

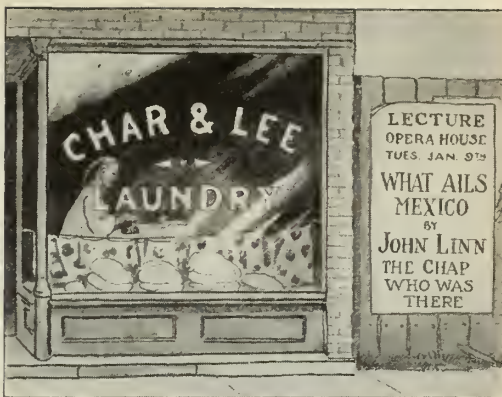
For your convenience and avoidance of mistakes we have left space under each picture on which you can write your answers. Remember to write your full name and address on the margin at the bottom of both pages. Cut out these pages and mail in, or you may send in your answers on a separate sheet of paper, but be sure they are numbered to correspond with the number of each picture. There are 10 answers.

Address to Puzzle Editor, Photoplay Magazine, 350 North Clark Street, Chicago.

We have eliminated from this contest all red tape and expense to you, so please do not ask us questions.

Only one set of answers allowed each contestant.

Awards for answers to this set will be published in Photoplay Magazine. Look for this contest each month.



8



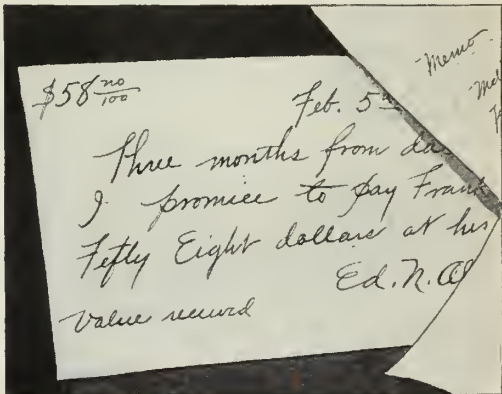
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7



10

PICTURE SCENARIO CONTEST No. 3

\$1.00 Prizes to
(Continued)

- Herman H. Nack, Oconomowoc, Wis.
- H. A. Manning, San Francisco, Cal.
- F. M. Chase, Grafton, Ill.
- J. W. Chutt, Willow Lakes, S. Dak.
- Miss Irene Odom, Florence, S. C.

CORRECT ANSWERS FOR FEBRUARY

1. Son and Heir
2. Draw—Vault
3. Rosaline—Duellist
4. Mineown—What's in a name
5. Holy friar—Long-sword
6. All sea



Where millions of people gather daily many amusing and interesting things are bound to happen. We want our readers to contribute to this page. One dollar will be paid for each story printed. Contributions must not be longer than 100 words and must be written on only one side of the paper. Be sure to include your name and address. Send to: "Seen and Heard" Dept., Photoplay Magazine, Chicago. Owing to the large number of contributions to this department, it is impossible to return unavailable manuscripts to the authors. Therefore do not enclose postage or stamped envelopes as contributions will not be returned.

His Handicap

A LITTLE lad who could hardly reach up to the window gravely showed the ticket seller a dime and said, "One."
"How old are you, my little man?"

The youngster paused, then said confidently, "I am five. I'd have been six, only I was sick almost a year."

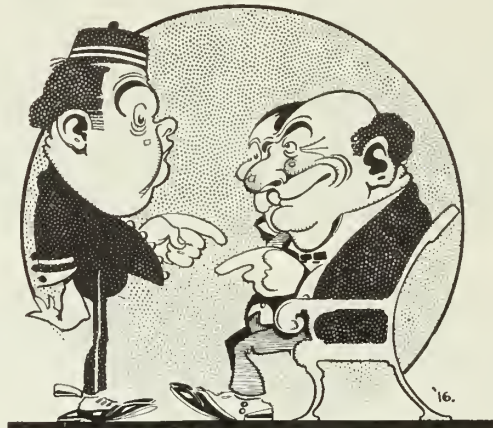
Mary Ann Dick,
Waukesha, Wis.

A Double-Dyed Affair

LOOK at that leading man. Why, he's cross-eyed."

"That's nothing. Look at the leading lady. She's peroxide."

Edwin A. McElhattan,
Wheeling, W. Va.



A Regular Daredevil

IT was a thrilling circus scene, with the girl in the lion's den. She was taking in her mouth a lump of sugar from the mouth of a fierce-looking lion.

A young man in the audience elbowed his neighbor and muttered: "Gee, I could do that."

"Oh, you could, could you?" retorted his neighbor.

"You bet I could," replied the young man, "just as good as the lion."

George L. Wagner, Montreal, Canada.

Father's Revelation

TWO little boys were watching an automobile race on the screen. Each machine had a large number painted on it.

One boy exclaimed, "My paw saw that picture Sattidy night. I betcha dollar."

"I betcha he didn't, 'cause it was only gonna be here one night."

"Betcha he did now, 'cause I heard him hollerin' in his sleep and he said 'Come on seven! Come on seven!'"

Leonard Danison,
New Lexington, Ohio.

It Looked Wet, Too

IN a local theater scenes of the beautiful and historic surroundings of New Orleans were being shown. Two girls were quite enthusiastic about the pictures of City Park. Then on the screen was flashed the subtitle: "Artificial Lake in City Park," and a picture of the lake followed.

One of the girls turned to the other and said, "Gee, Jennie, it looks like real water, don't it?"

Esther Goldenberg,
Hartford, Conn.

A Discriminating Critic

THE picture was "Intolerance." Behind us sat a chatty young person who was not at all afraid that she would some time wear out her voice. Presently she ran out of comments or something, and then the person who played the part of the Savior came on the screen.

"Gee," said the talkative young person, in a loud voice, "There's Jesus Christ! Ain't He swell!"

N. C. Mitchell, Chicago, Ill.

(Continued from page 70)

ging didn't at all interfere with his acting ability, either, and today he's playing leading roles at the Fine Arts studio.

Then there was the Chicago girl who came West to enter the motion-picture field a little more than a year ago. She is pretty, but met with very little success at first when she appeared at Universal City looking for work. The days when she found employment were few and far between, and she found it a hard row to hoe. She went from director to director, asking for a chance, but even when given a chance did not somehow seem able to fit in.

But she was determined. One day she waited outside, and when she met an extra girl she knew, she began to talk. The girl had a card to go to work next day. But she said she felt ill, and wished she didn't have to, "especially," she said, "as she was invited out for an automobile ride."

Miss Chicago saw her chance. "Give me the card," she said, "and I'll give you half the pay. Does this director know you? He doesn't know me." The girl answered she had never met that director. She also accepted the offer gladly, and the Illinois girl came on the lot, worked in the picture, made good, and soon began to be noticed. It was not long before she arrived at leading parts.

Even at the Mack Sennett Keystone studios, dedicated to the sacred business of making the world laugh long and loud, if you corner some lissome, bubbling comedy queen, and can persuade her to go back to the day she went after her first movie job, you usually can uncover a bit of almost-tragedy.

Take Louise Fazenda, for example, whose fuzzy head appears in so many of the hilarious Charlie Murray comedies. "I started as an extra girl, and you know what that means. Three dollars a day and sometimes only one day a week. The rest of the time you simply hang around hoping this director or that would be able to use you. Fortunately after I had appeared in a dozen or so mob scenes and merry-merrys, somebody noticed that I photographed well. I had become thoroughly discouraged by the time I was placed on the regular pay-roll."

And at that Miss Fazenda wasn't so bad off, for she lives at home. How different is the case of pretty Mary Thurman, another Keystone favorite.

"At my home in Salt Lake they impressed on me how utterly useless I was, until I could bear it no longer. So, like the old darky song, 'I packed my grip and took a trip,' coming to Los Angeles to do or die. And I pretty nearly died. I distinctly remember the day I went out to Echo Park, fully determined to take the big plunge. But the water was awfully muddy. If it had been clear I wouldn't be here now. I stuck it out, and finally got into some big scenes with De Wolf Hopper and Douglas Fairbanks,—I remember the first day, I was actually hungry, and so tickled when they put me in a supper scene where I had to eat!—and next day I got a letter from Mack Sennett! Happy! I guess so. And here I am!"

On a day last year down at Balboa, there walked into the Horkheimer Brothers' picturesque studio, a very pretty girl. Everybody sat up and took notice. She didn't ogle back, however, but kept her eyes straight ahead. Her name was Gloria Payton. She was quiet and lady-like and only her exceeding beauty and quick intelligence gained her notice.

The directors gave her extra work at once; she was always on time, always competent, also courteous. That gave them an opportunity to make an estimate of her, and her promotion came apace. Here then is a case where a girl working without camera experience, but very much in earnest, went to the front within the short space of six months, and her employers predict for her a future in the head lines.

Lois Weber, now of the Universal, now mistress of her own studio, who is the best known woman director in the world, has many film stars to her credit. Cleo Ridgely, now a Lasky star, began with Miss Weber. It was in the old Rex days in New York. Miss Weber spied the young girl, read the intelligence and earnestness in her face, and put her to work. Later Miss Ridgely made her solitary trip across country a-horseback, thereby gaining some fame which brought her to the attention of the Lasky Company, in whose employ she soon entered stardom.

The other day an extra girl came to Lois Weber. She was shabby and even hungry. She had no looks.

"I was so sorry for the girl. I made up

my mind to use her if I could. I noted she had a wonderful figure under the shabby frock. I took her and combed her hair back from her forehead, making the most of her fine forehead and well-shaped head. Then we clad her in an extremely low-cut black velvet gown, revealing her lovely shoulders. She is a striking figure in my latest picture."

Norma Talmadge, one of the famous of today's film stars, started with the old Biograph, when Mabel Normand, Wallace Reid, Mary Pickford and everybody got \$25 a week and thought it good wages.

"I was a high school girl," said Miss Talmadge, "and I felt sure the picture directors would be very glad to have me, because I was a big hit in high school dramatic activities. I was only fourteen the day I borrowed a long dress from mother and went down to the studio. The director came out to speak to me, and I fell over the long dress. That gave me a slight set-back in my own good opinion.

"The director really hired me, despite my greenness. He offered me ten dollars a week. I didn't know what I should do with it all. I cultivated what I thought was a graceful glide, until one of the directors called out to me one day: 'Hey, there, why don't you walk like a human being?' My idea of emoting was to turn my back and heave my shoulders. I acted all over the place, and thought the camera would follow me. I made up my eyes fearfully and wonderfully, but never thought even to put a dull finish on my nose.

"I was terrible, I guess, and when a director looked at me I never knew whether I was going to be cast or killed. Gradually, though, I worked out a method for myself, with various directors' help."

A notable example of patience is that furnished by the case of a young woman who, not long ago, was toiling behind the shirtwaist counter of a big department store. Like many another shop-girl, she constantly was being reminded of the fact that she was beautiful. "Why don't you go into the movies?" they asked her.

And finally she followed "their" advice. She went out to the Ince studios, and after several days of patient waiting, obtained work. Three years elapsed before that girl was given her chance. But in that time she had absorbed sufficient of the requisite

knowledge of the motion picture art to entitle her to it. And that knowledge, aided and abetted by her inherent talents, crowned her first performance with success. The ensuing days held more opportunities in store for her, and today, while she is not yet a star, she is on the fair road to it, and her name appears frequently in the cast of Ince productions.

Lois Wilson, now a U star, was one of the prize beauties whom the U brought west a year or two ago. She was from Birmingham, Alabama, and had been a society girl. "I should have given up in fear at the awful things I had to do," said Miss Wilson, "only I was ashamed to be beaten. I worked the first day as an extra in the pouring rain, and caught a fearful cold.

"Next day, I was pushed into the ocean,—not only that, but my hands were tied. I nearly died of fright. As I stood there on the edge of the wharf looking into the green depths, and then around at all those people, I felt as if I hadn't a friend in the world. You just can't imagine! How I did wish I was back home! But I couldn't turn back. They hadn't even told me what they were going to do with me—just that I was to do some water stuff, that's all! Well, wasn't that some situation for a curled and pampered darling?

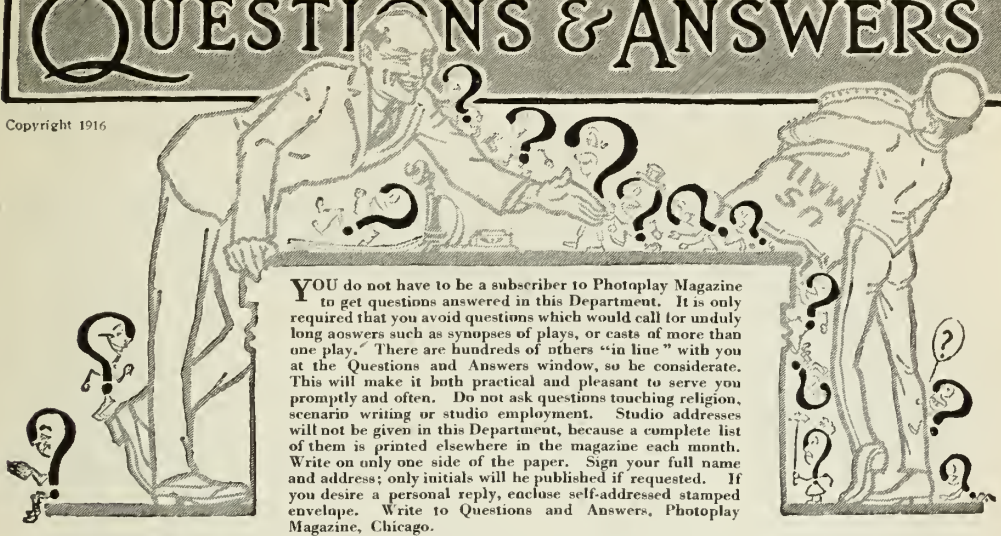
"'It was all in the game,' one of the extra girls whispered to me. But it was wonderful discipline! Never since have I known fear. And when I got my real chance—the Universal people have been so wonderful to me.—I knew what poise I had learned through my experience."

There is a girl at the Lasky studio who was once an artist's model. Three months ago, she was posing for Rob Wagner, writer and painter. But an artist's model in the west doesn't find much employment. One day she fainted in Wagner's studio. She had been engaged by him two days before, but had said nothing about financial straits, and Wagner had taken the paying her when her posing for him was done as a matter of course.

When the girl came to, she told him she had had nothing to eat for two days except a cup of coffee and a biscuit the morning before. He advised her to go into pictures, sent her with a letter to the Lasky Company, and the girl was instantly seized upon as a remarkable picture type.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

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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. There are hundreds of others "in line" with you at the Questions and Answers window, so be considerate. This will make it both practical and pleasant to serve you promptly and often. 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.

LEE, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—Sorry, old fellow, but this is not the matrimonial department. Suppose, for instance, we did give your address to some "western lassie" and she wrote to you and you wrote to her and eventually you and she became united in the bonds of wedlock, so to speak; why you'd blame us for it the rest of your life and maybe she'd have us arrested or put cyanide in our mince pie. No, Lee; it cannot be did. The cast for "Search Me": *Jail Bird*, Paddy McGuire; *District Attorney*, Arthur Moon; *Judge*, Russ Powell; *His Wife*, Mert Sterling; *Her Daughter*, Priscilla Dear; *The Detective*, Jack Ganes.

H. H., DIXON, ILL.—How do we classify Bill Hart in the actorial category? Well, how does "Shooting Star" suit? No trouble at all!

CHEERFUL, GRAND FORKS, N. D.—The best way to find out if Myrtle Lind is your cousin is to write her care of Keystone. Since our bathing girl number, several others have asked information about Myrtle for the same reason.

I. W., SPARROWS PT., MD.—Your tribute to Mr. Chaplin is merited by him but it isn't fair to criticise the editor for not printing his photograph more often when almost every issue contains some sort of Chaplin picture. Think you will like Mr. Walthall in "The Truant Soul."

YVONNE, MONTREAL, CANADA.—We haven't very much French, as it were, but we deduce from your letter that you consider Edmund Breese the *dernier cri*, if not the entire *table d'hôte* and *faux pas* in motion pictures. Decoding further, we sorta gather that you wanta know if he'll accept a letter written in French. Off hand, we should say, "Yes." Anyhow, you might try it out on him. It didn't hurt us any. P. S. *Non cherie, il n'est pas maric!*

M. F., SYDNEY, N. S. W.—All those you mention have had their photos in the art section.

House Peters will have his there again whenever he provides us with a new photograph. Maybe he'll see this and have hisself token, as Pete Propps would say.

RUTH, BILOXI, MISS.—One letter ought to satisfy you. There is no reason why players should become regular correspondents of those who admire their work. Earle Williams is about 37 and not burdened with a wife. The Fairbanks twins are on the stage now. Better have a few more letter writing rehearsals before you write any more stars.

IT is the aim of this department to answer the same question but once in an issue. If your initials do not appear look for the answer to your questions under the name of another.

For studio addresses consult the studio directory in the advertising section.

A strict compliance with the rules printed at the top of this page will be insisted upon.

ELSIE, LISMORE, N. S. W.—William Collier, Jr., has appeared in but one film play, "The Bugle Call." He'll probably send you a photo if you write him in New York and send an international coupon for a shilling to pay the mailing charge. You know that back numbers of PHOTOPLAY may be had for fifteen cents each, so you can catch up any time you like. Helen Ware was *Elizabeth Crane* in "Cross Currents"; Willard Mack was *David Harmon* in "Aloha-Oc."

UNSOPHISTICATED, PITTSBURG, PA.—At the time it was written Norma Talmadge was unmarried. Glad you've finally discovered us and many thanks for the praise. Can't say about Marguerite but you might try the two-bits. Nothing strange about your letter except that it came clean from Pittsburg (old stuff). But why do you ask?

R. W., LEBANON, TENN.—Fannie Ward is a member of the Lasky company, Hollywood, Cal., and a letter addressed there will reach her.

A. M., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—We have no record of "Enchantment," but that doesn't mean that there is no such picture.

KIT, BATESVILLE, ARK.—Far be it from us to hurt the feelings of any of PHOTOPLAY family, but sometimes it *does* peeve us to get letters from girls of 16 or more in which the commonest

words are misspelled, which to our way of thinking is far more reprehensible than the asking of silly questions. Your questions are all of a controversial nature and cannot be answered here, but it is likely that you will see some articles in the magazine soon bearing on those subjects. Kerrigan quit Universal because he considered himself worth more salary than the company thought he was worth—another controversial matter. Your poem has been handed to the editor.

E. D., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—Tom Forman is still at Lasky's but is no longer playing with Blanche Sweet as that young lady has left that company. See your theater manager about seeing Tom more often.

D. S., TORONTO, CANADA.—There is no market in which a person can sell the book of another writer for filming purposes.

SEVENTEEN, BALTIMORE, MD.—No, we could never have guessed your sex if you had not signed your name. Yes, we think Wallace Reid is "just darling." Robert Warwick is about 40 and, as you say, a very good actor. They must have told you wrong about Gail Kane. We are sure that Mary Pickford and Owen Moore get along happily. If they didn't, they would surely write and tell us. How much do they pay for scenarios? Well, how much do women pay for dresses?

PEGGY, NEWPORT, R. I.—Enjoyed your romance very much and hope you will always be as happy as you are now. Fannie Ward looks real chickeny in real life. The Hayakawas have no children. Sessue is about 28. Write for his picture. Glad to get the secret information you imparted and will not violate your confidence although we do not think Miss Clark is engaged.

M. Z., LOS ANGELES, CAL.—J. W. Johnston played opposite Norma Talmadge in "Fifty-Fifty." Marie Chambers was probably the woman you mean.

M. W., DENTON, MONT.—Alfred Hickman is the man's name. He was recently married to Nance O'Neil. You are no more curious than thousands of others.

C. J., NEW BEDFORD, MASS.—We have no record of Olga Olova since "The Crimson Stain." We are rather curious also as she is quite an unusual sort of vamp, one of the wiggliest we ever saw.

THEDA, GREAT FALLS, MONT.—Rather than be responsible for your untimely demise, we will undertake to answer all the questions you are "dying to ask." Vamp when you are ready, Theda, as Dewey said at Vanilla.

C. R., WINFIELD, KAN.—Yes, Herbert Rawlinson smiles just thataway when the camera is not aimed at him.

J. J., BRONX, N. Y.—Mildred Harris and Pauline Starke are still with Fine Arts, Los Angeles. Address them there. They will answer you, we think.

ANN, ST. LOUIS.—Don't think you are "all wrong" about "Romeo and Juliet." Your opinion matches ours exactly, but did you ever figure out what some actors would be getting—or working at—if we all thought alike as to their qualifications?

J. S., SHELBYVILLE, IND.—Address Edward Earle, care Metro, New York. He's probably wondering why you didn't answer his letter. You might send in some of those good interviews you mention. Maybe the editor will put you on steady if they are exceptional.

R. T., EAGLE PASS, TEX.—The serials you mention have not as yet been published in book form. They probably will be.

M. B., NEW YORK.—Pearl White's current serial in "Pearl of the Army." Creighton Hale's last picture was "Snow White," the picturized fairy tale with Marguerite Clark. Yep, Pearl is a "bear."

BESSIE, SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Remember that sizes are relative. In fact everything is relative. Even our relations. Personally, we consider four feet, ten inches, Miss Clark's height very small, but you, being a great big five foot two-er would not. Get the idea?

M. M., HAVANA, CUBA.—You certainly have cause to be thankful for the movies. John Drew is older than Sidney. All of the latter's recent plays have been two-reel comedies. Pauline Frederick was in your city for the filming of some scenes in "The Slave Market." Practically all of the big film companies are represented in your city.

G. C., PAWTUCKET, R. I.—The only way we know of to obtain photographs is to write to the players themselves. Miss MacLaren is with Universal.

A. S., CORONADO, CAL.—Creighton Hale did not appear in the "Mysteries of Myra." Howard Estabrook was the hero. Jean Sothorn is not with Art Dramas. Charley Chaplin is not married.

L. W., PETERSBURG, VA.—It is against the rules to advise you concerning scenario writing but your case is such a singular one that we'll make an exception. Don't waste any more time writing them.

NOT COMPLAINING, BUT—

ALTHOUGH it has been constantly stated that no advice can be given in this department on photoplay writing, there is a continual flood of letters regarding scenarios.

"Now have a homely teamster,"

Writes one, "In love with June
And have a dook in love with her
And baying at the moon.
She marries him—the ducal bird—
And goes to live in Jazz.
She hates him tho, in later years
In spite of all he has.
She runs away—back home again—
And finds old Jim in tears;
While janiting a lofty flat
He's waited all these years.
What cared our June for precious gems
And ducal castles dim
When she could have an honest man,
A janitor like Jim?
They married, and a dozen kids
Made glad their home with talk.
The final scene shows Jim and June
A-cleaning off the walk."

Of course, we hate to discourage budding talent, but what's the use of having rules if folks can't be made to observe them. It's trying enough at times to cope with some of our unique correspondents without having to be pestered with nut scenarios. We thank you.

N. R., HARRISON, ARK.—Gee, that's tough luck; having to go to school! How'd you like to trade places with some girl who has to work twelve hours a day in a factory? Francis Ford has no brother Jack Ford. Pronounce it *Yank-see* Dolly. That's as good a way as any.

R. C., BAYSIDE, L. I.—Edith Storey hid her natural tresses under a blonde wig in "Isle of Regeneration." Antonio Moreno was *John Char-nock, Jr.*, and Bobby Connelly was the same character as a boy.

H. S., MANCHESTER, MASS.—"The Ragamuffin" was never published as a short story in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

M. J., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—William Nigh was *Bradley* in "Life's Shadows." Kathleen Alaire was *Dulcie* and *Rodney Thorndyke* was played by Robert Elliott. Gladden James was *Jimmie* in "The Social Secretary." No, but we expect to have a story soon about Mr. Keenan. As long as we get letters like yours we do not fear any fatal result.

A. R., DENVER, COLO.—Can't figure out whether you are trying to write a weekly review or merely giving us the right steer on the current plays. Constance Talmadge and Anita Stewart were born in Brooklyn. Edith Storey in New York City, Seena Owen, Spokane, Wash., Bill Hart, Newburgh, N. Y., Enid Markey, Dillon, Colo., Marguerite Clayton, Salt Lake City, Naomi Childers, Philadelphia. Oh, let the rest go for some other time.

DETROIT FAN, DETROIT, MICH.—Richard Travers and Lillian Drew played the leads in Ess-nay's "Snowburner"; Bryant Washburn and Gerda Holmes in "Strength of the Weak."

F. W., DORCHESTER, MASS.—The following are the names of the leading men whose names are missing in your book: Gladden James in "Paying the Price," Richard Neill in "The Labyrinth," Eugene O'Brien in "The Scarlet Woman," Guy Coombs in "My Madonna," Pierre LeMay in "Playing with Fire," Richard Buhler in "Thief." Entirely welcome.

REDUN, RENFREW, ONTARIO, CAN.—No, Mme. Petrova was not widowed by the death of Arthur Hoops. Thomas Meighan was the revenue officer in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" with Charlotte Walker.

CAMILLE, MISSISSIPPI.—Actresses' weights vary. There would be much less worry in actorial circles if they were stationary. We'll do the best we can for you. Pearl White, Pathe, is 5 ft. 3 in., 125 pounds; Virginia Pearson, Fox, 5 ft. 7½ in., 145 pounds; Geraldine Farrar, 5 ft. 3 in., 135 pounds; Kitty Gordon, World, 5 ft. 6 in., 135 pounds. Find their addresses in the studio directory.

D. F., HAMILTON, ONTARIO, CAN.—Sure we believe that story about Theda Bara's unique contract. If we said we didn't, the poor man who wrote the story would probably be dismissed. Wheeler Oakman played the part you mention in "The Rosary." William Courtleigh, Jr. is 25 years old. Lottie Pickford was married about four years ago. His name is Rupp.

LILLIAN, NEW ORLEANS—Jack Holt is about 25 and unmarried. Write him at Universal City. Creighton Hale is unmarried and was born in 1892. Of course it is important or you would not have written. You may write any time.

FRENCHY, KANKAKEE, ILL.—Sometimes the tears you see in the movies are genu-ine and sometimes they're glycer-ine. Do you follow us, or are we alone? Billy Quirk and Constance Talmadge were leads in "The Master of His House." In another of the same name, a Kay-Bee film, the leads were Richard Stanton and Rhea Mitchell. Montagu Love has played in "Hearts in Exile," "A Royal Family," "The Devil's Toy," and other photoplays. Max Linder spicks not ze Ingleese, but he's learning it rapidly.

LETMENS, PHILADELPHIA.—Niles Welch was born in Hartford, Conn., in 1888. If he were an actress this would make him 22, but being a man, he must confess to 26 summers. He is a six-footer, fair hair, blue eyes. William Hinckley was born in 1894, educated in Chicago and is six feet two inches in his shoeless feet. Niles is married. All we know about Harrison Ford is that he's no relative of Francis, Sterling, or Henry and that he is with Universal.

G. B., VANCOUVER, B. C.—So Mary Pickford is your favorite actress? My, my, how strange. John Bowers is not officially credited with a wife, so the assumption is that he is single.

A. V., HOUSTON, TEX.—Olga Petrova's husband is not dead. Pauline Frederick is not married at the present time. What do we think of Mary Miles Minter's age? Just dandy! Bill Hart was born in 1874 and Doug Fairbanks in 1883. Do your own figuring. Theda Bara's latest picture is "The Darling of Paris."

TEMPEST, AURORA, COLO.—Our idea of an ideal girl? One who thinks us the ideal man. Yes, 18 is a nice age. One of the best we ever had. Charles Ray has brown eyes and dark brown hair and is married. Harold Lockwood played the lead in "The Secretary of Frivolous Affairs." Kerrigan is now on the road. PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is issued on the first of each month and in order to have a simultaneous distribution it is printed about two weeks prior to that date. There is no record of any girl who bites her fingernails becoming a star.

TOMMIE, DOTHAN, ALA.—Owen Moore played with Mary Pickford in "Caprice," and Marshall Neilan in "Rags." Robert Vaughn with Miss Clark in "Still Waters." Sorry to have kept you waiting so long. It won't happen again.

RED, CIRCLEVILLE, O.—Eugene O'Brien is now on the stage in New York. Mary MacLaren and Jack Mulhall had the leads in "Wanted, A Home." Address Charley Ray at Culver City.

L. M., DALLAS, TEX.—Please don't start any fad of writing the Answer Man for his photograph, because it can't be started. Hope you'll be home soon.

GEORGETTE, HICKMAN, KY.—The scenario contest closed the last day of December and, naturally, it will take some time to read and pass upon them. It will be several months, at least, before the winners can be announced.

JAMES, DIXON, ILL.—Maxine Elliott was the third wife of Nat Goodwin, Edna Goodrich the fourth and Marjorie Moreland is the present wearer of the Goodwin name.

(Continued from page 66)

with a little cynical smile, got on her horse and rode back to the hotel. Outside Georgios Polybuteros, with his chosen band of eleven blood-brothers, was making the night vocal, while George Hagan, stupefied into imperturbability, lolled back in an easy chair, smoking, and watched them.

"Cut it out now!" said Peggy sharply. "Georgios, I'll have something to give you soon. Meanwhile, do you think any of you sons of leisure could persuade himself to help to pack my things? I'm leaving by the stage coach in the morning."

"Not for the work, but to oblige the American Princess," said Georgios with a bow. "The Princess wishes to speak to me now? Wives very dear this time of year among us Arnauts."

George Hagan came up to interrupt the conversation. "Say, what's the trouble?" he asked. "Is it a revolution or just another victory? What game have you been pulling off, girlie?"

"O, nothing much," said Peggy. "I've just made a sale of my submarine to the Council—that's all."

Next comes Peggy's most exciting and most realistic adventure,

"THE TORPEDO-BROKER OF HOLLAND"

This is not only one of the best but certainly the most original story the Great War has produced. Victor Rousseau sees humanity through a laughing-glass, and here is a phase of the giant conflict in the fascinating terms of red-blooded and merry adventure.

Fighting the Plague with Movies



Where the Indian fake medicine vendor once traveled about by wagon selling fake nostrums to the credulous, is now the field of the health movies. The Wisconsin Anti-Tuberculosis Association uses this means of preserving the health of the people in isolated districts.

(Continued from page 149)

C. E., BLACKFOOT, IDA.—Marc McDermott is still in pictures and has appeared in several recent Vitagraph releases.

H. H., ALLIANCE, O.—John Bowers is with World Film now. One of his recent Famous Players plays was "The Reward of Patience," with Louise Huff.

PRETTY BABY, WASHINGTON, D. C.—Are you? Jack Pickford is nearing twenty-one. He likes swimming and dancing and his "boy chum" is Bobby Harron. In the absence of definite information we will hazard the guess that his favorite candy is fudge and his favorite flower, gold leaf. His favorite song? "He's a Ten O'Clock Devil in a Nine O'Clock Town." You forgot to ask if he is as good looking as his pictures.

D. R., MINNEAPOLIS.—George Fisher was *Allan Shelby* in "Home" with Bessie Barriscale. He is now with American at Santa Barbara, Cal. "Joan the Woman," in which Wallace Reid plays an important part, has been released in the large cities, but it is not on a regular program.

VICTOR, DES MOINES, IA.—We have no preference in vamps. All vamps vamp alike to us.

PEGIE, TORONTO, CANADA—Never saw it spelled with one "g" before but guess it's all right. Constance Collier, at this writing, is on the speaking stage in New York City. Glad you pass your PHOTOPLAY on to the convalescing soldiers. It's a good hint for other readers.

HELEN, SAVANNAH, GA.—Sarah Bernhardt is over 70 but she's still there with both feet, even if one is artificial. Her English is very imperfect. Anna Held was Billie Burke's predecessor as Florenz Ziegfeld's wife. Miss Held has a daughter about 22 years old.

L. C., LARAMIE, WYO.—Marie Chambers was the other woman with Pauline Frederick in "The Woman in the Case." You never saw her on the screen before for the very simple reason that it was her first screen appearance.

JANE, SANTA PAULA, CAL.—You girls are sure funny. You wail about the Francises and the Wallaces being married and can't understand why Bill Hart isn't.

J. C., NEW YORK CITY—The name of the actor who played *The Christ* in "Intolerance" was probably omitted from the cast because of its inconsistency. The player bears the somewhat flippant name of Howard Gaye.

M. E., DETROIT, MICH.—Now don't make the mistake of trying to get rough with us because the cavest cave man that ever caved in anyone's slats is a calf-eyed ingenue alongside of us when it comes to rough stuff. And, besides, we'll tell your husband on you if you do it again. Joseph Schenck, Norma Talmadge's husband, is in the movies, but not as an actor. He's a financier. Regards to Henry.

V. L., FRESNO, CAL.—*Teresa* in "The Half Breed" was Alma Reuben, who as you intimate, is quite *some* actress. The last play we saw her in was "Truthful Tulliver" with Bill Hart. Write her at Culver City, Cal.

GRACE, EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL.—So far as we are informed Eugene O'Brien, Eddie Lyons and Harry Hilliard are wallowing in a state of single blessedness, so take your pick.

BELLE, SAN DIEGO, CAL.—The statement you read in this department about Crane Wilbur was the truth.

G. H., BRAZIL, IND.—Is that the Brazil where the movie nuts come from? William Courtleigh, Jr., is about 25. Maude Fealy is with Lasky. William H. Thompson and Margery Wilson played the leading parts in "The Eye of the Night."

LOUISE, LOS ANGELES, CAL.—We know nothing of the practice of other publications but neither companies nor players can purchase "write ups" in PHOTOPLAY. This magazine is published in the interest of the photoplay patrons of the world and not for the benefit of any one else. Theda Bara is not in Los Angeles; probably because such an ultra-respectable city could not tolerate the presence of too many vamps. Douglas Fairbanks played "The Cub" on the stage. Never heard of Mr. Dyer.

R. R., ST. LOUIS, MO.—Yes, yes; we know where St. Louis lies, and how, and why. Since learning we are a sadder Budweiser man. But how could you expect us to know where your school was if you didn't tell us? We're not a directory of seminaries. Disappointed, too, about the fudge. Will try to fill the Lockwood order.

BEE, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Montagu Love was born in Calcutta in 1887 which makes him an Indian, though not a redskin. He was educated in England, has red hair, blue eyes, six feet high, 195 pounds. Has made a considerable reputation on the speaking stage. He may go to a California studio so you can defer your trip East.

SHORTY, LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Thanks for your good wishes. But why worry about our identity when there are so many movie stars to worry about. Seventh and Grand would look awful good on this snowy day.

MARGARET, CALGARY, ALTA.—Charley Chaplin was born in Paris, France, in 1889. Fannie Ward is married to Jack Dean. Louise Lovely is 21 and Mary MacLaren about 17. Write Pauline Frederick care Famous Players. The subscription in Canada is \$1.85. No, G. C. is not married to F. F. Her husband is Joe Moore.

C. G., RIVERSIDE, R. I.—Niles Welch is your hero in "Miss George Washington." He's 29. David Powell is all you think him and in addition, 32 years old. Gertrude Glover, of Essanay, is the daughter of the late Lyman Glover, well known dramatic critic, and has been in the pictures for about two years. Write again.

H. I., NEW YORK CITY—Telephone the Universal Co. and you will be told what theaters in the Bronx are playing "The Purple Mask." Get any back issue of PHOTOPLAY for the Cunard-Ford question answers. However, it will be answered again next month.

C. H., NEW YORK CITY—Dorothy Bernard is in her early twenties and a native of South Africa, having been born there while her parents were touring that country with a theatrical company. She is married to A. H. Van Buren. You are right in sizing her up as a splendid actress. We never heard of Minna.

H. W., DECATUR, ILL.—We had an interview with Miss Ridgely not so long ago. Do you want one of the magazines? Fifteen cents please. Maybe another before long.

(Continued on page 158)

A Boy Named Kelly

(Continued from page 84)

fering. But this must be remembered: The moving picture deals with fundamentals. Your story may have dealt with the ungrateful child theme. There is nothing original about that, but the variations are numerous. Yet when you see a photoplay dealing with an ungrateful child, you immediately recognize your story. The tyro does not realize that everything depends upon the treatment, not how similar his story is to thousands of others."

"To what do you attribute your own success?"

"Solely to the picture instinct. This is as different from the fiction, or novel instinct, as the novel instinct is different from the dramatic. The three viewpoints are absolutely separate.

"The big future for the scenario writer lies in the study and development of character. It is not sufficient that my subtitle informs the audience that Mrs. Jones is a society leader, and that the actress playing the part wears expensive gowns. My story must make Mrs. Jones' actions those of a society leader, as different from those of a shop-girl, as the shop-girl's would differ from those of an immigrant woman, just landed from Ellis Island. They may be 'sisters under the skin,' but the motion picture camera cannot photograph behind the cuticle. The great pictures are those which make the sisterhood clear, at the same time keeping the characters different and consistent. The emotion of grief is universal.

but the manner in which grief is expressed is personal.

"The greatest opportunities in the moving picture world are awaiting the author who makes a study of the requirements. This does not mean merely going to picture shows and writing things that are like the ones already done. The author must acquire the true picture instinct. At the risk of being considered high-brow, I would say that familiarity with musical form is quite as valuable as literary ability. In both the musical composition and the scenario you first establish an attractive theme, then you embellish it, and, increasing your force and your tempo, work up to a big climax. Tempo is a word that is just beginning to be understood by moving picture writers and directors. It means the increase of speed as you approach the big scenes. The scenario is developing into a distinct art form. It is because so few understand this that plumbers, high school girls, barbers, lawyers, novelists and others, are astonished at rejections of manuscripts which they believed to be absorbingly interesting and original stories."

I can only add that Mr. Kelly is not a high-brow, in the horrific sense of the word. He is just a young fellow with an engaging smile and a quick brain, who dropped work on a ten-reel adaptation of "God's Man" for the Frohmans, to tell me these things for the benefit of the readers of PHOTOPLAY who are writing scenarios.

Why Is It?

I'VE read in lots of magazines and books and papers, too.

About the sweet and brainy wife, named Betty, Belle or Sue.
Who when the cash is getting low and bills are hard to pay,

Picks up a pen or pencil and without the least delay
Writes out a thrilling movie plot and sends it on its way.

To hubby dear she says no word until, with shining eyes,

She lets him see the note which says: "Your plot has won the prize,"
And proudly shows the check they've sent for eighteen hundred bones,
Which pays up all their debts and bills and mortgages and loans.

Now though our cash has oft been low and bills quite hard to pay,

I've yet to find a movie man who'd treat my stuff that way;
'Tis true I get a little note, but ne'er a check inside,
And so you see I'm forced to say: "I think somebody lied!"

Ethel Klein.

MARY PICKFORD—gentle, sincere, unselfish, clever and with a girlish charm and beauty that make her adored in every civilized country. If you cannot know her personally, as we do, you can at least have this “speaking likeness” of her in your home.

1917 Art Panel. Miss Pickford has granted to the makers of Pompeian toilet preparations the permission to offer the **first** Mary Pickford Art Calendar. Size 28 x 7¼ inches. Art store value, 50c. Price 10c. Please clip the coupon below.



GROW BEAUTIFUL!

Impossible? Not at all! Many a woman loses good looks merely by losing an hour or so of precious sleep every night. Sleep is nature's great beautifier. To gain beauty, sleep more—and form the nightly habit of

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Pompeian NIGHT Cream adds a soothing, softening, youth-i-fying touch to skins which are injured by cold, wind, hard water and invisible dust by day.

A remarkable cream is Pompeian NIGHT Cream—so white, so fragrant, so *effective!* You will enjoy and benefit by its faithful use. In motorists' tubes, 25c. In jars, 35c and 75c. At stores everywhere.



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is an entirely different cream in its purpose. It cleans the pores, brings healthy glow to tired fallow cheeks. In jars, 50c, 75c and \$1.

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beautifies the hair by stimulating the scalp, freeing it from dandruff. A clear, amber liquid. In bottles, 25c, 50c and \$1.

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Gentlemen: I enclose 10c for a 1917 Mary Pickford Art Calendar and a sample of Pompeian NIGHT Cream.

Name

Address

City..... State.....

A Cheerful Anarchist

(Continued from page 50)

establishment of the Bennetts.

Richard Bennett was born in Indiana in 1873 and educated, primarily, in Logansport and Kokomo. After his appearance with "The Limited Mail," he appeared under the Frohman management as the co-star of "The White Feather." Then followed his well-known stage successes.

In 1908 Charles Frohman selected Mr. Bennett as leading man for Maude Adams. He played John Shand in Barrie's play written for Miss Adams' exploitation, "What Every Woman Knows." And, practically, he "stole" the show. From that moment Richard Bennett was a national theatric celebrity.

Mrs. Bennett admits, laughingly, that Bennett seldom wears his own hat, being in the habit of grabbing any man's hat, anywhere, on the assumption that a hat is only a hat and that one hat is as good as another. In fact, according to the actor's intimates, he is just as likely to leave his own sable-lined great coat hanging on a nail and wriggle himself into some other fellow's coat.

And Bennett is a radical—a strong believer in government by the people carried to the Nth degree. The actor is intolerant of "precedent," declaiming frequently against the absurdity and criminality of attempting to administer justice in courts of law upon the basis of legal precedent often several centuries old.

It was this same feeling against the moss-grown rules of legal procedure that impelled Bennett to write and produce that striking motion picture drama "And the Law Says," wherein he enacts the role of the stern judge, governed by "rules of evidence," who by his refusal to recognize fact instead of precedent, condemns, unknowingly, his own son to execution.

During the filming of this piece, Bennett arose from the judicial throne one morning after rehearsal and calmly sprawled himself on the bench between the sacred water pitcher and the "Codified Laws," puffing a cigarette and remarking with a comical grin, that he always wanted to do something undignified in a law court and here was his chance.

A Real "Kid" Play? Here It Is



Lule Warrenton, well known former Universal character actress, has recently been writing and directing a series of children's plays at a studio she built on her own ranch about a dozen miles from Los Angeles. She is shown here Mrs. Belascoing her school-days stock company.



Don't try to cover up a poor complexion — clear it with

Resinol Soap

Resinol Soap not only is exceptionally cleansing and refreshing, but its regular use reduces the tendency to pimples, relieves clogged, irritated pores, and gives *Nature* the chance she needs to make red, rough skins white and soft.

Bathe your face for several minutes with Resinol Soap and warm water, working the creamy lather into the skin gently with the finger-tips. Then wash off with more Resinol Soap and warm water. Finish with a dash of clear, cold water to close the pores.

Do this once or twice a day, and you will be delighted to see how quickly the healing Resinol medication soothes and cleanses the pores and makes the complexion clearer, fresher and more velvety.

The soothing, restoring influence that makes this possible is the *Resinol* which this soap contains and which physicians have prescribed, for over twenty years, in the care of skin affections.

Resinol Soap is sold by all druggists and dealers in toilet goods. For a sample cake, free, write to Dept. 16-F, Resinol Chem. Co., Baltimore, Md.

The Poor Little Rich Girl

(Continued from page 36)

word, "Success!" blazed above it in letters of fire that burned one's eyes even to look upon it.

"Papa! Papa! Help me—I'm so 'fraid!" she cried, clinging to him while the bulls snorted and the bears grumbled right at her feet.

But her father paid her not the least attention! Instead, he hammered the gate, and strove to fight others who were trying to open it, too.

"Oh, papa—please don't go 'way from me!" she cried, trying to hold onto him. She stumbled—he did go away from her—the light above the gate went out.

It was all dark, but she felt a bull's hot breath on her cheek, and a bear grunted ferociously in her very ear!

In a paroxysm of ultimate terror, Gwendolyn shouted "Mamma! Mamma!" at the top of her strong little lungs.

IN the pretty sleeping-room of the nursery silence still brooded. There was little light, save where a green-shaded lamp glowed softly and steadily upon a small waxen face on the white pillow. A doctor sat beside the still little figure, his eyes never leaving her. Her father sat motionless on the other side of the bed, the lines of weariness standing stark about his sorrowful eyes, his hands clenched, his jaw now and then working convulsively. At the window a woman, her hair awry, her face old as the world, watched with unseeing eyes the roses of the coming dawn. Behind the doctor a nurse stood—a quiet, practical, reassuring figure, poised and ready.

Suddenly the physician bent closer.

"Madame!" he called, just a bit sharply. "Your baby's lips are moving. . . . I hear nothing, but she seems to be saying 'mamma.' She is going to get well!"

In a moment the little girl's face was drenched with the tears of that mother her dream had told her was so far, far away.

The father, swallowing hard, was just behind, his arm about the unstrung, sobbing woman.

In the servants' hall, below, an indifferent young policeman, reading an early edition of a morning paper, raised his eyes to Thomas and Jane, who were whispering furtively.

"Turn off that chatter," he muttered, "unless you want me to wire you up to different sides of the room. No fixing up the story, you coupla murderers!"

Bye and bye the sun came, and with it Gwendolyn opened her eyes, and smiled weakly.

"Why, here's papa and mamma!" she murmured. "I've been such a long ways—but I'd hurried back if I'd known you were here waiting for me."

"We'll always be waiting for you, baby!" whispered her mother, in a bright, wet smile.

"You're not going away again—ever!" said her father, huskily.

"Yes, she is!" contradicted the doctor, crisply. "To the lily pond, and the park, and the mud-pies, and the seashore—all in a gingham dress!"

"Oh, mamma—can I, really?"

"Yes—if you'll let us go with you!"

Open Ohio to "Birth of a Nation"

AFTER a two years' fight "The Birth of a Nation" has won out and Ohioans now may watch the Griffith photoplay without having to slip over the state line to get a peek. This was the result of the action of Mrs. Maude Murray Mulle and W. R. Wilson of the State Board of Censors. The third member of the board, C. G. Williams, refused to act.

Court action of various sorts had been tried by film interests but to no avail. This step is a complete reversal of a former dictum of the censor board.

Twentieth Century Preaching

THE Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, pastor of the Central Congregational church at Topeka, Kan., who won international attention to his book "In His Steps" several years ago, has recently shown a photoplay, "The Martyrdom of Phillip Strong," to his congregation. And according to the Topeka papers they liked it. A special presentation was arranged. Dean Whiteham and Professor Guidi of the School of Fine Arts at Washburn College, Topeka, had charge. The film is based on one of Dr. Sheldon's books.



Ethel Clayton

- THE GIRL ON THE COVER

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(Continued from page 151)

H. S., POCATELLO, IDAHO.—Douglas Fairbanks made no recent auto trip to Salt Lake City with Mr. Griffith that we know of. Address him at Longacre Bldg., New York City. His film work has been exclusively with Fine Arts.

ANDREW J., LITTLE FALLS, MINN.—It was reported that the Lockwood-Allison combination was to dissolve partnership, but at this writing they are still playing before the same camera. Mr. Lockwood usually answers his correspondence and may be addressed at Hollywood, Cal. Others in "Mr. 44" were: *Eagle Eye*, Lester Cuneo; *Larry Livingston*, Franklin Hall; *Estelle*, Yonda Landowska. Sure, write often. Your letters are easy on the eyes.

E. S., BOSTON, MASS.—Who did Theda Bara marra? Gracious! We don't know. Never heard about it a-tall. Harold Lockwood was the lover in "Hearts Adrift" and Charley Ray's wife is not an actress. Enid Markey is 20.

G. J., ST. JOHNS, Nfld.—Sorry, but we cannot print the notice you send, but will be glad to assist you in some other way if you tell us how.

C. C., LOS ANGELES, CAL.—We do not believe the Kinemacolor process is being employed in film making at the present time. It is not regarded as a perfect color process because of the inability to produce in more than two colors and the difficulty in obtaining a perfect register for the double film used in the process.

L. C., DES MOINES, IA.—Do not think you were the one mentioned.

BETTY, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—Ralph Kellard is *Captain Payne* in "Pearl of the Army." Will try to do something for your friends. Yep, Pearl is some thrill merchant.

M. H., OGALLALA, NEB.—Typewriter kinda bucks on those injun names. Yes, we can vouch for Bushman being 32. He's all of that. A photograph of him and his family? Say, girl, do you want the Bushman Club of Roanoke, Va. and all the rest of the Bushman worshipers to come to Chicago and put us outa business? Well, then; hush that noise. Never heard of Kerrigan having a twin brother.

FORRESTINE, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—The right name of June Caprice is Betty Lawson, which to our way of thinking is prettier than the name she assumed, or that Mr. Fox wished on her—however she acquired it. Marguerite Clark was born in Cincinnati. Maury Stewart (correct) was the kid in "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie" with Ethel Barrymore. Your letter was very refreshing. Write again.

M. B., MOBRIDGE, S. D.—Clara and Earle come from different Williams tribes. Bryant Washburn is 27 and admits, upon direct examination, that he is married and glad of it.

C. D., CHICAGO.—We only deal in information concerning the film players and directors and not those engaged in the business end of the pictures.

A. S., WELLAND, ONTARIO.—Marguerite Clark has brown hair and eyes to match, hazel; Ella Hall, blonde and blue; Theda Bara, brown and brown. Cleo Ridgely was born the year the Columbian exposition was held in Chicago. Lottie Pickford will be 22 in June. Olga Petrova, red hair and green eyes. Send 25 cents.

P. A., COLFAX, ILL.—"The Purple Mask" is the new Ford-Cunard serial. Francis is 34, black hair, brown eyes. Grace, light hair, blue eyes. Don't you even want to know if they're married?

E. P., REMSEN, IA.—Constance Talmadge is about 18 and has brown eyes. Address her care Fine Arts. Helen Holmes is still enjoying herself on earth.

J. F. M., HANNIBAL, MO.—Mr. Bushman usually answers all letters from his admirers, so be patient. There are probably 1,643,229 ahead of you and his secretary is only human.

M. L., RACINE, WIS.—Address Ethel Grandin at 203 West 146th St., New York City. Look for the pictures of your favorites in an early issue of PHOTOPLAY.

HAZEL, DECATUR, ILL.—Mme. Alla Nazimova in private life is Mrs. Charles Bryant. She was born in Yalta, Crimea, Russia and is back on the stage after doing one film play "War Brides."

H. S., EPHRATA, PA.—Florence Lawrence is taking life easy at her home in Westwood, N. J. Lottie Briscoe is not playing either, at the present time. Maurice Costello still plays occasionally.

I. M., WISNER, NEB.—So you do not think it is necessary for the actresses to show so much of themselves in society plays? Well, in most instances, we think it displays good form.

J. W., MARSHFIELD, WIS.—Jackie Saunders is not married. Lockwood and Allison in Hollywood, Cal., with Metro and Pearl White with Pathe, New York. Write them there.

A. H., PORTLAND, ORE.—Wallace Reid and Dorothy Davenport usually send their pictures. Write one or both.

M. W., TAMPA, FLA.—The same to you and many of them. L. C. Shumway was born in Salt Lake City in 1884. Not hitehed. Priscilla Dean is 20. Harry Carey has been on the stage and is a real cowboy also.

MISS NEVERSTOP, CHICO, CAL.—No, it's Petaluma where the chickens come from isn't it; not Chico? Mary Maurice was born in 1844. Lillian Reed is a child actress at Culver City. Louise Huff has a husband, name: Edgar Jones.

N. F., TOPEKA, KAN.—Jewel Carmen has been with Fox for several months and Douglas Fairbanks is now herding by himself, so your criticism is futile.

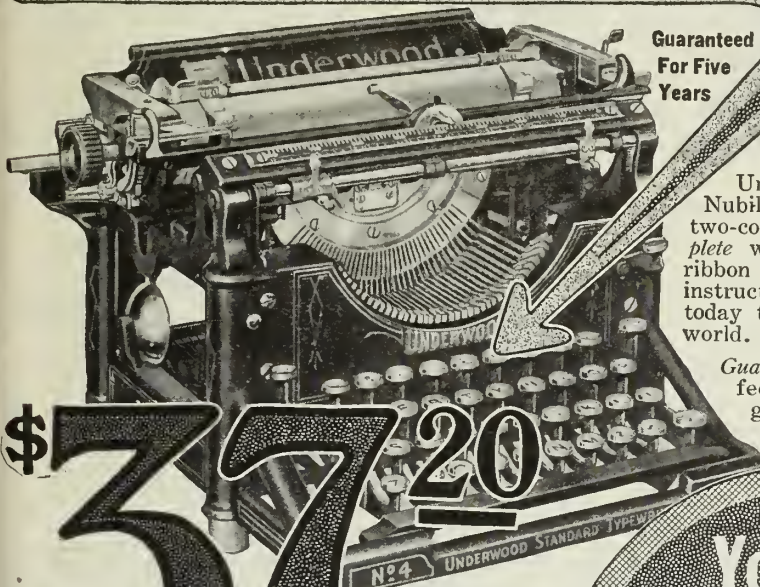
F. C., SALINA, KAN.—Mary Fuller is with Lasky, according to the latest from the Eastern front. So you think "Dorothy Green was "a little bold" in "The Devil at His Elbow?" Well, a little boldness now and then is relished by the best of men; and anyhow boldness is a necessary attribute to a successful vamp.

H. B., VICKSBURG, MISS.—June Caprice is not married and she is a member of the William Fox company in New York.

G. W., COLUMBUS, O.—Why should we publish a picture of Norma Talmadge's husband? Not being a player, he does not belong to the public. Look elsewhere in this issue for the Kellermann pictures you ask about. Mental telepathy. Yes?

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R. C., ALTON, ILL.—Yes, the studio wardrobe usually supplies the extras with gowns when elaborate costumes are required in scenes. Awfully glad you like us.

CHICK, PHILIPPI, W. VA.—No doubt that some day you will be a star. Not the slightest. We can tell by your penmanship. All good writers get to be movie stars. Jean Sothern is now with Art Dramas and her latest film play is "Whoso Taketh a Wife." Your Francis Ford-Grace Cunard query is barred by the statute of limitations. Grace has become Mrs. Joe Moore since you wrote.

J. V., PLAINFIELD, N. J.—Earle Foxe is somewhere in your neighborhood. He was recently seen in "Panthea" with Norma Talmadge. Many players in the East are engaged by the picture so it is at times difficult to tell just what companies they are with. One may be with Fox today and with Famous Players tomorrow.

FRIVOLOUS, WAURIKA, OKLA.—Think you'll find that's the correct way to spell your pen name. Jack Pickford is with Famous Players. Pearl White plays in other than serials but she prefers them. Marguerite and Ethel Clayton are entirely unrelated. Yep, we studied German one day, but didn't like it.

CONSTANT, OMRO, WIS.—The colored films you see are either tinted in a bath or colored by hand.

P. O., KANSAS CITY, MO.—Robert Leonard's photograph was in *PHOTOPLAY* in November, 1915. He is married. Darwin Karr is now in New York.

HALL, ROZELLE, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.—So you want to know what "She's a Bear!" means? Well, sis, up here on top when a fellow pipes a Jane who's a pippin, or a peach, or a hum-dinger; or, to be more explicit, if he lumps some swell doll suddenly, or takes a slant at a skirt who's very easy on the eyes, about the first thing he utters quite subconsciously is: "She's a Bear!" Do you get us, or are we at large? Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran are still with Universal. Glad you like our American beauties. So do we.

DAWN ADMIRER, PHILADELPHIA.—We have it from Miss Hazel Dawn herself that her birthday falls on March 23. Perhaps you were made the victim of a press agent stunt.

INTERESTED, ST. PAUL, MINN.—Shirley Mason is credited with sixteen years. June Caprice with seventeen and Kathlyn Williams is noncommittal. Miss Mason is with McClure and Miss Williams with Morosco.

YVONNE, LOUISVILLE, KY.—Antonio Moreno and Harry Morey are not related and Julia Swayne Gordon is not Anita Stewart's mother. Conway Tearle is married. His wife is not an actress.

MOVIE LOVER, LEAVENWORTH, KAN.—Alan Forrest may be reached at Famous Players, New York City. Charles Ray and Marshall Neilan are around 26, Jack Pickford 20. Bill Desmond is married. Jay Belasco is mum as to his age. Frank Borzage is married to Rena Rogers. He is 24.

M. L., ADMIRER, WARREN, PA.—Marion Leonard has not appeared in a picture for several years and it is doubtful if she will return to the screen. Don't know her age.

A. D., WALTON, N. Y.—Persons in search of employment usually go to the studio.

W. B., WEST NEW YORK, N. J.—We have told the editor about Glenn White and he promises to have something about him before long.

D. G., GARY, IND.—Perhaps if you read *PHOTOPLAY* more closely you would see the pictures of your favorites. Miss Fisher's was in a recent number. Miss Fisher, in private life, is Mrs. Harry Pollard, the gentleman who bears that name officiating as her director. Burke was Billie's right name before she became Mrs. Florenz Ziegfeld. She is in her early thirties, we believe.

C. K., KANSAS CITY, KAN.—Get yourself together and write again. Some of your questions are extremely vague. William Courtleigh, Jr., played opposite Ann Pennington in "The Rainbow Princess." Tom Forman is playing regularly in Lasky photoplays. One of his recent ones was "The Evil Eye."

MARIE, CHICAGO, ILL.—We have no record of any Robert T. Kane.

J. S., ROXBURY, MASS.—Louise Lovely certainly is, we agree. She has never appeared on the cover but may some day. Lorraine Huling is in her early twenties.

W., SARACHTOGIE SPRINGS, N. Y.—What's the matter with censorship? Oh, just about everything. Can't discuss "The Girl from Frisco" with you because we have never seen any of her, but you won't be disappointed if you forget to look for consistency in a serial. True Boardman is back "Stingaree-ing."

J. H. L., FLEMINGTON, N. J.—Allan Murnane was *Arthur Varney* in "The Mysteries of Myra" and he's the same you saw in Jefferson Stock at Portland, Me.

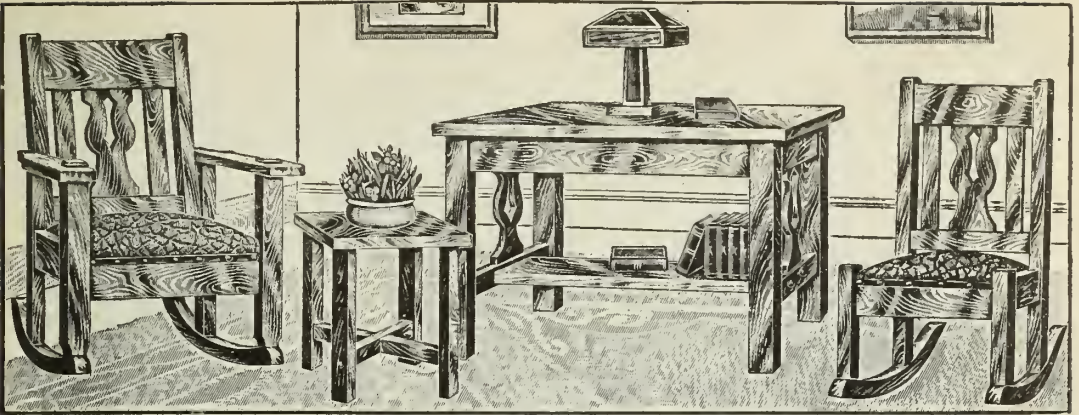
ANONYMOUS, EVANSVILLE, IND.—Lamar Johnson went to Guatemala with a company which was to film "The Planter." If the film is completed you will see him in that next. Tom Meighan's first Eastern production was "The Slave Market" with Pauline Frederick. His first picture was "The Fighting Hope" done about two years ago. He also played with Charlotte Walker in "Kindling" but not with Mary Pickford in "Little Pal." This is a service department so just write any old time. What's yours.

BROWN EYES, CHICAGO.—Letters addressed to Mr. Kerrigan at 1765 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal., will be forwarded to him as he is now traveling about the country. It is customary to send 25 cents for photographs. If the person honored does not accept a fee for mailing, the money will be refunded.

H. B., KENT, WASH.—Don't know what has become of your friend but he is not with Lubin as there is no more Lubin company.

SOPHOMORE, WEST SOMERVILLE, MASS.—Your request has been turned over to the editor who will surely try to get that picture of Miss Pickford.

LOUISE, DORCHESTER, MASS.—It couldn't have been Bessie Love in that Edison film as she has only played with Fine Arts. Sorry you were disillusioned about your Reid-Ridgely dream. Miss Ridgely was born in New York and has been in California for about four years.



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D. L. C., CHICAGO.—George Fisher is now with American at Santa Barbara, Cal. He is not married and we're sure he'd answer your letter. He has light hair and brown eyes and is about 25 years old.

ENVIUS, SALISBURY, MD.—It isn't at all hard to guess the question you refrain from asking. Extend our congratulations to your father. He certainly is a discriminating Xmas present purchaser. Hope you enjoy reading it every month. Elsie Janis is back on the stage. Marguerite Clark was 29 on Washington's birthday.

RUTH, PHILADELPHIA.—What size shoe does Charley Chaplin wear? Well, we don't know whether you mean on the screen or off. If the latter, we think something like a No. 4, or thereabouts, as he has a very small foot. We see no reason to dispute the statement that Miss Minter is 14. Your others are beyond us.

H. B. A., TORONTO, CANADA.—You must have been misinformed. It seems rather absurd that Mr. Bushman would have publicly denied that he was married and that he was engaged to marry Miss Bayne when it is so generally known that he has a wife and family. We don't like to discuss this matter because the Bushman Club of Roanoke, Va. doesn't think it right that we should continue to state that their hero is married, and we like to please the club.

V., LESLIE, MICH.—Marguerite Clark played both roles in "The Prince and the Pauper," double exposure having been used where necessary to show both characters on the screen at the same time.

HAZEL, HAVERHILL, MASS.—Sorry if you have been neglected. William Jefferson has never been married to Vivian Martin, nor has anyone else. Tom Moore is again on the Pacific Coast. Edith Storcy and Antonio Moreno are happily single. Yes, Tony is a "perfect dream." Didst see his features in last month's art section?

RUTH, MONTREAL, CANADA.—So, we're too clever to be a man? Just excuse us a minute till we dope that out. Your judgment on actors is better than it is on us. Don't ask us to murder Stuart Holmes because it's against the law in New York state to kill men with moustaches. Besides, there wouldn't be anybody to vamp the ingenues at the Fox studio.

M. B., NEW YORK CITY.—As both Mr. Hoops and Mr. Ayres are dead, it is doubtful if you could obtain the pictures you want.

CURIOUS, OMAHA, NEB.—We are sure you mean Pedro De Leon, a Universal actor and not Ponce de Leon. The latter was a curious Spanish gentleman who died searching for something that was discovered several centuries later by Fannie Ward. Sure, write any time you feel the spirit moving you.

J. A. G., KEOKUK, IA.—Gail Kane is now with American at Santa Barbara. She's not exactly an ingenue in stature, measuring something like five feet, seven inches from sidewalk to hatpin.

HELEN, LOUISVILLE, KY.—Margery Wilson is a native of your state. How did you know she has a twin sister? Well, she has but the sister is not in the pictures.

PEGGIE, LONG BEACH, CAL.—Did you get enough of Douglas Fairbanks in the March PHOTOPLAY? Yes, he is very dear; something like \$15,000 a week.

CALIGULA, AUBURN, N. S. W.—Yes, old top, the girl who played the *Naked Truth* in "Hypocrites," Margaret Edwards, was all of that. There were no tights. Lois Weber, a woman, directed the picture. Miss Edwards is now a dancer on the stage. Mae Marsh is with Goldwyn; Edna Purviance, Lone Star; Helen Holmes, Signal; Max Linder, Essanay.

A. K., WATERBURY, CONN.—Gladden James played opposite Norma Talmadge in "The Social Secretary." We can assure you that Valeska Surrat is not a female impersonator but a sure-enough female of the species.

BROWN MOUSE, CLEVELAND, O.—Call up the Mutual office in your city and they will tell you where you can see the sequel to "The Diamond from the Sky." It was released late in December in four episodes. Thanks for your sympathy, but if everyone liked his or her work as well as we do, discontent would be as rare as poaching eggs in January.

A. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.—Ralph Kellard is now appearing in "Pearl of the Army." He has played in "Her Mother's Secret," a Fox production and "The Precious Packet," Pathe. Write him for picture, care of Pathe, Jersey City, N. J.

PICKFORD MAE, SNYDER, TEX.—Do not think Mary Pickford played in "The Good Little Devil" in Chicago. Hazel Dawn is back on the musical stage. Fannie Ward's daughter is in her late teens. Don't be afraid to tell us what you like, or don't like, about PHOTOPLAY.

EVELYN, MINNEAPOLIS.—Space forbids an extended discussion of the subjects you bring up, but in the main, we quite agree with you. Can't understand why Miss Stewart and Miss Bernard did not send their pictures. Write them again. Also us.

M. M., HAMILTON, MONT.—Write Mary MacLaren at Universal City, Cal.

L. D., COLEMAN, TEX.—Evelyn Page does not appear anywhere on our books.

K. K., DEVIL'S LAKE, N. D.—Alfred Voßburgh's latest appearance "Princess of the Dark" with Enid Bennett. He is 26 and we believe he is married.

XENOPHON, TORONTO, CANADA.—Glad you called our attention to that contradiction. Crane Wilbur's wife died in November and so far as we know, he has not married again. *Ridgely* is the way to spell it.

E. M., CHICO, CAL.—John Bowers is silent on the subject of matrimony so it is barely possible that the poor fellow has no wife. He comes from Indiana. Be sure and see Creighton Hale in "Snow White," not so much to see Creighton, but to see the play.

HARRIET, WASHINGTON, D. C.—No, Clara Kimball Young Service does not mean that she is married again. It merely refers to the film distribution. Besides, she has a perfectly good husband. Mr. Kimball is her father. Perhaps our report that the Lockwood-Allison partnership was on the verge of dissolution was premature. It looks like it anyway. Even the best prophets make a bum guess once in a while.

TED, MUSKOGON, MICH.—Charley Chaplin is not a "natural born roller skater." He had to learn it. Edna and Frank Mayo are not related.

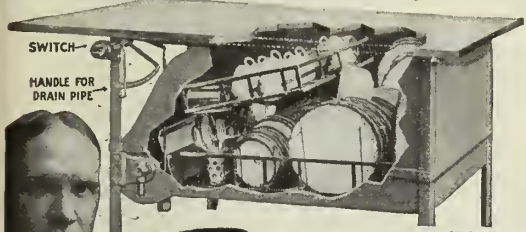
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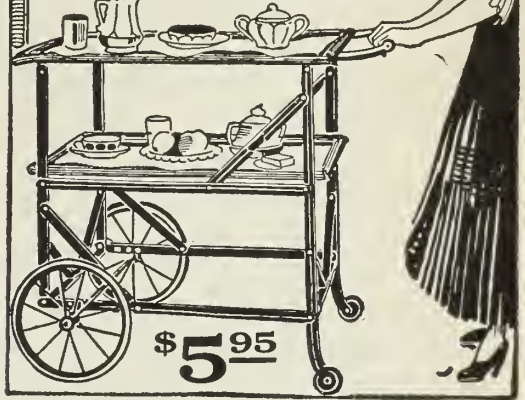
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I. O. N., PUEBLO, COLO.—You can secure a February or a March, 1917, issue of PHOTOPLAY by sending fifteen cents to the subscription department of this magazine, 350 N. Clark Street, Chicago.

INCOG, PASSAIC, N. J.—Every man in his humor, of course, but we can't see why you should choose to be offended at Miss Bayne's interpretation of Juliet.

C. C. M., CINCINNATI, O.—Joseph Singleton is at the Fine Arts Studio in Los Angeles. Will that be all today?

LOUISE D., CENTENARY COLLEGE, CLEVELAND, TENN.—May Allison, who is not married to Harold Lockwood, claims the same alma mater that you do, or will.

FLOSSIE, PHOENIX, ALA.—Ralph Kellard has brown eyes and he says he's not married. Herbert Rawlinson is with Universal.

J. L., COATESVILLE, PA.—Frank Andrews is the name of Pauline Frederick's ex-husband. William Desmond's wife is not an actress. Your requests for interviews, etc., have gone to the editor.

QUESTION BOX, REDMOND, WASH.—Hobart Henly is 30 years old. Marshall Neilan has played opposite both Pickford and Clark, but he doesn't do that any more. He's doing directing now. Harold Lockwood is 29. He and Francis Ford have both tried out married life—and, it is said,—found it wanting. Francis Bushman and Grace Cunard have never played opposite each other in pictures. Mabel Normand has her own film company in Hollywood. No, she isn't married to Mack Sennett. Theda Bara was born in Cincinnati in 1890. Write to Warren Kerrigan at 1765 Gower Street, Hollywood. He'll answer you. Dorothy Dalton is unmarried now. She is 23. Has Warren Kerrigan ever been in Seattle? Well, very likely, very likely.

BROWN EYES, RICHMOND, VA.—Frances Nelson has brown hair and blue eyes. J. Warren has black hair and hazel eyes and is 27 years old. Do we think he ever will be married?

G. D. & H. H., TORONTO, CANADA.—Hopelessly infatuated with David Powell! Well, well, that's pretty bad. Especially when you consider that he has a wife. And it's just the same way with John Bowers, we've heard, but maybe that isn't true. David Powell is 33 years old and lives at 22 E. 33rd St., New York City.

K. E. P., NEW ORLEANS, LA.—We don't know anything about Florence La Badie's efficiency as a correspondent, so can't say how long it takes her to answer letters. Suppose it depends largely on whom they are from.

MRS. R., WORCESTER, MASS.—Could we send you a catalog of all the actors and actresses? Well, no, not while the present paper famine lasts.

SWEET SIXTEEN, SHEDIAC, CANADA.—Mary Miles Minter's sister has brown hair and eyes and her address is 1515 Santa Barbara St., Santa Barbara, Cal.

V. F., TOLEDO, OHIO.—Your long-lost relative, J. J. Franz, may be addressed care of the E. & R. Jungle Film Co., Los Angeles. Haven't heard that he requests a quarter for his picture, but he probably expects it, so don't disappoint him.

GEORGIA PEACH, CORNELIA, GA.—Crane Wilbur was born in 1889. The answers to your other questions haven't been made public by the people concerned.

E. B., GREENVILLE, S. C.—Mae Marsh has no husband, poor girl. Neither has Ruth Roland nor Edna Mayo. Bobby Connelly's parents are not screen actors. Alice Joyce's baby is a girl.

M. L., MONTREAL, CANADA.—You've guessed it. There is an Alice Joyce Moore (Tom Moore's wife) and a Joyce Moore (Frank Mayo's wife).

A. B. G., COMMERCE, TEX.—You win. Marguerite Clark isn't forty and she hasn't a grown daughter, and PHOTOPLAY never made such a statement. Miss Clark is in her thirtieth year and is unmarried.

NEW BOSTON GIRLIE, NEW BOSTON, OHIO.—Violet Mersereau is with Universal at Fort Lee, N. J.

HAL COOLEY FAN, LOS ANGELES, CAL.—He's with Universal, is Hal, and his age is 29 years. Yes, Louise Glaum is married to Harry Edwards.

A. W. B., AMBOY, N. J.—Besides "A Wall Street Tragedy" and "Business is Business," Nat Goodwin has appeared in "The Marriage Bond" on the screen. "Business is Business" was filmed at Universal City. George Beban (*Bee-ban*) is married.

L. K., ATLANTA, GA.—No, Clara Kimball Young and Conway Tearle are not engaged, even if they have played together in two pictures. Bill Hart's address is Culver City, Cal. He'll send you his picture for two-bits.

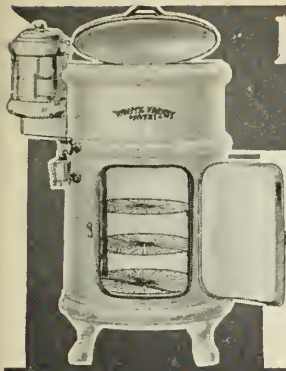
J. S., ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—Mae Murray is married and Alice Brady isn't. Bliss Milford is the wife of Harry Beaumont. He is an Essanay director.

M. F. W., AUSTRALIA.—To be shure Creighton Hale was born in Cork, Ireland. He is about twenty-five and up to date has escaped an attack of matrimony. He has blue eyes and light hair. No, he isn't a brother, cousin, aunt, uncle or grandfather of Alan Hale. He isn't playing with Pearl White in "Pearl of the Army," Miss White's current serial.

H. T., FARMINGTON, MAINE.—We surely have to hand it to you—you're the star questioner. Here goes: Francis Ford is thirty-four years old; his address is Universal City and he answers letters when he has the time. Grace Cunard is married to Joe Moore. Yes, he is a brother of Tom, Owen, Matt and Mary. Frank Farrington was *Braine* in "The Million Dollar Mystery." E. J. Brady was *Hernandez* in "Neal of the Navy." Eddie Polo is at Universal City; Earle Williams with Vitagraph in Brooklyn. Earle isn't married—Tyrone Powers is. Hobart Henly is at the Fort Lee studio of Universal. Edward Sloman was *Trine* in "Trey of Hearts." Alan Forrest is with Famous Players. Harry Hilliard is signed up with Fox. He is at Fort Lee, N. J. John Bowers is with World. Bessie Barriscale, Culver City. James Morrison is a member of the Ivan Company.

E. T., ROXBURY, MASS.—Grace Darmond is with Technicolor, Jacksonville, Fla. Fifteen episodes to "The Shielding Shadow."

G. P., PHILA, PA.—Address Ben Wilson at Universal City. There is a Mrs. Ben Wilson.



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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
DEPT. 17A 350 N. CLARK ST. CHICAGO

No. 12436, OSSINING, N. Y.—Can't say as we think Bryant is "too nice" to play williams. Wally Reid is 26. You have good taste in selecting film favorites.

E. P., BOONE, IA.—Pauline Starke was the girl in "The Rummy" with Wilfred Lucas. She is only sixteen years old. Edmund Breese has been known to the speaking stage for many years. Your perfectly timely requests have been passed to the editor with a recommendation that they be granted. You must have liked that Mae Marsh interview last month, didn't you?

E. F. M., ATLANTA, GA.—We must advise you to write to Famous Players for the lists you desire. They would take up too much space here.

A. R., APPLE CREEK, O.—Grace Cunard did not play with Pavlowa. Here is "The Pretender" cast: Robert Arnold, Robert Klein; Phyllis, Lizette Thorne; Stuart Kendall, Edward Coxen; Charleston Lane, George Field.

L. H., WATERBURY CENTER, VT.—Who was Mrs. Francis X. Bushman before she married him? Why she was Mr. Bushman's fiancée. We have been informed that Miss King actually made that auto leap in "The Race." Naturally, Miss Bara should know more about her birthplace than us. However, we still stick to Cincinnati.

J. O., SAPULA, OKLA.—Miss Farrar and Lou-Tellegen have never appeared on the screen or the stage together. All of their film work has been done for one company, Lasky.

H. A. F., CHELSEA, MASS.—So you are lonesome and would like to correspond with someone. Come right along and tell Uncle Answer Man all about it. That's what we're here for. Will an application of Carlyle Blackwell's "dope" give you any relief? Carlyle Blackwell was born and brought up in Syracuse, New York, served the usual apprenticeship on the stage and then played successively with Vitagraph, Kalem, his own company, Lasky and World, with which latter company he is still connected. In the past he has written, produced and acted his own stories. Feel any better now?

L. S., NEW YORK CITY.—The McClure people refer to the seventh of their Deadly Sins merely as The Seventh Sin, so we don't know whether it is claret lemonade or clocked hosiery. Marguerite Clark is nine-and-twenty.

J. L. S., CHICAGO.—You call yourself a Tearle-Young fan, but it strikes us that you're mostly Tearle. Up to the time of our going to press, he's still married. Mr. Tearle has played in "Seven Sisters" and "Helene of the North" with Marguerite Clark and in "Common Law" and "The Foolish Virgin" with Clara Kimball Young.

M. P., HERNDON, VA.—Would it be convenient for you to enter the moving pictures? No, we don't think so. Little girls of nine are most perfectly inconvenient things to have around the studio. They don't fit into the atmosphere at all. They're much more convenient in a schoolroom, and if they stay there, they'll be better actresses when they grow up.

T. T., CHICAGO.—Thanks for informing us that Mary Miles Minter is "a well-known star." Always grateful for valuable tips like that. Now let us reciprocate by telling you that she's with American at Santa Barbara and that you have our full permission to ask her for her photograph.



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J. P., W. PHILA., P.—Stuart Holmes doesn't say where or when he was born, and it is assumed that he is enjoying a state of single blessedness. His address is in care of Fox, Fort Lee, N. J.

N. R., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Wayland Trask jumped from the legit into motion pictures about a year and a half ago. If Trask sends us some good photos we may be able to use them for publication as you suggest.

J. A., NEW YORK CITY.—Boyd Marshall played opposite Jeanne Eagles in “The World and the Woman.” His other screen appearances have been in “The Disciple of Nietzsche,” “The Mill on the Floss,” “Marvelous Marathoner” and “The Plugged Nickel.” So you think he knows how to wear his clothes? Classy, nifty, spaghetti in other words, eh?

J. K., ROEBLING, N. J.—Mary Pickford is married to Owen Moore. Their home is in New York, 729 Seventh Ave. is Miss Pickford's business address.

F. S., CLEARFIELD, PA.—Creighton Hale may be addressed in care of the Screen Club, New York City. He is on the stage at the present time.

M. A., Erie, Pa.—Edward Kimball was in “The Hidden Scar” and “The Common Law.” Address him at 807 E. 175th St., New York City, care Selznick Enterprises.

L. M. S., BROOKVILLE, IND.—Carolyn Birch is the one you refer to in “On Her Wedding Night.” Antonio Moreno and Edith Storey were featured in that picture.

M. W., VANCOUVER, B. C.—Theda Bara's hair is honest-to-goodness hair. Robert Leonard has been directing Lasky pictures for about six months. Here is the cast of “The Thousand Dollar Husband”: *Sven Johnson*, Theodore Roberts; *Olga Nelson*, Blanche Sweet; *Douglas Gordon*, Tom Forman; *Stephen Gordon*, James Neill; *Lawyer Judson*, Horace B. Carpenter; *Mme. Batavia*, Lucile LaVarney; *Jack Hardy*, E. L. Delaney; *Maggie*, Camille Astor.

READER, TUCSON, ARIZ.—We will ask the editor about the interviews you asked for. Very good suggestions. Thanks for them.

A. Q., VANCOUVER, B. C.—We don't think Tom Forman a pretty good actor. We know he is a very good one. He has been appearing in pictures for about three and one-half years and during that time has been with Kalem, Lubin, Universal and Lasky. “Young Romance,” “The Thousand Dollar Husband” and “Unprotected” are some of the pictures in which he has been seen.

PHOTOPLAY READER, LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Mary Pickford is certainly very popular. She is in your city now. Doug Fairbanks made his first motion picture in 1915 for Triangle. He is now with Artraft.

M. B., NEW YORK CITY.—The Scenario Contest closed at midnight on the last day of 1916, so you will not have the chance to blossom forth and become a second Dickens this time—but we hope that you jump at the next opportunity and make good. The Charles Ray interview to which you refer is on page 106 of January, 1916, number. You can secure this issue by sending fifteen cents to the subscription department. Ditto for the 1917 February number.

G. S., NEW LONDON, CONN.—Here, lady, are the addresses you asked for. Florence LaBadie in care of Thanouser, New Rochelle, N. Y.; Vivian Martin in care of Morosco, Los Angeles, and Marguerite Clark in care of Famous Players, New York City.

W. H., VICTORIA, B. C.—Address Doug Fairbanks in care of the Lambs Club, New York City. Glad you like PHOTOPLAY and thanks for your word of appreciation.

M. G., SPOKANE, WASH.—Bill Farnum has a daughter. Dustin is also married but has no children.

K. V. R., WARRENTON, N. CAR.—Frank Mayo is married to Joyce Moore. The marriage took place in England a few years ago. Mr. and Mrs. Mayo haven't any children. He doesn't say what his salary is. Funny he shouldn't tell us, isn't it?

W. J. S., ST. JOSEPH, MO.—Charlie Chaplin receives a salary of \$10,000 a week, plus a bonus of \$150,000 for the year. Max Linder is with Essanay. His comedy will not be like Mr. Chaplin's. It will be funnier, according to M. Linder. Creighton Hale is not married. G. M. Anderson's wife is a non-professional. "Civilization" was made in California.

H. E. G., ST. JOHNSBURY, VT.—Betty Nansen has gone back to Denmark and is appearing in pictures for a Danish picture corporation. She is married.

D. V., NEW YORK CITY.—Beverly Bayne is not the wife of F. X. B. She isn't married to anyone. Henry Walthall's wife is a retired actress. Crane Wilbur's wife died the early part of this winter. We are glad you find PHOTOPLAY entertaining.

E. C. K., BRONX, N. Y.—Florence Turner was with the Turner Films, Ltd., England, but is now on this side.

H. K., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Ruth and Tom Chatterton are not related to each other, as Chatterton is not Tom's sure-enough name.

PEANUTS, LOS ANGELES, CAL.—M. W. Rale was cast as the *High Master* in "The Mysteries of Myra." Why the nickname?

E. W., LEWISTON, MONT.—Billie Burke isn't appearing in pictures now, that is why you don't see her in any new photoplay.

DOT., NASHVILLE, TENN.—Marshall Neilan's address is in care of Lasky Feature Play Co., Hollywood, Cal. Wallace Reid the same. Mary Fuller and Pauline Frederick with Famous Players in New York. Bessie Eyton at the Glendale, Cal., studio of Selig. Yes, Dot, we agree with you—you have good taste in your selection of stars.

K. M. H., ST. LOUIS, MO.—Charles Ray was married to a non-professional in the late fall of 1915. Norma Talmadge was married to Joseph Schenk late in 1916. H. B. Warner has left Ince and at the present time is with the McClure Pictures Corporation. Dorothy Dalton played opposite Mr. Warner in "The Raiders." Nona Thomas with William Hart in "The Apostle of Vengeance."

T. K., BREMERTON, WASH.—Lillian Gish played the part of Elsie Stoneman in "The Birth of a Nation." Miss Gish is about 22 years old.



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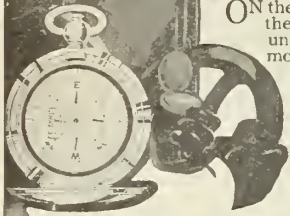
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CINCINNATI, O.

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 82)

Why, we don't know. Not because her father is World, and chooses to star her—not at all! Bill Brady is more rigorous with his own family productions than he is with any other shows he puts out. It seems to be a matter of direction. Are these directors afraid to tell her things, because she's her father's daughter? If so, they are doing her a cruel injustice. She is a willing child, when she is shown how. Consider, for instance, her voluptuous, low-necked death in "The Hungry Heart;" it contains not an item of conviction or reality.

Tillie Wakes Up. If some one will write a scenario for Marie Dressler using just a little bit of her capacity for pathos, and her leaning to occasional serious moments, he will create a female David Warfield. Miss Dressler's present vehicle is what we might describe as silently noisy and fast, but it is not very funny. It is too obvious.

The Man of Mystery. It is to be hoped that E. H. Sothern does not say goodbye to the sun stage, whatever adieux he may hurl at the boards of evening expression. After two pictures, the first of which was intolerable and the second a remarkable improvement, he has found himself before the camera. His newest play, a diplomatic intrigue of European locale, is not remarkable for its originality of plot or novelty of motive, but in it Sothern presents a figure whose graces and repose belong to an elegant day beyond our hurrying time. Briefly, Mr. Sothern has at last succeeded in translating much of the fire and poetry of his living presence to the shadows. For that reason, see this picture. For that reason, we fervently hope for more Sotherns.

Indiscretion. Here is proof that there is much more to Lillian Walker's personality than dimples and nature's dentistry. Don't miss the overture, for if you do, you'll probably miss the scene in which Miss Walker, in a one-piece bathing-suit of Ostend calibre, flashes whitely in and out of a swimming pool. "Indiscretion" purports to tell the story of a sweet, wilful girl, not naughty, but whimsical, inquisitive and misunderstood. Logically it's pretty poor stuff, nor is it well handled in direction, but Miss Walker is attractive, in her skirts as well as out of them.

The Darling of Paris. A series of tableaux carrying Miss Theda Bara, em-

press of vampires, back to Paris of the Middle Ages. Founded upon Hugo's "Hunchback of Notre Dame," the screening is characteristically vigorous and opulent, and the surface manifestations of time and people are gone into in much motional detail. Miss Bara throws herself into her delineation with the wholeheartedness for which she is noted, and is an Esmeralda passably true to novel and period. One of Miss Bara's deficiencies is humor. She hasn't any, and doubtless is convinced that she has. Humor is a saving grace in serious situations as well as moments of laughter. It cannot be defined nor can its workings be delineated. Like electricity, it is just there—or not, and there's all the difference in the world. Glen White as Quasimodo and Walter Law as Claude Frolo give good support.

The Primitive Call. A "Strongheart" type yarn, starting out quite bravely and ending a motion picture melo. Gladys Coburn bears a remarkable resemblance to June Caprice.

One Touch of Sin. A Western story of power, virility and great realism. It features Gladys Brockwell, one of the best young character actresses in the world, and provides her good support. Distinctly worth your time and money.

Twin Kiddies. Helen Marie Osborne—"Mary Sunshine"—is in many respects the most remarkable child actress in pictures. Considering her extreme babyhood—she is not yet five years old—she is equalled by no one. In this rather commonplace though well-handled story of a strike she plays a dual role: a good child and a naughty child, and genuinely characterizes each part. Her director, Henry King, is probably accountable for much of her tiny triumph. If you want to see a living, romping, laughing, pouting, hugging, fighting baby of irresistible fascination drop the dime here.

The Image-Maker. Baroness de Witz (Valkyrien), long and lovely blonde, is the central figure of a reincarnation story which, though handled in a commonplace manner, is a genuine novelty in theme, and opens the imagination to vistas of expression undreamed of by most of our rut-bound scenarioists. This tale of a Florida love-affair, and its recasting in the land of the Pharaohs, is remarkably well fur-

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nished in the matter of Egyptian settings. The scenario far outshines the mediocre acting which it brightly enfolds.

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These diversions make for a merry evening, although the opening scene, burlesquing a rescue mission, is not in high taste. La Purviance is again the lily in this bouquet of garlic, neither toiling nor spinning, but sufficient.

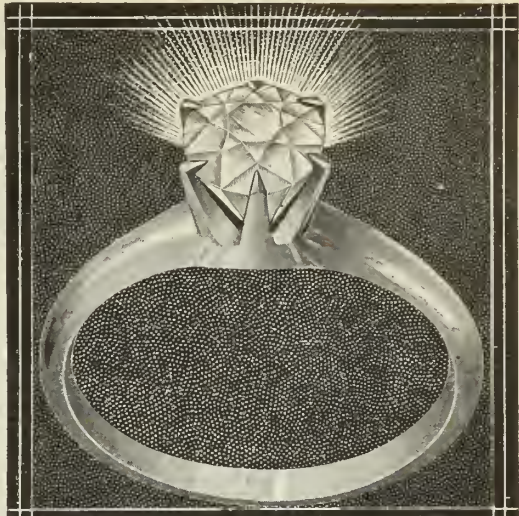
Patria. Following the unwritten serial law this chaptered violence is packed with mechanical desperation and explosive incident. Things happen as fast as they do in a rarebit dream, and with almost as much reason. It seems strange that no one puts out a sensible serial of real life. Had not the Mexican interlude sent Rupert Hughes away from "Gloria's Romance" just as that unlamented repeater was beginning, I believe we would have had a real-life story there. I think the continued and ferocious Jap-baiting in "Patria" is more than questionable.

Glory. Said to be the first Kolb & Dill photoplay, made and put away while several other pictures of theirs were manufactured and released. As it stands, it is too long. Cut back to a five-reeler, "Glory" would be one of the most entertaining pictures on the current programmes. It has much very good comedy, which registers fully, has a plot of much common sense, and is elaborate in cast and material equipment.

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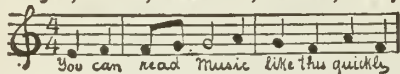
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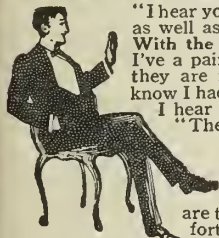


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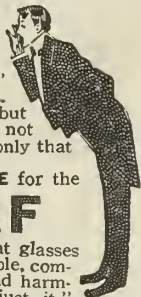
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More Clothes and Less Sex

TOO much sex and too few clothes are now no longer worrying the National Board of Review (once known as Censors). It did for a while and then they decided to nail down the lid on the nude in motion picture art and with this act they believe the danger of overproduction of sex problem plays will be reduced.

It is said that all members of the national association have agreed not to allow the use of the unclad feminine form in their pictures.

Action by the national board followed widespread disapproval and a consequent investigation covering the whole nation.

The danger of overproduction of sex problem plays, recognized by the board, resulted in the producers' branch of the association voting "that any attempt on the part of any unscrupulous manager to use the motion picture for indecent or immoral purposes must be dealt with summarily and every support offered to the law-enforcing authorities in the suppression of such pictures."

The board of review, however, points out that "discussion of sex problems" belongs to a distinctly different category and deserves dramatic treatment on the screen as well as on the stage.

Ruling Blocks Title Lifting

A RULING important to all film producers is that of Justice Mitchell Erlanger of New York, in which he granted Selig an injunction to restrain the Unicorn Film service from using the words "The Rosary" as a title of a photoplay. He also finds for damages for the alleged unauthorized use of the title.

Justice Erlanger's decision points out that the titles of motion pictures are the property of the original producer when such names have won a trade value to the owner.

Austrian Film Ruling Worries Germans

TEUTONIC film makers are said to be deeply incensed over the prohibition of German-made movies into Austria. The latter government has taken this step it is stated to prevent the importation of "unnecessary luxuries." The only balm is the ruling that "patriotic and military films" may be sent to Austria as before.

The Mash Note Conspiracy

(Continued from page 96)

ger, "that these hotel, self and honorable Mister Simp, which are august m. p. Star and my dining guest, are provoked into one blunder of much embarrassment. It are appear that by fool carelessness there are become mixed in with dance invitations some papers of personality to Mister Simp. Deeply deplore. Kindly all who are receive such mistakes promote Mister Simp's papers here to him at these table of mine with suddenness. That Captain of Waiter will pass through your tables and collect. Thank you."

I am find out subsequently later from bus boy what were those personal paper which go smash-noting around room; are informed by that boy they compose chop suey of bills which that Star have not paid up at home, like those milkman three months, that high-cost butcher two month, also some displeased grocer and laundryman and more of others which are been sending house bills to Star care of Wife of Star, lengthily without breaking into Star's bankbook.

Also one distressful previously non paid hotel bill, which that manager framed up with Friend of Wife maybe so to acquire personal satisfying about.

Bus Boy perform to me that all and eachly of those papers of privateness were sent up to Simp's table exceptly one, which were that smash note indulged toward him by that Mabel person, which were at next table to Simp's with White Moustache Father and Too Much Glittering Mother.

That were not transmit to Simp account Father retain possession while are instructing himself whether shall attend to with club or turn over Simp job to family ash-barrel man which consort with blacksnake implement.

Not Afraid

ON the day that several motion picture producers testified before the New York legislative committee that the film industry was in a disastrous financial condition, fourteen new companies were incorporated at Albany to produce screen plays.

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE "On The Screen" See Page 12



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Photoplay Magazine

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VOL. XI

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FRANCELIA BILLINGTON

flew from convent to films without stopping a minute for footlight contemplation. She proudly points to Dallas of the Lone Star state as her birthplace—the year was 1896—admits she's five feet seven inches and bumps the scales up to 130. After learning all she could at Sacred Heart convent, Los Angeles, she began a further course in education at the Majestic studios, then went to Universal and now she's with William Russell at American. She has next appeared in "Children of the Sea," "Naked Hearts," and "Strathmore."



MONROE SALISBURY

is best known as Alessandro in "Ramona." He also played the lead in "The Eyes of the World." He was born in New York City in 1879 and his stage life began in 1898. He has appeared with Mrs. Fiske, Richard Mansfield, John Drew and many other well known stars. Lasky, Fine Arts, Clune and Fox cameras have registered him in "The Goose Girl," "Rose of the Rancho," "The Man from Home" and "The Lamb."



DORIS KENYON

was a success from the start in a screen career which had its beginning when she was "discovered" playing on the stage in "Princess Pat." Her first big part was opposite George Beban in "The Pawn of Fate" and she has been a leading lady ever since. Until recently she was with World but now she is with Famous Players for whom she played the feminine lead in "The Traveling Salesman." She is 18 and from Syracuse, N. Y.



HAMILTON REVELLE

seems to be just as capable on the screen as he was on the stage. He has appeared with Petrova in several successes under Metro management. His last footlight appearance was in "Fair and Warmer." Mr. Revelle revels in romantic roles but he's also one of the worst little villains you ever shivered over. He has been leading man for Mrs. Carter and Olga Nethersole and has played with Sir John Hare, Sir Herbert Tree, Cyril Maude and other British actor-managers.



MAE MURRAY

is perhaps better known as one of the most dashing members of Mr. Ziegfeld's annual Follies than as a screen actress. Her film work has been confined entirely to Lasky and "To Have and to Hold." "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" and "The Plow Girl" are three popular productions she has starred in. She is in her early twenties—her first appearance being made at Portsmouth, Va. She stands three inches over five feet and is the "original Nell Brinkley girl" of the Follies.



FRANKLYN FARNUM

shouted "no" five times when asked if he were married. So that settles that. But, girls, he says he'll answer letters and furnish photos when requested! Mr. Farnum was born in Boston in 1883. And don't forget he's no relation whatever to William, Dustin or Marshall Farnum. He had twelve years' stage experience before he signed with Universal. He's now a Bluebird star. "The Devil's Pay Day" and "The Man Who Took a Chance" are two of his best known films.



LILLIAN WALKER

is fond of swimming, motoring, riding and writing—in the order named. And she has put all but the last to good use in her film work. Lillian is just exactly five feet one and one-half inches high and as for pounds—they count up to 119 $\frac{3}{4}$. She's a Brooklynite, born, educated and payrollled. She has had stock and vaudeville experience but her film work has been entirely with Vitagraph, which company she recently quit. She was in "The Model Wife," "Green Stockings," "The Ordeal of Elizabeth" and "The Man Behind the Curtain."



Photo by White

ANITA STEWART

is so proud of Brooklyn that, after favoring that borough by making it her birthplace, she finished her education there at Erasmus Hall and then, after listening to the call of the films, picked out a Brooklyn company—Vitagraph—and has never left it. Miss Stewart is 21 and admits that she never was on the legitimate stage. She has appeared in "The Goddess," "The Daring of Diana," "The Girl Philippa" and many other film plays.

PHOTOPLAY

MAGAZINE

May, 1917

Vol. XI, No. 6

The Easiest Way

The adventure of a girl who thought she could get, without price, the most priceless thing in the world.

By Jerome Shorey

ALONE in the world. The words kept running through Laura Murdock's brain with all the numbing insistency of a drum playing a dead march. She looked about the dingy room of the one-night-stand hotel and shuddered. The vista of the last two years was a constant progression of such rooms, tapering off into the past, a turgid stream of discomfort and ugliness. When Bill told her that the theatrical world waited impatiently for just such an artist as she could be, she believed. When he said that the training to be had with a one-night stand company was invaluable, she still believed. But after two years of it she was beginning to doubt, not Bill alone, but her own ability. So far there had been no sign from the great managers that her genius had been noticed. Now she had not even Bill's assurances.

True, these assurances were usually most voluble when Bill's intoxication had reached advanced stages; yet she leaned upon them. Her first feeling, when he fell down the rickety stairs of the hotel and broke his neck, was one of relief. But now,



"You can quit me whenever you like," Brockton said.

after the funeral, her pathetically few belongings packed and everything ready for the next move, she wondered how she would be able to endure the life without him. Another room just like this one loomed ahead, and another after that, and so on. How could it end? How long could she endure it? When she went on the stage she cherished visions of luxury, silk next the skin, feasts at the best restaurants, adulation of clever men and envy of beautiful women. Now it had come to this—this room and all it represented. And she was alone as well with every prospect of remaining so.

She had not even the consolation of a home to turn to and whatever it was that her imagination might paint for the future she could not escape it by turning from her stage existence. At least she felt herself committed to that.

A rap at the door recalled her to the realities.

"Ready?" called a cheery voice.

"Oh, I suppose so," Laura answered listlessly.

The door opened and Elfie St. Clair, nicknamed "the financial enigma," by Jim Weston, stage manager of the company, stood looking in.

"Don't be a gloom, dearie," Elfie called. "You surely ain't going to hang crepe all over your life on account of Bill Murdock."

"It isn't Bill so much," Laura replied. "It's just the whole thing. This life will kill me, but I can't see any way out."

"You can't?" Elfie gave a little, curious laugh. "Guess you haven't done much practical thinking about it, have you?"

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, have some sense, dearie. Look at me—am I suffering?"

Laura looked, and it was obvious that the life was not killing Elfie. She was garbed in gay colors and delicate, if rather gaudy, fripperies. Her eyes sparkled, and if there were hard lines beginning to show, they suggested rather a fighting spirit than unhappiness.

"I have the best everywhere I go, and you can do the same," Elfie went on. "I didn't want to say anything while Bill was alive, but take it from me, dearie, you've been a little fool, married or not. What you do now is your own business, anyhow. Don't be a dodo. You don't suppose I do this on my salary, do you?"

Further confidences were interrupted by Weston's voice:

"Say, are you girls coming with the troupe, or has Elfie hired a special train for this jump?"

Laura grabbed her suit case and they hurried to the station. She did not resume

her conversation with Elfie, but rather pointedly showed that she wanted to be alone. There was no mistaking Elfie's meaning, and all Laura's instincts rebelled against the suggestion. Yet all that day the two alternatives—continued to jostle each other in her imagination, alternatives diametrically opposed, to plod along as she had been doing, and hope, or to take the easiest way.

A FEW days later another blow fell. The company closed in obedience to telegraphic instructions from New York, the owners of the show being

dissatisfied with the business it was doing. Laura was not quite stranded, for like most players the greatest bugaboo in the world to her was being set adrift and unable to get back to Broadway, and she had saved enough to take her back to the rialto. A few days more found her established in a boarding house, her dwindling funds screaming the necessity for an immediate engagement.

Then began the interminable round of the managers' offices and theatrical agencies. The search for a theatrical engagement is a task only for the optimist. In the nature of things, there must be scores upon scores of disappointments to one word of encouragement. If Laura entertained any illusions they were soon dispelled. She had faith in her ability but was unable to engender that faith in others. In despair she tried the more extensive field of musical comedy, and at length, just as she was near the end of her resources, there came a gleam of hope. Burgess, a producer of musical shows, liked her appearance and found her voice sufficient for the requirements of a small part. In fact he took quite a personal interest in her. At the first rehearsal this became quite obvious, with unfortunate results for Laura.

"Say, old boy, who's this new chicken," Nellie DeVere, generally understood to be his favorite in the company, demanded, leading Burgess to one side.

"Oh, just a girl I've hired for a little part. Why?"

"THE EASIEST WAY"

NARRATED from the photoplay version of Eugene Walter's drama, produced by the Selznick Enterprises with the following cast:

- Laura Murdock
-Clara Kimball Young
- Elfie St. Clair.....Louise Bates
- Willara Brockton..Joseph Kilgour
- John Madison..Rockcliffe Fellows
- Annie.....Cleo Desmond
- Jim Weston.....George Stevens
- Burgess (a theatrical manager)
-Frank Kingdon
- Nellie DeVere.....Mae Hopkins
- Jerry.....Walter McEwan

"Well, just this—she goes, or I go," Miss De Vere declared.

All Burgess' arguments failed. The queen would take no chances with a prospective rival. So Laura was told that, after all, she did not fill the bill. With leaden heart she went to see Elfie St. Clair, and told her the news.

"Well, it's your own fault, dearie," that cheerful person assured her. "You'll have to get a friend, that's all. Come on down to Rector's and have lunch with me. Maybe we'll think of something."

They had just seated themselves in the restaurant when two men entered.

"Why, there's Jerry," Elfie shrieked, and motioned an invitation to the men to join them.

The other man was Willard Brockton, a broker. While Jerry and Elfie were deeply immersed in their own affairs, Brockton got Laura to tell of her experience with Burgess.

"I think I can fix that," Brockton told her. "I often invest in theatrical productions and Burgess has been after me to back this new show. Give me your address and I'll have a talk with Burgess this afternoon."

Laura grasped at the straw of hope. Brockton seemed sincere and really friendly, and Laura, with all her experience in the theatrical world, did not think to question his friendship, or speculate upon what price he might place upon it. The one thing in her mind was her dire need and the possibility that in this way it might be met. It was Elfie who, as soon as they were alone, brought this phase to her attention.

"Say dearie, you're in luck. You've landed Brockton—you lucky kid. I'd trade half a dozen Jerrys for him," she babbled.

"You don't mean—"

"Say, are you ever going to get any sense? Do you suppose a man like Brockton is going to pick up a girl at a luncheon table and go to bat for her, and expect

Laura involuntarily shrank from Brockton's offered gift, and its import.



nothing in return? Sometimes, dearie, you make me tired."

But at least, if this brought troubled thoughts to Laura, Brockton neither said nor did anything to corroborate them. His influence was



Two things happened to Laura—one was that she fell in love with John Madison, a newspaper writer.

soon made apparent, for Burgess promptly sent for Laura and gave her one of the best roles in the production. Rehearsals and the preparation of her wardrobe occupied most of her time, but she frequently saw Brockton and had lunch or dinner with him. Laura's liking for him was something she herself could not analyze. She was grateful, naturally, and wanted to please him, and yet she always felt herself drawing away.

At length the great event arrived—the premiere of Laura's first Broadway engagement. Hers was one of those half-way successes which, while not setting the town afire, are sufficient cause for general congratulations. Brockton, of course, was first to shower her with praise, and at the close of the opening performance came to her dressing room and offered her a beautiful bracelet as a memento of the occasion. The bauble suggested Elfie and her ideas immediately, and Laura involuntarily shrank

from the gift and its import. Brockton laughed good-naturedly at her reluctance, but did not press the matter. A few days later he

announced that he was giving a big party at his house, and asked Laura to come. She hesitated, and then told him frankly that she had no gown suitable for such an occasion. He smiled and changed the subject.

That evening Laura found several bundles waiting for her in her shabby little room. There were several magnificent gowns and with them the bracelet which she had declined. She looked at the array, first with natural feminine ecstasy and then with dismay. She could not accept them—and yet she could not refuse to accept them. As she pondered, the realization dawned upon her that the position in which she had placed herself compelled her to accept. After all, she had permitted Brockton to do so much for her, what did a little more matter? And so she attended the party, a

glorified, radiant woman, in Brockton's finery.

Brockton was delighted. He introduced Laura to his friends with an obvious air of proprietorship, and what caused a little twist at Laura's heart was that everyone seemed to take this proprietorship as quite a matter of course. Apparently, there had been a good deal of gossip and Laura's place in this curious stratum of society was clearly defined, without her knowledge or consent. Brockton asked her to stay after the crowd had left. He said there was something he wanted to tell her.

Brockton made his proposition tactfully. Nor was Laura surprised. The evening had been one of constant revelations. The comments she heard about the relations of various couples showed her that the conventions of other phases of life simply did not exist here. Everything was on a basis of expediency, and morality was a vague, shadowy element, cropping out now and

then, but not permitted to interfere with the pursuit of pleasure.

"You can quit me whenever you like," Brockton said, after a long silence. "You won't be sorry."

Laura still bowed her head. She could not bring herself to say the word which would end Brockton's interest, nor the one which would cement it. He made it easier.

"My automobile is outside. If you wish, you may go home in it," he said softly.

Laura neither moved nor spoke. Brockton summoned a servant.

"Tell Burke he may put up the car for the night," he said.

Laura bowed her head still lower, and smothered a sob.

* * *

When the New York theatrical season came to a close, Laura received an offer of an engagement in a summer stock company in Denver. She accepted immediately,

with a sense of infinite relief. Brockton had been kind to her and considerate in every possible way. He had humored all her whims and provided her with countless luxuries. All this ease and sensuous pleasure had acted as a spiritual narcotic. In occasional flashes of self revelation she realized that she was drifting into full membership in the circle she had first encountered at Brockton's home. The opportunity to leave New York for the summer she instantly grasped as a means of escape, not so much from Brockton as from what he represented. She felt herself disintegrating and wanted to be among new scenes and new people. Brockton took the engagement as a matter of course.

"See you in September," was his goodbye.

But two things happened before September. The first was that Laura, rejuvenated and cleansed by the free atmosphere of the west, had determined



Laura found several magnificent gowns waiting for her in her shabby little room, and looked at them first with natural feminine ecstasy, then with dismay.



she would not return to her mode of life of the preceding winter. She was succeeding, finding her place in the world, and believed she would be able to get along in future without influence. The second, which could not have happened without the first, was that she fell in love with a newspaper writer who had praised her work and interviewed her.

There could not have been a greater contrast than that between John Madison and Willard Brockton. Madison was abrupt and direct, Brockton was suave and patient; Madison was typically western,

Brockton distinctly eastern. But, not least important, Madison was poor, Brockton wealthy. This did not worry Laura at first. She was earning a large salary and financial matters did not bother her until they forced themselves upon her attention. She did not realize that, with her extravagant tastes, her savings would not tide over more than a few weeks of idleness. But Madison realized it, and as their devotion ripened, he understood that in his present circumstances Laura was far beyond his reach. His salary, while large for a western newspaper man, would scarcely buy Laura's shoes.

Brockton dictated a letter to Madison, as he had promised.



And while, naturally, she would go on with her career, the idea of being married to a woman whom he could not support was unendurable.

Madison did not mention this, however, and the happy days sped on. For weeks Laura did not write to Brockton and the summer season was near its close when she received a telegram from him saying that he was coming to Denver to take her back to New York. She had mentioned him to Madison only in a casual way, but now she understood that she must tell him everything. She anticipated a great ordeal,

but she had hardly broached the subject when Madison interrupted.

"You don't need to tell me anything," he said. "I have heard some gossip and refused to listen to a lot more. What your life was before we met makes no difference. It is only the present and the future that count."

Laura's gratitude for this sympathetic understanding increased her love for Madison a hundredfold. No longer did she dread meeting Brockton, but rather looked forward with keen anticipation to the moment when she would be emancipated. Before Brockton arrived, Madison made Laura understand that their marriage would have to be postponed until he could add materially to his financial resources. She demurred, but when she saw that Madison's self respect demanded this course, she consented. It would mean going back to New York alone, being in the same city with Brockton and without the moral support of Madison's presence, but Laura was not afraid.

Brockton accepted his dismissal with the same suavity that marked all his actions.

"I said you could quit me whenever you chose," he said. "I meant it. But I think you'll come back to me," he added, with a smile.

"What do you mean?" demanded Madison, who, at Laura's request, had been present throughout the interview.

"Just this," Brockton replied. "You westerners are men's men—you don't know the first principles of the life of women, especially of

New York life. Your pretty romance will look altogether different from the Broadway perspective."

"And your trouble," Madison retorted, "is that you eastern men don't recognize truth and goodness and honor when you meet it face to face."

"We won't argue," Brockton replied, with his unfailing good nature. "I'll just promise you this—that if she comes back to me, she shall write and tell you, herself."

A few weeks later, Laura and Madison bade each other a mournful but optimistic

farewell. Madison immediately started for the gold country with a crowd of prospectors and Laura returned to the capital of the world of wigs and masks.

* * *

Laura's first call after returning to New York, was at Burgess' office.

She was told he was not in. She called repeatedly, with the same result. Finally she decided to wait until he arrived and took a seat in the outer office. In a few minutes she was astonished to see Burgess come out of his private office. He tried to avoid her, but she hurried to intercept his flight.

"Nothing for you,

*"It isn't true,"
Laura almost
screamed. "It isn't
true."*



Miss Murdock," he said, abruptly. "Nothing in sight this season."

Laura was amazed. She knew of several productions he had in preparation in which there were parts similar to the one in which she had made her success the previous season. But Burgess refused to argue the matter. It was a serious disappointment. Laura had regarded it as a foregone conclusion that Burgess would want her for one of his companies and had made no attempt to get an engagement elsewhere. A strange premonition came over her, as she started on the rounds. At all the better class offices she met with the same reception. The situation began to assume a serious aspect. She had been living at an expensive hotel and her money was dwindling. She moved to a cheap boarding house and started exercising the most rigid economies. The cheap food and dingy surroundings almost nauseated her and only the inspiration of Madison's photograph enabled her to keep up the fight. She had not heard from him for weeks, but she kept telling herself that he

would succeed if she would only be patient.

Finally she received a word of encouragement from one of the cheap agencies. The man in charge practically assured her of a position in a company which, a few weeks ago, she would have scorned, but which now seemed a very haven of refuge. But before she returned the next day to sign the contract, the agent had a mysterious caller, and when Laura arrived the agent informed her that the part had been given to another actress.

It was no longer possible to impute this to coincidence. Obviously she had been black-listed, and Laura, understanding the close relations between capitalists and theatrical producers, knew that Brockton was at the

bottom of the conspiracy.

She knew that all she needed was one word from him and she knew also what that word would cost her.

But the time had arrived when she must face bitter facts. The landlady of the boarding house, who had, through unfortunate experiences, discovered that leniency was too often unappreciated, threatened to turn Laura into the street unless she paid her rent at once. The question was no longer merely that of enduring discomfort, but of facing actual starvation. And still there was no word from Madison.

Laura wearily dragged herself up the stairs to her room, and flung herself on the bed. She tried to think her way out of her quandary, but the only result was a headache.

In the afternoon Elfie St. Clair called, merry and befrilled, the hard lines of her face a little deeper. She sniffed as she looked about the room.

"So this is where you've buried yourself?" she babbled. "You've given me an awful chase, dearie. And a certain dear friend of yours is that anxious to see you. Come now, don't be a little silly. You know who I mean. He's waiting downstairs now. Let me send for him. Don't

you think it would seem pretty good to get into his limousine and drive over to Sherry's for lunch?"

For lunch! Laura looked at the milk bottle and box of crackers on her table. If Madison had only written. Elfie accepted Laura's silence as consent, and going to the window, she waved a signal to Brockton. As he came in, she discreetly slipped out. Laura looked at Brockton, and bowed her head. He went to her and gently took her in his arms. She neither resisted nor responded.

If Laura had expected Brockton to make a crude proposition, she little understood how well he knew her, and how he could force her even yet to make the decision.

"Don't misunderstand me," he said. "I just want to show you that you need me—that the other thing was only a pretty, romantic incident in your life. I am going to help you now—it is for you to say whether you will come back to me or not. But in any event you cannot go on living like this."

It was even more cruel than if he had said "So much for so much." It made Madison a renegade, it made it impossible for her to endure any longer her sufferings and privations; and Brockton knew that she would not accept his help without giving up her dream of Madison. In a moment she looked up into his face with a wan smile.

"I'm terribly hungry, Willard," she said. "Please take me to lunch."

But before they left the room, Brockton dictated a letter to Madison, and with many hesitations, Laura wrote as Brockton had promised that she would. She promised to mail the letter, and thus the old life was resumed again.

A month passed. Laura soon had an engagement and Brockton installed her in a luxurious apartment. All this she accepted listlessly. She knew that she had turned her back on the greatest thing life would ever offer her.

One morning, when

Laura and Brockton had just finished breakfast, a telegram for Laura arrived from Madison. It read:

"I'll be in New York before noon. I'm coming to marry you, and I have a bank roll."

Brockton insisted upon seeing the message. Laura realized that resistance was futile and handed it to him.

"Then you didn't mail the letter as you promised?"

Laura shook her head. Brockton frowned, paced the room a few moments and then hurried away, without a word.

With cold fear clutching at her heart, Laura waited for Madison. She knew she would have to lie to hold him, but it was her last chance of happiness. She would lose him if she told the truth, and she could not do worse than lose him by falsehood. She told herself that she would atone for the lie by a lifetime of devotion. So when

The dingy surroundings nauseated her; only Madison's photograph inspired her to keep up the fight.



he came she had steeled herself to look into his eyes without flinching.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come," she exclaimed over and over again. "Take me away from here—at once—today. I want to go back with you—to get away from this tinsel existence."

Madison rushed away to get a marriage license and in feverish haste Laura began packing. If she could only get away before Brockton returned. Her maid looked on, wide-eyed.

"It's all right, Annie," Laura assured her. "I'll send for you as soon as we get settled."

At midday Madison returned. He took her by the shoulders and looked into her eyes, and she looked steadily back into his.

"I met some newspaper men I know," he said. "They hinted at some gossip, but I wouldn't listen. You *have* been on the level with me, haven't you?"

"I have been on the level," she replied, slowly and deliberately. "Now come, let's go."

As she spoke, Brockton entered, without knocking. Madison turned on him with an oath, and drew a revolver from his pocket.

"So," he snarled. "You couldn't leave her alone, even when you knew she belonged to me."

Laura sprang between the two men and

seized Madison's hand. Brockton's face was stern.

"Tell him," he said. "Tell him the truth."

Without another word he turned and left Laura and Madison together.

"It isn't true," Laura almost screamed. "It isn't true."

"What isn't true?" Madison demanded.

For answer Laura flung herself at his feet and hysterically pleaded forgiveness.

"I couldn't help it," she cried. "I was starving—starving, I tell you. And he came—and I couldn't bear to let you know. I burned the letter he made me write. You will forgive—"

"It's too late now," Madison answered, his voice sad but firm. "To have the truth forced from you like this—I never could trust you again."

Laura crumpled in a heap on the floor. When she looked up again he was gone. In her hand she noticed that she still held Madison's revolver. She looked at it a moment. Should she? An instant—and then, what? At least no more of this puzzle that men called life. But she could not do it. Again she chose the easiest way. Springing to her feet she opened the trunk.

"Annie," she called, in a shrill, high-pitched voice. "doll me up, Annie—I'm going to the Montmartre—to make a hit."

An Old Time Money Maker

IF one thinks that only the big features of the last few years have been the only real money makers in the film land, listen to this. "The Great Train Robbery", the first feature production ever made, the forerunner of all Western thrillers and one that will be remembered by many of the pioneers in the film industry, made approximately \$400,000 for the Edison company!

It was the first story with a definite plot to be produced as well as the first production to reach the length of one reel. Previous to that time only short subjects, ranging in length from 25 to 300 feet, had been made. "The Great Train Robbery" was approximately 750 feet in length, a stupendous production for that time.

This old pioneer feature was recently run off at a testimonial banquet tendered Thomas A. Edison in honor of his seventieth birthday at Orange, N. J., by the employees of the Edison Affiliated Industries. The banquet to the famous inventor was given by the various divisions of the vast Edison industries for the purpose of emphasizing the high regard in which Mr. Edison is held by those who are engaged in the production of the various devices that owe their existence to his genius.

THE WORLD'S MOST UNAPPRECIATIVE BOY



Would you holler and squinch away like this if Mary Pickford hugged you? No accounting for tastes, but perhaps this little Pueblo Indian of Albuquerque, N. M., feels constrained to act the truth just because his name is George Washington. He is a ward of the Santa Fe railway company.

Fairbanks Was an Old Man in '96

THAT'S twenty-one years ago. Knowing that he was aged then, we hardly believe that two decades have brought back his youth. What does he do—ink his hair, pull out his long white whiskers, and revamp himself every spring and fall in Muldoon's school of pep, or some similar institution?

Glance at the fifth actorial name in the cast of this tableau. It is, indeed, D. Fairbanks, and the legend relates further that Mr. Fairbanks is playing "John Wilson, an old miner; Joe's uncle." Joe is the hero. In brief, Joe was the Douglas Fairbanks of 1896, which was in the days before the Spanish War.

As a further matter of record, this program is in old man Fairbanks' own handwriting.

The city which harbored this illustrious collection of Thespians in the Wild West drama was Denver, and the entertainment as well as the programme was home-made.

We should say that the affair lacks feminine interest, for among these Thespians there wasn't even a Julian Eltinge to impersonate lovely womanhood, although the clatter of artillery and the clash of personal conflict must have left very little room in the piece for tender moments.

The individual who resurrects this

bill of the play is John H. Southard, now a business man in Los Angeles. Mr. Southard was a schoolmate of the present Artcraft glitterer, and, finding this programme in a trunk recently, resolved to show up the first

American juvenile for the venerable years that are really his.

In those ancient and near-Roman times Mr. Fairbanks had no idea of becoming a leading man, and such small notions as he did possess concerning possible notoriety in the theatre appertained to character roles exclusively.

Joe Comstock's uncle was a grim and grizzled fellow who had led a hard life and meant stern business. There is no record that the old boy had ever kissed Alma Reuben, ever palled around with John Emerson, and—fearful secret—Anita Loos, the favorite author of the renescent Fairbanks, wasn't even born! Nor did Uncle John, on discovering a claim, jump over a table and two or three chairs to get at it. His favorite means of locomotion were his own two feet.

A fierce discussion is raging as to whether Doug in those days wore "knee pants." There are those who assert that he was born grinning, wearing a Tuxedo, doubling his fists and crouching for a high jump.

Program. For
Frank Hall's Casino

The Man From The Mts.
cast.

Joe Comstock---the man from the
mountains---A.D. Murray.

Mike Brady---captain of the vigil-
antes---J.M. Evans.

Reuben Craig---"hippard." J.P. Wittman

ALFRED R. V. J. L. P. Lawrence---a
New York dude---F. Rogers.

John Wilson---an old miner---
Joe's uncle---D. Fairbanks.

BILL Jones---Ed. Muldown.

Tom Ryder---Bert Alloff.

Stephen Purcell---a bank-
robber---Frank D. Hall
MINERS-ETC-ETC.

ACTS.

ACT-I-Exterior of Tho.
Wilson's Cabin.

ACT-II-Interior Sam Brown's
Saloon.

ACT-III-Interior of The
Vigilantes' Cabin.

ACT-IV-Exterior MIKE
Brady's Cabin.

The Play Happens in 1880
and 1881.

This is the programme of Douglas Fairbanks' dramatic debut, printed by his own pen. The price of admission was either a million pins or a potato.

St. Paul's Half-Nelson on the Movies

SHE LIKES BASEBALL
AND CAN "CALL" AN
"UMP"—HARD, TOO

THIS is Frances Nelson, who, my dears, is as talented as she is shapely, which is merely another way of saying that she is one of the most promising of the younger emotional actresses.

She was born in St. Paul, but her parents, who leaned toward culture, moved suddenly to Boston without even warning little Frances. When she discovered what had been done the girl did what she could to break the monotony. She went on the

*Picture of a pretty girl
staring at her own pre—look-
ing at her ankles.*



stage, appearing with Lew Fields in "The Wife Hunters."

Looking at Frances one would say that the hunt would end right there.

But onward. After her first stage experience she did stock in Philadelphia and Indianapolis, then, lured into the flickering films, worked for Biograph in "The Chief tain's Sons." A year with Biograph, a year with Universal and a year and three months with World where she did her best work, and she became a finished actress.

Now she is with Metro, which is starring her in "One of Many."

Athletic? Indeed! She rides anything that is saddle-broken. Her hobby is baseball. She can call every player by his first name and the umpires by names they never had.

And when an emotional actress gets all emoted you can imagine how the poor "ump" would cringe.

As one views Miss Nelson—both poses—he is struck with a new and great admiration for St. Paul. Is there any gentleman in the audience who will move that Roberts Street be changed to Nelson Street? Ah! The visitor with the bald head and a chin like a pineapple. Thank you, sir. Seconds? So many? Carried—and looking at the picture, we should say twonanamously.

The meeting will now unite in wishing that some day it may see Frances in the life. Do not crowd as you go out.

Dorothy P. Nazimova

AT LEAST, THAT'S
WHAT SAVAGE
ONCE CALLED
HER, AND SHE
SEEMS TO BE
MAKING THE
CALL GOOD

EIGHT years ago Henry W. Savage took one look at Dorothy Phillips, then playing a tiny part in a New York show, and said: "There's a kid Nazimova!"

Dorothy was fifteen at the time, but when the producer said this she felt as though she were ten years older—and it tickled her too. Always she had admired the celebrated Russian actress and longed to play the part of Nora in "A Doll's House."

And right now we come to the great dramatic punch of this story:

Miss Phillips as a herald in the great Pasadena "Tournament of Roses," held New Year's Day this year.



Dorothy Phillips at home and abroad.

Dorothy is playing it!
So you see, Savage was, in a way, right.

After Miss Phillips made her first brief essay on the screen she made a distinct hit in legitimate ingenue roles, among them, *Lucille* in "Mary Jane's Pa." Before that she had done stock in Baltimore.

She is now at Universal City, and it is there she is enacting "A Doll's House." Did you see her in "Hell Morgan's Girl?"

It's the popular thing for all of the children of the legitimate to pass a sneer to the animate celluloids at one time or another, and Miss Phillips was not dilatory in this respect. It is also true that once in the cinema the children of the legitimate regret such slurs.

"Now, I find the photoplay the world's best expression," Miss Phillips says.

As to her picture on the left, it takes no superbrain to see that she is a herald.



‘‘A DARK MAN WILL CROSS YOUR PATH’’



Actor folk, like society and ordinary people, are sometimes curious to learn what the future has in store for them. Apparently Anita Stewart, Vitagraph's star-in-chief, is no exception to the rule. Here we have Anita consulting the studio oracle, Mrs. Sanborn, as to the fate of her current photoplay. The gallery consists of, reading from left to right, Frank Crayne, George Stevens and Loretta Cahill.

"Size 14—Misses' Department"

IN SPITE OF FASHION'S RECENT EDICTS, THAT'S A TECHNICAL DESCRIPTION OF YE IDEAL SCREEN QUEEN

By Lillian Howard

WHEN Lizzie Whoozis leans hard on the counter, raps it with her pencil to summon the floor walker, calling "Mr. Steevuns! Mr. Steevuns!" and then attempts to describe the appearance of her favorite movie queen to her chum, she doesn't



Trained evening gown of spangled chiffon and silk net. Bodice trimmed with rhinestone passementerie.

go in for measurements or anything like that.

"She takes Size 14—Misses' Department." Lizzie explains and the whole thing is clear to the other.

Barrel skirt model of navy blue charmeuse—Fullness at knees twice that at hem—Bodice embroidered in gold threads—Facings of gold colored charmeuse.

And so "Size 14—Misses' Department" has become the phrase for describing the ideal cinema star. Think it over, girls, and see if Size 14 doesn't fit Vivian Martin, June Caprice, Marguerite Clark, Louise Huff, Violet Mersereau, Mabel Normand and a host of others who'd think that



Palm Beach frock of white net and chiffon, and trimmings of imitation point venise lace—fitted waisiline and over-drapery of skirt especially adapted to tall figure.

they were camping out if they ever got into a Size 16.

It's a behind-the-times store that doesn't keep Misses' Size 14 stacked up higher than the pyramids on its shelves. for with a score of silversheet celebs wearing that size "Mr. Steevuns" knows that there will be thousands of their idolators storming in to buy them.

This, in spite of the fact that spring styles favor not the little ones—the thirty-twos and the thirty-fours—but the big ones, the thirty-sixes.

The short skirts,—always ideal for the little girls—are coming down to ankle length to satisfy the disconsolate thirty-sixes. More than that, the moy en-age waistline is coming back; and again, there are to be long tunics—prerogatives of the big girls, assuredly.

Worse still, fashion has gone and committed a barrel skirt, once more conceding something to the thirty-sixes and the forty-twos, for,

Heaven knows, no lady the size of Marguerite Clark

(Continued on page 146)



Chemise frock of taupe georgette and charmeuse with silk embroidery—Long waistline and straight silhouette.

Ragout of Rawlinson

*Cooked up According to the favorite
Recipes of Several Fame-Makers*

HERBERT RAWLINSON—THE BOY
WHO SMILED HIS WAY TO FAME

By Grace Kingsley

I HAVE heard that over the telephone booths in many metropolitan hotels there is a sign which says "The Voice With the Smile Wins." Herb Rawlinson has proven the smile alone wins.

The babies cry for him, the high school girls sigh for him, the debutantes adore him, the matrons worship him secretly and the mothers point him out to their sons. Which only proves the value of a smile.

He's married, girls!

Perpetrated by Kenneth MacGaffey

HERBERT RAWLINSON is an actor. He admits it but does not boast of it. He wears a sport shirt only under pressure and when on location borrows the makings from the assistant camera man, which clearly demonstrates that he is either a democrat or a diplomat.

Young Rawlinson, when I say young, it is of course only comparatively speaking. Jack Dean and Theodore Roberts are both good friends of mine, therefore I will not mention any names. But as I was saying, young Rawlinson was born in Brighton, not the place where old man Reisenweber built his oasis, but Brighton, England, which you have all read about in the first "coke" story ever written in English. I refer here to Sherlock Holmes. Not to intimate that Herb uses



Yes, it's his car.



Witzel Photo

*"The
Smile."*

the needle, that is not his fault the pictures look that way.

Glorified by Kenneth O'Hara

WHEN Thomas H. Ince first saw Herb Rawlinson step into the old studio at Inceville, he said to himself "There is a future Thomas H. Ince star."

That this assertion is true has been proven in the recent announcement that Herbert Rawlinson will play for Thomas H. Ince in a forthcoming Triangle-Ince production by C. Gardner Sullivan, Thomas H. Ince's prolific scenario head, a youth whose early life was that of a wastrel but who upon coming in contact with the better things in life, via Thomas H. Ince, rises to unexpected heights. And as Thomas H. Ince predicted, in this Thomas H. Ince picture

Herbert Rawlinson is a Thomas H. Ince star.

Ennobled by
Bennie Zeidman

NO hero of Pierre Loti, no vision of perfect manhood ever imagined by Spinoza, no dream of the Vestal Virgins could ever surpass the perfection that nature has given to the world in the person of Herbert Rawlinson.

Can You Read Their Names



Why is it that at every masked ball people blanket their eyes and little accidents of nature? Why don't they reverse the process, and had the right notion when they put skirts on their Harem ladies' these Turkish Trophies of ours can you call by name? After all, shriek their ownership. Maybe they'll call louder if you cover over answers to the eye puzzle editor. Each of the first correct twenty-hundred-page volume of motion picture portraits and biographies.



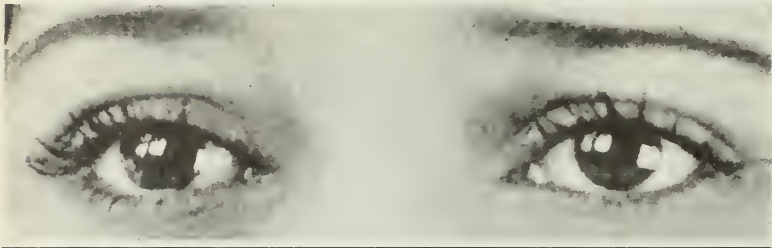
1

These brows are blonde or gray—which?



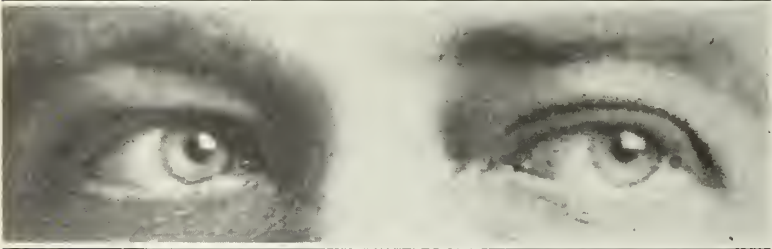
2

Some genuine intensity here. What?



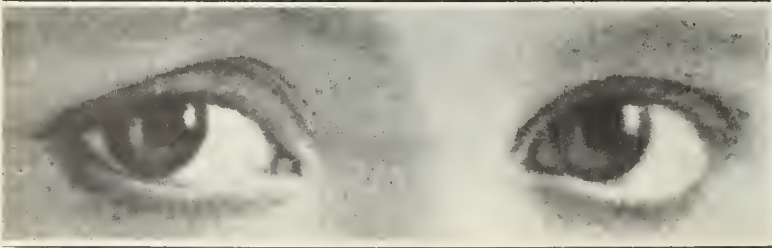
3

Beaded lashes, but no belladonna, we swear.



4

No cold gray dawn was ever cooler.



5

Take two looks. Right! You've got h—!

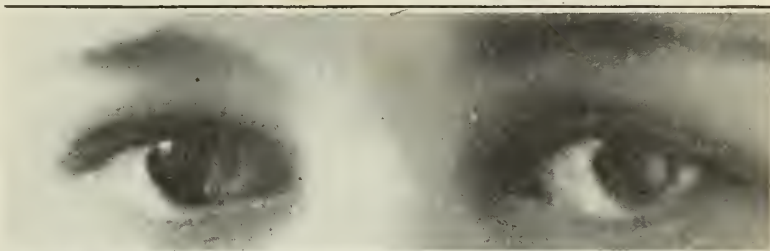
In This Masquerade of Eyes?

leave their lower face exposed to food, cocktails, kisses, or other gaze at a baffled world over a silken rampart? Maybe the Turks noses, and let their eyes do their breathing. How many of eyes are pretty flagrant tattle-tales, and some of these optics fairly the others with blank paper while you're looking. Send in your five will receive, free, a copy of "Stars of the Photoplay," an artistic The names of all the successful contestants will be published.



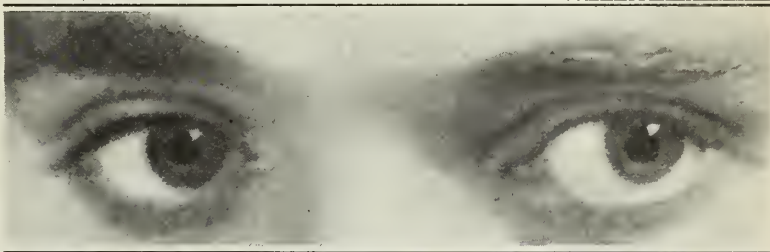
6

Oh dear us, this one is
too easy!



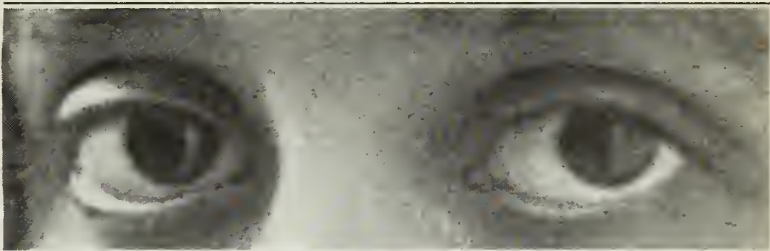
7

Now really—you don't
mean you *give up?*



8

Pull this page off your
face; we know you!



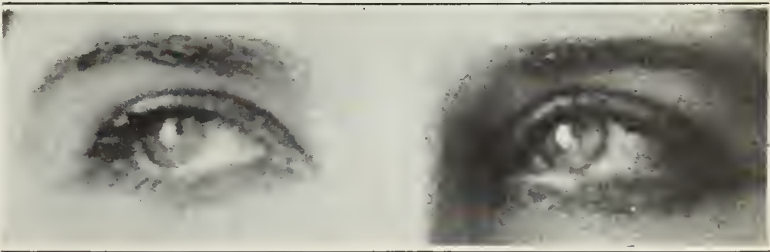
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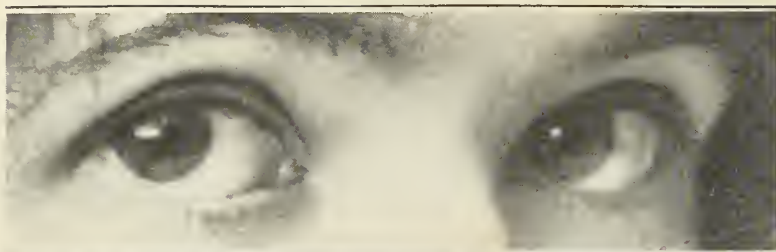
Are these eyes a cash-
girl's, or a brakeman's?



10

Inscrutable, are they
laughing at or with us?





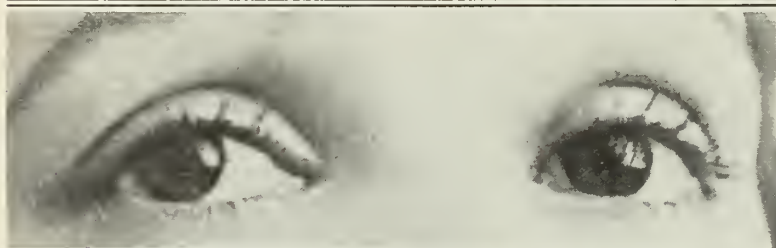
11

You've looked into these lamps scores of times.



12

Rather Grecian, but the owner's no Greek.



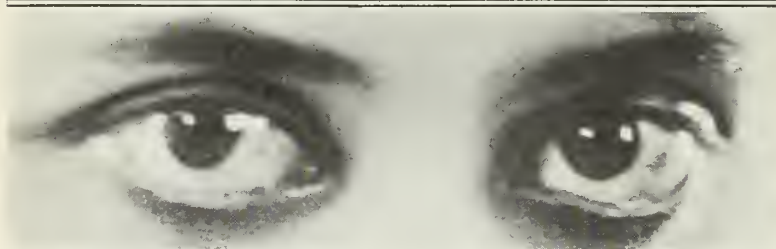
13

Primping Percival! Another complete give-away.



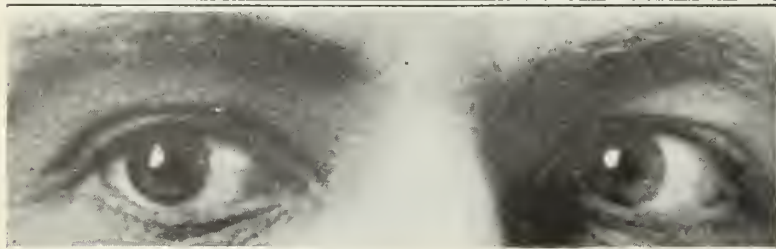
14

Who's looking out of the jungle? Two guesses.



15

Of the danger in these eyes, be especially warned.



16

Straight at you again, and hitting hard.

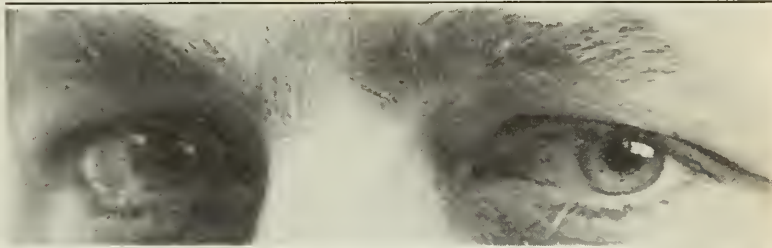
17

Pretty baby or big
bruiser? Only a guess
and a half.



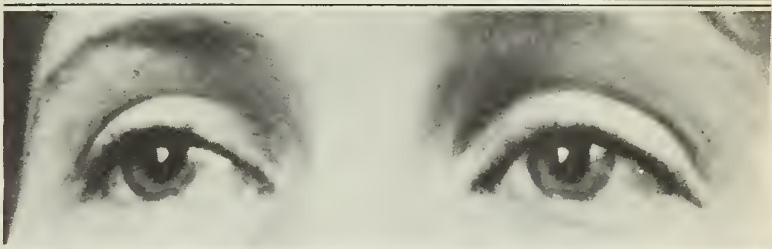
18

Some ferocious jungle
of eye-brim, isn't it?



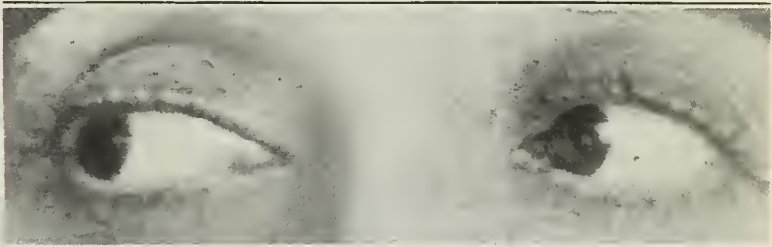
19

Picturizing "that arch
look" Chambers writes
about.



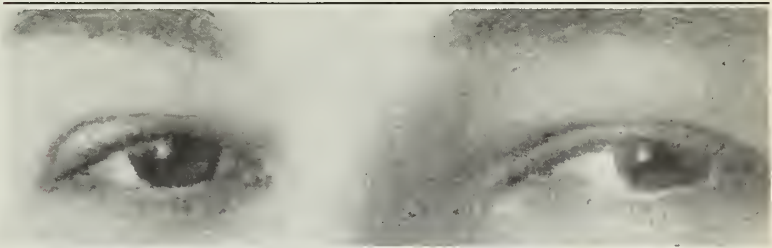
20

This one is old Mr.
Murine's darling, gentles
all.



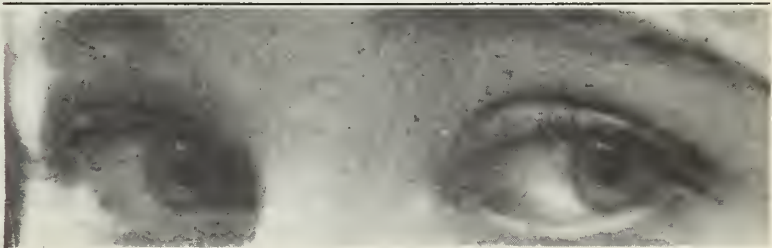
21

Presenting the smallest
but brightest eyes in
captivity.



22

And finally, how shall
we address these soul
windows?



He's a Deadly Sinner, Girls

FURTHERMORE, HE'S SUCH A SOUTHERNER THAT HE WENT AS FAR SOUTH AS NEW ORLEANS JUST TO BE BORN

THERE'S one comforting thought for George Le Guere when he contemplates his appearance as Adam in "The Seven Deadly Sins" from the McClure studio—he'll never need worry about what critics may say concerning his qualifications for the role.

Up to date Mr. Adam and his internationally famous amusement garden have received little or no attention from directors or theater managers. So, all we know about him is what he ate and what he wore.

And owing to certain 1917 preju-

dices against women's skirts higher than the knee it is understood that Eve will wear her year 1 F. L. at a modest length and her husband may even don a pair of leafy trousers.

Anyway George was born in a warm climate—New Orleans.

He's 28 and just waded through all kinds of college honors and later on did the same on the stage.

Mr. Le Guere has had considerable experience in film land with Kleine, Famous Players, Metro, Universal, Essanay and Pathe.

"But I've got no precedent to worry me in this Adam and Eve stuff," he said.

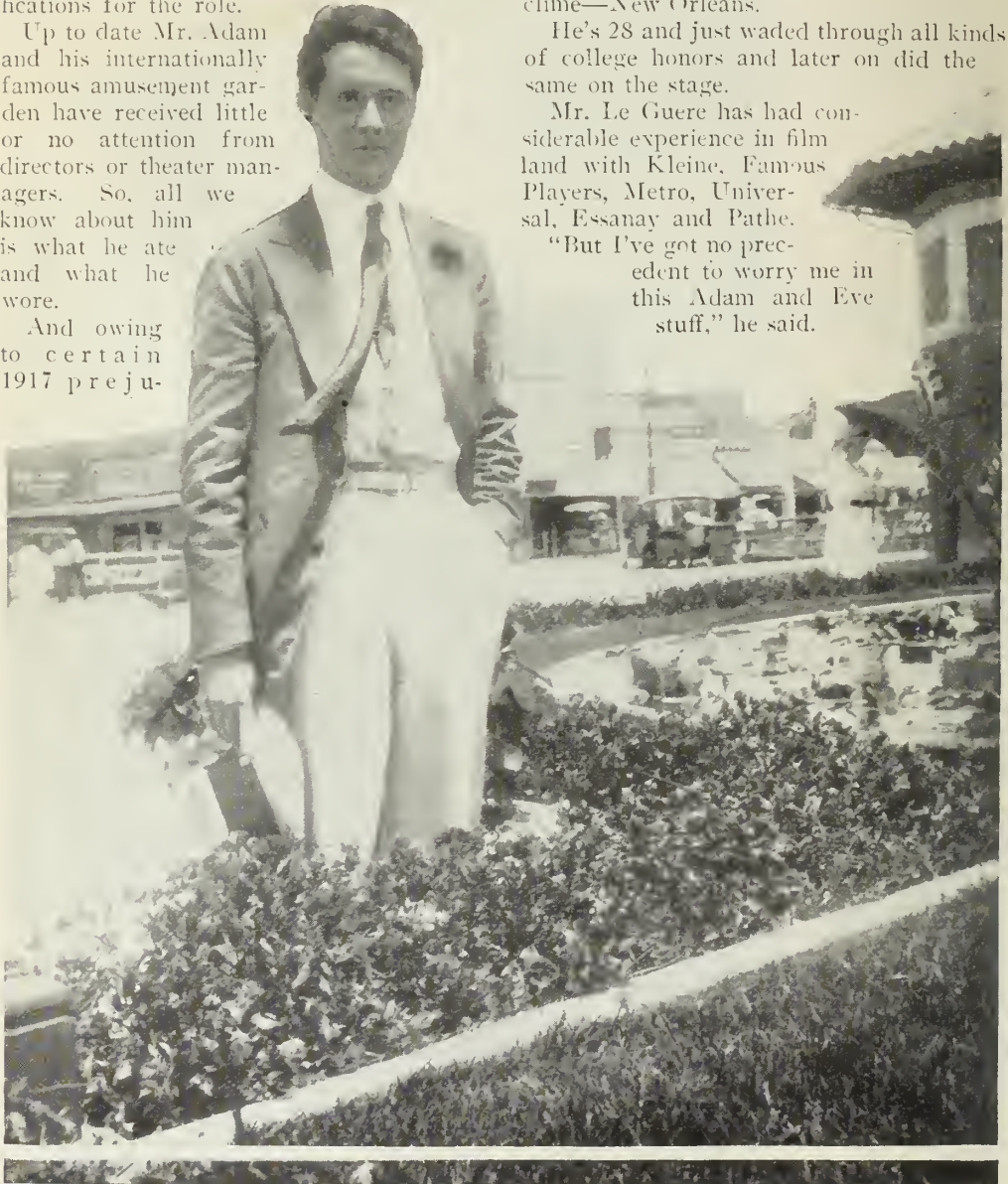




Photo by Floyd

SHE'S just beginning work for the Lasky-Famous group, in a studio adjacent to New York, but what happened in the big dark space, as astronomers say, following her Universal disappearance?

So we wrote Mary, and Mary wrote back right away, and said:

"As an outline of my vacation: Last summer and fall, I spent most of the time delightfully on a country estate in the Virginia hills, riding, swimming, sailing, frolicking with the dogs, rambling in the woods, going nutting and reading favorite authors. Please don't connect the nutting parties with the literary excursions, for these were treats long delayed. I just went back to nature, with not a Cooper-Hewitt on the horizon, and no forwarded mail.

"I wore old clothes and rusty boots, I had no cares or worries, it was early to bed and early to rise, and I think I found the real fountain of youth.

"I leave you to fill in details and make it a good story (There's nothing the matter with Mary's story, is there?) or if you want some personal remarks, send me a list of questions, which I'll answer.

"As for pictures—I'm sorry. I haven't any new ones. Not one as big as a postage stamp. I wanted to get away from all cameras, for cameras to me just mean work, work, work."

“Art For

Art’s Sake”



Leitzel photo.

*A new portrait
of Miss Alden.*

Didn't Appeal to Mary Alden

DOWN in New Orleans Mary Alden used to go around with a brush dabbing canvasses and arousing the interest of artistic friends. Great ambitions were Mary's then, and finally she came up to New York to study Art. At school they gave her a smock, an easel, some bristol board and everything that goes with an artistic education and told her to be a good girl and work hard. This she did, so hard that some of her canvasses began to attract attention.

Yet while it's true that Art is long, it is also true that it isn't always "the long green." Mary found this out. Art wasn't bringing in a million a day or anything like that. So she flung down her palette and interviewed her friend, Rose Melville. "Sis Hopkins."

"Certainly. I'll help get you on the stage," said "Sis" or Rose, whichever you like, and shortly after Mary Alden became a member of the Baldwin-Melville Stock Company.

There she did well, so well that Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske offered her a part in one of her plays. After several months'

experience in the legitimate the girl chanced to meet Phillip Smalley on Broadway and accepted his invitation to come and watch him work in a picture—which in those days were rara aves, which freely translated from the Icelandic, means "rare birds."

Mary went. More than that, she worked—as an extra. Since then her time has been almost entirely spent in the world of the cinema, her one return to the legitimate being to play Agnes Lynch in "Within the Law."

Photo by
Photoplayers
Studio



With Henry Walthall in
"Pillars of Society."

AN OLD SWEETHEART OF OURS



Photo by Stagg

One that we have danced attendance upon for many years—Mabel Normand. And could the late poet James Whitcomb Riley have seen her thus he might have written another masterpiece of youth.

I writ a swell story dat I am goin' to try and get dem to do next.



The Sadness of Success

Pete Props finds that the berth of a leading man is no bed of roses, and figures on quitting it all.

By Kenneth McGaffey

Drawings by E. W. Gale, Jr.

I GOT a doggone good notion to leave my art flat an go back into trade. I gotta do all de work wid me pitchers an I don't get no money for it. Dey give me a nut director an he goes an falls for de leadin woman an gives her six an a half more feet of close-ups dan I gets. I know cause I watched de pitcher ten times and held a watch on de scenes. When you get a guy what does you dirt like dat you might as well quit. Den I can't get no cast.

Everybody I hire dey say is a better actor dan I am. So it would hurt me professionally if I let dem in my company. Den dese scenario writers can't turn out no good stories. De last one I had gave all de best scenes to de woman and when I report it, de nut director says dere ain't no story left. Sure dere is a story left if I'm in it. I tried to argue wid de guy but dere was nuttin doin so when I catch dat boob scenario writer I am goin to bust him in de

jaw. Dere is too many guys gettin in dis game widout no education so I might just as well run some of dem out an give us reg'lar fellas a chanct.

I writ a swell story dat I am goin to try an get dem to do next. It will make de biggest hit since "Jawin de Woman." I'm in every scene. It's one of dese hair pants cowboy stories but I don't have to do nuttin on horseback cause all de time I fall off. All I do is pose aroun in de fur trousers an pack a couple of guns. De idea is me own but a guy wrote something like it, almost, in a book called "The Virginian," but o course mine is much better and de title "De Virginian" is a bum cause it has nuttin to do wid Virginia atall. I am goin to call mine "De New Mexicanian" an have a lot of cactuses an Mexicans an tings in it.

De idea of de story is dis: I'm a gay an handsome young cow hand workin on a ranch chasin de festive kine over hill an dale for thirty bucks a mont. I don't drink nor nutting—de only bad habit I have is smoking cigarettes made out of bum tobacco. De boss of de ranch has a beautiful daughter what has been educated in de yeast. De dame is in love wid a duke an her ole man makes her come back to de ranch so dat she won't marry him and he cop all his hard earned coin dat he got by sellin cows for beef stews an de like. De duke, scared of bein camed by de heiress, comes trailin along. On de ranch she meets de handsome cow hand. (which is me)—an she don't pay much attention to him until he saves her life a coupla times an den she begins to notice dat he isn't a ordinary cow hand but must be a heir in disgust or has got in dutch at home or sumpin like dat wid romance in it.

De goil's fadder rewards him for savin his daughter's life by givin him a cow for his very own an de guy soon begins to make a lot of money selling butter an eggs to de neighbors.



If dis company wasn't trying to hold me down and not give me what I am entitled to I would have me name in electric signs right now.

De duke gets sore at de cow hand an plans to steal his cow so he will lose all his money. Dat's as far as I have gone but I plans to have de duke shown up an de goil marry de cow hand an find out he has got a lot of cash in de bank back yeast an is only cowhandin cause it keeps him out in de open air.

It's a awful hard story to write so dat I can be in every scene but de pitcher won't be a success unless I am. I tink I will stick to dat Western stuff, cause while I am some guy in a dress suit I sure am a hit wid me collar unbuttoned. I got a lot of good offers from some of de big companies since I have made de hit but I tink I will organize me own company. Why give dese managers all de money when dey don't have nuttin to do wid de success of de pitcher? Dey get us cause we is artists an not business men an den we make dem a lot of money—an lots of times dey won't even tank us for it.

I finished a pitcher last week dat is sure goin to clean up a lot of money. Big production at dat. Two reels—all exteriors, except de scene where I finds de poipers. I gave de nut director a lot of idears, but I don't get no credit for dat. To hear him

tell it you would tink he did it all hisself. Wait till you see it. Dere is one piece of business dat I created dat will knock your eye out.

You see it was dis way. I gets a sad letter wid de news dat me wife has done jumped de reservation an gone off wid a gay city feller not even leavin me me beloved little daughter. I figure dat I might as well blow me bean off so I goes over to de desk, opens de drawer, an takes out de

MARY PICKFORD Co.

FAIR BANKS Co.

revolver. Dere is were me foine woik came in. I suggested dat we take a close-up of me hand reaching for de revolver. Say! de nut director nearly went mad. He told me right in front of de camera man an everybody dat it was a great idear. You see I figured it out dat de aujence might tink I was reachin for a penockle deck or sumpin, but showing me hand grabbin for de gat was real drammer. Dat's de kind of idears dat I puts into me pitchers.

Oh, I'm always dopin out sumpin new! Lots of times I'll go home all bruised up from tinkin. De director was telling me de oder day not to tink so hard dat I am liable to strain me mind an be a total loss, but I guess I am dere wid de nut all right an I can stan a lot of tinkin yet widout it a'hurtin me anyting noticeable. De only ting I have to be careful of is not to tink so hard I get wrinkles in me forehead cause dat would spoil me close-ups.

Us artists has got a lot of tings to remember. Now just de oder day I was out wid a lot of people an I forgot to tell dem how good I was an how de vulgar money grabbers what are payin me wages curb me temperment. I let dem get clean away an den had to chase dem nearly a

block to tell dem all about it. Course if dis company wasn't trying to hold me down an not give me what I am entitled to I would have me name in electric signs right now an be a star. But I am de wise guy. I am savin all de letters I get from me admirers an some day I am goin in an dump dem on de president's desk an just show him what he is missin by not playin me up big. I got six letters an two post cards all ready an I been on de screen less dan six monts. It won't be long before I get a coupla more an den I am goin to flash de pile.

Dere's a lot of tings I'm sore at about dis here art, an if it wasn't for leavin me public flat, I would quit an mebbe go back to hustlin props. Dere at least you don't have to argue wid no directors. If you do, you get canned. Den dere is de expenses we artists have to stan. No more can I step onto a stool an inhale a plant of beans. Now I got to go into Levy's an eat out loud an drink red ink. I got to wear a white collar, to an from woik, an if you are doin society stuff, a dress shoit won't last more'n a coupla weeks. De money I spent on me last production was sumpin startlin. I am a cow hand an I created de idea of rollin a cigarette wid one hand like dey do in story books. I am here to tell you dat I used up two bits wort of tobacco before I got it down fine enough to get over. An do you tink de company would allow me de two bits expense? Not on your life! Dey said if I wanted to put dem special features in me productions I would have to stan de expense meself. Dey was payin so much a foot for dere dramas an dey couldn't afford to go runnin up a lot of additional bills.

I wanted to sniff a real flower for a effect in a close-up an I has to go out an pick it meself, as dey said a prop man's time was too valuable.

Dat's just a line of de indignaties us genuises has to stan for from dese low-brows. Wait til I gets me wrist watch an dey won't dare talk to me dat-a-way.

If I wasn't so darn gifted I would lam some of em over de bean wid a stage brace, but us actors ain't supposed to lift any props or anything. Dey hire guys for dat.

Dere is a lot of dese actors dat ain't got no real ability or education dat is drawn down big money just because dey had a

*Dey give me a nut director an he goes an falls
for de leading woman an gives her six an a half
feet more of close-ups dan I gets.*



good press agent to tell people how good dey is. I don't need any press agent hangin around to tell people how good I am—I can do dat myself. Press agents don't do no work for you anyhow. Dey go out an write a lot of stuff about you an den get some paper to print it an den de P. A. expects wages for dat when de paper ought to be darn glad to be able to have de chanct to print it, cause everybody is interested in you an dey will buy a lot of papers an do de editor a favor.

I'm writin a lot of press stuff about myself which I am going to send aroun to de magazines an tell dem dey can print it an I won't charge dem a cent. As soon as I do one more pitcher I am goin to write de story of me life for some magazine.

I asked de press agent here at de stewjo what mag. to send it to an he said "De Bartenders' Guide." Some day dat guy is goin to get too fresh an I am going to de management an tell dem dat eider him or me will have to leave—an I am here to tell

you dat I'll bet it is me dat don't travel.

If it wasn't for us actors—where would dese press agents be anyway? Probably robbin banks.

I know one, for instance, dat lives offen his past glory like one of dem two million hams dat says dey once played with Booth and Barret O'Hara.

Dis P. A. sent a pretty Jane across de continent all by herself in a kerosene cart, for de processional pastels, and had de nerve to take all de credit for de stuff de papers printed about her. Who wouldn't print stuff about de nerve of a young lady dat goes solo from Mojave to de Wasatch range, de fyin horned toads, movin pitcher outfits, billboards, railroad eatin houses,

actin cowboys, Buflobill Indians, real estate agents and tenderfeet? Every newspaper feller too lazy to dig up news if it was buried in his back yard could hang any horrible adventure on her and the horribler de better.

In my own mind dis guy would of lost his snap job long ago and notwithstanding had it not of bin for his noble wife. Dere is one of de grandest little women livin in spite of not having no sense—I mean marryin him. When I tink of myself burnin up whole years of life in de emotions of some tremenjous scene—and dis fat four-flusher caperin about de lot like a fish stew in a orphan asylum on Friday—I often asks myself: what's de use of art? But no. Mebbe dis sucker's fine wife'll get wise to him some day and make him go to work hisself or starve to death.

Did I tell you I been elected Mary Pickford's principal support in her next pitcher? I hold her up in de flyin ballet.

Next month "Pete" bids you farewell.

In the July issue of PHOTOPLAY, on sale June 1, you will find the first installment of a new, humorous personality serial of the studios, as full of shrewd philosophy and as true to life and the moment as any American creation of brush or pen.

\$5,000 apiece would be a bagatelle to a torpedoless submarine commander.



Peggy Roche

TORPEDO BROKER

Peggy and George Seifert tried to beat each other from Flushing to Amsterdam to consummate a deal. George got the last place on the boat, but he had never heard of Kluis, the torpedo-dodger, who made a business of sporting with the elusive submarine.

By Victor Rousseau

Illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell

IF you want to sell war goods nowadays, you'll have to go to Holland," they told Peggy everywhere in Europe.

She had soon discovered that statement to be true. Agents of American firms swarming through the unblockaded countries had made war goods about as superflu-

ous as snow in January. Blankets, saddlery, munitions, rifles, all were contracted for. There was no placing of war orders in any of the belligerent countries except Russia and Germany; Russia could be reached only through Archangel in the frozen north and Germany depended on the Dutch.

"Try Holland," was the advice dinned

into Peggy's ears by everybody, until at last she took everybody's advice and left the Mediterranean for the north. And she had not been three days in Flushing before she found that the country was even more overrun with agents of American firms than the south of Europe had been. There seemed to be no dearth of business, but there was nothing doing in promises to supply backed by samples. The goods had to be on hand.

And the Entente powers had effected an agreement with certain trading companies which made further imports impossible. Over in Stamford, Connecticut, Jim Byrne, president of the six thousand dollar war goods corporation, was sending Peggy frantic cables asking when she was coming home, and hinting that the business already done would suffice to lay the foundations of the little eight-room bungalow of their dreams.

But Peggy wouldn't give up, for on the fourth day she did at last get on the track of something. Her principal reason, however, was that she happened to see George Seifert, representing one of the big Chicago firms, grinning at her from the porch of the Hotel Beau Rivage.

"Hello, Miss Roche!" he exclaimed, wrinkling his face into a network of canyons. "Who'd have thought to see you here! Long way from Jerusalem, ain't it?"

He chuckled as he took Peggy's slim hand in his.

"Neat little trick you scored on us out there," he said. "But seeing it's Hagan who got let in principally, I don't mind. 'Horse-blanket Hagan,' he's called in the trade now. Haw! Haw! But say, Miss Peggy, honest, you don't expect to sell war goods in Flushing, do you?"

"That's what I'm here for," answered Peggy demurely, taking her seat at Seifert's side.

"That's all right as far as it goes, kiddo, said George. "But you've got to have the goods and you've got to have them when they're wanted, and you've got to have enough. Nobody's looking for less than half-million dollar contracts these days. Now, where's Jim Byrne going to get half a million from?"

"O, well, things are looking up with us," said Peggy.

"Now see here, kid," said George, leaning forward confidentially. "That bluff

won't work unless there's substance at the back of it. In the early days of the war it was possible for any cheap-skate—by which I don't refer to Jim, you understand—to butt in and pull out a five-thousand dollar contract from under the noses of us big fellers. We weren't worrying about that. But nowadays it's got to be big orders. Now I sold the Germans a million dollars' worth of torpedoes last month and maybe I'll sell them some more. But it's got to be big consignments, even when you come down to blankets—soldiers' blankets this time, not horses'. And I guess you haven't heard of any order like that going begging, have you?"

He was peering with shrewd, wrinkled eyes into the girl's face. Suddenly he ripped out an explosive oath and slapped his hand on his knee.

"By Jings, you're wise to it!" he shouted.

Peggy let her eyelash drop for an instant on her cheek.

"How did you hear?" demanded George.

"A little bird told me," said Peggy, "that there's two hundred thousand army blankets hid by —"

"Go on!"

"A certain ex-contractor in a supposedly deserted storehouse in a suburb of —"

"Well, I'm staggered!" said George Seifert, wiping his forehead. "See here, little girl! I'll give you a cool thousand to keep it dark from the rest of us vultures."

"I'm keeping it dark for myself," answered the girl.

George Seifert laughed confidently.

"You put a blanket deal all over us in Palestine," he said. "But this here's different. Now be reasonable, girlie. Here's this contractor, dead or fugitive, and his heirs don't know nothing about them blankets he bought and held before the agreement was made that stopped blanket imports. Only one man knows, besides ourselves, and he gets ten percent from me to keep his mouth shut."

"I've promised him ten too," said Peggy.

"Is that straight?" asked George. "You haven't raised my ante? Say, we can't afford to outbid each other and lose all the profits."

"That's straight," said Peggy. "I don't outbid business rivals in a game like this. It's a fair race and no handicap."

"All right," said George. "I knew you

were square, though it wouldn't matter if you offered him fifty, because you've lost. The one of us that first gets to the German border can sell those blankets, undelivered, at a thundering good profit, eh?"

"That's right, George Seifert."

"And we can't get a wire through and we daren't take the risk of writing and having the mail censor open our letters and get wise to the bonanza. And we can't cross the German boundary by land. It means a boat from Flushing to Copenhagen, and then by sea to Hamburg."

"Agreed," said Peggy.

"Then I've won," said George, smiling.

"Why?" asked the girl.

"Because there were only eight vacant places on tomorrow's boat, and I've taken them all."

Peggy smiled at him blankly, and it needed all her courage to conceal the stunning nature of the blow.

"That's why I offered you a thousand to give up," said George Seifert. "It's just hush money. It'll take you home, kid. What's the verdict?"

"No," answered Peggy.

The desperate hope that some passenger, getting off at Ammelen down the river, might yield Peggy his place to Copenhagen was speedily frustrated. At the Ammelen booking office Peggy was told that passengers were not allowed to embark there, owing to the presence of submarines off the winding channels of the Scheldt. Peggy, rendered desperate by the news, went for a walk along the beach of the little fishing village.

She sat down in a sheltered corner and looked dismally seaward. Thousands of miles across the beating waves she fancied Jim, toiling in his little war contracts office, engaging in the great American game of bluff, and engaging successfully. She had put the little concern upon its legs; already she had done far more than she contracted to do when she persuaded him to let her represent him abroad. But she did want that contract from the German government for the army blankets.

And, hopeless as the venture had always seemed to her, it had become galvanized into a living chance by her contact with George Seifert at the Flushing Hotel.

She knew that only Seifert and she were acquainted with the existence of the blankets. It was a case of the first to reach

Hamburg getting the contract. The owners, when they learned of them, would rush to sell. And George had tricked her out of the journey. Not for a week would another steamer leave for the Baltic.

A gentle whirring sound which became manifest above the beat of the waves attracted the girl's attention. She looked up. A little fishing sloop was beating in to the beach. Further out at sea a vessel of curious design, which might have been a merchantman or might not, was passing leisurely northward. But as Peggy looked she saw it put about suddenly; and then again she heard the curious whir. And once again the vessel changed its course, and again came the whir, and a white streak developed on the face of the waves.

Something like a huge fish was coming leisurely ashore. Peggy went down to the water's edge. The monster moved so gently that it was almost stationary. It reached the beach and rested peacefully upon its face at Peggy's feet.

It was a torpedo.

Peggy had learned a good deal about torpedoes since her journey to Europe began. She saw at once that it was of German make and must have been fired from a great distance at the vessel now tacking and twisting alongshore in the distance. So far away had the submarine been that the missile had come to a standstill and now rested, charged and ready for further use, upon the shore.

Suddenly something else caught the girl's attention. Ten feet away a second of the monsters lay, likewise undischarged, its ugly nose half buried in the sand. And ten feet further was a third.

The submarine had discharged all three at the elusive vessel. Peggy knew instantly by the make of the missiles that they came from one of the old-fashioned submarines, capable of containing only three torpedoes in its torpedo compartment.

The beginnings of a scheme came into her brain, but so fantastic that she shook the idea from her impatiently. And while she still fought to free herself from it, the little fishing sloop ran ashore and a typical bronze-bearded salt stepped out.

He looked at Peggy inquiringly and then caught sight of the torpedoes. He grunted and spoke in Flemish.

"American," said Peggy briefly.

"You want a sail, miss?" he asked.



The torpedo whizzed by so close that it

"Why yes, I do," said Peggy.

But for the life of her she could not understand why she had said that.

The sailor laughed and bit a chew off a plug of black tobacco. He leaned confidentially against the gunwale.

"Last year, plenty Americans coom," he said. "Plenty English. Mooch money I

make, taking them on the water. Now—" he spread out his hands—"nothing, miss. Nothing. And no more fish."

"No fishing?"

"Too many submarines. Submarines, dey blow fishing sloops to pieces. See!" He pointed to the torpedoes. "Often we find them fellers along the beach. Sell—yes,



almost grazed the low side of the sloop.

for scrap metal. But dese no exploded. Goot money in dem."

"Did you see the submarine fire at that ship?" asked Peggy.

"Sure I see heem, miss. Domned sorry I be. For if that ship not had been there. at me would he have fired. I am Jan Kluis."

"I'm happy to meet you, Mr. Kluis," said Peggy, extending her little hand, which the sailor clasped, rather apologetically, in his great caloused one.

"As for me," he said, chewing vigorously, "I go catch feesh. Yes, miss. I am not fear for submarines. It is easy. You keep the eyes sharp, you see domned torpedo

coming, and maybe the periscope sticking oop. Whoosh! You put about, Torpedo buz by you. No danger from torpedo. But the others are feared of heem."

"You have been shot at, then?" asked Peggy.

Jan Kluis laughed jovially.

"Every day for three weeks past they shoot at me," he said. "Three torpedoes one after anodder — whoosh! whoosh! whoosh! Then I know no more can come, because dey only carry three, and afraid to use gun for fear coast batteries fire on them because inside Hollandish waters. As soon as three are fired, submarine goes off to Oog, to get more torpedoes, and anodder submarine takes his place. Oh yes, Captain Krauss due this afternoon. I know heem very well. Captain Kraus very fine gentleman."

"You—know him?" gasped Peggy.

"I know them all, miss. You see as soon as torpedo shot, I sail up to submarine. 'Ho you do today, Captain?' I call. 'Not so goot shot as Captain Mueller.' 'Some day we get you, Kluis,' dey laugh. And once Captain Krauss he give me dinner."

Peggy was too amazed for utterance. Could the desperate game of war afford such interludes as these? Or was Jan Kluis romancing?

But suddenly the thought which had been latent in her mind leaped into full consciousness. Torpedoes were sold at about fifteen hundred dollars apiece. But a submarine which had shot its three away would gladly pay more—anything. Five thousand apiece would be a bagatelle to a torpedoless submarine commander. She turned to Kluis.

"What shall we do with these?" she asked, indicating the missiles.

"Goot money in dem," he answered. "I sell in Ammelen."

"Pardon me! I sell in Ammelen," said Peggy.

For an instant their eyes met in challenge, while Dutch blood and the kindred New England blood strove in mute rivalry. Then Jan Kluis heaved a sigh.

"We both sell in Ammelen," he said regretfully. "One hoondred guilder for you, one hoondred guilder for me."

"You think that, do you?" said Peggy scornfully. "What do you think of this: two thousand five hundred guilder for you, two thousand five hundred guilder for me?"

The Dutchman's imperturbability was shaken. The quid hung in his cheek. He gaped at Peggy.

"Who—who would give five thousand guilder for a torpedo?" he muttered.

"Captain Krauss," answered Peggy. "And we'll sell them back to him when he comes around."

Captain Krauss' best work was done soon after sunrise, when the light on the waves made detection difficult. His operations, when on duty, were within the disputed waters of the Scheldt estuary and his instructions were to torpedo anything that attempted to leave the shore. In the course of performing this he had had several interesting encounters with Jan Kluis.

Kluis did not need to fish for a living. He had run so many cargoes of fish, contraband, tobacco and Holland gin to England that he had amassed a comfortable little competence. In fact his journeys upon the sea had been confined of recent years to taking parties of American tourists sailing.

No sooner, however, did the secret submarine blockade of Scheldt begin than Kluis felt something in his sluggish Flemish blood warm to the challenge. He resented the closed sea. He longed for a free sea, although he did not know that he was speculating in terms of international law. So he put out with his nets, and had his gear ripped by a torpedo.

That showed him what he was to expect. He saw that the torpedo was a comparatively slow-moving object. With reasonable care, granted that one kept one's eyes open, anybody could escape a torpedo by the simple process of putting the helm about. In the days following this discovery he enjoyed himself dodging the German missiles.

The blockaders, at first furious, came to be amused, and then to like the old man. They hurled their torpedoes at him through the water. Sometimes two submarines would engage him simultaneously. But Kluis developed a corresponding agility. It was a simple matter of optics and mathematics. Kluis always came off best.

One day after three torpedoes had been hurled at him by one of the ships, he put about and drew alongside. Captain Krauss, perfectly helpless—for his orders not to fire his gun were stringent—prepared to submerge, fearing that some infernal weapon lay hidden in Kluis' boat. —But at the old

fellow's hail he changed his mind. He took him aboard and gave him a meal, a tot of rum and half a dozen cigars.

Thereafter the blockaders redoubled their efforts to sink the sloop, but so far they had not succeeded.

Krauss groaned when, on the following morning, soon after sunrise, he perceived the inevitable Kluis with his nets staked around a shoal, less than a half-mile distant. His instructions were to get rid of Kluis, but he had more important work on hand. His submarine was of the old type that carried only three torpedoes, and he would have given anything he possessed just then to leave the Dutchman alone. However, orders had to be obeyed.

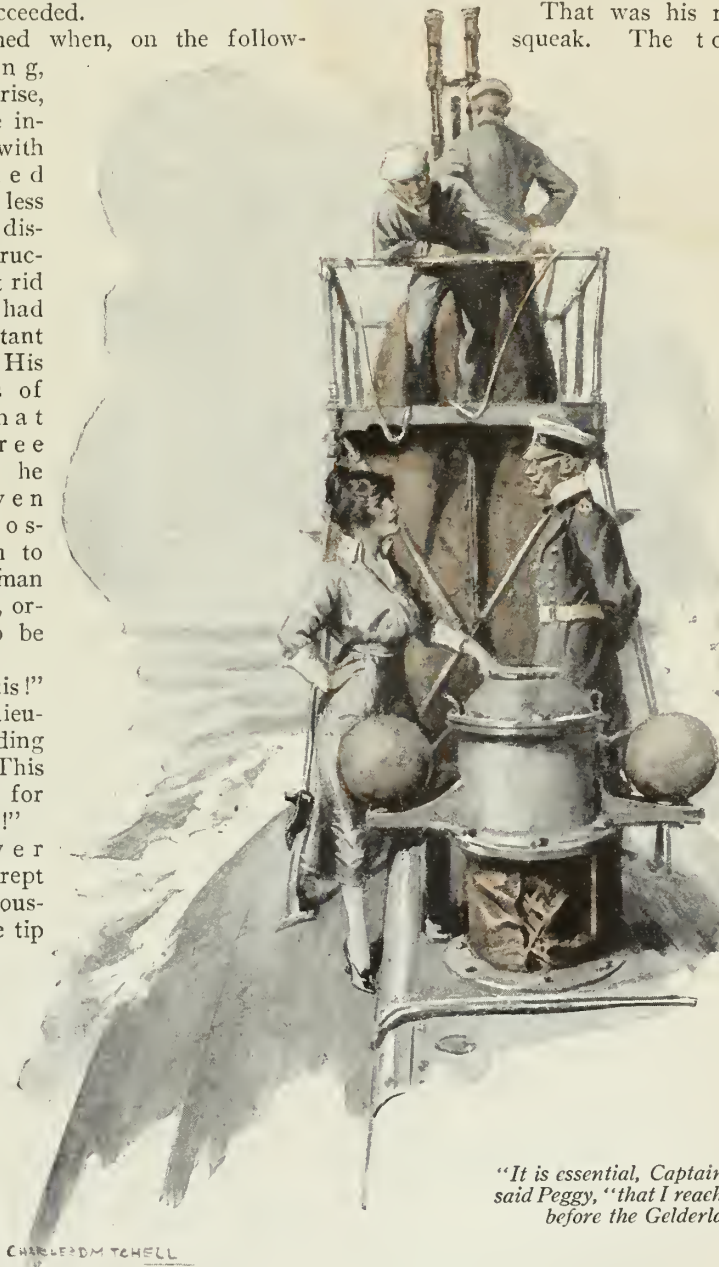
"There's Kluis!" he said to his lieutenant. "Pretending to fish as usual. This time we get him for sure, Hoffmeyer!"

Hoffmeyer nodded. They crept along very cautiously, with only the tip of the periscope appearing above the waters, which were smooth enough to facilitate this manoeuvre. They were within five hundred yards of Kluis before the old man, seeing nothing, but scenting danger, lifted his head.

"There's a periscope!" exclaimed Peggy, suddenly.

As she spoke the white trail of the torpedo was seen, the bubbles of the compressed air which drove her leaving a little surge on either side. Kluis jammed down his helm.

That was his narrowest squeak. The torpedo



"It is essential, Captain Krauss," said Peggy, "that I reach Hamburg before the Gelderland."

whizzed by so close that it almost grazed the high side of the sloop. A touch—and Kluis would have played his last stake for a free and open sea.

Krauss saw the near success of his manoeuvre. He reckoned that Kluis was rattled. He sent his second torpedo in the wake of the first.

This time Kluis was prepared. He had run up his gaff tops and bobbed jauntily past the second missile, without even turning bow on.

"A little to the port!" Krauss yelled down his tube to the men in the torpedo room.

"Hold hard!" said Hoffmeyer. "Look, Captain! There's a woman with him!"

As he spoke the submarine shuddered from the release of the third torpedo. It spun far in the wake of the little bobbing sloop. Kluis shouted with amusement and the faint echoes of his laughter reached Krauss' ears.

"We'll never get him, never," said Hoffmeyer dismally.

"I'm going to run him down," answered the captain. "Get ready, Hoffmeyer, to jump in and pull out the girl."

"And Kluis?" queried the other.

"Sink him!" said Krauss vindictively.

A word down the engine room tube, and Kluis was amazed to see the submarine, awash among the waves, dash for his sloop. He had not reckoned on that.

Yet, as he prepared to dodge, the old fellow knew that a sturdy sloop, driven hard, could ram a hole through the paper sides of a submarine. He did not run—could not, the wind being unfavorable—but put about and prepared to meet the shock bow to bow.

Krauss, on the bridge, saw the manoeuvre and shirred away just in time. The submarine and the fishing sloop actually grated as they drew together.

"Morning, Captain Krauss," yelled Kluis cheerfully as they passed.

Captain Krauss slowed down. He came back shaking his head sorrowfully. He would never get Kluis.

"A lady wants to speak with you," cried Kluis from his boat.

"What?" cried the other, incredulously.

"She wants to speak with you. She's got something to sell—something you'll want, Captain."

The submarine now lay awash in the waves. Kluis hauled his sails down, seized an oar and paddled alongside. Krauss noticed three large cylindrical objects in the sloop.

"Do you want three torpedoes?" inquired

Peggy. "Ready for use, German make and guaranteed sound?"

Paralyzed at the sight, Krauss stood stiffly at attention. Hoffmeyer leaped from the deck into the sloop.

"They're ours, Captain!" he yelled back. "They must have picked them up along-shore."

"Then perhaps you'll hand them over to us—and thank you," said the submarine commander stiffly.

Peggy sat down on one of the torpedoes.

"Under Dutch law findings along the shore are keepings," she announced. "I'm offering these at five thousand dollars apiece."

Krauss glared at her. "What's to prevent my taking them?" he inquired.

"You can't," said Peggy. "One roll of the boat, and they'll go to the bottom.

"And take you with them?" sneered the Captain.

"I only deal with gentlemen," said Peggy caustically. "Mr. Kluis, put about, please."

"Stop!" said Krauss. "I'll take them and give you—

"Fifteen thousand dollars in German mark bills."

And, as he hesitated, Peggy leaned heavily against the side of the boat. Hoffmeyer grabbed at her; the boat inclined over still more.

"You shall have it," said Krauss. "Bear your weight on this side, Hoffmeyer. After all," he added, "It's the German Government you're robbing, not me."

"There's one condition further," answered Peggy.

"Name it."

"I want a free passage to Hamburg aboard your submarine."

"With the greatest of pleasure, Mademoiselle New York," said Krauss. "Step aboard and we'll soon have our torpedoes back again."

"You'd better bring the money here first," said Peggy. "Mr. Kluis and I are partners in this venture."

"For a whole half-minute Krauss looked at her speechless, while Peggy returned his stare. Then he touched his cap in salutation.

"After the war I'm going to America to live," he said. "I've often thought I'd like an American wife and now I know I should."

"Thank you," said Peggy, "but I'm con-

tracted for. However I've got a nice little sister at boarding-school in the Bronx. Let me know when you're coming and I'll introduce you."

"It is essential, Captain Krauss," said Peggy, half an hour later, "that I reach Hamburg before the Gelderland. I've got a business rival aboard her and I've got to best him on a contract."

They were seated in the tiny cabin, which was filled with the mingled fumes of oil, compressed air, and chlorine gas. Captain Krauss had courteously placed the resources of the ship's larder at Peggy's disposal, but the girl's head ached badly and she was unable to force herself to eat.

"Don't worry about that," replied the Captain. "We shall reach there long before her—very long."

"How long will the voyage last?"

"Three days. But we shall run afloat except if we should happen to meet anybody we don't like, or don't want to meet. It won't be bad after the smell has blown away."

It was as bad as it could be. The little boat, which was now almost out of sight of the coast, rocked terribly and the machinery throbbed incessantly in Peggy's ears. Yet neatly tucked away in her pocket were seven thousand five hundred dollars—Jim's profits and hers! Peggy found herself involuntarily dreaming of a hilly shore opposite Connecticut, across the sound, an eight-room bungalow and the garage that Jim and she had always promised themselves.

"The Gelderland takes less than two days on the trip," said Peggy.

"The Gelderland will not make the full trip this time," responded Krauss, smiling.

Something in his manner arrested the girl's attention.

"What do you mean?" she asked sharply. And suddenly she understood. "You mean you are going to torpedo the Gelderland?" she cried.

Krauss' eyebrows elevated themselves a little. but he nodded briskly.

"You shan't!" said Peggy furiously. "You shan't, I tell you. Why—why, there are women and children on board. And Americans."

"They have been warned. They have no business to try to cross the zone of blockade. I have my orders."

"But—but—" gasped Peggy, "I—I sold you the torpedoes!"

"For which I thank you, Mademoiselle America," replied the Captain, placing his hand on his heart as he bowed.

She clutched his arm. "Captain Krauss!" she cried. "That will make me a murderess. You dare not do it!"

"I hardly dare, indeed," answered the other. "Only, you see, I have my orders and I have your receipt for the torpedoes, for which I must account. Consequently I must obey orders."

"I'll buy them back," said Peggy.

"Unfortunately that is impossible," returned the other suavely. "There was a witness to the transaction. Besides my orders must be obeyed. That is all there is to it."

Peggy was stunned. She tried to speak, but instead, sank down and burst into tears.

Captain Krauss was touched. He paced his little cabin impatiently. Several times he began to address her, but each time the spectacle of her helpless grief stopped him. At last he went to her and placed his hand in a kindly fashion upon her shoulder.

"I am sorry. I am so sorry," he said. "But it is war, and—the responsibility will not rest on you."

"Captain Krauss, you must not sink that ship. I appeal to you as a man. Are you going to commit murder? Can you not at least warn her and save the passengers?"

"My orders are to sink the Gelderland."

"But if she stops? Your orders are not to sink the passengers with the ship?"

"They shall have twenty minutes, of course. But if I am attacked, or if the Gelderland attempts to fly, I sink her."

Peggy felt hope begin to stir in her heart again. "You led me to believe that you meant to sink the passengers without warning," she said.

"I was not thinking of the passengers," said Krauss.

Lieutenant Hoffmeyer knocked at the door and put his head inside at his captain's uttered "herein!" "The Gelderland is sighted," he announced.

The captain ran up on the deck. Peggy followed him and saw the crew grouped around their leader, anxiously watching a coil of smoke against the distant horizon.

"You must go down," said Krauss, taking Peggy by the arm. "We are going to submerge."

The hours that followed were a nightmare to the girl, a long mental agony in

which each episode stood out with unforgettable clearness.

The dim green light that filtered beneath the surface of the waves seemed like a sheer curtain drawn against the porthole of the little craft. The electric lights blazed, the hum of the electric engines shook the vessel and slowly the stifling stench of the compressed air grew until each breath was a choking gasp. At last Peggy could endure the suspense no longer. She hurried from the cabin and ran into the conning tower. Captain Krauss was standing, his eyes fixed upon the mirror before him.

Over his shoulder Peggy saw the great bulk of the Gelderland, as she steamed gaily upon her way. The Dutch flag flew from her peak and was painted huge upon her sides. She loomed up so large that she seemed hardly a ship's length away.

At that moment the submarine tilted upward. Daylight appeared. Krauss turned to Peggy.

"She shall have her chance," he said, and as he spoke, the gun boomed from the deck beside them, almost throwing the girl from her feet.

The submarine lay awash again. Outside the conning tower Peggy saw the flag flying, the gun aimed at the vitals of the big vessel a hundred yards away. Krauss shouted through a megaphone:

"Twenty minutes to get your passengers off before I sink you!"

Yet it was half an hour before the last of the packed boats left the Gelderland's side. Peggy had spent that half hour in anguish, for the appearance of a hostile cruiser would have meant death to all those aboard. However, the horizon remained clear, and in the smooth sea the life boats got away without difficulty. Crowded with their human freight, they pulled suddenly toward the submarine, which lay between them and the faint hazy line of the horizon.

As soon as the last boat had left the Gelderland's side the first of Peggy's torpedoes was launched from the submarine's bows. The girl watched the white trail through the water. It neared the Gelder-

land, it touched it; and a hideous detonation followed. Spars and planks flew into the air. The Gelderland heeled over.

"One will be enough," said Krauss, at Peggy's side, to his lieutenant. And he turned to salute the captain of the dying ship, who was approaching in the last boat to leave her.

"A pleasant voyage to the shore," he remarked.

"Assassin!" shouted the man in the gold-braided uniform, shaking his fist.

Krauss laughed, and just then Peggy uttered a scream. A cry from the boat answered her. Seated beside the Captain was George Seifert, wearing the same suit that he had worn at the hotel, but wearing a very different look upon his face from that which he had worn at the Beau Rivage. The recognition was mutual and simultaneous.

"A friend of yours, Miss New York?" asked Krauss blandly, raising his hand for the boat to halt.

"It's the man who's trying to get to Hamburg before me," answered Peggy.

"Well, he won't," answered Krauss. "But he'll reach the shore all right, so don't you worry about him."

A moaning cry came from George Seifert's lips. "W-w-what are you doing there?" he groaned.

"O, I've just made a sale of torpedoes to the German government," called Peggy, laughing in her relief. Until that moment so oppressed had she been by the fear of a tragedy that she had forgotten Seifert's existence. "And I'm on my way to talk blankets with them," she continued. "Soldiers—not horse blankets."

With a glare which combined the maximum of surprise and amazement with the maximum of contempt, George Seifert turned his back.

"A friend of yours?" asked Krauss. "I can take him along to Hamburg with us, if you would like me to."

"No," answered Peggy, frantically. "Let them go on, captain, let them go on."

And, at the captain's signal, the lifeboat resumed its course toward the shore.

You have not seen, heard or read about Peggy Roche before. She is not in any screen or stage play.

Here, in simple phraseology, is depicted the screen's subtlest power: its ability to glorify commonplace lives, to bring adventure to the adventureless, to warm in the glow of romance those whose days of romance are dead. "At the Picture Show" is one of the few pieces of genuine literature so far inspired by the camera.—Ed. PHOTOPLAY.

At the Picture Show

SHE sits with eyes intent upon the screen,

A quiet woman with work-hardened hands.

Beside her squirms an eager, shock-head boy;

Upon her lap a little rumped girl

With petalled cheek and bright, play-roughened hair ;

While, bulwark of the little family group,
Her husband looms, with one unconscious arm

Lying along her chair-back. So they come

Often, and for a few cents, more or less,
Slip through the wicket-gate of wonderment

That bounds the beaten paths of everyday.

The Indians and the horses thrill the boy

With dreams of great adventure; the big man

Likes the great bridges, and the curious lore

Of alien folk in other lands; the child
Laughs at the funny way the people die.
And she?

The way the hero's overcoat
Sets to his shoulders; or a lock of hair
Tossed back impatiently; or else a smile,
A visible sigh, an eyebrow lifted, so,—

They touch strange, buried, dispossessed old dreams.

And while her hand plays with the baby's curls

Unthinking, once again she sees the face

That swayed her youth as ocean tides are swayed

Until she broke her heart to save her soul . . .

And fled back to her native town . . . and left

In the gray canyons of the city streets

All the high hopes of youth. . . .

She has picked up
Her life since then, and made a goodly thing

Out of the fragments; that is written plain
Upon the simple page for all to see.

I fancy that she hardly thinks of him

Through all her wholesome days; but when, at night,

They go a-voyaging across the screen,

And suddenly a street-lamp throws a gleam

On a wet pavement . . . a man sits alone

On a park bench . . . or else goes swinging past

With that expression to his overcoat. . . .

She does not pick this player-man, or that,

But all the heroes have some trick of his. . . .

—KARL WILSON BAKER in the *Yale Review*.

“Who’s Married to Who”

WE’VE an idea that “Who’s married to *who*” isn’t exactly grammatical, but as Al Jolson has so sweetly said: “What’s grammar when you know each other?” Besides, this is an easy, clear little expression that explains our group of husbands and wives on the lot and around the studio. The camera calling promotes domesticity because it provides a place of more or less permanent residence and invites home-building. In pictures the stage nomad is likely to become the town’s pioneer resident.

A BRIEF PICTORIAL GUIDE TO CUPID’S FATALITIES IN CELLULOID

Celebrity Photo



When she isn’t a wide-eyed child Viola Dana is the wife of John Collins, Metro director.

Below, Thos. H. Ince’s General Manager; Ralph Ince and wife, Lucille Lee Stewart.



At the left, Margaret Thompson and her home-mate, E. H. Allen.



Hartsook Photo

Witzel Photo

Photos by Campbell Studio



Don't think Miriam Cooper is Mrs. Walter Long, just because he beats her up on the screen. The minister gave the real fighting privilege to Raoul Walsh.



Photo by MoRet

Didn't know there was a Mrs. Bryant Washburn? Yes indeed at your right—stage name, Mabel Forrest. The Hickmans, who appear at the left, Howard and Bessie Barriscale, are a famous stage and screen pair.



Photo by Witzel



Photo by Witzel



Photo by Matzene



Anna Nillson, at right (some peach) wears Guy Coombs' ball and chain.



© Underwood & Underwood

At your left, Marjorie Rambeau and her husband, Willard Mack. The other pair are Famous Players' ingenue, Louise Huff, and her husband, Edgar Jones, well-known director.

Photo by White



Photo by Witzel



Photo by Gilbert & Bacon

A Brief

Memorandum

The portrait is a new one, just taken for Photoplay. Thanks to our magical art director, from Mr. Dwan's hands is seen issuing a scene from his own past: a glimpse at Triangle's eastern studio about the time Dorothy Gish was being sun-painted into "Betty of Greystone."

PROFESSOR OF ELECTRICITY,
DOCTOR OF ACTIVE
PHOTOGRAPHY AND
ENGINEER OF EMOTIONS

By Julian Johnson



On Alan Dwan, P. E., D. A. P., E. M.

"A COLLEGE professor," says Allan Dwan, "is a college graduate of grim determination who resolves to spend the rest of his life in the same place to find out what he went there for."

"Do you think he ever does find out?" I asked.

"That depends on the man, not on the college," concluded Dwan.

You see, this directorial gentleman was a professor himself, not so many years ago.

We come to the consequential part of his life when he entered Notre Dame University, Indiana, to study electricity. He became an electrical engineer—a doctor or master of it, or something—and then he remained in the college as a professor of engineering.

Dr. Dwan became dissatisfied with pedagogy after wearing the square tasseled hat only a little while. He did a number of things, and a Jury might make him admit that he tackled musical comedy, enlisting as a private.

However—

He entered the motion picture field in

1908, and at that moment electricity lost a bright spark, and musical comedy one of its most commonplace personalities. Dwan is essentially a creator, and essential creators are low-grade interpreters. And vice-versa. Actors' plays and authors' acting—two things of like dreadfulness.

Back to the plot: Dr. Dwan saluted the camera at Essanay in Chicago. He was writing scenarios then. Two years later he joined the scenario department of the American Film Company, also in Chicago. Then he became a director, and as director went to Santa Barbara. Though you may not know or recall it, Dr. Dwan first gained repute as the director of the famous old "Flying A" quartette, which included Jack Kerrigan, Pauline Bush, Louise Lester and Jack Richardson.

I believe that Dr. Dwan's Famous Players connection began in 1913. He conjured up "The Foundling" and "The Girl of Yesterday," for Mary Pickford; "The Straight Road," with Gladys Hanson and Bill Russell, and "Wildflower," and "The Pretty Sister of Jose," with Marguerite Clark. His Fine Arts pictures included "Betty of Greystone," and "Jordan is a Hard Road," "The Habit of Happiness."



"Manhattan Madness." "The Good-Bad Man," and "The Half Breed" were Douglas Fairbanks plays to which he vouchsafed his highly individual tactics.

More recently, the great "Panthea."

Now in process of manufacture: the Goldwyn Maxine Elliott release.

Next: studio-generalship for Triangle in the East, with headquarters at Yonkers, N. Y.

"I don't intend to direct myself," said Dwan to me over a dinner table in the Hotel Algonquin, Manhattan.

"I'm going to make, or try to make, both authors and directors."

In a way, I think this regrettable. Dr. Dwan is a mine of energy, a likeable fellow and a wonderful explainer, but he can't pass on the peculiar gifts that are Dwan's. He can't teach other people how to make Pantheas and Half-Breeds. If he could, he wouldn't be a man; he'd be a miracle.

Have you ever noticed that the artists of today don't measure up to an artist's freak reputation of tradition?

For instance, Dr. Dwan. Now, no slave of Wall street is more a mere, total business man than he. Be tardy on the worst morning in winter, and



Dr. Dwan and his cameraman, Rene Guissart

you've crabb'd yourself with him. Notwithstanding the smile which is 'most always in evidence, and which the halftone maker has distributed generally over these leaves, they say that Dr. Dwan drives like Hindenburg. I can believe it. I've seen him talk to actors and make engagements for authors and directors.

(Continued to page 177)

She Wearied of the Juleps

—AND IF THAT
ISN'T SOUTHERN
TREASON, WE
WANT TO KNOW



*A portrait, and in
a recent photoplay.*

PADUCAH, Kentucky, is always doing something of which to be proud, and it didn't fall down when it acted as the birth place of Gladys Coburn. The manner in which she bestrides her steed indicates that she came from the blue grass country. One can't gaze forever on the waving fields of mint julep, however, so Miss Coburn heeded the call of the cinema. Her biggest success was in "The Primitive Call," produced by Fox. Since then Miss Coburn, according to the press agent, has committed an overt act—she has left Fox, and her whereabouts on the high seas of the cinema are unknown.



THE lowly interviewer made his way along East 19th Street, his lips moving oddly. Poor fellow he was trying in his feeble way to count the victims that had been plunged deep into screen mis-



ery by Theda Bara, the vampish vanquisher.

"Three thousand . . ." he murmured, "three thousand and one, three thousand and two, three thousand and three. . . ."

Suddenly he stopped, entered a doorway, ascended the stairs and found himself in a studio; a sombre studio with low rafters, old furniture, and walls decorated with quaint tapestries. A beautiful woman, a dark woman, met him at the door. It was Theda Bara, and she said: "Come in."

"Where is Belva?" demanded the reporter, noting the absence of the famous Russian wolf-hound.

"Belva?" said Miss Bara dolefully, "Belva is dead."

"Dead!" the other exclaimed. "Great Scott, he can't be dead! We've got a picture of him to run with this story."

"But he is not gone," she said tearfully. "I can see him in the crystal."

"There!" she cried, "see him!"

The interviewer looked: "No," he said. "All I see is that I need a new hat."

"He is there!" the vampire went on. "I see him gamboling in the Heaven of dogs. Hark!—did you hear that?—it was Belva's bark."

The reporter listened; all he heard was the clatter of dishes in a one arm place down the street.

"That was no bark," he said flatly.

"Well, if you didn't hear it you can't write a story, can you? Now listen again."

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, "I hear it now—loud as a red tie with an evening suit."

And he hurried back to write this story.



Ghostly Belva

Barks at Bara



Photograph
by
Campbell
Studios



*A photograph
showing Belva at
Miss Bara's feet.*



Photo by Stag

THE NEW DANCES MAY COME AND GO—AS THEY DO—BUT WE HAVE ALWAYS WITH US: THE TENNIS BALL

ORDER IN THE COURT!

THERE has to be—the Gishes are playing tennis. Consider the charmer to the left, the one who looks as if she saw a U boat approaching on all fours across the netted arena. This is Dorothy. Now cast your eye upon the divinity at the right, the one who appears to have sinister intentions toward the ball she holds in hand.

This is the fair Lillian. When you see how trimly they are dressed you wouldn't think they had been playing a stiff game for five hours, would you? Of course not. They haven't, either. They were just warming up for an eight-reeler. The set looks to us like unmixed doubles. The score at present is "Love—Both of Them."

What Keenan Did At High Noon

HE THREW THE PLOW AWAY
AND BECAME AN EAST LYNNER
—OH, MANY YEARS AGO!

Frank Keenan in
"The Phantom."

It was high noon on the Iowa prairies, not long after the Civil War. It's always high noon in a story like this. Anyhow the sun was beating down upon a simple yokel who was busy plowing. The lad turned and looked back upon the eighty acres he had already torn up, and suddenly with an impatient gesture he seized the plow and threw it, team and all, into the next township.

"I'm through with this forever!" he said, his clear Iowa voice ringing out in the noon air, which was silent except for the song of the bobolinks, the crowing of the tomato worms and the hum of mosquitoes getting ready for a hard night's work.

At that moment a tall man appeared suddenly upon the scene. It was the boy's father.

"Where is the plow, son?" he demanded, "and Black Bessie and Tan Tillie?" (Author's note: these were the horses.)

The boy looked abashed; he was a bashful boy.

"Father," he said, "I threw them into yonder township," and he indicated the spire of the Methodist church five miles away. "I did so, father, because I do not like farm work—I'm going to be an actor."

Hurt, amazed, dumfounded, the elder man stood there. The boy turned and walked away. The sun beat down; it was high noon.

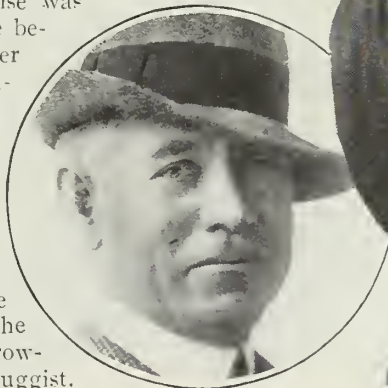
This may not be the exact truth, but it expresses the attitude of Frank Keenan's mind when he lived near El Kader, Ia.

At any rate Frank became an "East Lynner." The saddest part of that incident was that he got only \$9 a week and had to listen to the manager of the troupe playing the organ which constituted the three-piece orchestra—instrument, stool and cover. But Frank was a strong lad and it took more than organs to lay him out.

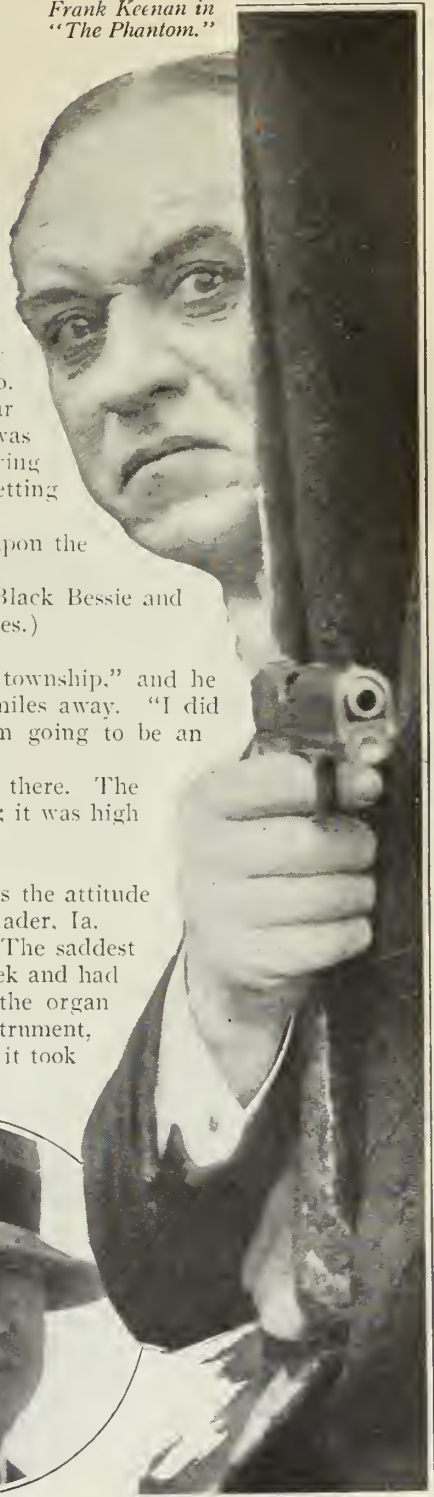
From that time on his rise was rapid and in a few years he became known as a character actor of power and versatility. His most notable success was the sheriff, in "The Girl of the Golden West." In the past fifteen months he has appeared in a number of remarkable Ince photoplays.

When he was famous, he went back to El Kader, the town of the heroic plow-throwing. There he met the druggist.

(Continued on page 146)



Witzel Photo





Above, "Fritz" and that fellow Hart, who works for him.

"Fritz" and His Hired Man

—YOU'VE FOLLOWED "FRITZ'S" TWINKLING IRON HEELS THROUGH MANY A REEL: HE'S BILL HART'S SPLENDID HORSE

IF you want to chase Bill Hart's goat out into the open, just ask him who trained "Fritz." Now, in spite of indications to the contrary, as furnished by the way he bites his words in two on the screen. Bill isn't given to going up in a pink balloon every time anyone drops an aggravating remark. But it's a safe bet that you'll provoke him to make an ascension, if you select the "Fritz" subject for your prodding fork. "Fritz" is the pinto cow-pony Bill rides in the Ince pictures—the dancing, prancing animal that finds a place in virtu-

Splitting the page, Hart on a white charger, one day while "Fritz" was in Ince's office, holding him up for more salary.



ally all of the western 'scripts, and thereby makes some fifty or sixty other Inceville colts jealous.

The point of the story is that Bill made a wonder-horse of "Fritz;" yet, an omniscient puncher attempted to discredit the achievement. And that's what has made Bill sore.

When Bill Hart went to Inceville in the summer of 1914, to make screen shrapnel under the Ince banner, "Fritz" was just an ordinary horse. Endowed with a chocolate-and-white coat, he quite naturally appealed more strongly to the eye than did any of the other corral-steeds. But he was merely an equine medicine-ball among the cowboys.

One day, Hart picked out "Fritz" for his mount in a two-reel play. Understanding horses, the beloved Bill was attracted by the pinto's unusual display of "horse-sense." "Fritz" didn't do anything extraordinary—he just responded nobly to every reasonable command given by Bill—yet Bill was seized with

a "hunch" that "Fritz", one day, would be a trickster. So, he picked on "Fritz" at every opportunity, selecting him consistently to work in the western plays.

By patience and kindly treatment and other methods that only a horseman knows, Bill gradually induced "Fritz" to do things the average horse cannot do. He taught him to fall, to feign death, to pose, to kneel.

Came "Truthful Tulliver"—and with it the hardest job that has ever confronted "Fritz." But, he did it; with Hart astride him he dashed madly into the saloon, raced across the floor and leaped through a closed window to the ground below, the while Hart's suasive words flowed into his ears and calloused hands stroked his mane.

So, don't ask Bill who trained "Fritz." for until Hart came to Inceville "Fritz" had had "nobody home at all."



Dreaming about "Fritz?" Neigh! Neigh!

The Wild Woman of Babylon



A MANICURED MADCAP,
THIS MOCKER OF BABY-
LON'S MIGHTIEST MEN

By Grace Kingsley

WHY, you'd know her for the Mountain Maid anywhere! Only her chariot has turned into a Stutz and the skins she now wears are fox furs.

All Constance Talmadge needed in her quest for fame was to be turned loose in Babylon and told to be herself. Wherefore she burst upon us in all her fresh vivacity, her astonishing vividness. Why you feel you know the very cave she dwells in, the very wild berry (and onion!) patch where she eats her casual meal.

Up in her dressing room at the Fine Arts Studio, in Los Angeles, one finds her in a midst of a bewildering disarray of gowns and makeup material. She is making up for some fresh scenes to be added to the Babylonian story in "Intolerance,"—Mr. Griffith has added many scenes to that part of the picture since its premiere.—and she sighs comically as she searches her dressing table for "No. 5."



Oh, Yes! She Has Tame Moments

"Oh, dear, that maid has been trying to put things away again. Why can't she leave things where she finds them!"

"Do you know, I believe I had an ancestor who was a mountain girl!" she tells you in gay confidence.

And she loves the rags of the Mountain Girl. For after all despite the modish young person she is when you glimpse her in cafe or theater, she's merely a manicured madcap, a barbarian in brocades; Diana properly gloved and shod.

And if they had waited until she


the move, is Constance, and possessed of an illusive fascination that's quite irresistible. She races her car like mad—only last week she killed a Ford,—and she takes long walks through the Hollywood hills, swims like a fish, sails a boat like an old salt,

dances like a nymph,— anything as an excuse to be forever on the move.

Did she really drive those galloping brutes of horses that drag her swaying chariot in "Intolerance"? Indeed she did.

"T w o

Photos by Staggr



Two "at homes" of Miss Constance and one as "The Mountain Girl" in "Intolerance."

grew up, they would never have named her Constance. It would be like calling one of her wild horses "Algy." She should have been Thelma or Barbara or Diana. A saucy, inconsequent little baggage, ever on

women sat behind me at the Auditorium, the other night," said Miss Talmadge,—the

Auditorium is the theater where the picture was being shown in Los Angeles,—"they said: 'Of course she never really drove those horses herself. Somebody doubled for her.' Know what I did? I turned

around and told them: 'I wish I could show you my knees, all black and blue even yet from being cracked up against the dashboard of that chariot!'

"And I had had an awful fear of horses, too, before that.—they were the only things I ever was really afraid of, I think. My two pet aversions were forced upon me in 'Intolerance.' I had to drive horses,—and drive them like mad; and I loathe onions—and I had to eat them. As the scene wasn't satisfactory—I guess I made an awful face or something.—I had to eat them again. And then as they wanted another picture of the scene anyhow, why I had to eat them again.

"It wasn't an easy matter getting used to the horses. First I fed them lumps of sugar to get on the good side of them. Then I drove them slowly around the studio lot attached to a light wagon. Next they were taken to San Pedro, where there is a big expanse of country, and I drove them fast, and then faster. Of course there were sentinels posted about the field to see that no harm came to me. Sam is the leading horse's name, and I mean to buy him,—he is also a saddle horse,—and learn to ride as soon I can get time.

"I guess I drove over nearly everybody who took part in 'Intolerance.' It was such fun to see the crowd skurry when I started for them!"

The Mountain Maid has large limpid brown eyes, which grow black with anger or excitement, but which soften and lighten in gentler moods. Her hair, by the way, is long and thick, and is of a light golden-brown color. The black wig she wears in the picture is really much more becoming to her olive skin than her own hair, and brings out the color and lighting in her eyes more effectively too.

"I'm going to have a chariot to go shopping in," she goes on gaily, as she begins to

don the combination goat-skin and leather which is her costume in the picture. "It would be so much more exciting than a regular car. Fancy how mad I would make the traffic cops by driving down Broadway full-tilt in a chariot!"

"By the way, I came out from New York perfectly whole. Now my arms are still sore from the scratches I got from wearing that armor, I nearly broke my foot one day in a Babylonian battle scene, and I got powder shots in my legs doing a later picture.

"I had learned to shoot a bow and arrow when I was a kid, out on my grandmother's farm in New York.—oh, yes, I have a wounded cow or two to my credit, back there; so the shooting didn't come so hard. But I didn't shoot very straight. I'm afraid, for when I left the scene, two or three glaring extras were picking arrows out of their anatomies. I got hit on the head with a couple of rocks, during the battle scenes, and was bowled right over once. That's where a nice little story comes in. It was about the nicest thing I ever knew an actor to do.

There was an extra man, who was really registering well in the picture, but when he saw me go down, outside the camera lines, he rushed over and carried me to a place of safety. Some hero, eh? Willing even to forego the camera. And anybody that's worked in pictures knows what *that* means.

"About milking the goat? Of course I had to learn, and it was such fun I milked old Nanny dry, and we had to wait a day before the picture could be taken. How did I happen to bite her ear in that scene? Why Mr. Griffith called out to me just then, 'do something funny!' I had been dying all along to bite Nanny's ear, just to see her jump. So I did that."

A very downright person is Constance
(Continued to page 154)




"Some coat, isn't it?" says Constance to the photographer; "Norma sent it to me from New York."

The Shadow Stage

A Department of
Photoplay Review

By
Julian Johnson



IN the dazzling days of the Italian Renaissance a mighty cathedral was to be built in a city of Northern Italy. In our phrase we would call the word which went through the grand peninsula an invitation for bids; accordingly, architects whose renown is still bright though they have slumbered many hundreds of years, contributed wonderful plans and drawings. All save one especially prominent builder. He submitted nothing, where he was expected to contribute a most interesting pencil-projection. The learned doctors sent a messenger to discover the reason. The architect expressed some well-feigned surprise, and called for a sheet of paper, or parchment, or whatever they used before the pulp days. Then, taking a piece of black chalk, with a single easy, free-hand movement, he drew a perfect circle.

"Take this to your masters," he said, "and tell them that you saw me do it."

Do we need to conclude our parable? Of course the wizard who could draw a perfect circle built the cathedral!

A perfect reproduction of life, or any phase of life, is so rare in the arts that whatever the subject, it commands instant attention.

I recommend to the photodrama leagues, and to the professors who are straining their timid eyes to find a little art on the screen, and to Vachel Lindsay, and to lovers of red blood narrative or primitive American humor, and to the snuffy dramatic critics, and to directors east and west, the

Max Linder and Martha Ehrlich, in Mr. Linder's first American comedy, "Max Comes Across."

first instalment of J. P. McGowan's new serial, "The Railroad Raiders." It is indeed a far

cry from Italian perspective to cylinder oil, but the principal of comparison remains: a railroad melodrama may be a small thing against the bulk of American photoplays, but a perfectly lifelike railroad play against an avalanche of general mediocrity stands out like the great architect's perfect circle against reams of lacy edifices imperfectly drawn. To do one thing as no one else can do it is to be individual, and a success. McGowan has stuck to the rails for years, and no one can challenge him on his own right-of-way.

A complaint is brought to the general offices of the K. & W. railroad that stealing is going on at Garden City. It's the fourth complaint inside a month. Really, the thief is the station agent, Steve Arnold, who does a thriving business in Indian baskets, blankets and pottery by tapping cars of canned goods and swapping tomatoes *et al* for barbaric utensils. Confronting a specific instance, we see the general manager's private car bearing down on Garden City, while Arnold, resealing a robbed car, lets it drift out of the "house track" to the main line. The general manager's special neatly demolishes the car's projecting end. Then, in a perfectly logical way, irrefutable proof comes, and

Steve is given into the custody of his old friend, the town constable. But does he remain in durance? Not he! Making a getaway he flips an outboard freight, and, when discovered, is thrown off by a crew who fears his tainted presence as a menace to their own reputations. He lands almost upon a trio of "jewelry" salesmen, lurching in a gully after bilking a village. These worthies have enlivened the community by proclaiming "Only eight bucks—a seventeen jeweled movement with a twenty-year case!" And they are as ready to rob Steve as the mountaineers. In fact, they try it, but he threshes the outfit, and becomes Sheik of the crime-caravan. Then—

A complete recital of Mr. McGowan's plot wouldn't be so very interesting. See this picture, and you'll realize the amount of genuine art that can be slipped into a hard tale of the iron trail. His illuminated title, with its changing legends and its slow-moving train filling the background, is one of the happiest conceits since pictured title pages became the vogue. In the

sub-titles people say just the things they would say under similar circumstances. In his adroit feeling for the essentials of human nature, Mr. McGowan rivals Charley Van Loan. Thus, the ancient constable, coming to intern a man he has always considered some power in the community, begins the punitive process by shaking hands with him. Outwitted even enroute to the bastille, his single-track honesty makes him tramp back to report: "That feller o' yourn give me the slip." And as the concluding touch to his inefficiency he turns to add: "If you want me agin, telephone."

Mr. McGowan keeps his wife—Helen Holmes, well-known Venus of the valves—out of the first chapter until its dramatic finale. Yet it is a stellar vehicle for her! Such admirable discretion in fitting star to story, instead of story to star, may be safely copied. Mr. McGowan hasn't patented the process.

"**B**ETSY'S BURGLAR" was the most enjoyable five-reeler I saw last month. Again, a plain story of plain setting, flavored with the delicious salt of truth. The author, Frank E. Woods; the director, Paul Powell.

This story has three pre-eminent assets: it is funny without any "attempt" at humor; it has baffling suspense, yet no "mystery," of the synthetic sort; it is true to life in every detail.

Betsy, daughter of Mrs. Randall, a boarding-house mistress, feasts on sentimental novels and longs for romance. Joseph and Mrs. Dunn, a puzzling old couple, have not been long at the house before Harry Brent, an even more puzzling young man, takes quarters there also. To Betsy the gullible he confides a story of early adoption and a sidetracked inheritance which we know is pure bunk. Brent is no hero, except to this kitchen hyacinth, and, to the audience, his acclamation of the old couple as a pair of plotters is even more absurd. However,



Pauline Frederick, in the title role of "Sappho."

Betsy falls and falls hard, and the grocery boy who loved her, and the soda clerk who was true, speed into oblivion. Upon this gently satiric comedy the murder of old Dunn falls with crashing suddenness. Instantly, we connect Betsy's slick and prevaricating lover with "the deed." He, and Betsy as well, are jailed. In one of the best-made finishes ever set at the end of five spools, the beholder learns with chagrin that Brent *was* telling the truth; that old Dunn and his wife *were* an iniquitous pair, and that their mysterious tin box really held Harry's foster-father's last will. To gain possession of this a lawyer, a false beneficiary, had hired a pair of thugs for the theft, and in the theft the killing had come about inadvertently.

It takes an expert in story-telling to handle as many characters as Mr. Woods has deployed, and handle them easily and efficiently. Our grocery youth, a correspondence school detective, is a vital factor from the first reel to the last. He punctures the most serious situations with laughter, even as the soda pharmacist torpedoes his successful rival's chocolate with a shot of salt.

Dunn and his wife, admirably played by Joseph Singleton and Josephine Crowell; the boarding house proprietress, by Kate Bruce; and the inhabitants of this characteristic caravanseray are perfect bits of small city life.

Woods has never a moment of lost motion. His story is continually moving, but he is injecting atmosphere into your eyes by the gallon. Consider the domestic interiors, of absolutely fidelity: consider the parlor's prize ornament—our hostess' late spouse, in his Uniform Rank, K. P., portrait; or the scenes at the police station; or at the motion picture theater, where Harry and Betsy enjoy Bill Hart; or the final plaint of the head-busted amateur detective: "My book said at the sight of my badge criminals would quail—but these didn't!"



Dorothy Phillips, in
"Hell Morgan's
Girl."

Constance Talmadge is as vivid and real as the story itself. Here is a remarkable young woman. If she continues to have as good direction as Powell supplies her, she will develop into the screen's finest ingenue.

Kenneth Harlan, playing Brent, is a splendid addition to the ranks of leading lads who are at once handsome and real.

ESSANAY, which has not been noted for superlative fun-making, brings home an ice-box full of bacon in "Skinner's Dress Suit," a condensed version of the delightful stories by Henry Irving Dodge. The philosophy of this farcelet is that success follows success; that a man's fastest asset is his tailor. Bryant Washburn is to be seen as Skinner, the "cage man" for the grinding and perfectly uninteresting firm of McLaughlin. Skinner and Honey, his wife, chafe under the heels of our saturnine old enemy, High Cost of Living. Skinner gets \$40 a week, but to his wife he is the most important individual in his business house, and she fails to understand why he is not raised to at least three times that amount. Finally, he does appear with an extra ten tacked on his stipend, and the joys of a ten in fact equal the dreams of a hundred in mere anticipation. Skinner forgets to tell Honey that he *raised himself*, subtracting the ten from his bank account. Nevertheless, they buy gala attire—as indicated by the title—become



Maude Fealy and Theodore Roberts in "The Consul."

social lights, and Skinner is sent on an important mission to St. Paul, where he leads a recalcitrant customer back into the fold, principally through his display of importance. He has proved himself to the McLaughlin institution, and he does get the pecuniary award. Hazel Daly is charming as Honey, and in the support are to be seen Harry Dunkinson and James C. Carroll.

What Charlie is to a Chaplinette, Teddy, the wonderful Keystone dog, is to "The Nick of Time Baby," a politely obstetric farce which serves to bring back Mr. Sennett's personal performances in direction. Taking, as his custom is, a melodramatic plot, Mr. Sennett juggles with a legacy providing that an estate go to one family in case the other isn't blessed with a new baby. The secret adoption of the baby is handled clumsily and with very little humor, but the finish of the picture, another twist of the old "Bathtub Perils," embodies quite a little excitement and some laughful moments. Gloria Swanson is the prettiness, but Teddy, a big barker so intelligent that only Shep, the dead Thanouseran we never cease to mourn, is a fit comparison—Teddy is the temperament and action of this play. So far, Teddy has not organized his own company, nor paid himself a \$10,000 salary, but we presume these will be the next steps in the annals of this young genius.

A lenslaugh of much livelier sort is "Her Cave Man," one-third of a mile from

the regular mine run of Keystone film. Here Al St. John, the animate jumping-jack, is found enameled of Mary Thurman, than whom nothing more dazzling ever existed between a girl's head and the ground. Wayland Trask, made up as a life guard, soon displaces the toothpicky Al in Mary's affections, and takes her to row. Mr. St. John, quivering in the throes of an inspiration, hurls a female dummy from the pier, and, as the professional hero Trask churns the water like a stern-wheeler to save life,

Mr. St. John conducts Miss Thurman to an island, there to lead the brow-and-other-places-beaten life of a cave man's wife. She is rescued by Mr. Trask, but Mr. Trask is soon submarined by his own spouse, a diminutive but potent torpedo, and Mary returns to her less satisfactory but unfettered swain. The direction is Ferris Hartman's.

Do you remember, not so many years ago, the light, graceful spontaneity of Max Linder? His stunts seemed as unpremeditated as Chaplin's, yet there was a Gallic suavity—an elegance, even—about all that he did which no other screen comedian has ever manifested. That peculiar, intangible Linder quality is lacking in his first American photoplay, "Max Comes Across." This is the vitalized portrait of a man struggling to be funny; working desperately to be funny; creating laughs from nothing, instead of letting laughs spring at ease from laughable situations. I saw "Max Comes Across" in a great New York theater containing nearly four thousand people, and at many moments the picture had the huge house in a babelish uproar. Yet . . . Linder today seems to me an affected, serious man who looks tremendously old when he permits his countenance a reposeful moment. The solemnity of war has written something across his features that all his smirks, and jumping, and mugging, and cross-eyed strains can't efface. "Max Comes Across" takes Max from Paris to the Essanay studio, and,

while inspirationless, is a very good carpenter-shop comedy. Essanay has spared no pains in production or equipment, and Mr. Linder has grouped about him Miss Martha Ehrlich and a number of other young ladies who might have put a dent in the vulcanized heart of Don Juan.

SCREENING a great play or dramatizing a great book is one of the most ungrateful tasks of the light and shadow theaters. If you succeed, who praises you? Nobody. If you fail, who curses you? Everybody.

Artcraft's silversheeting of "The Poor Little Rich Girl" is one of the most extraordinarily careful and generally successful works of its kind made in two years. The picture version does not bear the singular exaltation of Eleanor Gates' play, and Gwendolyn is changed from a shy, sensitive child to a tomboy, but it is done with rare care and finish, and it should be one of the permanent Mary Pickford records.

Of course, many scenes have been added in explanation. Father is shown really beset by the bears of Wall street, and Gwendolyn is depicted in all her ill-starred struggles to have a regular kid's good time out of

life. Susie May Scroggs, a new character, is introduced; Gwen is shown fighting with boys, and



*Earle Williams
(left) in
"Arsene Lupin."*

engaging in a mud fight in the lily-pond which, for a pasting with the baser elements, outdirts any culinary humiliation ever suffered by Eddie Foy in the Keystone camp.

In the dream scenes it seems to me that it would have been possible to dramatize the camera to a much greater extent. There so many of our producers falter, even at the gates of extraordinary accomplishment. The camera *is* dramatic, intensely so; its powers are almost miraculous, and the camera, not Mary Pickford, should have been the star of the last half of this picture. Singularly, the very finest touch is that poetic moment in which Death, a beautiful, blackrobed woman, gently offers the little girl rest in the forest of eternal sleep, only to have her offer shyly rebuffed as Gwen beholds Life, in the person of a beautiful and almost nude woman, dancing gayly through a field of spring flowers in glorious morning sunshine. Here, for a moment new to play and story, Mr. Tourneur, the director, achieved a genuine poetic thrill.

The cast is generally excellent; the set-



tings, really regal, showing the domestic magnificence of just such a careless, new-rich magnate as Eleanor Gates described.

THE best of Lasky's black-and-white for the month was "The Consul." In Abel Manning we have a composite picture of the all-American small town politician who thunders in our courts, harangues from our rostrums and too often sits in Congress to put filibusters and other petty sticks in the spokes of civilization. This particular Abel Manning didn't sit in Congress, however. An inefficient lawyer, he spent an unkept life in dreams, and finally winked his conscience at support by a school-teaching daughter. How he is given an opportunity to make a campaign address of importance, how daughter faithfully rehearses him, how he waits for months for his ensuing "country's call," and what happens when, through a burlesque combination of circumstances he gets it, it is the business of this interesting five-reeler to tell. Here is one of our stock phrases, all slugged so that the composi-

tor merely has to dust it off each month: "Another marvelous portrait by Theodore Roberts, so full of the little details of life that the actor seems to have spent his maturity gathering data merely for this particular character, is"—then we fill in the current name. This month it is Abel Manning. Maude Fealy is a splendid addition to the file of leading women of ingenue type.

"The Winning of Sally Temple" is another record-buster. Backwards. As far as I have seen it is the prize critic of the month, though my eyes ache from beholding some pretty bad ones. It is supposed to be a swords and small-clothes romance

of the eighteenth century, prettily deploying Fanny Ward and Jack Dean. However, thanks for one good laugh: the inconceivable moment in which Jack Dean thrashes Walter Long.

"The Black Wolf" makes one think of "Maria Rosa," which introduced Lou Tellegen to America as an English-speaking actor, several years ago, and in which he completely overwhelmed the reputed star. In this photoplay Tellegen has another dare-devil Latin—a bandit of the Spanish mountains. Nell Shipman, one of

the few women who are tall enough to participate in the emotional wrestles of this long love-maker, genuinely distinguishes herself. The play is interesting but not notable.

In "Each to His Kind" the hard-working Hayakawa family, Tsuru and Sessue, are again employed congenially. The plot is slim, but the play is enjoyable.

Helen Eddy, a finely gifted young actress in the Morosco studios, comes forth as the surprising because unexpected feature of "The Wax Model."

This story, which would have had a chance carefully staged, is done in its leading roles by Vivian Martin, Thomas Hardy and George Fisher. Unbelievably careless direction has done much to spoil this transparent idyll of a young man who meets the young woman who posed for a wax shop model, finds her as congenial as she finds him, and presently marries her.

Lenore Ulrich, filmdom's favorite Miss or Mrs. Indian, does very good work in "Her Own People," a story of political greed, agency wrongs, love, the bonds of tradition, no corsets, an inheritance, co-education, condemnation and justification.

So, running down the page of Famous-



*Helen Holmes, in her new serial,
"The Railroad Raiders,"*

Lasky completions, we come to "Sapho," the drama's hectic heritage from Olga Nethersole. You can't name a better woman in the world for Fanny LeGrand than Pauline Frederick, who plays the part here. We follow Fanny through her at first ingenuous and at length decidedly knowing course, to the sad but improving finale in which she, a dark spectre of remorse, takes a farewell sight along a church pillar at Jean, now comfy forever with his colorless kitten from the country. In the novel, I believe Fanny went back more or less happily to the man who forged for her, thus proving that she believed in being on the level with somebody. But this would never do for the censors, who are born Calvinists in their stern adherence to perdition for all cuties who make their prettiness practical. Miss Frederick is beautiful always, and quite thrilling when, as the model, there is more of her visible than even the sea shore sees in summer. Frank Losee, as the elderly sculptor who is her first patron and friend; John

Sainpolis as Dejoie, Pedro DeCordoba as the forging clerk, and Thomas Meighan as the virile Jean, are excellently cast. The production is careful, the direction scholastic. "Sapho" is perfect except that it has no life. The spirit, the soul, are lacking.

"The Fortunes of Fifi" is another pretty little conceit out of which Marguerite Clark pops like a plum from a Christmas pie. It is the tale of a little dancer, first of a provincial theatrical troupe and later of the great theaters of Paris under the patronage of Napoleon I. There is much atmosphere, and many touches of old-world quaintness and eternal humanity.

ONE of the axioms of the old-line theatrical managers gave the public credit for a bit of brains in the discovery of talent. In other words, if you find a genius you will be much more enthusiastic about said genius than if I find him, her or it—and request you to be enthusiastic. Not infrequently, these old-line managers let the public discover stars, and generally such



Madame Sarah Bernhardt (second figure from the left) in the somewhat remarkable new war picture "Mothers of France," made and distributed under the auspices of the French government.

discoveries were very real and lasting ones.

Reversing this situation, Miss Enid Bennett, a very sweet but not extraordinary young woman headlining at the Ince camp, has been drifted completely under a genuine snow-storm of press agent praise. It would take a Bernhardt to make good over such a phalaux of advance notices.

Miss Bennet has had two Ince plays. The first, "Princess of the Dark," was unfortunate in its resemblance to "Nina the Flower Girl," Fine Arts release of a few weeks previous. And it was a much better play than "Nina." The second, "Little Brother," is one of the whimsical stories of a boy-girl who plays boy and is boy, through various vicissitudes, until she reaches the love-age, when, of course, she flashes back to skirts and tripled charm. This story will be swallowed easiest by the unsophisticated. It is well handled and well acted. As to whether Miss Bennett is to have any more Ince plays at present I do not know. At any rate, she is a sweetly pleasant young woman who deserves continued opportunity and fewer cornet solos by the herald.

"The Last of the Ingrahams" is a story of a Puritan fight against liquor and tradition. It is interesting as a demonstration of the real acting ability of William Desmond. So far, this handsome and nicely-muscled young man has done the pretty boys; here he does a man whose very soul sweats in torment. He plays the part well, and the rather unoriginal story grips.

"Back of the Man" is one of the fiction stories of this issue of PHOTOPLAY, and a current Ince entertainment. It is a story told swiftly and well on the screen, played by a quartette of principals who knit their talents in a mesh of uncommon adroitness: Charles Ray, Margaret Thompson, Dorothy Dalton and J. Barney Sherry.

"THE BAD BOY," a Fine Arts feature, displays Robert Harron as a misunderstood American lad of weak will but good intent. It is a sort of male version of Anita Loos' famous "Little Liar," plus a happy ending.

"Stagestruck," a light fabric wrapped about slender Dorothy Gish: not much play, but rather adroit burlesque. Strange furnishings for a Fine Arts tableau, having a rich woman's home more nearly resembling the snappy apartments of Abe Potash.

IN "Hell Morgan's Girl" a favorite vein of plot is again struck and worked successfully: a rich man's son, disowned by his father because he refuses to forsake art for business, fails to make art go, and becomes a multiple-reel drunkard. His redemption must needs be by a bad woman, according to the formula, or at least by a woman who has the externals of wickedness. Such a woman is Hell Morgan's girl Lola, daughter of a dive-keeper on San Francisco's tenderloin of the seas, the Barbary Coast. Keep your eye on Dorothy Phillips, the temperamental eyefull who plays Lola. She is coming up like a Fourth-of-July rocket, and if her crude talent is properly developed, she will be a supreme mistress of melodrama.

Violet Mersereau, like Enid Bennett, is kid-cast in "The Boy Girl." In the Universal play of this name she enacts the "son" of a sportsman father, who has left her to two maiden aunts. The critic of the New York Telegraph, remarking her walk through Washington Square to the Hotel Brevoort, where she dined, questioned her undisputed passing of the traffic cop at Eighth street with a mop of indubitable girl's hair flying under her cap—and accounted for it by presuming that the policeman considered her one of the Square's free verse poets enroute to breakfast.

HENRY WALTHALL should lay off his morbid plays. Undoubtedly considering himself the screen's E. A. Poe, Mr. Walthall inurns his magnificent emotional talents in such depressing vehicles as "The Truant Soul," and "Burning the Candle At Both Ends," both studies of degeneration and despair. "The Truant Soul" is a great play spoiled. In all its first part it is stern but constructive tragedy, and at the last it canters wildly to an ineffectual finish in the introduction of a new and unnecessary story.

The Walthall situation is really serious. Is this fine-jeweled genius to be saved for ro' of the highest and most subtle type—or is he, apparently through his own choice of meaningless and gloomy plays, to dissipate a great gift?

THANHOUSER kicks in with a play of love-punch and mystery. It is "Her
(Continued on page 145)

OH, ANITA! COME OVER AND TEACH US!



If we were Billy Jacobs we'd take all day to learn, and we'd come back tomorrow, if teacher'd let us. We would be stupid like a fox. Notice Miss King's stole of seal, and William's pajamas; is it summer or winter?

From Klondike to

Myrtle Gonzalez, of Universal, "snow-stuffing" at Truckee. She is in Alaskan costume. Note the powdery, wonderfully clean and crisp snow of the mountain solitudes beneath her thonged snowshoes. Back of her are the Northern pines, and in the distance the nine-months' snows of the high Sierras.



Sahara in California

HERE IS A PICTORIAL RECORD TO PROVE THAT THE CHAMPION SCREEN STATE CAN FURNISH ANY CLIMATE YOU ASK, FROM ARCTIC TO TROPIC

The illimitable sands of the Mojave utilized for a genuine desert scene in "The Carpet from Bagdad." Here—and in Miss Gonzalez' Esquimau impersonation — are the equator and considerably "north of 53." Below, the temperate zone, represented by exquisite Santa Monica Canon.



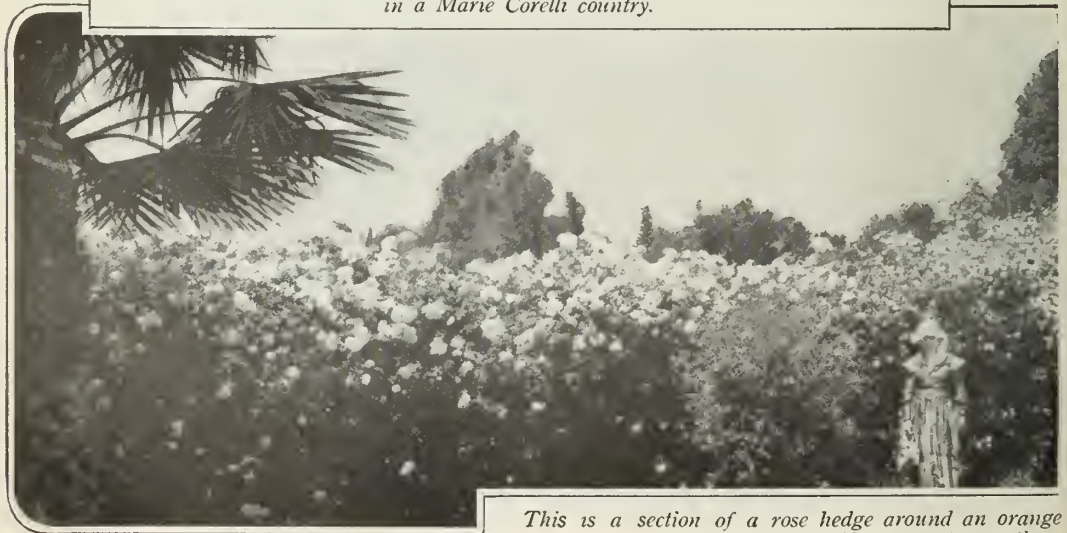
WHEN you consider Southern California's outdoor locations, you think of four things: sunshine, sea, tropical foliage, bungalows. Perhaps you add mountains.

As a matter of fact, Southern California is a miraculous camera province because it can furnish pictorial similarity to anything else, the world around. We have had California's city and ocean beauty, her orange groves and her lovely drives, but we don't think anyone has shown that in California are embraced the poles and what's in between.

No, we're not selling land in San Diego county, or orange groves in Riverside. We're showing you why they make more pictures west of the Sierra Nevadas than in any other one state, province or principality in the world. Though many companies go north, to Truckee, Tahoe or Shasta for "snow stuff," the whole range of climatic expression may be found by going from Mt. Wilson, Los Angeles' big sentinel to the east, to the ports of Los Angeles, a scant twenty miles to the west.



Ash Creek, along the line of the Los Angeles Aqueduct. Trees and mountains, sunshine and flowers, desert-dry rocks and crystal water, leaping and singing over a quartz bed, remind you of a peep from a window into some kingdom in a Marie Corelli country.



This is a section of a rose hedge around an orange grove. It has 14,000,000 blossoms at one time.



Port Los Angeles—in reality San Pedro harbor—is the big maritime shipping point between the great bays of San Diego and San Francisco, and has been filmed hundreds of times, in all sorts of ways, as a harbor, a port or mere insular dockage.



grove of twenty acres. It has been estimated to contain embracing thirty-seven varieties of roses.

Here is a little patch of the Orient. If you want the more or less prosaic truth, this is the Ocean Park bathhouse, but its minarets and Moslem towers, its Moorish doors and Turkish facade have played many a star-and-crescent role.



Where now? To Latin America, if you please. Doesn't this fine facade recall the best things you ever read of the Avenida Rio Branco, or whatever they call that Fifth Avenue under the Southern Cross? The plumes of a great fan palm rise to the edge of the flat roof. It is the residence of El Presidente. Off stage: a rich man's home in Los Angeles.



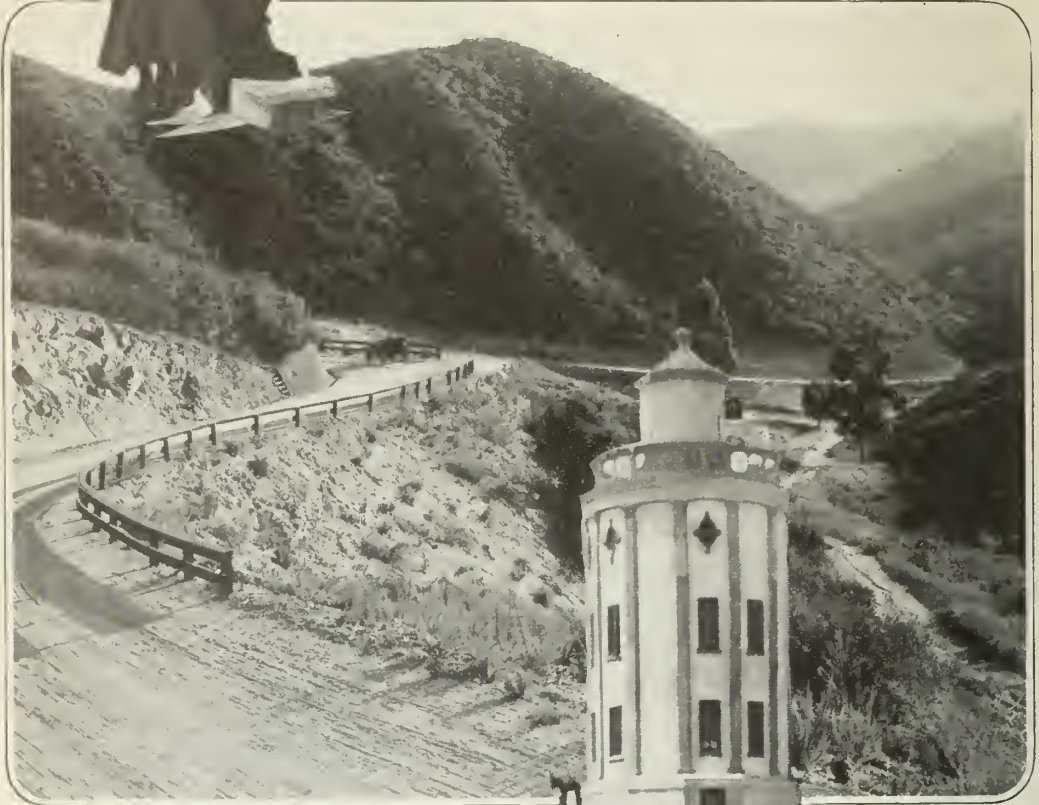


*The Bay of
Avalon, the
supernal harbor
of
Santa Catalina.*





This might be (and often has been) snapped as the Hudson in its high tide of traffic. Really, it's a narrow way in the harbor of Los Angeles.



These mountains have been many things in many a play. The South, Europe, and otherwheres.

The beacon at the entrance of San Pedro harbor.



C L O S E - U P S

EDITORIAL EXPRESSION AND TIMELY COMMENT

Making Plays for Censors.

WITH a dreary restirring of the censorship question, which remains an odorous and stagnant pond, we are not in the least concerned. With a baleful manifestation of the deadly effect of censorship, at last apparent, we are vitally concerned.

The manufacturers are making plays for the censors, consciously or unconsciously.

Plays made for the censors are not plays for the public, the critics, or the hopeful connoisseurs of a new art.

Such plays are not plays at all, nor anything else save shapeless, mindless pictorial invertebrates.

They have been stripped of vitality in order that their boneless carcasses may be squeezed through this republic's twenty or more censorial sieves of different mesh. They have been robbed of the glory of life to please the prurient, of its power to pacify the peace-eaters, of its beauty to satiate the hypocrites.

Fact makes the only real fiction. Only the fact of Shakespeare, Balzac, Hugo, Tolstoy, Hawthorne, survived their entombment. Only the fiction may remain in our photoplays; fact must be purged away.

The manufacturers — trying to make money, whether they do or not — have decided to issue soothing serums which could not inflame the optics of a man suffering from pink eye. They want to get their pictures by without destruction. Therefore they have begun to make them so flaccid, soft and nerveless that they cannot offend even in Pennsylvania and Ohio, where lettuce blushes to see the salad dressing.



Therefore, the Stage Renaissance.

THIS has been the best theatrical year in more than half a decade.

Superficial war-prosperity does not wholly account for this. The material of photoplays is largely responsible. While the number of good photoplays still exceeds the number of good stage plays, the screen's lead

is threatened.

People go to the theatre to laugh, to see legs, or to get an extraordinary expression.

The extraordinary expression is the drama, which is the foundation, roof and walls of the theatre, prettiness and mirth being merely scenery.

Two years ago the traditional poverty of ideas in the theatre met the first flood of ideas from the cameras, and the theatre was nearly overwhelmed.

Then the censors built a concrete dam. The wall held. It is next to impossible to tell a real story in pictures today. Relieved by this counter-irritant, the anemic playhouse began a slow recovery. It is now doing very well.

As long as the American people stand screen throttling by a thousand bands of political appointees, so long must men who have something real to say find another language. The drama has proved an unwieldy implement, but it is better than one which has been made impossible.



Stage Not
Developing
Actors.

ONE of the stars of hope glimmering through an overcast sky is the constant need for real actors, and the stage's lost ability to make them.

In the early-Frohman period redoubtable players sprang like sown dragon's teeth. Though veterans, they are still the pillars of our stage: such men as Henry Miller, William Faversham, Otis Skinner; such women as Margaret Anglin, Maude Adams, Ethel Barrymore. Young men like John Barrymore were the downy juveniles of that epoch—and where are men like them today?

Nowadays the managers are too busy borrowing, swapping or stealing each other's stars to make greatness under their own roofs, as greatness was patiently made in other years.

The inaudible play, however, has furnished a whole new race of fine actors, and these have won a following the elocutionists never dreamed possible; nor was it possible, for them.

In the making of picture princes and princesses, Griffith is first. In fact, Griffith's subtlest and most insidious amusement seems the creation of stars for others to expensively embrace—and thereupon tumble headlong.

Though first, Mr. Griffith is not alone. Not an established camp but has its world-known celebrities.



The
Retort
Golden.

IT happened in Los Angeles. It was mid-morning, and the starette, a flapper whose screen face was her only yet sufficient recommendation to the income of an empress, was just arriving on a scene set for hours.

"Somebody kidnap your Big Ben?" asked her weary director, yawning.

"No," returned the diamond darling "I just couldn't decide which limousine to use!"



The
Great
Jealousy.

IT is a new one, after all a petty one, and like the jealousy of the big man who subconsciously dislikes the new baby because it monopolizes its mother's every moment, it won't be admitted.

Nevertheless, it is quite real; the jealousy of the printed word as it regards the pictured word—the jealousy of the newspaper, beholding the motion picture.

We do not believe that the photoplay has injured the newspaper business. The news pictorial is the only direct competition it finds in the dime temple.

Nevertheless, the editor of one of America's greatest dailies said grimly and recently: "Pictures and automobiles! Pictures and automobiles! They expect everything, and they're ruining the country by monopolizing it. Cut 'em to the bone!"

These
Managing
Directors.

ONE of the best proofs of the fluid state of picture-making is the status of its super-directors.

When a man attains eminence as a picture-general he seems to hear a call to higher things. He stops doing the thing he can do better than anyone else, and hastens to do the thing many can do better than he. In other words, he becomes a big business man of the films.

By so doing he deprives his public of the original and interesting project for which they returned him celebrity and money, and he deprives himself of his own best expression. No one can tell us that making even a million dollars in office manipulations can wholly satisfy the man who has driven life and its thrills into two, five or ten thousand feet of celluloid.

Mr. DeMille sticks to location and high boots better than most of them. Allan Dwan, after finishing the Maxine Elliott photoplay, will join the administrative galaxy.

The masters of literature never despised the short story as the masters of photoplay despise, or appear to despise the short picture.

With what intense interest audiences in every town in America would hail a series of brief plays personally directed by Mr. Griffith, Mr. DeMille, Mr. Brenon, Mr. Sennett or Mr. Ince! The impetus given the screen as an art, by this means, and the recognition of it as a supreme field of expression, would be immeasurable. Here is a prediction out of the blue: Great screen short stories are coming, and you will find Mr. Griffith among the first narrators to step forth and make them.

In the theatre, Mr. Belasco holds his own from decade to decade because, no matter how widespread his interests, direction has been his first and perpetual care.



Sherlocks
for
Secret Sins.

AGAIN, the censors.

You never can tell how much iniquity an innocent-looking little speech may contain. But as every poison is reputed to have an antidote, so there are nets for wicked verbal torpedoes, and the censors, providentially enough, are these nets.

A particularly devilish example of captional wickedness was found in Ohio a few weeks ago by these kinfolk of the saints.

It occurred in a Ham & Bud diversion.

Here it is: "Now you've chased the chicken away!"

It was expunged from all Ohio reels, instanter.



The
Picture
Critics.

A screen producer who shall be nameless, to save him from bricks and cats minus all their lives, was asked, at a social gathering, what he considered the photoplay's biggest handicap, at the moment.

He answered, without hesitation: "The motion picture 'critic.'"

He continued, in explanation: "In a few American cities, such as New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco and Los Angeles, motion picture discussion and review has been seriously regarded, and, on a majority of newspapers, has been assigned to men or women of intelligence."

"Intelligence and a fair mind are the only things the photoplay producer asks, in his press publicity. In too many places the cub who is so weak-minded that he can't collect hotel registrations is considered amply bright to run a little begrudged corner of film stuff. Anybody's views on pictures are good enough to find an airing. It is a joke subject with the editor, and the boob thrashing about in the department, like a garter-snake in the cage of a python, makes it a joke with all his readers. I had rather have one adverse but constructive criticism, written seriously by an intelligent man or woman, than the reams of nauseating gush put forth morning, afternoon and night."



Wise Words
from a
Comedy.

DURING February the New York state legislature sent a committee to New York City to investigate the motion picture business. A new and higher tax had been imposed upon the gelatine guild, and the guildsmen shrieked that it meant business death; that ultimate returns to manufacturers were really dreadful, and that the new levy was a golden knell.

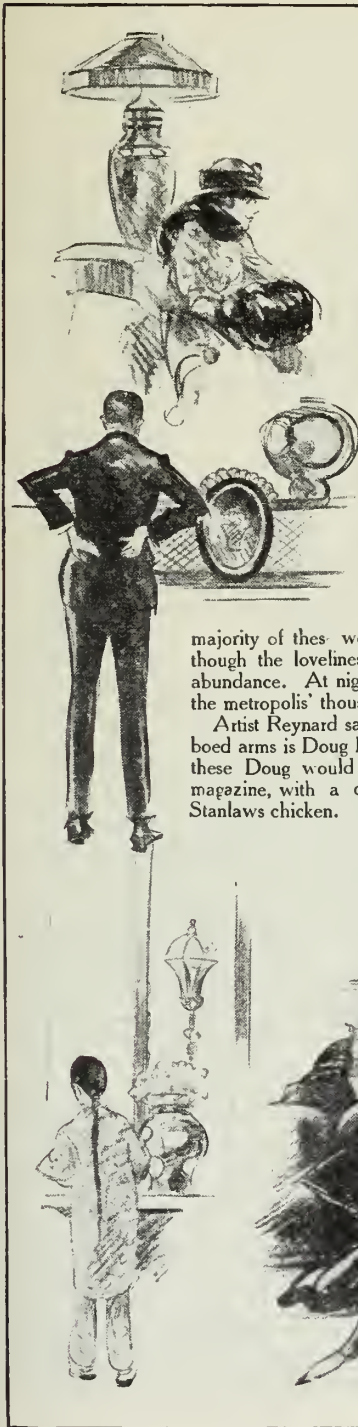
Tons of testimony were unrolled upon the official stenographer's notebooks, and until Mr. Selznick adroitly got some perfectly grand advertising out of the witness chair, the picture-makers generally regarded the query an impertinent and know-nothing controversy. They told as little as they could, and some approached vile durance for their lack of loquacity. When Mr. Selznick made his statement—a bombshell to the trade—that it took less brains to succeed in the manufacture of motion pictures than in any other craft or calling, every man who had yet to testify went out behind the barn and practised his oration, hoping to put over at least one strong original point.

Whether Mr. Selznick was sincere, or whether, artful showman that he is, he resolved to make the whole inquiry revolve angrily about his particular argument, is not the purpose of this recount. When it came Sam Goldfish's turn to speak his piece—we refer to the president of the Goldwyn corporation—he had profited by the big buzz on the Selznick statement, and had a torpedo ready that shook the entire trade.

Mr. Selznick spoke professionally. One part of Mr. Goldfish's speech sounded a warning for the entire country. He said: "The amateur investors of America should not put their money in motion picture stocks. The picture business is one for specialists; for film men ready to devote their own money and all their time to the development of pictures. Millions of dollars have been taken from widows, from estates and from the deceived and misinformed public without the slightest likelihood of its ever returning either a profit or any substantial part of the principal. I agree with your committee that an investigation of the film business is necessary, but not for purposes of taxing it more than it is already taxed at this moment. It needs an investigation to drive out the undesirables who should not be permitted to prey upon the public. If this committee might send to the press one report I wish that report could be, in the strongest possible language: 'To the public, anywhere, every time: *don't buy motion picture stock!*'"

OUT WEST THEY CALL THIS THE NEW YORK LEVY'S

Decoration by Grant T. Reynard



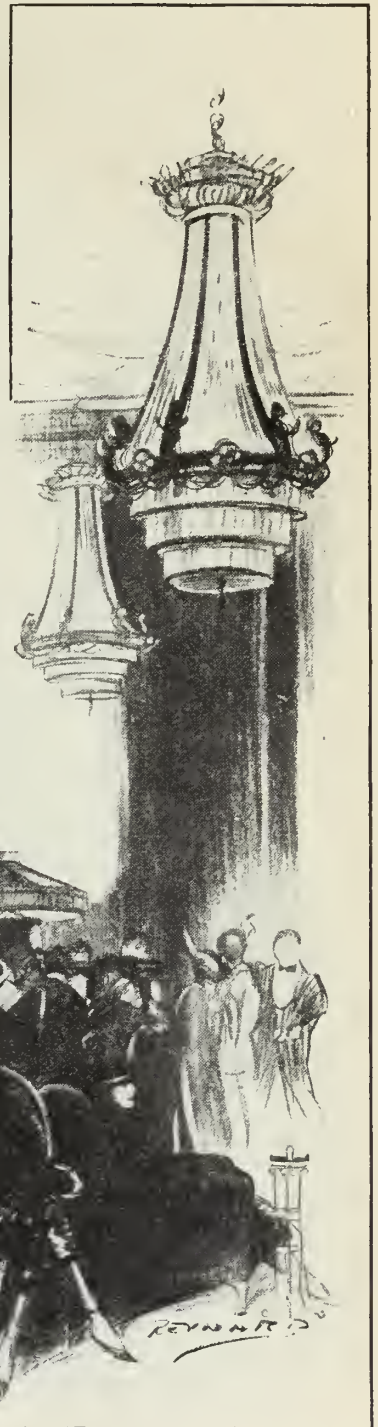
IN Los Angeles they would call this place the Manhattan Levy's. Chicagoans perhaps designate it as the New York College Inn. In reality, it's the Lounge of the Claridge, situate where the cape of Forty-Fourth street noses triangularly into the great river of Broadway.

Levy's lures the famous faces of Los Angeles at night, and those planets of the projection-box who frequent Chicago are generally seen in the College Inn after dark, but the Claridge is a sort of *salon de lunch*, if you'll pardon such a cabbage-patch Gallicism.

At noon there are probably more beautiful women in the shadowy, sensuous glen of this magnificent restaurant, its airs stirred by an orchestra of perfumes and athrob with the purple music of well-played violins, than in any other one enclosure in the world. The

majority of these women are motion picture actresses, though the loveliness of the stage is to be found in abundance. At night these folk may be in any one of the metropolis' thousand-and-one restaurants.

Artist Reynard says that the gentleman with akimboed arms is Doug Fairbanks, but with legs as long as these Doug would have been a tailor's model in a magazine, with a dog, and a college pipe, and a Stanlaws chicken.





The receiver slid out of Norene's nerveless grasp. And mercifully she did not hear the rest. ["3-3-3"]

“3 - 3 - 3 - 3”

Side by side in all fire stations and in the homes of those who command the fire fighters, stand a “joker” and a telephone. Over the “joker” goes a simple dot telegraph call summoning by code numbers the desired individual or fire station to the telephone. But there is one call which brings everyone within hearing to listen anxiously at the receiver. It is “3-3-3-3” and means “Department Attention!”

By Jack Lait

Illustrations by Grant T. Reynard

WHEN I was a little boy I wanted to be a fireman; my little boys now want to be movie actors.

When I was a little boy movies had never been heard about; now a fireman is never heard about.

I suppose that my little boys' little boys will want to be aviators—if flying hasn't grown stale by then, or gutter evangelists, if that graft is still fresh, or conductors on the aerial jitney between Pickfordville (by then most likely the capital of the U. S.), and the Fox studio in Mars.

But, when I think of my own childhood, I must think in and out of the big doorway of the fire-station, where I stood pop-eyed and worshipped and sighed and wondered when I'd ever grow up so that I could wear a blue shirt with pearl buttons the size of a silver dollar, and chew tobacco off a plug. The literature of that day fed my passion. The fireman was the hero of the “library” yellow, the melodrama and the front page.

I never lived to be a fireman. But I have lived to the day when I might write of one. And now I find that no one wants to hear about him. But wait! Even when they wrote firemen, they always wrote them from the outside in—the charging engine, the red flare against the midnight black, the dare-devil crawling on the precarious icy ledge to save the blonde; but no one thought to write him from the inside out—

from his bunk in the dormitory, from his home, from his bedroom, which is a fire alarm station. He still lives, the same rich fiction character he always was; only the writing style, attuned to the reading taste, has passed him by. So, why not write that inside tale? Why not after years of intimate contact with real firemen, following a boyhood of veneration of super-human firemen, commit a literary reversion to type—in type?

Not all the husky Irish lads who emigrate to America become policemen. Some of them become firemen.

And that was what Roger Tiernan became, a stone's throw after his arrival at the point of steerage embarkation. He had promised his dear old mother that he would be back in Kerry in a few years, rich and grand, to keep her the rest of her days. But he had never made the journey, for within two years his two younger brothers were wearing blue shirts in the same fire house where he had become a hook-and-ladder driver, and the mother was keeping house for her three brawny boys in a flat not far away.

Roger took, from the very first, to the fascinating, terrible business of sending challenges into the teeth of the flames, looking falling walls out of countenance, swerving round street corners on two wheels with a ten-ton truck that rocked and reeled and



*For a crown she wore,
mostly, the big, battered
iron helmet that her
daddy used in action*

swung and skidded a hundred and fifty feet behind him, and cultivating a hair-trigger on his sleep that shot him out of his bunk and up on his feet and down the brass pole before most of the other gossoons had rubbed their startled eyes a second time.

Thus he rose in his department. In time he became a lieutenant, then captain of an engine house, then battalion chief of a division.

Somewhere between alarms he met Nellie Shanahan, and sometime between trips and cat-naps and battling blazes and fighting fires and conquering conflagrations he pulled her pretty Irish head on his splendid shoulder and heard her say she would. Her honeymoon was spent between waiting and worrying, watching and wondering, palpitating and praying. But in time she grew accustomed to being a fireman's wife. And when little Norene was born she became so used to night alarms and sudden four-elevens for paregoric and tumbling out of bed at weird night hours, that she felt almost a fireman herself.

She didn't live long thereafter and Norene was an orphan at the age of three. Her grandmother had died before that, too. So Norene was the first lady of the household, holding sway over old Katey Doyle, who puddled about in rag slippers and kept house for the three Tiernan brothers.

Keeping house for firemen is a miracle of ease when it isn't a miracle of hardship. They aren't home much, and that makes the work light; but when they are, it's in the middle of the night today and in the

middle of the day next time, and they can eat corned beef and cabbage enough for a whole ward, and they'll be wanting their breakfast before the sun is up—if they haven't been called out to a fire before that.

Norene, the baby of one father, two bachelor uncles and one grumpy old slavey, was indeed a queen. For a crown she wore, mostly, the big, battered iron helmet that her daddy used in action. And her toys were the most wonderful that ever a toddler could have craved—the big gong in Battalion Chief Tiernan's bedroom, which she couldn't reach but which she could throw buttons at, and which she could watch for hours waiting for the hammer to hit it when an alarm "struck in." And then there was the "joker." That was a telegraph receiving instrument which stood beside the brass alarm bell. It used to click and clatter cryptic messages which her father and her uncles understood in some mysterious way, though it talked no Christian tongue, as Katey often mumbled when its tidings meant that the hot dinner was gone to the dogs or the boys would have no ham and eggs that morning. And beside the joker stood the departmental telephone, one of the clumsy old kind, on the wall.

Now, all these gimcracks worked simultaneously with similar ones in the fire house and in each engine station in Chief Tiernan's division. When a "box" was "pulled," somewhere on the outside, it registered automatically by repeated whangs on the gong in each place—"one, two, three—one, two, three, four, five—one, two," for

instance, counting out 352, which was the number indicating the fire alarm box at Halsted and Thirty-ninth Streets.

The joker was a pony telegraph service radiating from an operator at battalion headquarters. It sent messages of limited but varied significance. It spoke not in the Morse code, but in a special language of simple etymology. There were no dashes—only dots, little snappy clicks. It counted by the same system as the bell-taps, with time spaces between the numerals, a succession of which made up a number which corresponded in the code to an announcement. There was “2-2-3,” for example—that was the call for the Tiernan home, and the message following was intended for there only. On the other hand, there was “3-3,” which meant, “Attention engine house,” and “3-3-3-3,” which meant, “Attention Department,” or that every one on all the lines was to take cognizance of what would follow.

Born a fireman’s daughter, raised with the fireman’s dangergraphs as her playthings, hungrily asking questions for hours on her big daddy’s proud stout knee about these interesting implements, Norene grew to know them—know them backward, straight on, in the daytime, in her sleep.

And when she had grown to be a hazel-eyed colleen of mature sense she began to fathom not only what the signals said, but somewhat of what some of them meant.

They had to do with death and with peril. If not, why was it that each company always “reported in” when it had returned from the response to an alarm? Her father told her it was to give notice that the company was ready to go to another fire. But Norene always felt that it was to assure her that her daddy and her uncles had gotten safely back. She would have it no other way. And it grew to be a thrilling, clutching pastime with her, sitting under the joker after the gong had struck, to wait its message that the company had come home—the message that ended with “3-3-4,” her daddy’s signature.”

Chief Tiernan counselled her not to sit up nights at this



For maybe half an hour she sat, her knees drawn up.

game. Especially of late there had been some nasty blazes in the stockyards, that bugbear region of all the world for firemen, and he was sleeping in Engine House 29 those nights because he wanted to give quick service. Norene always bobbed up at the first sound of the iron on the brass, just as he did in the dormitory. And she huddled, with her bare feet up on a chair—for hours sometimes—and half dozed, waiting for the "3-2-8," which said "Back at the engine house, signed "3-3-4," which meant that Chief Tiernan himself was sending the bulletin.

It was Sunday morning. Norene's father had been home for supper on Saturday, had spent the early evening with her, had kissed her as he put on his cap and coat to go to the firehouse for the night and had promised to wake her early and go with her to six o'clock mass. No strike disturbed the tranquil slumber of her youth until, like an oath in a sanctuary, the fire bell burst out with vibrant clamor at just about daylight.

Norene came up like a jackknife blade; "6-5-6-8" she heard the knocker wallop on the responsive implement. That was a stockyards call—all the 6's were from "the yards." Norene glanced at her clock; it said 5:35. Pshaw. Now daddy wouldn't be back in time for the mass they had planned together. She rose, threw on a kimona, stepped to her window, glanced out—

Flying by like a rocket was her father, seated in the low, red racing car of the battalion chief, beside his chauffeur, Johnny Nash, whose teeth were set and whose eyes were squarely to the fore as he sped in the van of the shiny engine and the hook-and-ladder that would come plunging by in a moment.

Norene smiled through her disappointment—smiled with pride. For Johnny was a driver as sure as certainty is sure, as fast as gasoline could spark, as daring as became the charioteer to the fleet, fearless chieftain of the fire brigade, for whom speed laws never were written, who had the right of way, who clanged with his foot at every twenty feet the brazen warning "Here I come!"—which none but he could dare to sound.

It is a grand sight, the scarlet auto of the fire chief burning up the paving, sending the touring car of the wayfarer, the limousine of the luxuriant and the rickety roadster of the plodding plebeian to the curb or

down alleys in frantic and respectful yielding of the highway to the king of the road. Full many a man who might have owned millions or directed armies has envied that driver for the fire chief, who could "let 'er out," who never even glanced at crossing police, who banged a gong, whizzed on like a carmine comet and left a streak of exhaust and a flash of glory to tell that he had come and gone between winks.

The man in the passenger seat was her father—her hero, her adored, her pal, her guardian angel and her earthly deity. The boy beside him at the wheel was Johnny Nash, the square-shouldered stripling with the nutbrown curly hair and the Irish smile, who had looked into her eyes and who had made her heart to thump as never it had thumped before,—not even for her father.

Norene bent over to see the scarlet car with its precious jewels as long as it was in sight. She saw it pivot around a corner. Then she saw the gallant horses belting after them with the spark-sprinkling engine, and behind that the three-abreast fullbreeds straining lightly on their collars as they thundered on with the hook-and-ladder.

Norene turned from the window. Slowly she started, as was her habit, through the long corridor toward her father's room. And her thoughts went back to the "6-5-6-8," the stockyards cry for help. She didn't like that. The uncanny peace of the Sabbath morning, too, was a gray background against which came up in jumping relief forebodings that she could not shut out by closing her eyes. Those packing-house fires were troublesome always, and dangerous usually.

For maybe half an hour she sat, her knees drawn up, the hand that supported her chin resting upon them. She was not only listening for the joker—she was watching it. Thus she saw the little arm rise before she heard it fall and begin to blab: "one, two, three—one, two—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight—3-2-8." They were back. The company had returned to the engine house. The joker went on with its grim joking—"one, two, three—one, two, three, four"—what was that? "one, two, three, four, five—3-4-5!" Why, that was Captain Egan's signature. Why was *he* reporting the company in? Why wasn't her father, the bat-



"Afraid?" she said slowly. "Me afraid? Why, I'm a fireman's daughter."

talion chief—

The ticker kept on: "one, two, three—
one, two, three—one, two, three—one, two,
three—3-3-3-3—Department, attention!"

Norene was all attention. She was up on
her feet, her eyes wild, her hands held out
as though to fight, to fall—or to pray.

The ticker ticked more:

"One, two—one, two—one, two, three—
223." That meant "Use telephone." It
was a call to the whole department to listen
in for a spoken message.

Norene sprang to the wall and picked up
her black receiver.

In the hook-and-ladder truckhouse her
uncle Jim picked up another.

In every engine house and fire station
and in the home of every officer of the de-
partment someone picked up a receiver.

And all heard, clear and clarion over the
wire, the voice of the operator at head-
quarters:

"Battalion Chief Tiernan fatally injured
when his car struck a loose manhole cover;
taken to Mercy hospital. His driver, John
Nash, slightly injured while—"

The receiver slid out of Norene's nerve-
less grasp. And mercifully she did not
hear the rest, the tragic paradox of a hero's
life of courage in the actuality of action:

"—while responding to a false alarm!"

For a moment she stood staring blankly
at the telephone. Then the blood gushed
back to her head, she whirled and ran, and
she was tearing on a skirt and calling on the
saints.

At the hospital the solemn sisters looked
more solemn as they led Norene to the
room.

She saw him on the bed, that mighty man
who had choked fires with his bare hands,
who had driven wide-eyed into the horrors,
who had felt and fought the heat of the
hinges of hell. She saw him lying there,
his eyes closed, and on his scarred face
there was the perfect peace that comes with
the passing of pain. He stirred. His
hand reached over. His eyes opened. He
half sat up.

"C'mon there," he cried. "C'mon with
that hose. Can't you lift the nozzle, you
blunderin' bunch o' tanglefoots! C'mon
there, I say. Hey! What's this? What
are you doin' here, girl? What are you
doin' inside the firelines? Johnny! Hey—
Johnny Nash! Take Norene outside the
lines—don't let 'er stand here where them

bricks is fallin'. Take 'er—"

The girl moved sidewise, up out of his
range of vision.

"That's right—take my little girl past
the ropes. Now c'mon there. What's that?
You can't? Well—I can. Gimme that
hose. Gimme that nozzle. I'll go in there
myself. I don't care how hot it is—gimme
that nozzle. Hand me that lantern. Get
away—I'm goin' in. I'm goin'—hey! the
light! the lantern—where is it? It's out.
It's—oh, God! It's—it's dark—I can't see
—I can't—the light—it's—"

The grizzled gray head fell back. The
hand toppled across the closing eyes as
though to shut out a raving horror. A
tremor burned through the giant frame.
Then he lay still. His hand curled limply
and wobbled to the pillow.

And Norene sank to her knees, and her
head dropped on her arms upon the cover,
and her body shook with its soundless sobs.

Thus and there he found her—Johnny
Nash, the brilliant, dashing wheelsman to
the dead battalion chief.

His arm was in a sling. A crisscross of
plaster closed a gash on his cheek cut there
by glass when his head had gone through
the windshield.

He reached over his good hand and laid
it on the shoulder of Norene. Presently
she raised her head and looked up.

"I—I—"

She shook her head.

"Don't blame yourself, dear," she said.
"You couldn't help it."

"I'd a' died for him," he moaned.

"Yes, dear—I know," she said with chok-
ing voice.

He bent over and put his uninjured arm
about her and lifted her gently to her feet.

"Norene, girl," said he, "You—you
haven't anybody now—nobody but me. And
if you feel that I wasn't to blame—that I—
that I didn't—"

She shook her head again. And she
looked into his eyes.

"Then we can—you can—we can be
married. That is, if you're not afraid to
marry a fireman."

She closed her eyes and thought of her
bridal boudoir—with a "joker" at her
elbow.

"Afraid?" she said, slowly. "Me afraid?
Why, I'm a fireman's daughter. I'm the
daughter of Roger Tiernan, Battalion
Chief Tiernan."

The Scenario Writer and the Director

THE NEW SPIRIT OF CO-OPERATION
BETWEEN SCENARIO WRITER AND DIRECTOR,
AS TOLD BY ONE OF THE FORMER

Captain Leslie T. Peacocke

TEAM work! To insure success in any line of mercantile endeavor there must be good team work. No human being can consistently produce marketable articles entirely on his own individual responsibility. Any merchant will tell you that, and the financial heads of film producing companies are merchants.

Now, for a long time—in fact, since the time that stories were first put into photoplay form for the screen—and up to but a short time ago, there had existed a certain feeling of resentment between the producing directors of film productions and the writers of photoplays. One could hardly say that this was engendered by a feeling of rivalry, because the conflict was too unequal. The directors had it all their own way, and although I regret to have to make the accusation, they did not play fair.

They did everything in their power to belittle the writers. They resented hotly any efforts that writers made to get credit for the work of their brains. They did all in their power to prevent the writers of original photoplays from getting "name credit" as the authors of the stories on films and advertising matter. It was only after much petitioning and fighting that the companies, one by one, conceded this courtesy to scenario writers. Incidentally, it was Mr. Frank E. Woods, at that time conducting the Motion Picture Department of the Dramatic Mirror, later a scenario editor and author of the famous scenario for the production of "The Birth of a Nation" and now general manager of the Fine Arts studio, who first started the fight to have authors given "name credit." Despite the opposition of the directors, the real heads of the film industry came to see that the writers were suffering

THIS is the third of a series of articles written especially for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE readers who are interested in writing moving picture plays. The next article, in June PHOTOPLAY, will deal with the writer's personal experiences in many of the studios of the country.

from a grievance and victory was accomplished. The fight is over, and now there has been established between the better class of directors and the scenario writers an understanding which is engendering in both of them, as time paces on, a greater respect for each other.

Of course there are still some directors who glory in seeing their names on the screen as both director and author, but their activities are being curbed daily. The heads of the producing firms are finding out that one man cannot do it all, no matter how hard a worker he may be. They have found that hurriedly doped up scenarios with chopped and changed continuity, with primitive or far-fetched plots interlarded with bromidic subtitles, do not make either enjoyable or money-getting productions. The exhibitors have been clamoring for better stories, and they want stories from writers with plots in their brains, and not the rehashed, time-worn shreds of plots of mildewed stage plays and vaudeville sketches which directors—who are, for the most part, ex-stage directors or actors—have been dopping out under the guise of original stories for years past.

The film industry is growing out of its infancy. It has cut its milk teeth, but it must be very carefully weaned in order to survive the over-dose of plotless, director-made stories to which it has been subjected since its birth. But its nurse—the group of financial magnates who have fostered it along through its stormy infancy—has at last grown wisdom teeth and is assisting it to toddle to a safe and sane maturity. The nurse has found that the best food for this infant industry is a story from a competent writer, logically worked out by a competent continuity writer and thus made ready for the cook—i. e., the director—who will select

the necessary ingredients, in the form of capable actors, and produce a delectable and wholesome bowl of nourishment that will do credit to all concerned. Team work will keep the industry alive, but it must be proper team work between the directing financial heads, the producing directors, the actors, the cameramen, the artistic cutters of films and the scenario writers.

Hitherto too little attention was paid to the story—to the foundation on which the production was based—and the scenario writer was looked down upon and treated as a weird crank and temperamental boob. But not now. No, now the scenario writer is regarded as something more than a necessary evil. The STORY is considered as essential as the DIRECTION or the STAR. And now in the best studios the director and the scenario writer are brought into direct contact and made to work together.

In the studios of the companies that are turning out the best productions, a scenario writer is appointed for each director, to write exclusively for him. They confer together daily, the writer absorbs all the ideas and bits of "business" which the director wishes to have embodied in the scenario, each scene is discussed and a perfect continuity worked out by the writer. Therefore, when the director is ready to go to work on the production, everything is in proper shape for him and he does not have to make changes in the script during the course of the production.

Staff writers have, of course, this immense advantage over their free-lance brethren: they have ample opportunity to watch the work in the studios and to know the sort of stories that will suit the directors and the actors in their companies. But that need not discourage the free-lance writers, because if the plots of their stories are original and well worked out in logical continuity, their photoplays will find a ready market, the editors of scenario departments will bring them to the notice of the heads of the companies and arrange-

ments will be made for their production. Of course, changes may have to be made to suit the particular requirements of the company which purchases a story from a free-lance writer, but the scenario editor can easily have this done, and more often than not, will make the changes himself, because nowadays good, original stories are hard to find, and they will be harder still to find as time goes on.

The scenario writer who hopes to make a success of his or her profession should study the camera and learn all the "camera-tricks." Staff writers should spend their spare time in the studios watching the di-

rectors and camera men at work. One should know all about the camera—its capabilities and its limitations. There should be nothing connected with the production of moving pictures that the scenario writer should not know, for knowledge is power.

It is difficult to predict what the future of the moving picture industry is going to bring forth, but there are strong indications that the directors of the near future will

be augmented largely from the ranks of the scenario writers. In fact, a number of the most brilliant directors at present engaged in making the best "features" were formerly scenario writers or playwrights, to wit: George Lone Tucker, Alan Dwan, Cecil B. DeMille, Herbert Brenon, Sherwood MacDonald, Henry King, Ruth Anne Baldwin, George Terwilliger, George Fitzmaurice, Lois Weber and Mrs. E. Ingleton, who, besides being head of the scenario department at Universal City, is also directing special five-reel features. It is a singular fact that nearly all scenario writers who have been entrusted with the direction of film productions have more than made good, so I am not advising scenario writers wrongly when I urge them to study the camera and to watch closely, whenever possible, producing directors at work, and to learn all that there is to learn about the production of moving pictures.

It is absolutely essential for a perfect production that the scenario should be worked out in full continuity and that the

THE director and the scenario writer should be in close contact and harmony. There must be team work. It is usual for a scenario writer to be appointed for each director, to write exclusively for him. This continuity writer should be with the director's company during the production of a picture, both in the studio and "on location," so that the director may confer with him from time to time.

director be entirely satisfied with it before he starts to produce a single scene. If the director works in harmony with the scenario writer this can be accomplished. If they thrash things out carefully beforehand there should be no need to change a single scene during production. It is only a foolish director who will want to make changes in a scenario after he has started on the production, because, nine times out of ten, he will break the continuity and land himself in trouble trying to make the story run smoothly. The scene that has been changed may have a direct bearing on some scene, or scenes, that follow, and an ugly gap may have to be explained by a subtitle and weaken the story considerably.

That is why the director and the scenario writer should be in close contact and harmony. There must be team work, and any director who objects to working in conjunction with the writer of the story is only injuring himself. And, on the other hand, any scenario writer who objects to changing his scenario to suit the ideas of the director without arguing the matter out between them should be dubbed a stubborn ass. He must look at things through the director's eyes as well as his own. Director and writer must both visualize every scene and consider how each scene will affect the scenes that follow. This will all take time, but it is far better to devote a few hours to the foundation of the production than to have to patch and mar it later on.

Managing heads of companies should not demand too hurried productions. Those who know their business do not. Those who are merely commercial men and who know nothing of literature or stagecraft or dramatic values or camera-work or scenario writing or film cutting or the developing of film should leave these matters to those under their management who are experts in their line. To quote a case in point—and this is an actual fact:

The scenario editor of one of the most prominent film producing companies was commanded by the president of the company to consult with him on every story

before it was selected for production. The scenario editor, who revered Mark Twain and his works, timidly approached the sanctum sanctorum one day and knocked for admittance. The president was in. The editor advanced the suggestion that "Pudd'nhead Wilson" would make a fine five-reel feature.

"Who?" asked the film magnate, looking up from a financial statement.

"Pudd'nhead Wilson," repeated the editor. "I think it would make a fine five-reeler. Everyone knows Pudd'nhead Wilson."

"Yes, I daresay," replied the financial head, "but I don't want to hear about it."

"But why not?" urged the editor. "It's a fine story and everybody in the country knows it."

"I don't care," said the film boss, hotly. "I wouldn't consider it for a moment."

"And why not?" pleaded the editor. "What's the objection to Pudd'nhead Wilson?"

The head of the concern banged his fist angrily on his desk and loudly

replied: "Because I won't have anything to do with anyone insulting the President!"

The editor recoiled dazed, and feebly tottered from the room.

Now, Mark Twain's inimitable story was a fine film subject, and if the matter of selection of stories had been left to the scenario editor, that film company would have, no doubt, made an excellent and lucrative production; but the president of the company, although woefully ignorant in many respects, wanted to make a show of keeping his thumb on every branch of his business with such dire results that the company is now practically defunct.

Every day, however, things are improving. Some of the most intelligent brains in the world are being employed to gain results from the flicker of the camera. Many of the film magnates are now educated college men—deep readers and students, with good business acumen. They are doing their best to surround themselves with the best experts in every line connected with the film industry. A far

STAFF writers have an immense advantage over their free-lance brethren, in that they have ample opportunity to know the sort of stories that will suit the directors and the actors in their companies. But that need not discourage the free-lance writers, because original stories always find a ready market, the editors of scenario departments will bring them to the notice of the heads of the companies and arrangements will be made for their production.

different and more intelligent class of directors is springing up and the best fiction writers in the country are being urged to essay scenario writing and are being taught the technicalities of the art. Writers with strong, virile ideas and plots are being encouraged and comparatively good prices are now being paid for photoplays of merit.

In the best conducted film plants every encouragement is now being given to the director and the scenario writer to work together for the best results.

In some studios they are even going so far as to insist that directors produce the scenarios exactly as they are written, scene by scene, but that is, I think, going too far in the opposite direction. Neither the editor nor the scenario writer can know what the director may come up against during the filming of a production. The exterior locations outlined in a scenario may be impossible to obtain, or things may obtrude themselves at times of which good advantage may be taken, and very often a director may hit upon some "business" or devise some extra scenes which will materially improve the story, and his wings should not be clipped to the extent that he cannot take advantage of these accidents. That is why it is always better that a scenario writer should be attached to each director, in order that they may confer together at all times. The continuity writer, i. e., the scenario writer, should be with the director's company during the production of a picture, both in the studio and when the company goes out on "locations," so that the director may confer with him from time to time as to the advisability

of making changes. If any are decided upon, they should be made by the continuity writer, so that the logical continuity of the scenes may be faultless. This will save money for the company in the long run, because it will help to hasten the production and will ensure a perfect continuity that can be handled easily in the cutting rooms.

I do not think that there is a single good director at present producing photoplays who will object to having the writer of his scenario working hand in glove with him.

The director welcomes gladly the co-operation of the writer, because it saves him a deal of work and worry. The best directors realize now that to ensure a successful production there must be **TEAM WORK.**

Directors should, whenever possible, be allowed to select the writer with whom they want to work. It is a mistake to foist a writer on a director unless the director is satisfied that the writer is thor-

oughly capable of evolving good logical continuity. The director must have confidence in every person who is working with his company, from the "extra people" to the camera man and the writer of his story and scenario.

This necessarily entails the employment of more staff writers than are engaged at present, but the additional expense to the companies will be more than minimized by the results obtained and the time taken in the productions considerably lessened; so that, in the long run, the company will save considerable money. As I said before, and again reiterate, to obtain the best results there must be perfect team work.

Some Back-Fire

TULLY MARSHALL, who is noted for his quick wit and sarcasm, had been doing his best to improve the work of a woman member of his company.

Finally her temper got the best of her and she flared:

"Don't think you're a screen actor because you were on the stage."

"And, my dear madam," rejoined Marshall, "please don't think you're an actress just because you're superstitious and read Variety."



Photo by Nathan

Mr. Losee as himself.

“Let Frank Do It”

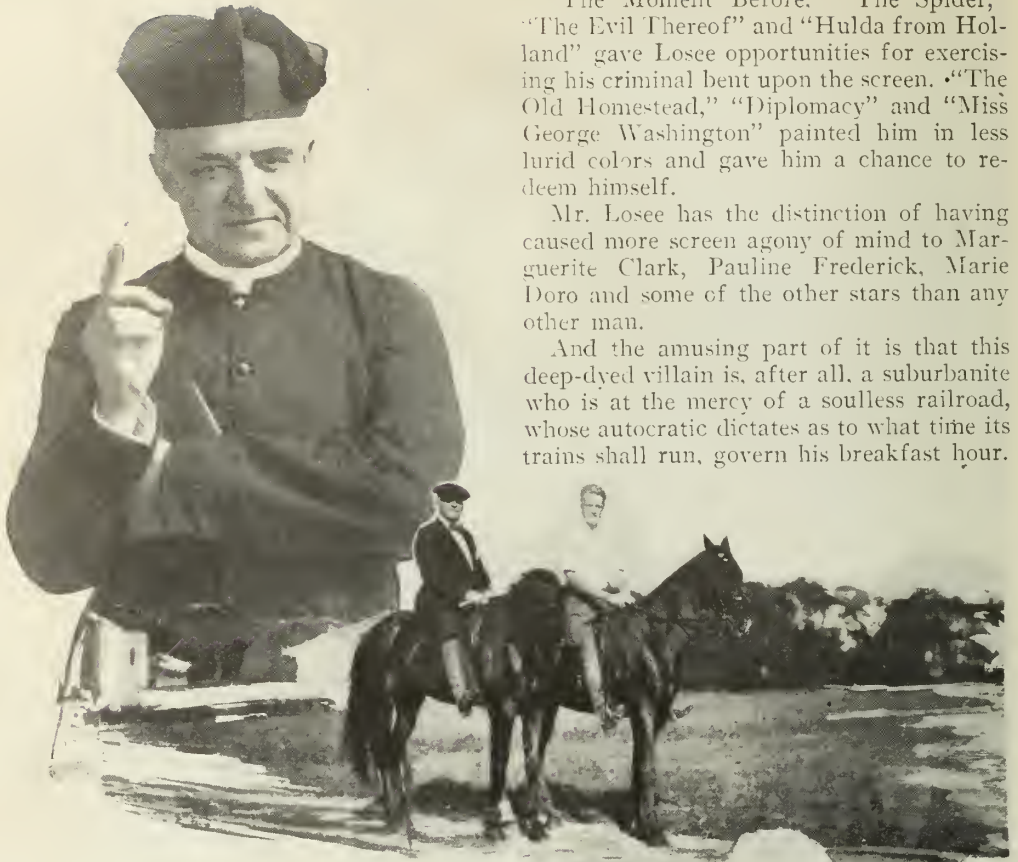
HIS JOB: OFFICIAL TROUBLEMAKER FOR CLARK, FREDERICK, DORO AND PICKFORD

THE old familiar slogan reads “Let George do it,” but, working on the assumption that there’s really nothing in a name, the directors at the Famous Players studio have substituted “Frank” for “George.” Whenever one of these directors reads a new script for the first time and finds that it requires an elderly hero, a benevolent old father, or grandfather, a wealthy banker with philanthropic tendencies, a kindly old farmer, a conscienceless philanderer, a distinguished-looking foreign villain, a wealthy malefactor, or a scheming, plotting wretch of a villain of any description, the director turns to his assistant and says:

“Find out what Frank is doing.”

Frank, in this case, is Frank Losee who has first call on the studio roster when it comes to playing any of the roles enumerated above. He has played them all on the screen and the directors know by experience that they can count on Losee to deliver a finished protector or wrecker of the family, according to the specifications required by the scenario author.

He has hung upon his motion picture tepee the scalps of a varied assortment.



Mr. Losee on his favorite mount (center) and proof (above and below) that he isn't always a villain.

of villains, the line being punctuated at long intervals by the type of character that one would not mind being seen with in public. These rare opportunities were offered Mr. Losee with the idea of permitting him to reestablish himself in his own estimation after he had committed some particularly fiendish photoplay crimes.

When Losee reaches a state of mind in which he automatically shrinks into dark corners at the sight of a policeman, he goes to the directors and asks that they save him a respectable part in their next production.

After a long career of screen villainy, Losee reached a climax in *Provis*, the escaped convict in "Great Expectations." This is perhaps the most celebrated villain that Losee has thus far given the screen, with the *Baron* in the adaptation of Hall Caine's "The Eternal City" as a close second though their methods of presentation were different as daylight from darkness.

"The Moment Before," "The Spider," "The Evil Thereof" and "Hulda from Holland" gave Losee opportunities for exercising his criminal bent upon the screen. "The Old Homestead," "Diplomacy" and "Miss George Washington" painted him in less lurid colors and gave him a chance to redeem himself.

Mr. Losee has the distinction of having caused more screen agony of mind to Marguerite Clark, Pauline Frederick, Marie Doro and some of the other stars than any other man.

And the amusing part of it is that this deep-dyed villain is, after all, a suburbanite who is at the mercy of a soulless railroad, whose autocratic dictates as to what time its trains shall run, govern his breakfast hour.



Little Miss Lochinvar

OR SHOULD IT OUGHT TO READ "MISS LOCHINVAR LITTLE," SINCE LITTLE WAS THE NAME SHE BROUGHT FROM THE PICTURE OCCIDENT?

By
Randolph
Bartlett

Miss Little and Robert Warwick, in Mr. Warwick's newest play.



OH. Miss Lochinvar is come out of the West, from San Barbra to Inceville her steed was the best.

And so on.

Meaning that Anna Little arrived herself in New York, and *muy pronto*, as we say in and about Los Angeles, galloped away with one of the season's best catches, landing one of the most important roles in a Robert Warwick production right under the dainty but dilatory noses of the Manhattan sisterhood of the film.

With our compass grasped firmly in our right hand, we steered our way by dead reckoning through the wildernesses of the Bronx, and in the fullness of time tied up at the Selznick-Pictures dock on 175th Street.

"We wish to see Miss Anna Little," we told the doorman.

"Keep right on," Cerberus said, "until you see some man holding a pretty girl's hand. The girl will be Miss Little."

And it was so. Miss Little has won the hearts of everyone from Warwick to props. No wonder she likes New York. You remember about Mary and the little lamb. The teacher explained that the lamb's love for Mary was explained by Mary's love for the lamb. Miss Little is New York's latest little lamb.

Miss Little makes a rather startling explanation of this, her first trip to Gotham.

Photo by Bangs

"If you are a westerner," she says, "and stay with the western picture companies, you are always looked upon as just a commonplace sort of person who happened along. You come east and do a picture or two, and no matter whether or not your work is as good as it was in the west, if you

go back your salary is just about double. It is the stamp of eastern approval that counts. But I don't think I shall ever want to go back. I think of California now as I do of Cuba or South America—a kind of foreign place that would be nice to visit for a holiday.

"Oh yes—here's a line I want you to use, please. I thought it up when I heard you were going to write an interview with me. Say that I said 'Robert Warwick is my eastern star.' Do you get it? Me, coming from the west and getting into his company right away—guiding light and all that, don't you know. Really, I feel that I've been tremendously lucky."

Another prominent personage at the Selznick Studio Director Charles Giblyn, was among the first directors in her work for Kay-Bee. In Santa Monica Canyon, at Universal City and at Santa Barbara she appeared in numerous successes, such as "The Battle of Gettysburg," "Immediate Lee," "The Land of Lizards" and other productions. In all of them her ability as an equestrienne aided her to become a star.



*Miss Little cowgirling,
and—Miss Little.*

A Brunette by Name and Nature

OUTSIDE of her camera work Fritzi Brunette likes best to fuss around the house superintending the redecorating of this room or that, or cultivating her garden.

She made her initial bow as a star in the old-time Victor Company under Director Giles Warren. Later, she joined the Selig Polyscope Company. With her husband, William Robert Daly, the Selig star lives in a cozy home in Los Angeles, Cal.

During her engagement with the Selig Company, Miss Brunette has appeared as a star in "At Piney Ridge," "Unto Those Who Sin" and in many of the shorter length subjects released by Selig in General Film service.

Miss Brunette is considered a screen actress of wide emotional powers. In vampire roles she excels. Film reviewers were enthusiastic in their praise of her work as Bertha Gibson in the "Lure" for the "International Syndicate."



Rolling to reduce—the lawn.

Portrait by Hartook

Plays and Players

FACTS AND NEAR-FACTS ABOUT THE
GREAT AND NEAR-GREAT OF FILMLAND

By Cal York

SO much has been said, and written, and sprinted about the tremendous salaries paid to film stars that people have overlooked the fact that there is another side to the high-cost-of-stars problem which has been inciting film magnates to verbal riots. The other side of the argument stood out in the searchlight of publicity when Mary MacLaren, youthful Universal star, filed suit against that company for annulment of her contract. It was disclosed that Miss MacLaren's agreement with the company called for the munificent honorarium of \$50 a week, of which \$40 was available, the remaining ten being withheld on some condition or other. It was revealed that Miss MacLaren's mother signed the contract, the principal being a minor, so in the litigation instituted by the actress her mother is a co-defendant with the film company. According to published reports Miss MacLaren was to receive the same amount for a period of years, and at the expiration of her contract she was not to be permitted to retain the name of MacLaren. The name was to remain the property of Universal. Her right name is MacDonald. An offer of \$300 a week is said to have been the primary cause of the annulment suit to which the film company replied with a suit for damages against the actress. Friends of

Miss MacLaren avowed that the salary she received was too small to allow her to purchase photographs to send to her admirers. Universal retaliated with a suit for \$10,000 damages. However, a decision sustaining Miss MacLaren's contention and giving her permission to use the name Universal wished on her, was rendered in the Superior Court on March third. The film company says that an appeal will be made to a higher court.

ANOTHER shining example of a star outgrowing her salary is that of Baby Helen Marie Osborn, "Little Mary Sunshine." Balboa was paying this five-year-old baby the sum of \$95 a week. It is doubtful if so young a person has ever earned a salary of approximately \$5,000 a year. Yet offers were made her parents that made this salary look like the weekly compensation of a ribbon clerk. Balboa finally was asked to sign a contract that would result in Baby Osborn getting each week the sum of \$750, or about \$40,000 a year. It looked like

too much money, however, and Balboa reluctantly relinquished its find to another concern. Returns on photoplays in which the child was starred are said to have justified the salary demand made in her behalf.



Running just ahead of a \$50,000 breach of contract suit by Balboa, Ruth Roland arrived a little breathless but on time at the Metro studio. She was with Kalem before her Horkheimer service.

EXCEPT for a few isolated instances, high water mark seems to have been reached in salaries, it seems, although this is still the day of the actor. The player remains supreme. A well known star recently demanded a salary of \$2,000 at the expiration of her contract. That figure was about thrice the amount of her previous salary and the demand was rejected. After looking over the situation, a reduction to \$1,500 was made, and when that price was likewise turned down, she expressed a willingness to have the agreement

received at the original terms.

STILL another case is that of the young leading man, who has a large following. He signed a contract within the last month at a much lower figure than was offered and indignantly refused six months previously. If the saturation point really has been reached it will be a source of joy to the producers whose millions have been so deeply cut into.

ANOTHER good omen is the subsidence of the "her-own-company" epidemic. It seems to have been a winter disease, as the coming of spring brought with it a cessation of corporation forming activities. It is doubtful, however, if the disease can be wholly eradicated so long as "it takes less brains to make money in moving pictures than in any other business," the statement of Lewis J. Selznick before the New York legislative committee.

MARY PICKFORD without curls! Some will insist that "it can't be done," but that is exactly what is going to happen in her next screen drama, as yet unchristened. The story has oozed out of the Lasky studio that Adolph Zukor, Miss Pickford's business partner, and Cecil B. DeMille, who is directing his first Pickfordian production, had quite a debate on the question of "curls or no curls." Mr. DeMille is said to have taken the negative side, and when the deadlock came, Miss Pickford herself cast the deciding vote with the director. So in the new picture, which has to do with the old West, Mary will be curl-less throughout.

RUTH ANN BALDWIN, one of the few successful directors of the so-called gentle sex, is a bride. She married Leo Pierson, an actor whom she had bossed around in a number of the film plays she directed for Universal.

CUTTING back to the subject of Pickford, it should be chronicled herein that the entire family is now comfortably domiciled in Southern California. Mary has leased an orange-tree-surrounded homestead not far from the Lasky studio, where she lives with her mother, Sister Lottie and the latter's year-old daughter, Mary Charlotte Pickford Rupp. Jack, the remaining Pickford, having reached man's estate, now lives at the Athletic Club.

RUTH ROLAND is to appear under the Metro banner, it is said. Miss Roland, who has been with Balboa ever since she quit Kalem, a period of about three years, recently severed her connection with the Horkheimer concern,

whereupon the latter brought suit against the actress for breach of contract. The modest sum of \$50,000 was asked of the actress as damages. One of the allegations was that Miss Roland was often late at the studio. The same company brought suit against Henry Walthall about two years ago for a like amount, but Walthall won.



Photo by Apeida

Death stepped in recently and blocked the formation of Fred Mace's own comedy company. The comedian died suddenly of apoplexy in the Hotel Astor, New York City.

MARSHALL FARNUM, youngest of the three Farnum brothers, died at Prescott, Arizona in February after a long illness. It was at Prescott that he directed for Selig, one of the first companies to do western pictures a half dozen or more years ago. Mr. Farnum was better known as a director than an actor, although, like his brothers, Dustin and William, he had a long acquaintance with the legitimate stage. The funeral occurred in Los Angeles, where the body was cremated. Marshall was four years younger than William Farnum.

DURING the month death also took Fred Mace, one of the best known comedians of the screen. Mr. Mace died of apoplexy in a New York hotel. He had gone to that city after leaving the Keystone company to organize a film concern of his own. He was 38 years old and first earned screen fame by his single reel "One Round O'Brien" comedies for Biograph.

JAMES CRUZE, equally famous as the reporter in the "Thousand Dollar Mystery" and as the husband of Marguerite Snow, is now a Laskyite. Prior to joining that company he played in support of Gladys Brockwell in a Fox film play. For Lasky he will play only heavy roles.



It looks as though Adolph Zukor,—you can see one ear—is shaking his fist at Al Cohn, western representative of Photoplay Magazine. Mr. Cohn nestles behind the tortoise shell windows. Looking right into our camera is Kenneth McGaffey, "Pete Props" papa.

ENIID MARKEY and Jack Standing, both former Inceville citizens, are to be the stars in an independently produced photoplay being made in Los Angeles, which is to have the interesting name of "The Curse of Eve." Boards of censors throughout the country will be interested in learning that a prologue was filmed on a desert island off the California coast, during which the wardrobe woman was given a vacation.

TYRONE POWER has become a talking actor again after much activity before various cameras. He is playing Fra Junipero Serra, the leading role in "The Mission Play" which runs on and on at San Gabriel, just outside Los Angeles. Mr. Power's last film work was with a company which journeyed to Guatemala for exteriors.

THERE is a possibility that the screen career of Cleo Ridgely has ended. Miss Ridgely, who is one of the best known leading women in film land, has been ill for a number of months and it is not likely that she will return to the camera stage, according to her friends. Miss Ridgely has been with Lasky ever since the early days of that company.

PERHAPS no studio change of recent date has occasioned more surprise than Edith Storey's separation from Vitagraph. Miss Storey has been so long identified with that concern that it will be difficult for screen enthusiasts to associate her with another company. Miss Storey is said to have received any number of offers to go elsewhere.

ANOTHER Vitagraph change which will probably be hailed with pleasure by a goodly section of the film-going public will be the reunion of Earle Williams and Anita Stewart as co-stars. It has been announced that such disposition will be made of these popular stars in future productions. Peggy Hyland and Antonio Moreno will also be co-starred by the same company.

TWO new faces are to be seen in coming Lasky pictures; that is, new to Lasky. They are Olga Gray, the Magdalene of "Intolerance" and vampire of numerous Triangle photoplays, and Jack Holt, former leading man at Universal.

CRANE WILBUR was married early in February, the ceremony taking place in Los Angeles. The bride is not an actress. Her name, prior to becoming Mrs. Wilbur, was Mrs. Florence Williams and she was prominent in Los Angeles society.

ANOTHER matrimonial venture of interest to film followers was that of Francis Ford, of the serial firm of Ford & Cunard. Mr. Ford remarried the wife from whom he had been divorced, the ceremony occurring a few weeks after Miss Cunard became the wife of Joe Moore. The trouble about recording a bit of news such as this is that the habits of the Question and Answer Department will require further confirmation. All of the Answer Man's disciples may be assured, however, that it is actually true. In these high-cost-of-liv-

ing days a postage stamp saved is two cents earned.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS was also numbered among the spring litigants. That ebullient comedian was made defendant in a breach of contract suit by the Majestic Company, for which he made Triangle photoplays. With his customary nonchalance Douglas vaulted his contract, as mentioned in this department last month, and signed up with Artcraft at a salary declared by unbiased press agents to be \$15,000 weekly. His salary with Majestic was something less than a fifth of that amount. No self-respecting actor can afford to labor for a paltry 3,000 iron men a week when potatoes are soaring around \$4 a bushel and onions are almost ungettable. The Majestic wants \$250,000 damages from Douglas. John Emerson, whose efforts in the direction of Fairbanks films have been requited with a stingy \$750 a week, has also been sued by Majestic. Injunctions were asked restraining actor and director from employment by any save the plaintiff corporation. Majestic asked \$100,000 damages from Emerson.

Finally the lawyers settled it all, snugly and sweetly, out of court. Fairbanks will work for Artcraft, John Emerson directing him, in stories written by Anita Loos. Their first photoplay, called "In and Out," is already under way. We believe it's going to be a rip-roaring pacifist satire.

EMILY STEVENS has contributed to the high cost of filming by signing a paper drawn up by Metro lawyers which provides that she is to "do" four photoplays for that concern at an aggregate remuneration of \$75,000. Meantime, Miss Stevens will not cease her activities on the footlighted stage.

FROM musical director to film director is the unusual course that has been taken by Victor Schertzinger, who was originally engaged by Thomas H. Ince to compose music for Ince screen plays. Mr. Schertzinger wrote the music for "Peggy," the vehicle for Billie Burke's film debut, and also for "Civilization." He has been made director of the photoplays in which Charles Ray will be starred.

WILLIAM H. CLIFFORD, one of the pioneer author-directors of the screen, is now in charge of the Shorty Hamilton comedies which are outputted by Mutual. For the benefit of those who are unfamiliar with the policy of the Hamilton concern, it may be stated that they contain "no slapstick, but will depend for their amusing qualities on a careful arrangement of situation and climax." Figure it out for yourself.



Hartsook Photo
"Question and answer" girls please note. Crane Wilbur, the gentleman with the striking profile, has been captured—by a widow. She's not an actress.

EDGAR JONES, who owes his membership in the Only Their Husbands' Club to Louise Huff, Famous Players star, is now a director for Balboa. He was for a long time on Metro's directorial staff. Bertram Bracken, builder of a number of Bara vehicles, is another acquisition of the same concern. Four companies are to be employed transferring magazine stories to the screen for the General Film Company.

WILLIAM FOX'S film company considered it of sufficient importance to issue an illustrated communique when George Walsh, protrayer of virile stuff, submitted to a haircut. The diagrams showed Walsh before and after and were considered quite a novelty. So much favorable comment was caused that Mr. Walsh may continue to have his locks trimmed at stated intervals.

JUST about every film magnate in the business was in Los Angeles during the middle of February and rumors were rife, as the political reporters say, of mergers, amalgamations and combinations. After all of the film companies had been merged, on paper, the magnates drifted on Eastward, leaving the film colony flat, in a manner of speaking. It is likely, however, that a number of important changes will result from the trip of the film millionaires westward to escape the raw winds of the East.

DORIS PAWN is back in the Fox ranks after a long vacation. Miss Pawn played in the first Fox photoplays made in the West, and she has just returned to play opposite the erstwhile hirsute George Walsh.

OWING to unwanted activities in the ranks of the Oliver operators, every film actor has offered his services in the event of war and every actress has started organizing a Red Cross outfit. Patriotism is a wonderful thing.

UNIVERSAL is defending a suit for \$10,000 brought by the widow of Jacques Futrelle, well known short storian who died in the Titanic disaster. Mrs. Futrelle alleges that the film company screened "The Haunted Bell," one of the Futrelle stories that appeared in the Saturday Post about ten years ago. The company's defense is that it believed it had acquired the rights to this story by purchasing the film rights to a book which contained it.

WINNIFRED GREENWOOD has emerged from retirement to join Balboa as leading lady in a number of four-reelers. Miss Greenwood was a member of the American forces for several years. Vola Vale, formerly of Universal and Lasky, is also a new Balboa player.

KALEM is to concentrate its producing activities in Los Angeles, according to word from Jacksonville. The report states that the company that is making Black Diamond comedies for Paramount is to take over Kalem's Florida studio about May 1.

IRVING CUMMINGS is now enrolled as a Fox player. Mr. Cummings made his first appearance as a Foxite in "Susie Against Sister," opposite Virginia Pearson.

ESSANAY is producing its first picture on the West Coast since the Chaplin comedies ceased to be made for that concern. It is said to be a multi-reel Japanese photoplay on the order of "Madame Butterfly" and the leads will be played by Tsuru Aoki, wife of Sessue Hayakawa, and Frank Borzage. The latter is also directing the production.

RICHARD TRAVERS did not remain long in the ranks of the single-steppers. He became the husband of Miss Lillian Cattell in Chicago early in February. The bride was formerly on the musical comedy stage, where she was known as May Franklin. Travers recently severed his connection with Essanay after a long affiliation with that company.



Margaret Illington and William C. DeMille enjoying the possibilities of "The Inner Shrine," with which Lasky will introduce Miss Illington to the film world.

ALAN FORREST, former leading man for Universal, Lubin and American, has quit the screen for the scenarioist's den. He has written a number of photoplays which have been accepted by producers. He will allow his wife, Anna Little, to do the family acting.

IT was perfectly natural that some producer should make a grab for "God's Man," the novel by George Bronson Howard, publication of which led to the filing of a damage suit against the writer's publishers by a New York magistrate. The jurist alleged that the book libelled him. The Frohman Amusement Company obtained film rights and H. B. Warner is to be the star of the production. It may be noted in passing that Mr. Warner is designated in the announcement as "the satellite of the theatrical world and screen favorite."

NANCE O'NEIL, who has been starring in "The Wanderer" on the stage and for Mutual films before the camera, is on the hospital list for a long stay. She broke her ankle while alighting from her automobile.

THOMAS J. CARRIGAN has been made supervising director of the Arrow Film Corporation. Mr. Carrigan is well known to screen goers as a capable leading man and not so well known to them as the husband of Mabel Taliaferro. He made his film debut with Selig in 1911, so may be ranked with the pioneers.

MARY MILES MINTER'S contract with American expires next month and the little blonde star is said to have received offers from many of the big companies.

RICHARD R. NEILL is a new Thanrouser player, having been acquired to play opposite Florence LaBadie. He has played opposite Gail Kane, Mabel Taliaferro and other stars.

IF the allies win, Charlie Chaplin can hand himself some of the credit for helping to finance his home country. On the last day of subscriptions for the "Win-the-War" loan, Chaplin cabled a subscription of \$150,000. Much ado was made of the comedian's action throughout England.

TWO well known Keystoneians quit Los Angeles last month. They were Roscoe Arbuckle and Ford Sterling. The corpulent one left to make comedies under his own flag for Paramount and Sterling is said to have made a deal to do funny ones for Metro. Arbuckle barnstormed his way East in de luxe style, making stops at all important cities en route to New York. Al St. John, Arbuckle's skinny nephew, who is as funny in a thin way as Fatty is in a thick way, is to be the chief "feeder" for the obese star.

MR. GRIFFITH whispered to a Chicago newspaper woman recently that he expected to screen the suffrage cause. "The women themselves don't know this and this is the first public statement I've made of my plans" confided David Wark, who should now become immensely popular.

IT'S fortunate that Max Linder isn't an American citizen. Fifty prints of his first Chicago-made film, "Max Comes Across," went down with the Laconia. If he had been a Yankee probably the Essanay publicity department would have complained to Woodrow.

LONDON will get a glimpse of "Intolerance" early this month, U boats permitting. The English premiere will be at Drury Lane theater. Buenos Aires will see it next month.

HERE are some film figures from a bank. The foreign trade department of the National City of New York says that 42,000 miles of motion pictures, valued at \$10,000,000, were exported from the United States during 1916. Of this 30,000 miles were "exposed"

films ready to be exhibited, consisting mostly of plays, travel pictures and news photographs. The balance was unexposed film, to be used in taking scenes abroad. Great Britain was the chief purchaser. "The United States is by far the world's largest manufacturer of motion picture films" says the statement. It estimates the entire domestic production of 1,000,000,000 feet at a value of approximately \$40,000,000.



Hartsook Photo

Enid Markey who will star in an independent production, entitled "The Curse of Eve."

WE'VE had religious films and pictures used by church organizations but this looks like a new one. The Unique Film corporation of New York City announces the manufacture of a series of pictures of the history and rituals of the Catholic church

for the purpose of spreading Christianity. The scenario for the second production, "Christianity," was written by the Right Rev. Francis E. Kelley, president of the Catholic Church Extension society of the United States, with headquarters in Chicago. The others will be written by Catholic prelates and will be distributed through the Catholic dioceses.

THE National Association of the Motion Picture Industry has announced with much evident rejoicing that a bill legalizing Sunday opening of film houses in the state of Indiana has passed the Indiana state senate by a vote of 29 to 10.

“—AND BE SURE TO KEEP THE LAWN MOWED”



Fatty Arbuckle recruits Neighbor Hobart Bosworth to look out for the old homestead while he is in New York making funny photoplays. Luke, the English dachshund who has been co-starred in many of the Arbuckle comedies, is an interested observer. He is anxious lest too great care in attending to the Arbuckle estate will result in the uncovering of his winter supply of bones.

Photo by Stag

An Announcement of



Photoplay Magazine Screen Supplement

DO you get the idea? PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE on the screen! Little journeys to Filmland!

For years PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE has used the printed and illustrated pages to inform you about the interesting personalities of the picture world.

Now PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, with the cooperation of the great producing companies, is going to use the greatest medium of expression of all—the screen—to introduce you to your picture friends at home, off the stage and away from the studios. It will take you with them out "on location" to the mountains, the woods and the ocean.

It will take you right into the studios, right onto the sets, into the technical, scenario and other departments. It will open your eyes to a new understanding and realization of the wonders of the new art-industry that has be-

come the world's greatest recreation. It will throw open the doors of the private offices of the business men you rarely ever hear of but whose indomitable faith and courage are responsible for pictures as they are today.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE screen supplement will be issued once a month like the publication itself and will be shown in thousands of theatres throughout the land. It will be edited with the same absolute independence and impartiality, with fear of none and good will toward all, that has earned for the magazine its place as the leader among moving picture publications and won the confidence of a million readers every month.

Without the utmost respect and trust of the great producers and distributors this new venture would have been impossible. To them PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE extends its sincere appreciation.

*Ask Your Theatre Manager If He
MAGAZINE Screen Supplement.*

Extraordinary Interest



Theda Bara never quits working at art. Here she is in her studio in New York City, where she shifts her occupation from acting to drawing and sculpture.



You'll be surprised to see what a big boy that Bad Guy Hart is when the movie camera is asleep. No wonder the waves laugh. It's catching.



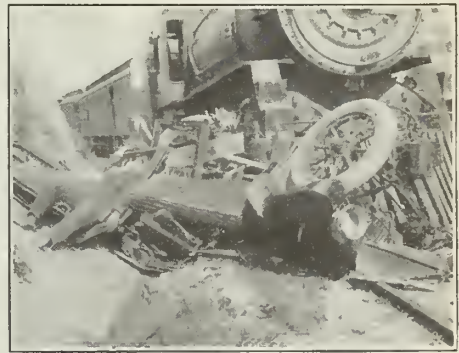
Little Doug thinks that Big Doug is the best marble player on their street. "Old Doc Cheerful" Fairbanks thinks well of that boy in the middies too. Strange?



If you were a baby and some one was going to adopt you who would you choose? This one chose Helen Holmes. Some chooser! Like to meet them?



Lights! Ready! Camera! Wait!
Awful! Again! Better! Stop! Watch!
See? Camera! Great! Cut!



No, the man is not dead! But really those nery actors get some awful humps at times. It's pretty hard to fool the camera and the audience.

*Has Booked THE PHOTOPLAY
Every Theatre Should Have It*

The Second Mate of Villainy



BY choice Macey Harlan, an actor about as well known as any you'll find near lights foot or Kliege, is a specialist in the adjuncts of wickedness. For years he's been the second mate of villainy. He and villains don't interest him. And as a matter of sober fact,



whom do they interest? They're as transparent as that very opaque substance, plate glass, and they exist only to do their devilish bit.

Secondary evil-doers, on the other hand, are apt to be real, true-to-life characters. That means human beings, among whom every man plays his own hero and his own villain, and for the most of the time, his own clown.

Behold the representations of Mr. Harlan which the acids have etched for us here: At the right, above, Mr. Harlan and one of the polka-dot ties he always wears in his proper person; a portrait probably done not far from The Lambs. At the left, above, in "Kismet," with Otis Skinner. In the turban: as the East Indian spy of Germany, in "Inside the Lines." With the beard: as the Russian secret agent, in "The Yellow Ticket." At the bot-



tom: as the French-Canadian Indian in "The Call of the North."

Mr. Harlan was born in New York City and he was educated there. His stage career has been mainly under the management of Charles Frohman, Klaw & Erlanger, Harrison Grey Fiske and similar pillars of theatrical production.

Numerous as have been his stage hits, his clever parts on the screen equal them. If these photoplays unrolled before your eyes you saw him in "The Habit of Happiness," "Manhattan Madness," "Betty of Grey-stone," "Bella Donna," "The Eternal City," "The Perils of Divorce," "The Witch," "The Romantic Adventure," and others.

Our iniquitous subject—off stage the nicest, quietest gentleman you could wish to know—is a painter by pastime, and has done several very fine things in oil.

H. O. Davis has done in the world's biggest motion picture camp exactly what the hero of Khartoum did for the British Army; he has made it *really* efficient; and he has made himself at once hated and admired, praised and traduced.

Davis is neither talker nor writer, but doer. It took PHOTOPLAY three months to get the story out of him—then he went at it as he goes at everything else, with an enthusiasm at once cool and ferocious. This is not an office-written account, compiled haphazard from chance conversations. Davis wrote every line of it, just as it appears here under his signature.

Those who don't like Davis describe him as a hog-raiser floundering among artists. He doesn't deny that he was a hog-raiser—but he was probably the most singular and successful hog-raiser California ever saw. He had always been an art-lover and an art-patron, though never in an art business. His chance to put his theories of practical art to the test came with the San Diego Exposition. He built it—a bazaar of the world, a vast acreage of architectural lace—and conducted it on a paying basis! Such a thing had never been done. Carl Laemmle, whose pictorial metropolis of forty companies was a veritable sieve of expense, made him king of Universal City.

Then the Big Hate began. Prima-donnas, male and female, sulked, shouted "Impossible!" and quit—or departed on invitation. Pampered directors passed into his history shrouded in rage and astonishment. Davis cut salaries—he maintained that a few were getting far too much, others, not enough. He held that a director's work, after all, has a sort of standard value. He made motion picture people feel for the first occasion on record their actual waste of time. He abased the director—then elevated him by giving him perfect material co-operation. And so on, and so on.

Those who don't like Davis still shout that he is time-clocking art. So far, he has proved that negligent Mlle. Art can stand a *little* time-clocking. As for the future—??

As they conclude the fiction synopses: *now go on with the story.*

A Kitchener Among Cameras

HOWEVER, THE AUTHOR DIDN'T KNOW
WE WERE CALLING HIM "KITCHENER"

By H. O. Davis

FIRST. I should like to say a word about "efficiency" and motion pictures. When I first started in at Universal

without interference, is the "efficiency" that has all but brought the word into disrepute.

City, everyone seemed to take it for granted that efficiency meant red tape. a horde of book-keepers and pictures by the yard, and it was loudly proclaimed that one could not systematize art. That same idea still seems to prevail outside, but not within the organization that we have succeeded in building. As a matter of fact, either in the motion picture business, or in any other business, efficiency that merely weaves red tape around the operators, instead of clearing the way of annoyances and permitting them to obtain the maximum of results,



H. O. Davis—*a new portrait.*

When I first joined Universal, I felt that the accomplishment of prime importance and the one thing that should be our first consideration was quality, but I know of no way to obtain quality unless all the tools necessary for the workman are placed at his disposal, and what we have tried to do during the past year is to install a system and build an organization that would supply a director with those tools, eliminate waste motion and leave him free to occupy his mind with the artistic side of his production.

We have systematized

and organized almost everyone and everything except the director. We have taken from his shoulders a thousand and one mechanical details that could do nothing but interfere and interrupt him in his direction, and we have, and are attempting so to perfect our organization in its numerous departments, as to make everyone of them a service department, as it were, to

the fiction in the current magazines as it comes from the publishers: Every manuscript is carefully read and an opinion, together with a short synopsis, attached to it. These opinions with the synopses go to the editor of the scenario department who separates the wheat from the chaff, the first separation usually resulting in the rejection of at least ninety-five percent of the stories.



With O. J. Sellers, production manager, Mr. Davis watches the taking of a scene in "A Modern Mona Lisa."

supply the director with everything needed in the production of his picture, leaving him free, first to digest his story, and then, having thoroughly digested it, to visualize it on the screen.

His work is so arranged for him that he can walk from one set to another, from one location to another. His actors, once they start the story, can live their characters without interruption until his picture is completed, instead of having to stop between sets and wonder just which set they would shoot next.

The following is a typical biography of a Universal picture: First, the selection of the story. We have submitted to us approximately 5,000 manuscripts a month from amateurs as well as more or less well-known authors. In addition to these, we have readers who systematically read all

The remaining five percent are then sent to other readers, the synopses and original opinions being first detached.

After the second reading they are again returned to the editor who, with the two opinions attached, usually makes a further selection, resulting perhaps in the saving of half of them on which recommendations for purchase are then made. The editor sends the stories, with his recommendations for purchase, to the production manager, who has a reading staff of his own, trained to read manuscripts not only from the story standpoint but from the production standpoint. This staff makes its recommendations to the production manager, calling attention to the good points of the story as well as the weak ones, suggesting improvement, and in addition giving some idea as to the cost of production.

The production manager then makes his notations, many of the stories being necessarily thrown out altogether because of difficulties or cost of production. Those that he O. K.'s for purchase are purchased, and these stories form our source of supply, together with the output of special writers who are writing scenarios on particular subjects. The production office has, of course, a daily or hourly record of all the directors on the plant and is selecting and preparing stories in advance for all the directors.

As an illustration: Director Blank, who is now working on a five-reeler, is expected to finish within two weeks. The manager of production sends a request to the



Mr. Davis and J. M. Nickolaus, his laboratory superintendent, in control of all photography.

UNIVERSAL FILM MANUFACTURING CO.
GENERAL MANAGERS PRODUCTION ORDER (PICTURE) NO. 2203

GENERAL MANAGERS COPY Date 10-13-16

GENERAL MANAGER

Authorization is hereby requested by the Production Department to produce a motion picture as per the following description and estimate of cost

Name of picture "THE GHOST AT POINT OF ROCKS"
 Scenario by Wm. Parker
 Adapted from _____
 Name of Director Henry McRee
 Financing Cost estimated to cost \$275.00 weekly.
 Leads _____
 Number of reels Five Number of scenes 306
 Number of acts 10 Number of locations 21
 Results Eighteen days to make.

Estimate of cost.	Overhead \$ 1620.00 Salaries 2168.00 Extras 503.00 Automobiles 298.35 Laboratory -- Negative 375.00 Sets 450.00 Rentals 18.15 Story 800.00 Lunches 45.50 Locations 50.00 <u>\$ 6026.00</u>	RENTALS & PURCHASES 1 plug tobacco .70 Japanese doll .75 Ivory miniature 1.00 2 bottles champagne 1.30 15 cigars .75 3 pkgs. cigarettes .30 12 bot. ginger ale 1.20 2 bowls punch 1.00 1 money box .25 1 rattlesnake 5.00 1 live owl 5.00 1 pig .50 Rentals and purchases as shown above necessary to story.
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Al. Bunn

Approved for remaining _____
GENERAL MANAGER

Signed _____
PRODUCTION SUPERINTENDENT

To Audited Maximum can not be exceeded \$ _____ ESTIMATE _____ without further authorization

Approved as limited frame _____
GENERAL MANAGER

scenario department for several stories of the particular type that this director is best fitted for. They go over these stories carefully to check up their possibilities from a production standpoint, and having approved them, they are submitted to the director, giving him the opportunity to express his preference, for we do not believe that any director should be asked to put on a story unless he is in sympathy with it. The director having made a selection, the story is then assigned to a continuity writer in the department.

This continuity writer then, in conference with

(Continued on page 147)

The Career of Hero Hamilton



THE handsome blond gentleman regarding the departed rabbit with composure is the same individual who pets a wagon wheel as he gazes at Mme. Petrova, nattily arrayed for walking, getting lunch, or what have you? Together and singly this young man constitutes Mahlon Hamilton, a Metro hero who made his debut under the Rowland insignia in "The Heart of a Painted Woman." Here was Miss Petrova, too.

However, the stage knew Mr. Hamilton as the original hero of "Three Weeks," and he seems to have sustained the burning affection of Eleanor Glyn's princess pretty well, for his friends say he seems more robust than ever.

Previous to being the pastime of royalty, Mr. Hamilton had the forethought to be born, and after spending a considerable time opening bids for the honor, he selected Baltimore as his birthplace.

He went through the grammar and high schools there, and completed his education at the Maryland Agricultural College. Not that he intended to be a farmer, but in these days, when a necklace of potatoes would put to shame a rope of pearls, trades of the soil are apt to come in handy.

After a considerable mental struggle, our hero kissed the corn and oats goodbye, and—prophetic forecast of his present employment!—became a motion picture actor. He was leading man for Mabel Van Buren, in "Music by Proxy," and "The Smuggler's Daughter," Kinemacolor productions made in California.

After this, he went on the



stage, appearing with Jessie Bonstelle, Maxine Elliott, Constance Collier and Blanche Ring and in vaudeville with Wm. H. Thompson.

BACK OF HIM STOOD THE WOMAN, IN ALL THE DAYS WHILE HE PASSED FROM OBSCURITY TO POWER; EVEN WHILE HE WENT FROM HER INTO THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF IGNOMINIOUS DEATH—AND RETURNED BY THE FAITH OF LOVE



"The money I got, I got distinctly on the understanding that you were to be my wife. I can't pay it back, and I tell you I'm in a bad way. I need forty-two thousand—then we're square."

Back of the Man

By Geoffrey Lancaster

THERE was nothing formal or extraordinary about the note Larry Thomas held in his hand. Beneath an embossed crest the writer had said: "My dear Larry, I wish you'd come in to dinner tomorrow evening. Muriel and I are quite alone. We both want you." It was signed "Alvin Brooks."

Yet this note served as the most remarkable material milestone Larry would ever have in his career. Nothing that might happen to him henceforth could signalize the bridging of so great a gap.

As he refolded the parchment-like paper Larry thought of his arrival in the city, a little less than a year before. With a letter of recommendation from a country representative, the boy had approached the splendid offices of The Great Eastern Casualty Company; sensuous and luxurious within, grim and forbidding without. It seemed prophetic, too, that Brooks, presi-

dent of the great corporation, should reach his office at the same moment. Of course, he did not see Larry, half hidden behind a column: but Larry saw him, and every detail of his splendid equipage, his liveried chauffeur, the regal raiment of the laughing girl beside—

The girl!

This girl, and another, and the city story of Larry Thomas is told.

Chiefly, it was the other girl.

Brooks and the elder Thomas had been boys together. Brooks came to the city, Thomas dreamed a not-unpleasant life away in the country. When the letter came in recommending young Thomas for a clerkship the writer touched respectfully upon an alleged acquaintance between the boy's father and the head of the mighty firm. All his later life Brooks had been doing things for "boyhood friends," as is the way of success, but he was not averse

They had no love for each other. In other days Wilson had assiduously mashed her, and had been as fervently turned down.



to showing more than his usual courtesies to Thomas' son.

There being no place, Brooks made one by giving an office favorite a branch office in another city. Anger, of the sott^o-voce sort, in the home office, and a resolve to "jinx" the newcomer.

The fellows and girls had scarcely counted on such easy game. Out went a wise, self-assured young worldling; in came a tall, timid, gawky country lad; a being who cultivated a low collar for a giraffe neck; who wore high-water "pants" and celluloid cuffs; who dodged street-cars as if they were shrapnel; who thought a Ford the acme of motor elegance; who blushed if one of the girls asked him for a ledger rating.

Indeed, it had been a battle Larry might have given up, but for Ellen Holton. Unquestionably, Ellen was the beauty of the office, but her reserve—the other girls said she was stuck up—kept her apart from the clock-watching cluster about her. She had not uttered a half-dozen words to Larry when, one noon, she met him alone in the

elevator. He walked behind her to the street. Suddenly, she turned, as if summoning all her courage.

"Aren't you alone in town?" she asked. "Oh, no sir—ma'am!" explained Larry. "I have a card of introduction at the Y. M. C. A. from the secretary of our Christian Endeavor, and I have been invited to a Lonely Folks dance given by the Modern Woodmen two weeks from next Saturday night. I can't dance, but I'm going to sit and look on."

"The gay life, indeed," murmured Miss Holton, biting her lips. "Listen a moment—I'm busy this noon, but at 5:10 tonight I want you to meet me in front of Fisher's Emporium. Will you?"

"Ah-er—certainly, ma'am, if I can do anything to accommodate you."

"Do so, and say nothing to anyone."

Then Ellen darted away, full of unwonted agitation, and Larry took root in an icy wind, feeling just like a Sabine woman.

At 5:10 o'clock Ellen Holton arrived at Fisher's big clothing store. Larry, looking scared but resigned, awaited her.

"Let's go inside," said the girl. "It's so beastly cold here."

"Now listen," she began bravely, when they were billeted behind a radiator. "I brought you here to help you. They're guying you in the office, and it's dreadful. Don't think I'm in love with you—I hate men, but I adore fair play. I think you've got the stuff in you, and I'm going to see that you get fair play. First of all—your clothes. You look like a vaudeville act. Abraham Lincoln couldn't have gotten across in your rig. Clothes may not be a man's best asset, but they're his quickest. I'm here because you don't know clothes—now. You will. It's pay day, you have your money with you, and I'm going to help you select your things. Come on!"

At 6, when the store closed, Ellen and a totally different being departed. Though he still sported an Ebenezer haircut, Larry had smart shoes on his really good-looking feet, a neat shirt and scarf, and a suit, purchased at \$19.10, which, in his own enthusiastic language, looked like a million dollars.

Really remaking a man by changing his

duds exists only in books and plays: so that Ellen's tutelage proceeded, of necessity, from day to day.

But she had so apt a pupil that, four months later, Brooks said suddenly to his treasurer: "Who's the fellow sending me in these reports on the Dakotas, Minnesota and Wisconsin? I've always had the bare facts, but this chap adds reasons. I knew last year that our net profit in that territory was \$33,000—but this year it's \$53,000 and I know just where the increase came from, and what to expect next year. Trot him out!"

"Must be young Thomas," murmured the treasurer, scanning the paper.

"The up-state boy I put in—"

"The same."

Brooks did not wait for Thomas to be summoned. He went in to him, and, before the office, congratulated him so warmly that Larry's victory was complete. From that moment

the clique which had smirked at his bumpkin ways and his business innocence strove abjectly to follow in his train.

Larry was principally glad for the sake of Ellen.

Perhaps we adore where we do not understand. At any rate, Larry adored Ellen. For Ellen to confess that she adored Larry—which she did—would have been to scrap her entire avowed creed concerning him. From the first she had maintained magnificent disinterestedness in helping him. The attitude of her fellow-workers was in part responsible, for they, "sore" at what they termed her unsociability, believed that she scorned their late-hour parties, their joy-rides and their sly cocktail-fests in order to be alone with Larry. Hence it was seldom that he called on her; not more than twice had he taken her to the theatre; only once had they dined alone, and then in a restaurant whose orchestra was so forte that a couple of calliopes could not have made love.

Larry's sudden acclamation by President Brooks made all the difference in the world. Now, Ellen knew not what to do. A proud, sensitive, lonely girl, she believed fully that all her friends, and perhaps Larry, would consider such late submission a mere desire

to climb in the matrimonial band-wagon with a success. Another day of Larry the plugger, and she would assuredly have been in his arms, for she had given him permission to call on her the following night; now, between them rose the glittering barrier of triumph.

So things ran on.

Then, one day, Muriel Brooks paid the office a first visit since her rollicking days in short skirts. According to the calendar, that hadn't been many years, but as Muriel lived her life, centuries had gone by. From a pretty, fair-haired child she had expanded into an extremely smart young woman

whose hard eyes glittered with the light of more knowledge than Eve could have discovered in a peck of her notorious apples. Her fingers were always cigarette stained; her voice loud and strident; her breath, an alcoholic advertisement.

"Say, Pop!" she shouted exultantly, so that

only all whose doors were open heard: "I've got a new John—that long saint out there with the baby eyes and the girl's mouth—that Larry fella!"

"That's the first good picking you ever did around my works," noted her father, quietly. "I'm going to make that boy my private secretary."

Ellen's cup was very bitter during the next few weeks.

Larry, with his private-secretaryship and his inevitable succession to high office, was on his way to fame. He should be untrammelled. The pace was fierce. Great Eastern Casualty was being assailed both by rivals and the Interstate Commerce inquiry, and Brooks, lapsing a bit under the strain of age and worry, needed every ounce of this strong young boy's strength to bolster the mighty corporate fabric. Ellen felt that Larry was in the crucial months of his career—once out of this venomous bit of backwater, both Larry and the company would be secure. Then he could talk of love, think of love, devote his time to love—and how Ellen hoped that he would! That was why she denied him her love and her lips—yet above this mist of sacrifice and struggle hovered the wraith of Muriel, the serpentine!

"BACK OF THE MAN"

is narrated from the Thomas H. Ince photoplay of the same name, written by Monte M. Katterjohn, and produced at Culver City with the following cast:

- Ellen Holton*.....*Dorothy Dalton*
- Larry Thomas*.....*Charles Ray*
- Muriel Brooks*.....
-*Margaret Thompson*
- Sid Wilson*.....*Jack Livingston*
- President Brooks*.....
-*J. Barney Sherry*

When Larry urged his affection, Ellen asked him only one thing: to wait. He wanted to know why. She would not tell him—she could not, for she felt that Brooks' confidence was, in a way, bound up with Larry's attention to his worthless daughter. Things were at such a pass that were Muriel to shake her father's belief in Larry—Ellen did not know what to do, or what to say.

And so came the evening of the invitation to dinner—an invitation not formal or extraordinary in itself, but a great milestone in the career of Larry Thomas, for it cemented the business and private life of Larry and Alvin Brooks. He was henceforth the financier's young confidante.

When Muriel made plans for herself she totally disregarded the plans and the feelings of others. That she had carried on a desperate flirtation with one "Sid" Wilson, and had given him every encouragement, was entirely forgotten now. Wilson was thrown over like potato-parings from a ship's galley.

As the little family party sat down to dinner the elder Brooks glowed paternally at the pair he was pleased to consider "my two children."

After the meal Muriel excused herself, evidently by prearrangement, and Brooks drew the boy to the library.

"Muriel has told me," said her father, as he stooped over the tiny library safe, "that you are very fond of each other. I'm glad—very glad. Muriel is a good girl, but she has a great deal of vitality, and she's headstrong. She needs a steady-going husband."

So Muriel "had told" him—a lie!

Larry resolved that he must make a clean breast of it to Ellen, and ask her advice. For her sake he wanted to remain where he was. For her, and their future, he wanted to be as much, and to have as much, as Brooks and his own legitimate labor would permit. For the rest of the evening he parried Muriel, not very deftly, or talked business with her father.

While Larry was debating his words to Ellen, in the forenoon that followed, Brooks formally signed a half million in bonds to him, and to Muriel. The news



*At a raid upon Charlie Wong's hop joint Captain Ham—
Directly in the foreground a handsomely*

of the transfer got out of the executive offices, and swept the outer departments like a burning train of powder.

Of course it reached Ellen—and Wilson.

They had no love for each other. In her early days with the Great Eastern Wilson had assiduously mashed her, and had been as fervently turned down. Hence her earliest repute as an exclusive snob. Now, in his desperation, Wilson turned to Ellen, bringing the news.

"Muriel Brooks has stolen your man," he whispered, as she passed his desk. "Her father has just made over a half million in securities—sort of escrow against their marriage. It's a damnable sell-out!"

"My man," laughed Ellen, though her heart was bleeding. "I have no man. You mean, Larry has stolen *your* woman!"



baugh had, with newspaper perspicacity, taken a flashlight to serve as evidence. The gowned woman writhed in the arms of a policeman. That woman was Muriel.

Muriel's telephone dragged her from sleep at 10 the following forenoon.

"Want to see you—must see you!" The voice was Wilson's.

"But, Sid," whined Muriel, pettishly and evasively, "I can't. I'm going riding, and then—"

"I must see you," repeated Wilson, with menacing deliberation. "Ride—that's all right. Afterward, meet me at Tay's for lunch."

And they met.

"Here's the idea," explained Wilson, as if he were selling a lot, "you make me love you, and then throw me cold. Perhaps that's your business. If it is, I'm a business man, and I'll talk from a business basis. I need money—"

"Sid!" blazed Muriel. "How dare you—"

"Oh, don't act, please. Besides, 'How dare you' is out of date even for Laura Jean Libbey. Let's be sensible. I do care a great deal for you, Muriel, but like every human being, I suppose I care more for myself. I am only a clerk, yet you made me believe I was to marry you, and share your fortune. In fact, you asked me to—"

"What a wretched lie!"

"You did, whether you've forgotten or not. Therefore I plunged. I took a shoe string to the stock market to keep up with you. I lost it—perhaps you ought to say 'of course.' I—I—well, the other money I got, I got distinctly on the understanding that you were to be my wife. I can't pay it back, and I tell you I'm in a bad way. I need \$42,000, and I expect you to give it to me. Then we're square."

"Your impudence—your audacity—"

"Muriel, old dear, I see you're bound to act, and act, and act. I hate to turn down the screws, but you're making me. Remember Captain Hambaugh?"

Muriel's smile suddenly faded. Her gloved fingers picked at the cloth, and there came into her eyes something of the look of the street-woman who scans every horizon for an enemy policeman.

"I haven't the money, Sid," she said, rather hopelessly. "And I couldn't get it."

"You've three times that in securities in your own name in your father's safe. Meet me in the office tonight—yes, I have the combination."

And, without much more protesting, the assignation was agreed to.

The magically terrible "Captain Hambaugh" was commander of the Nineteenth Precinct police station. At a raid upon Charlie Wong's hop joint he had, with newspaper perspicacity, taken a flashlight in the midst of the proceedings, to serve as indisputable evidence. Directly in the foreground a handsomely gowned woman prisoner writhed in the arms of a policeman. That woman was Muriel. At Sid Wilson's word that Muriel had merely been a member of a slumming party, in at the wrong moment, Hambaugh had released her unconditionally, and had suppressed the plate. But the plate had not been destroyed, and Muriel knew that, very well. Once she had doubted it, and Sid had shown her a solio proof, still damp.

Larry was in a wretched mental state. That Ellen avoided him with distinct deliberation hurt his feelings; that he did not come to her and at least say something, grieved Ellen terribly.

It was a proof of how sorely estranged they were—and again, proof of the new difference in their stations—that both could be in the office, late at night, neither aware of the other's presence. Ellen, her eyes swimming in tears, had muddled her accounts in the afternoon, and lingered far into the night to right her wretched additions. Larry, half distracted by Muriel's plottings and Ellen's curt avoidance, had spent the afternoon pacing the pavement. Now, excusing himself from a stag theatre party to which Brooks had invited him, he returned to the office to examine some mortgages which he would have to return to the bank in the morning.

And between them, in Brooks' private office, counselled the plotters, Sid and Muriel. None knew of the presence of the others. Sid and Muriel had passed a phalanx of scrub-women, and took the lights in the outer office and Larry's sanctum for illuminations by the cleaners.

Opening the small safe was an easy matter. The securities were not there! In fact, Brooks himself had merely followed the dictates of business common-sense: he had removed these golden documents to the full protection of the great vault on the floor below. Wilson, in his first moment of rage—seeing lights all about and hearing vague distant noises—suspected some other thief than himself.

"I'll get the damned hound that played this dirty



The elder Brooks glowed paternally at the pair he was pleased to consider "my two children."

trick on your father!" he exclaimed, with positively hilarious sanctimony. And he yanked a big blue gun from his hip.

Now in her terror and fear Muriel had not heard aright. She only knew Sid's anger at her, his desperate plight—and the empty safe, his last resort. With a little cry she leaped toward him, seizing the gun with two shaking hands.

"Look out!" cried Sid, warningly. But he followed instinct and tried to pull the gun away, instead of relinquishing it to her trembling fingers. There was a report, not very loud, and Muriel crumpled up in front of him, and lay very still.

Discretion was for Sid Wilson the bigger part of remorse. Putting the gun softly on the floor he stepped back a few feet to the

swinging window opening upon the fire-escape. He stepped out, closed the window, and a moment later walked shaking, but unobserved, out of an alley at the rear of the great building.

The shot startled Larry, who was only a few feet away. He ran into Brooks' office, and saw a woman, face down upon the floor. Not until he had turned her over did he so much as suspect her identity. Then he stood staring at her, the re-

box—Muriel killed as she made the ultimate and apparently unexpected protest.

To Larry, there was not a bit of pathos, or dreadfulness, or even horror, in the death of Muriel. She had lived a bad life and she had gone out of it in a bad way—just how, he did not know, though he often speculated with idle and bitter curiosity. Larry wished that Brooks would curse him, and that Ellen would renounce him. The dumb pain and mournful, speechless love in Ellen's eyes; and the wordless, broken grief of the poor old father racked Larry's soul till he could neither sleep nor eat.

Denied bail, of course, on a capital charge, Larry nevertheless won the pity of the sheriff, and was made fairly comfortable in the county jail. Shortly after he had been bound over for trial Ellen appeared at the jail, on her first and only visit. With her came a clergyman. Larry

felt, with an unpleasant thrill, as though the minister had come to give him last rites en-route to the scaffold.

"Larry," said Ellen, with the same directness that had characterized her first address, "I love you. I think you know I have always loved you. I want to marry you—now. This is Dr. Burton. He will read the ceremony, and I



volver—which he had absent-mindedly picked up—in his hand.

Ellen ran in, and a moment later, the head janitor and his assistant.

But Ellen had taken the revolver from Larry's hand before the others came.

It was quite a clear case, the police said. The janitor testified that he had rushed in at the sound of the shot and saw Ellen and Larry staring at each other, the dead woman between them, the weapon on the floor beside her. The whole story of Ellen's attachment came out, and grew fantastic elaborations, according to the imaginations and temperaments of different reporters. Jealousy, of course—a fight between the women, Larry coolly sticking up for his property rights, rifling the old man's strong

have the license."

"Ellen—this is impossible!" Larry backed to his bars, aghast.

The girl pressed his hand, and from her eyes came the same wordless, irresistible appeal. "You must, Larry—dear," she said. "Please."

And they were married.

The trial came, but the State seemed strangely perturbed. The State's only witness was the accused man's wife! The janitor and the police had found them together, and of course she must have been the cause of the shooting.

She refused to take the stand, on the basis of common law that a wife cannot be compelled to testify against her husband.

Larry was acquitted.

The following day she came to him, simply gowned in black. She was quite alone.

"Now, Larry," she said, "you can give me my divorce. I'll give you the grounds: desertion. I'm going to the country. Make it as quick and quiet as you can, please."

"But, Ellen," pleaded the boy. "I love you. I need you more than I ever needed any one or anything in my life. Don't leave me now."

Ellen looked at him with a sad, wistful little smile. Her lip trembled slightly, and just the suspicion of a tear poised on the edge of her eye.

"No, Larry, it can't be. But I want you to know that . . . I loved you, too."

She turned away. He stood uncertainly. Then he turned to her in a wild outburst.

"Great God, Ellen! You don't think that I am the man who killed her? You don't believe—"

"What else?" asked Ellen in dumb pain, spreading out her hands, helplessly, her head drooping forward. "Oh, Larry, please don't let us talk any more —I *loved* you."

Larry stood staring, the revolver —which he had absent-mindedly picked up—in his hand.

I want you to have success, to find peace, to gain—"

"I'll never have happiness or peace or success or anything, girl, until I find the man who did kill Muriel Brooks, and come back to you with clean hands!"

"Oh, Larry, I pray dear God you do find him!" The girl's eyes closed, streaming, and her little uplifted prayer was a cry. Larry caught her and crushed his mouth against hers. She pushed him away and ran out the door.

Larry did not apply for his divorce, but he felt that he might well do so. Where would he find the slayer of Muriel? The trail was cold.

Sid Wilson had reported at the office at the usual time, on the morning following the murder.

His previous broken association with Muriel was known, and that he should be badly shaken by her taking-off was no more than expected. He offered Brooks his time and such talents as he possessed, in the effort to convict her murderer, and he attended court every



day. The elevator man could not remember who came in or went out of the building. There was not even a rumor of his having been about the office that night.

Immediately after the trial, pleading a nervous break-down, he resigned and went East.

Two months later a series of annoying forgeries came to Brooks' attention.

Larry had not resumed his place in the firm, but he had protested his innocence to Brooks, as well as his respect for Muriel, and, in a broken-hearted way, the old man was near believing him. That is, he wanted to believe him, for in spite of everything, he liked Larry.

And during one of his visits, by way of making conversation in a rather tense situation, he showed the forged documents.

"It's not the money," protested Brooks, "it's the cleverness of the scoundrel, and his knowledge of my business."

"An inside job," responded Larry, "or a job by a man who knows us thoroughly."

Having nothing else to do, Larry devoted his thought to the fraudulent paper. He began to eliminate. Very soon he had eliminated—to Wilson! To trace the paper to Wilson, and after that, the murder itself, were but successive steps in logical thought. To Brooks he confided only his belief in Wilson as the forger. Larry located him, and detectives wound the chain.

Wilson waived trial, and asked only to be sentenced. Why? Of what was he afraid that he wished to escape human observation for a period of years?

There were drug ravages on his face when he returned, and in his shaking hands. Plainly he was wooing forgetfulness of opium or opium's children.

To the district attorney who had once prosecuted him Larry confided all his new suspicions—and a plan.

As Wilson, with pasty face and dull eyes, came in for the word that should send him, defenseless, to bolts and bars, he faced a peculiar, standing package upon the table

"She did it herself, but I've wished it'd been me instead—I loved her, I tell you!"



before him. His attorney had attempted to take it, but had been told that it was an intimately personal matter for his client.

"What's this?" he asked, a queer look on his face.

"What you're going away for," answered the District Attorney, brusquely.

Wilson pulled nervously at the string that confined the paper. It fell away, suddenly. He confronted a silver picture-frame, from the depths of which a head of Muriel, almost life-size, smiled directly into his eyes.

He turned blue, and with a hoarse cry jumped to his feet, leaped the rail, and started down the aisle. The court-room was in a panic. Two bailiffs caught him at the door.

(Continued on page 177)

PHOTOPLAY ACTORS

Find the Film Players'

THE PRIZES

1st Prize \$10.00 3rd Prize \$3.00
 2nd Prize 5.00 4th Prize 2.00
 Ten Prizes, Each \$1.00

These awards (all in cash, without any string to them) are for the correct, or nearest correct, sets of answers to the ten pictures here shown.

As the names of most of these movie people have appeared many, many times before the public, we feel sure you must know them.

This novel contest is a special feature department of Photoplay Magazine for the interest and benefit of its readers, at absolutely no cost to them—the Photoplay Magazine way.

The awards are all for this month's contest.

TRY IT

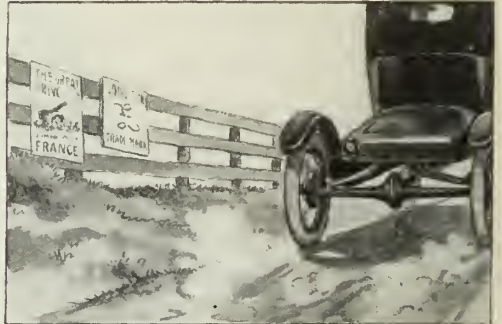
All answers to this set must be mailed before May 1, 1917.



1



2



4



3



5

WINNERS OF THE MARCH MOVING

First Prize... \$10.00—Lester C. Willard,
 Yonkers, N. Y.
 Second Prize.. 5.00—Mrs. W. B. Ospley,
 Glasgow, Ky.
 Third Prize... 3.00—Mary E. Whitney,
 Springfield, Mass.
 Fourth Prize.. 2.00—Mrs. E. H. Favor, St.
 Joseph, Mo.

\$1.00 Prizes to {
 Rose A. Prunty, Balti-
 more, Md.
 L. O. Gale, Minneapo-
 lis, Minn.
 Alma F. Mann,
 Spokane, Wash.
 Jane Oliver, Chicago,
 Ill.
 Mrs. M. Reynolds,
 Toronto, Ont.

NAME PUZZLE

Names in These Pictures

DIRECTIONS

Each picture represents the name of a photoplay actor or actress. The actor's name is really a description of the picture that goes with it; for example—"Rose Stone" might be represented by a rose and a rock or stone, while a gawky appearing individual looking at a spider web could be "Web Jay."

For your convenience and avoidance of mistakes we have left space under each picture on which you can write your answers. Remember to write your full name and address on the margin at the bottom of both pages. Cut out these pages and mail in, or you may send in your answers on a separate sheet of paper, but be sure they are numbered to correspond with the number of each picture. There are 10 answers.

Address to Puzzle Editor, Photoplay Magazine, 350 North Clark Street, Chicago.

We have eliminated from this contest all red tape and expense to you, so please do not ask us questions. Only one set of answers allowed each contestant.

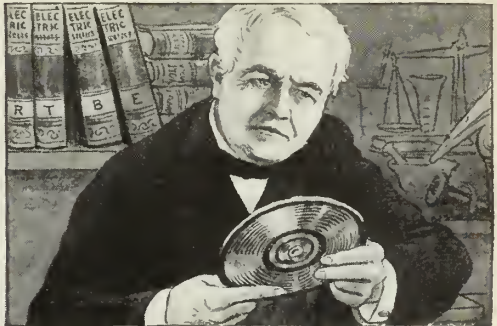
Awards for answers to this set will be published in Photoplay Magazine. Look for this contest each month.



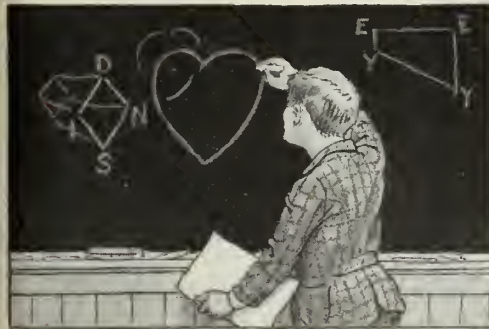
8



6



9



7



10

PICTURE SCENARIO CONTEST No. 3

\$1.00 Prizes to
(Continued)

- Mrs. Lue J. Lloyd,
Madrid, N. M.
- George Wheeler, Lombard, Ill.
- Miss May Dixon,
Napa, Cal.
- William W. Thomas,
Stamford, Conn.
- Jean F. MacDonald,
Detroit, Mich.

CORRECT ANSWERS FOR MARCH

- 1. Marie Doro.
- 2. King Baggott.
- 3. Guy Standing.
- 4. Hazel Dawn.
- 5. Fred Burns.
- 6. Francis X. Bushman.
- 7. Roscoe Arbuckle.
- 8. Mary Pickford.
- 9. Paul T. Lawrence.
- 10. Evart Overton.



Seen and Heard at the Movies

Where millions of people gather daily many amusing and interesting things are bound to happen. We want our readers to contribute to this page. One dollar will be paid for each story printed. Contributions must not be longer than 100 words and must be written on only one side of the paper. Be sure to include your name and address. Send to: "Seen and Heard" Dept., Photoplay Magazine, Chicago. Owing to the large number of contributions to this department, it is impossible to return unavailable manuscripts to the authors. Therefore do not enclose postage or stamped envelopes as contributions will not be returned.

Death, Where is Thy Sting?

TO every man upon this earth
 Death cometh soon or late,
 And how can man die better
 Than facing fearful odds
 For the ashes of his fathers
 And the temples of his gods?"

The above extract from "Horatius at the Bridge" was being recited in English class one morning, when one young man aroused the class by declaiming:

"And how can man die better
 Than facing fearful odds
 For the ashes of his fathers
 And 'The Daughter of the Gods?'"

Gertrude Mueser, Elgin, Ill.

No Chance

AFTER talking continuously through a seven-reel picture, a lady turned to her companion with the remark, "Well, Mary, are you better? Did you get over your bilious attack?" To which her no less loquacious companion replied, "Yes, but my tongue is still coated."

The irate old gentleman sitting in front of them could hold in no longer. "It can't be, madam," he exploded. "You never heard of grass growing on a race track."

G. Champagne, Ottawa, Canada.

The Password

IN England a sentinel on night duty was walking up and down along the border when he saw a figure in the dark and called out, "Who goes there?"

The answer was, "Chaplain."
 "All right, Charlie, go ahead."

Pearl Quincy, New York City.

Perhaps the Punk Pictures Help

THANK heavens, there are no mosquitos here!"

"Of course not; the screen keeps them out."

Lee F. Rodgers, Portsmouth, Va.

A Poor Excuse—

HE had not taken much interest in the picture, and suddenly grabbing his hat, he whispered to his wife:

"I thought I heard an alarm of fire. I'm going to see where it is."

The Mrs., whose hearing is less acute, made way for him in silence and he disappeared. About twenty minutes later he returned.

"It wasn't a fire after all," he said.

"Nor water either," she sniffed.

Arthur L. Kaser, South Bend, Ind.

Graphic

IT was in a movie show during the showing of a war picture. A recruit in the audience asked his friend, who had evidently been at the front, about his experience when the shell struck him.

"Well, first you 'ears a 'ell of a noise, then the nurse says, 'Ere, try an' drink a little o' this.'"

Jack Taylor, Karnoc P. O., Manitoba.

Extravagance

TWO little boys were attending a long serial picture. Both watched the screen for an hour or so, when the sandman finally got the better of five-year-old Bennie and he went to sleep. At the change of a reel, Walter, seeing Bennie sound asleep, grasped him by the shoulder, shook him and in a loud whisper exclaimed, "Wake up, Bennie, don't you know you're just wasting money?"

J. A. Christiansen, Whittier, Cal.

A Slight Anachronism

LITTLE Freddie accompanied his mother to the presentation of "Joan the Woman." The scene in which Joan is burned at the stake brought to his mind reminiscences of former days in the pictures, and in the silence of the house his voice was clearly audible as he whispered, "Will they do a war dance now, mother?"

John B. Cullinane, East Boston, Mass.

(Continued from page 90)

Beloved Enemy," the story of a girl who loved a villain and crook just because she couldn't help loving him. Sylvia Leigh, a boarding-school rosebud, goes home to find that her father, whom she adored, has been ruined by the machinations of a mysterious stranger. Thenceforth Sylvia makes it her business to find this man. She is going to get him. So she does, but on a different plan. An extremely clever scene is the man's burglarizing of a safe in an office building, and his outwitting, in neat fashion, of a night watchman and a policeman. Leaving the scene of his depredation, he meets the girl who thinks she hates him, in her car. He asks her to take him safely away. And she does. Why? Because she loves him. He tells her so, and she admits it. At the finale we are shown that the man of mystery belongs to the United States Secret Service, and that papa, despite his love for daughter, was a pretty naughty egg. Wayne Arey is delightful as the big lover, and Doris Grey equally appropriate as Sylvia.

Frederick Warde in "The Vicar of Wakefield," gives a sort of classic dignity to the month's Pathe programme. This piece is a worthy staging of an enduring masterpiece.

I HAVE seen four of Mr. Fox's plays this month. I should have seen more, I suppose, but only these swam into my ken:

"Sister Against Sister."

"The Tiger Woman."

"A Child of the Wild."

"The Scarlet Letter."

The first is one of the demoniac doubles they wrap about Virginia Pearson's statuesque ivory shoulders. Two little children, both played by Katherine Lee, and very well, grown up to be Virginia, Saint and Sataness. Virginia the Saint loves and is loved by Irving Cummings, an incipient governor. Walter Law, master of Virginia the Sataness, compels his creature's maladministrations, and the sprouting statesman is pitched headlong over a woman's feet to oblivion and worse. In the end, he marries the saint, and the lady satan dies a lunatic. *Cui bono?*

In "The Scarlet Letter" we at least have a sincere and dignified attempt to photograph a great story. That the attempt is not a huge success is not the fault of the actors, but rather of a lack of im-

agination in adaptor and director. Stuart Holmes is featured as Arthur Dimmesdale, and Mary Martin is an acceptable Hester Prynne.

"A Child of the Wild." June Caprice, frolicking after her fashion for June Caprice admirers.

"The Tiger Woman." A whaling big vamp chance for Theda Bara, in a Russian setting. It will be popular wherever "vamp" is a household word and Chesterton, Shaw, Dreiser and such are never heard of. So wide is notoriety and so narrow is fame.

IN "The Web of Desire" you will find one of the most carefully made and convincing World photoplays in many months. The story is the lifelike one of two people happy in poverty and obscurity, intensely unhappy in wealth, minor celebrity and the search for more wealth. Ethel Clayton, Rockcliffe Fellows and Stuart Turner have the chief roles, and the play is excellently and carefully staged.

"The Dancer's Peril" is an unusually strong Russian story, with no anarchist nor attempts upon the life of the Czar. Alice Brady plays a dual role, and in the spectacular scenes Alexis Kosloff and a huge and real Russian ballet appear, dancing the Rimsky-Korsakoff "Sheherazade." So much for fidelity to props and persons.

"A Girl's Folly," capitably acted by Robert Warwick, Johnny Hines, Doris Kenyon and Jean Adair, is the story of a country maiden's disillusionment. The male occasion, a motion picture actor somewhat conceited, not above preying on innocence when innocence makes furious demands—yet, having a conscience. It's a human part and it's a human story. This is a good thing for a lot of girls to see; perhaps it will lead a few of them toward sane, discriminating and helpful admiration, and away from the abomination of idol worship.

"THE Courage of Silence," a Vitagraph vehicle for the talents of Alice Joyce, is one of the best plays to come from Brooklyn in months. It is by Milton Nobles, directed by W. P. S. Earle, and it approximates life. It contains neither heroine nor hero, villain nor vamp. It is magnificently acted by Miss Joyce, Harry

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"Size 14—Misses' Department"

(Continued from page 40)

would jeopardize her short loveliness with a barrel skirt.

"The idear, Mame!" says Lizzie. "No; them's for the big birds."

As for the long skirted evening gown which is also to be stylish, its grace cannot be disputed by any girl—even by those who take Size 14—Misses' Department. Even the five-foot-tuos must be dignified at times and petite women have always loved the dignity afforded by a train. One of the tiniest and most winsome of the film heroines recently ordered, on sight, a lovely gown of white spangled chiffon with silk net draperies flowing off into a slight train. Save for the absence of sleeves, one might have thought it an Easter wedding gown. But then, there already happens to be a stalwart six-footer of a husband owned outside of films by this five-foot-two star.

What Keenan Did at High Noon

(Continued from page 77)

That worthy looked Keenan over at some length, gazing long and earnestly at the well tailored clothes and the general air of big town experience. Finally he spat meditatively on the hot stove and remarked:

"Frank, if you'd listened to me you'd a been *some* druggist."

Keenan returned the appraising look, let his eye rove around the dilapidated counters with their cobwebbed stock, and then replied: "Yes, sir; and if you'd of come with me, as I urged, you'd of been *some* actor."

An old man who sat smoking in the corner looked up at this point, removed the corn cob from his mouth and remarked, shaking his grizzled head. "The Lord understands all. He sure was good to both professions."

A Request to Our Readers!

HAVE you been confused into buying any other moving picture publication under the impression you were purchasing PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE?

The name has been imitated closely, and to such an extent that we have been obliged to appeal to the United States courts to protect rights to our own name.

We would appreciate it if you would report any experience of this kind that has happened to you, or any cases that have come to your attention.

(Continued from page 131)

the editor of the department, the director and the manager of production, discusses the story from the different viewpoints. They decide upon the manner in which the story is to be played and the continuity writer, under the supervision of the editor of the department, makes his adaptation. Having completed his work, he turns the script over to the editor of the department, who checks the work and O. K.'s it or sends it back with corrections, as the case may be, after which it is returned to him and then sent to the production office.

The production office checks the script for possible faults from a producing standpoint and then turns it over to the director, ten days or so in advance of the date he is expected to start its production.

The director is given several days to read the story, thoroughly digest it and make his criticisms or suggestions. We insist, however, that his criticisms be constructive. Almost without exception, the director will be able to improve the story with an idea here and there. He makes his notations, turns it back to the production department, which in turn, if the director can justify his points, O. K.'s them and returns the script to be rewritten, embodying the changes. After the perfect script is completed, it is again sent to the production office where an estimator estimates the cost of production. The estimate sheet printed herewith gives some idea of just how the script is picked to pieces. This is done in conference with the director.

Next, the estimate is sent to the executive office with a request for an appropriation, which, unless there is some good reason to the contrary, is granted, and the production department is given authority to expend the amount of money appropriated for this particular picture. It is to be noted from the estimate sheet that each department gets its certain allowance, and is notified by a copy of this estimate that that is a maximum allowance for this particular picture. If any more is needed, an additional appropriation from the production department must be secured.

The director now takes his script to the specification and set man in the production office. Scene plots are made out for the entire picture. In case of special sets, artists make free hand drawings. If the picture is in a foreign atmosphere or is of

a certain period, the script goes to the research library. The librarian selects plates and books accurately describing the architecture, customs and costumes of that particular period or locality and places them at the disposal of the director, so that the sets may be accurate.

After the scene plots are made out and the drawings of the special sets completed, the director O. K.'s each one of them and the production office sends them to the technical department with the date and the hour on each plot, specifying when it is wanted.

In the same manner, wardrobe and prop plots are made out. These prop plots are made out in minute detail for each set, even down to the last lead pencil, and sent to the property man, who immediately checks up his props, notes the date and hour wanted and selects them from his stock, placing them aside for this particular picture at the particular time wanted.

The director then, in conference with the head of the casting department and the manager of production, casts his picture from our stock. (we carry about 300 actors and actresses of various types on the payroll and in stock at all times). The actors are cast *for the picture*, without any regard for alleged stars. If there is a maid in the picture, we insist upon her being a good maid. An actress who plays a maid in one picture may play a lead in the next and vice versa.

From this point on, the director has but one thing to do and that is to tell his story. As an illustration: He has requested Set No. 1 for nine o'clock on Monday morning. We now have a night construction crew at Universal City and Set No. 1, and possibly No. 2, is erected Sunday night, papered and painted. At seven-thirty o'clock Monday morning the prop room delivers on that set all the furniture and hand props that were called for in that particular set. Within half an hour the dressing squad, in charge of an interior decorator, dresses the set, an expert draper hangs the drapes, and a picture man hangs the pictures if any are called for. At eight-thirty the director, with his people and camera man, are usually on the set, and the head of the laboratory, who is in supreme command of all the camera men, O. K.'s the

(Continued on page 168)

The Wild Woman of Babylon

(Continued from page 82)

Talmadge, and very shocking to the conventional mind are some of the things she tells you about herself.

"Am I domestic? I am not. I can't cook and don't want to, and I'm sure I hayn't the slightest idea on which finger you put your thimble when you sew. I don't mean to marry for years and years, either,—I'm too happy as I am.

"At home we used to play show in the cellar, and we made mother come as audience, and when she didn't like the show, we used to lock her in so she'd have to stay. It was pretty damp and cold down there, and mother caught rheumatism, but Norma and I were the actresses, so she stood it with fairly good grace. Sometimes we had a circus. Once we locked all the neighborhood cats and dogs into the cellar for the wild animals. We heard a terrible tumult in the night, and in the morning we found a dead kitten and two badly mauled dogs. We were awfully sorry about that, because we loved animals."

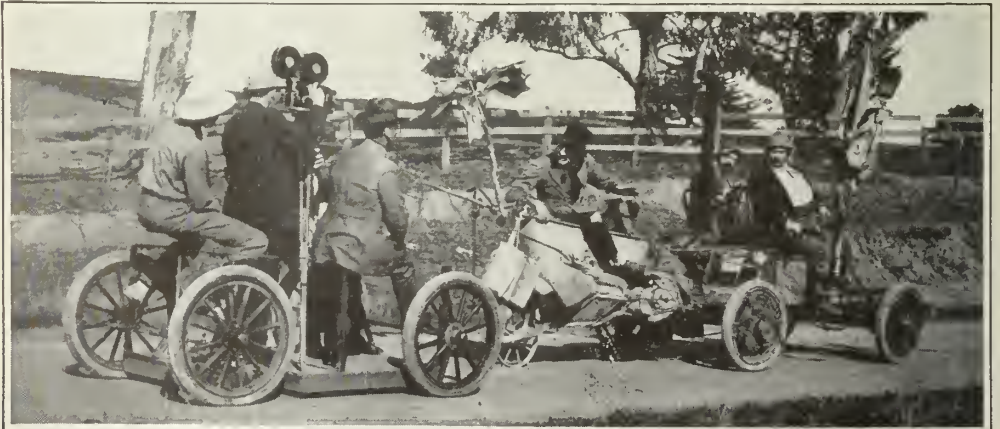
How did Constance Talmadge, almost unknown, come to play the coveted part of the Mountain Girl. There had always been a suspicion in my mind that Mr. Griffith saw Constance and "wrote her in," as a final stroke of genius. But that's because I didn't know history. It seems such a character existed in legend or history, and the way Mr. Griffith happened to pick Constance was as follows:

"I went to see Mr. Griffith in New York one day with Norma. Right away he exclaimed, 'The Mountain Girl!' I was a bit angry and puzzled. 'Mountain girl

indeed!' I glanced down at my smart new tailor suit, at my modish shoes and gloves. Then I decided it must be my hat,—that it probably wasn't on straight. I was pretty mad, but of course I didn't say anything. He kept looking at me, and by and by he asked us to go for a ride in his new car. We went, and he dashed around corners and across streets at a terrible rate. I sat with him and enjoyed it hugely. And when I laughed with joy when we dashed through the throngs,—two policemen stopped us at different times,—he again said, 'The mountain girl.' I guess he was testing me out to see if I were really as daring as I looked. I'm glad he found out that I was."

As to Miss Talmadge's early career—

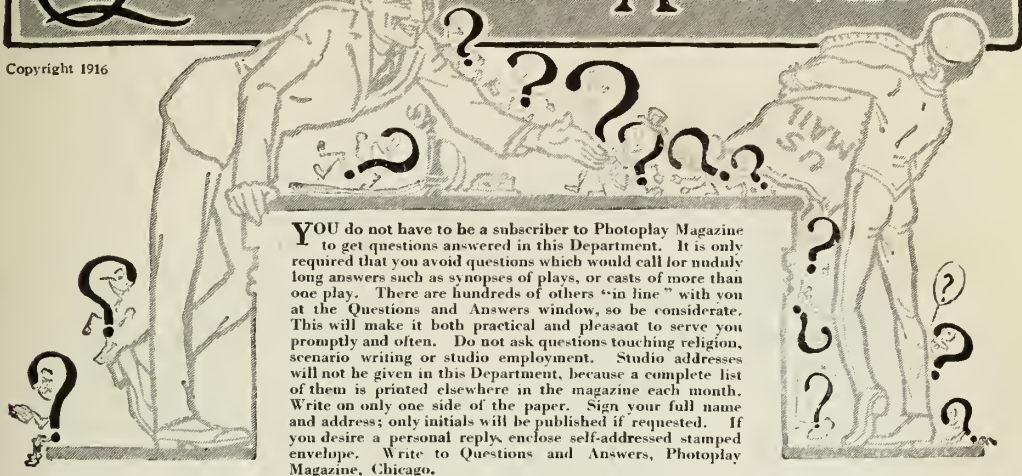
"I used to dress up in my best and go over to the Vitagraph studio in New York, where Norma was working, hoping somebody would see me and want me. I was little and skinny, and I guess I got in everybody's way. But I used to dress up in all the different kind of rigs I could get hold of, dreaming of the day when some director would point me out and say: 'There's the very type I've been looking for.' But nobody did. Then one day I heard them say they were looking for a homely, skinny little girl to play a bit. My vanity was all gone by that time. 'Will I do?' I asked. The director pulled one of my taffy-colored pig-tails and told me I was a bit too homely and too skinny, but I might try! Thus were all my dreams dispelled, but thus did I become a motion picture actress."



No matter how fast the alleged auto in front goes, the director and cameraman in the rear will be right on deck. Here they are filming some foolery of Kolb and Dill at Santa Barbara, Cal. Of course the "truck" behind is not seen on the screen

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

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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 nudely long answers such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. There are hundreds of others "in line" with you at the Questions and Answers window, so be considerate. This will make it both practical and pleasant to serve you promptly and often. 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.

CLEO, KEOKUK, IA.—Cannot understand your complaint concerning the manner in which William S. Hart attires himself. We have always been under the impression that he is usually dressed up. As a matter of fact, in every picture we have seen him he has been dressed to kill.

FLOSSIE, BIG SANDY, MONT.—No, thanks, don't care for any homesteads this morning. If you don't mind, we'll kinda hang on to our present situation. Address Marie Doro, Famous Players studio, New York.

OLIVE, SAN FRANCISCO.—So far as we know, Carlyle Blackwell's wife has never appeared in pictures, although she was of the stage originally.

M. N., CLEVELAND, O.—The reason you have not seen Wheeler Oakman since "The Ne'er-Do-Well" is because he has not appeared on the screen since. When he is seen next it will be in the Mabel Normand comedy drama "Mickey," but no one seems to know when it will be completed. Edward Arnold is with Essanay in Chicago. Viola Dana and Mabel Taliaferro are married. Robert Walker is married. He was born in 1888. Some of the film plays Oakman has played in are "The Spoilers," "The Rosary," "Shotgun Jones" and "The Cycle of Fate."

TEDDIE, LARCHMONT, N. Y.—Couldn't find your stamp, which accounts for your appearance here. Douglas Fairbanks has but one son. Edward Earle was recently married. Blanche Sweet is with the company which is to produce the Frohman stage plays. Marguerite Clark is four feet ten inches small. Ethel Barrymore lives at Mamaroneck, when she is not in the city.

DOROTHY, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.—From your description, Dorothy, we should judge that the fruit which you saw eaten for breakfast in the photoplay was grapefruit. Don't you ever see any of it in Australia? After you get acquainted

with it and can keep the juice from squirting into your eyes, you get to like it. Carlyle is pronounced as it is spelled with the accent on the auto—that is, the *Car*. You're supposed to lawf here.

A. B. C., SULPHUR SPRINGS, ARK.—Only the most important players are under contract—and a number of those who were snared at an early age at excursion rates. Theda Bara is entirely unmarried. "What is required of a person to be an actor?" We'll have to think this over until next month, Archie.

P. J., WESTON, O.—Jack Sherill attains his majority this year. We are in ignorance as to his favorite amusement, but as a guess we should venture, acting. "Whom did he marry and why?" At first glance it seems that this is a rather personal query. His marriage was recently annulled.

M. A., ST. CATHERINE'S, ONTARIO.—Owen Moore was born in Ireland but is an American by adoption. He is still the husband of Mary Pickford. We have no record of Paul Capellani's matrimonial status. Conway Tearle is a half brother of Godfrey Tearle, the English actor. Valkyrien, in private life, is the Baroness DeWitz, a Dane, not an Austrian. Grace Darmond is not married. Her home is in Chicago.

L. M. D., PITTSBURG, PA.—So you think the "silent menace" in "Pearl of the Army" is Frank Mayo? Well, it isn't, as Mr. Mayo is in California and "Pearl" is an Eastern production. Dorothy Gish is to celebrate her nineteenth birthday this year. She is a big five-footer and her displacement is around 110 pounds. The bathing beauty in the "Broadway, Cal." story is Myrtle Lind, a Keystone nymph. Send the lilies.

CECILE, DALLAS, TEX.—Mr. Lockwood has a wife and child, but our information is that they are living apart. Address Petrova at Lasky's, Niles Welch, Technicolor, Jacksonville, Fla.,

David Powell, 22 East 33rd St., New York, Earle Foxe at Selznick, Olga Olova, Eugene Strong, Maurice Costello and Ethel Grandin care Erbo-graph, 203 West 146th St., New York, and Geraldine Farrar, care Metropolitan Opera Co., New York.

SMILING LAD, MINNEAPOLIS.—We agree that your introduction to PHOTOPLAY was unique. It isn't every 'bo who gets a chance to read such good stuff while waiting for a hand-out. Frank Keenan has been in vaudeville. Glad you like the Props stories. So does the author.

M. H., BOISE, IDAHO.—House Peters was born in England and was on the legitimate stage for a number of years before entering upon his highly successful screen career.

C. P., COLORADO SPRINGS, COL.—Yes, it was Mae Murray in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs." If Fannie Ward is 47, it is news to us. We were under the impression she was in her early teens. The cast for "Three of Many": Nina, Clara Williams; Emil, Charles Gunn; Paul, George Fisher.

CLIO, COTTESLOE, WESTERN AUSTRALIA.—Most of the addresses you want will be found elsewhere in this issue. Letters sent to players in care of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will be forwarded to them. Herbert Rawlinson's wife is Roberta Arnold, a player on the legitimate stage.

B. H., JAMAICA PLAINS, MASS.—Can't understand why you ask us for Miss Roland's address when you have been corresponding with her. Write to Wallace Reid and his wife, care of Lasky studio, Los Angeles. Most of the players prefer not to have their home addresses made public.

A. L., WICHITA, KANSAS.—Not Harold Hollingsworth, but Emmanuel Turner, was cast as "Beauty" Smythe in "The Tarantula." Harry Hollingsworth was in this picture, however. He was Teddy Steele.

E. H., ANN ARBOR, MICH.—You guessed wrong. It's the elevator boy in our office building who writes the poems. Mrs. Vernon Castle is now in England. McClure Pictures are located in the McClure Building, New York City. Herbert Delmore was the doctor in "Broken Chains." Niles Welch will be 29 this year. Write early and often.

HARRY, CHICAGO.—Edwin McKim was a director for Lubin but his present address is unknown to us.

MADLINE, NEW YORK CITY.—Claire Whitney and Stuart Holmes are not married. Harold Lockwood and May Allison are with Metro in Los Angeles. Edna Mayo and Teddy Sampson are in your city, but at this writing are not affiliated with any company.

M. S., NEW YORK.—We have no knowledge of Helene Ziegfeld, but if she played with Tom Terris, she is probably in England. At any rate, we are fairly certain that she is no relative of Billie Burke.

C. G., TORRINGTON, CONN.—Broncho Billy wasn't dead the last time we saw him—just a few weeks ago. His name is Gilbert M. Anderson. Sorry, but don't think we have time to look over any poetry.

J. B., DALLAS, TEX.—So you were disappointed when you saw Kerrigan in person because he had his face painted. Well, it's too bad that some of our leading film players cannot be content away from the sound of clapping hands.

Wheeler Oakman was the man opposite Kathryn Williams in "The Ne'er-Do-Well." Billie Burke is scheduled to return to the legitimate stage. Write whenever the spirit moves you.

JENNIE, FRANKFORT, KY.—We were just about to tell you that Crane Wilbur was single when word came that he has married again. The current Mrs. Wilbur is not an actress.

C. C., NORTH YAKIMA, WASH.—Bobby Harron did not go with Mae Marsh. He is still with Fine Arts. Harry Northrup played last in "Panthea." Glad den James, we think, is with Metro. Enjoyed your letter. Don't wait for another invitation.

A. B., RICHARDTON, N. D.—Don't think Francis Ford and Grace Cunard are engaged, as the former recently remarried his former wife and the latter recently married Joe Moore. Cleo Madison is not with any company at present. Tom Chatterton's photograph was printed in this magazine not so long ago. Send fifteen cents and get one.

M. E. L., DENVER, COLO.—Ethel Fleming is the wife of William Courtleigh, Jr. Dustin Farnum is now with Fox Film Corporation in Los Angeles.

S. B., WASHINGTON, D. C.—Earle Foxe has been jumping about from company to company since he left Lasky. His address is in care of the Dramatic Mirror, New York City.

M. L. N., DALLAS, TEX.—The Fox pictures which have featured Theda Bara are: "A Fool There Was," "The Devil's Daughter," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Clemenceau Case," "Kreutzer Sonata," "The Serpent," "Gold and the Woman," "The Galley Slave," "Carmen," "Destruction," "The Two Orphans," "Sin," "East Lynn," "The Eternal Sappho," "Under Two Flags," "Her Double Life," "Romeo and Juliet," "The Vixen," and "The Darling of Paris."

NINA, WORCESTER, MASS.—Sorry, but it's contrary to our constitution and by-laws to give out information or advice as to employment.

TO MY SCREEN FAVORITE

I am not maudlin; cares have made me old.
I have not written you and never shall.
I've penned no sonnets to your hair of gold—
Perhaps, it is not really gold at all!

I've mailed no quarter for your photograph;
My kiddies ask them for another cause.
I've never asked for work upon your staff.
Before your postered face I never pause.

No "Answer Man" I've questioned for your
life;
No touching gifts from me you've ever
had:

Old fogie-like, I really love my wife,
And Blue Bird Lassie and my Buster Lad.

Yet I'll be frank! You've taught me more
of Life
Than priest or poet, prophet lips or peer;
You've made me stronger for the common
strife:

In gratitude I'll ever hold you dear!
—Roscoe Gilmore Stott.

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R. J. W., CHARLESTON, W. VA.—Annette Kellerman is none other than Mrs. Sullivan in private life. It is probable that she will be in another picture. Winifred Kingston was born in 1884.

J. C. M., NEW YORK CITY.—Hard luck, old top, but all the people you ask about are married—Charles Ray, William Desmond, Olga Petrova and Mary Pickford. Sorry to disappoint you again, but so far as we know they are all well satisfied with their respective selections. Olga Petrova and Louise Glaum aren't telling us how far back their birth year dates.

M. M. G., PORTLAND, ORE.—Whoever told you that Marguerite Clark is in New York most of the time knows what he is talking about, for she is with the Famous Players in New York City. Most motion picture people are glad to get words of praise and a majority of them answer all the letters that they receive.

P. R. A., BUFFALO, N. Y.—Here is the data you want about Marguerite Clark. She isn't married, is four feet ten inches tall, has hazel eyes and brown hair and was 29 on Washington's birthday. Or was it thirty?

B. A., PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Pauline Frederick was born in Boston. It is true that she has been married. Sure, we think she will send you her photo if you ask for it.

M. K. O., ATLANTIC, IOWA.—Anita Stewart is a member of the eastern Vitagraph Company, located at East Fifteenth and Locust Sts., Brooklyn. Any mail will reach her there. Theda Bara's address is in care of the Fox Film Corporation, Fort Lee, N. J., Clara Kimball Young with her own company and Mary Pickford ditto.

T. A., RENNELAER, N. Y.—Jean Southern is associated with Art Dramas. "Whoso Taketh a Wife" is one of her recent picture vehicles.

E. H., DALTON, GA.—The Signal Film Company is a branch of the Mutual Film Corporation and is located in Los Angeles, Cal. Theodosia Goodman is the name by which Theda Bara was formerly known.

S. E. M., PASSAIC, N. J.—Blanche Payson is no less than six feet three inches tall. There are any number of tall brunettes on the screen: Gail Kane, Theda Bara, Virginia Pearson and a great many others. Marin Sais is still with Kalem and is working in the California studio of that company. Irene Castle measures five feet, six inches. Glad you like so many things in PHOTOPLAY and we hope the "Peggy Roche" stories will interest you as much as "The Glory Road" did.

E. F. B., SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.—You lose. Niles Welsh did play with Mary Miles Minter in "Emmy of Stork's Nest," a Metro picture made something over a year ago. Violet de Biccari is the little girl you refer to in "The Unwelcome Mother." There has never been a Mary Miles Minter cover on PHOTOPLAY, but we will do the best we can about getting one for you. The cast of "Always in the Way" follows: *Dorothy North*, Mary Miles Minter; *Dorothy at the age of four*, Ethelmary Oakland; *Winifred North*, Lowell Sherman; *Mrs. Helen Stillwell*, Edna Holland; *May Stillwell*, Mabel Green; *Alan Stillwell*, Harold Meltzer; *Rev. Goodwin*, Arthur Evers; *Mrs. Goodwin*, Charlotte Shelby; *John Armstrong*, Hal Clarendon.

V. B. C., BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—Richard Travers was recently married for the second time. Address Bill Desmond at Culver City, Cal. Give you a list of all the handsome actors, Miss V. B. C.? My word, you don't expect much, do you? Can you imagine what would happen to us if we omitted one?

W. R., HAMILTON, ONTARIO.—Dustin Farnum is with the Fox Film Corporation in Los Angeles. His mail will reach him there. Until recently he was with Moroso. He, his director and his leading lady, Miss Kingston, all moved over to Camp Fox at the same time.

CUNARD-REID ADMIRER, DALTON, GA.—Grace Cunard wrote and is playing a lead in "The Purple Mask," a serial being made at Universal City. Miss Cunard was born in 1891.

PEGGY, WINDSOR, ONT.—Bertha Kalich was born in Germany in 1877. Her husband, Kenneth Hunter, is also with Fox. He has appeared in "Ambition" and "Daredevil Kate." Don't know how old Annette Kellerman is—somewhere around thirty.

A. S., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Your letter was one of the most delightful that has ever been received in this department. All of the "Beauty and Brains" girls did not elect to become screen actresses. Some of them returned home and others are now connected with studios in New York or Los Angeles.

H. L. C., MARION, OHIO.—Yes, "An Alien" is quite worthy of being seen twice. Blanche Schwed was little *Rosa* in this picture and Jack Nelson was the younger brother, *Phil Griswold*. Well, we won't tell Alice Brady what you said about her, although it was not in the least uncomplimentary. Actresses like to have their personalities admired as well as their complexions or their eyebrows. We know that Geraldine would be flattered to be called "a good scout."

B. W., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—You who have "never before written either to answer men or actor men," welcome to our circle. Harrison Ford has recently graduated from the legitimate stage—that's why you haven't seen him in pictures before. He is now playing at Universal City.

LITTLE COOK, CLINTON, MO.—Your menu looks great—on paper—and if it tastes as good as it reads, you are some cook. Here are the married couples featured in the "Who's Married to Who" articles which ran in PHOTOPLAY in 1915: Gypsy Abbott and Henry King; Gerda Holmes and Rapley Holmes; Marguerite Snow and James Cruze; Lois Weber and Phillips Smalley; Mary Pickford and Owen Moore; Alice Joyce and Tom Moore; Mabel Trunelle and Herbert Prior; Lolita Robertson and Max Figman; Bliss Milford and Harry Beaumont; Bessie Barriscale and Howard Hickman; Dorothy Davenport and Wallace Reid; Margarita Fischer and Harry Pollard; Louise Huff and Edgar Jones; Bryant Washburn and Mabel Forrest; Ethyl Cooke and Harry Benham; Hobart Bosworth and Adele Farrington; Mae Hotely and Arthur Hoteling; Winifred Greenwood and George Field; Mr. and Mrs. William Betchel; Margaret Thompson and Eugene Allen; Stella Razetto and Edward J. Le Saint; Edith Bostwick and J. Farrell MacDonald; Clara Lambert and James Daly; Gene Gauntier and Jack Clark. Edith Stroud Anderson and Clarence Elmert are the married couple whose pictures appear on page 94 of the April, 1915, PHOTOPLAY.

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New Machines for Half the Former Price

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 145)

Morey and Anders Randolph. A successful man of affairs in America, with a pretty wife and two adorable children, is sent to London to investigate his firm's foreign trade, and there, at an evening party, meets the wife of the Spanish Ambassador. Her life is murky with the quintessence of Latin suspicion, for her husband is jealous and abusive. It is quite natural that she should expand the first flash of physical attraction between herself and the American to something broader and deeper. He becomes her confidante and when he falls, falls hard. She proposes an elopement; he consents—having first returned to America, only to fly back—and writes his wife that he has discovered the ultimate happiness outside his home. So with the Spanish woman he crosses the English Channel. Here comes the bit of antiseptic which put the play by the censors: he opens his watch, and in the case she sees the photograph of his wife and children. She refuses to consummate or continue their unsanctioned alliance, for she did not know that he was a married man. This bit of snug unlikelihood may be pardoned for the story's general excellence. She becomes a sister of charity—he goes to Africa. The wife and children, on the advice of her father, follow him, with no bitterness, as far as Marseilles. There the children are taken ill, and it is of course the Spanish sister who is sent to nurse them. The little girl recovers; the boy pines for his father. The nurse sends for him, and eventually is the instrument mending the broken home. No woman on the screen looks more like a Spanish lady than Alice Joyce. Her suave, reposeful beauty appears to grow more effective each season. It is a joy to see such men as Morey, who plays Bradley, the truant husband; and Anders Randolph, the Spanish Ambassador.

"The Glory of Yolanda" starts well, but finishes absurdly. When will authors and directors realize that there may be human beings even in Russia?

"Arsene Lupin" is a careful and generally swift moving film replica of the French play produced a number of years ago. It has its monotonous moments, but these are discounted by the piece as a whole, and by the efficiency of the leading performer, Earle Williams.

"Kitty Mackay," an enduring vitalization of a Scotch comedy by Catherine Chisholm Cushing, a vogue a season or two ago, features Lillian Walker.

"ONE of Many," an interesting and carefully made production, is marred by an improbable story. Frances Nelson and Niles Welch play the principal parts.

SARAH BERNHARDT'S activities are as enduring as Gibraltar and dependable as the procession of the seasons. The Immortelle's latest enchaining of public attention is a film entitled "Mothers of France," issued with the sanction and said to have been made under the supervision of the French government. It is more like a panorama of war from the home angle, and while possessing little definite story, really retains interest through a showing of many interesting things connected with the war behind the lines. Despite her lack of a leg, Mme. Bernhardt is an untrammelled lead, even appearing on battle fields during—or so we are told by the awed press agent—action. If you see this picture you will note that the actress does not move from place to place while she is under your eyes. She may have to cross the room, but she crosses it while the camera is directing your attention to something else.

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In June PHOTOPLAY

(on sale May 1)

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Illustrated by R. F. James



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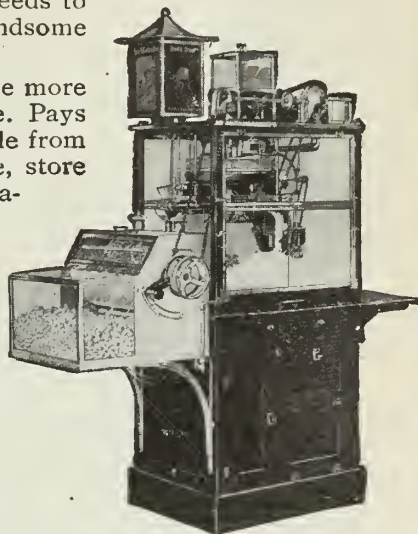
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Name

Address

(Continued from page 152)

N. H. D., MONTREAL, CANADA.—The scenario contest closed Dec. 31, 1916, and it would be manifestly unfair to accept any entries at this time. Obviously, we could do nothing with them.

BILLY, ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Should advise you to make application to some New York film company. We cannot aid you in obtaining a position.

R. B., NEW YORK CITY.—The battle scenes in "Civilization" were taken in the vicinity of Los Angeles. The capital scene was constructed especially for this picture at Inceville, near Santa Monica, Cal. Helen Tracey was *Lady Capulet* in the Fox version of "Romeo and Juliet." "Intolerance" is perhaps the lengthiest moving picture play.

I. T. A., OSSINING, N. Y.—What, you back here again? Well, come as often as you like. Carmel Myers is 17 years old and is now a full fledged leading woman with Fine Arts. Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks was Miss Betty Sully before her marriage. Phillips Smalley, Lois Weber and Mary MacLaren had the leading roles in "Idle Wives."

E. H., FORT WORTH, TEX.—If you haven't heard it before, you will be glad to hear that Anita Stewart and Earle Williams are to play together again. That answers one of your questions, doesn't it? Conway Tearle, we understand, is still married. Alma Reuben was the beautiful Spanish girl in "The Half Breed." Why don't you write Miss Glaum herself and tell her what's the matter with the way she wears her hair?

SHERRILL ADMIRER, APPLE CREEK, O.—Emma Calve never played before the camera that we know of. The "Then I'll Come Back to You" cast follows: *Barbara Allison*, Alice Brady; *Steve O'Mara*, Jack Sherrill; *Caleb Hunter*, Eric Blind; *Archie Wickersham*, Leo Gordon; *Harrigan*, George Kline; *Miriam*, Marie Wells; *Little Steve*, Ted Dean.

P. F. ADMIRER, GARDEN CITY, L. I.—No trouble at all. Glad to have done it. Miss Frederick's former husband's name was Andrews and he was an architect.

H. A., FELICITY, O.—Perhaps illness has prevented Cleo Ridgely from answering your letter. She has been very ill for several months and may be compelled to retire from the screen.

S. D. BOOSTERS, PHILIP, S. D.—You should worry about blizzards as long as you get your PHOTOPLAY on time! That was a blonde wig that Edith Storey wore in "The Island of Regeneration." J. P. McGowan is the husband of Helen Holmes and that is his right name. It was Lillian Gish in "The Birth of a Nation." George Ovey was born in 1884. Producers claim there is no demand for Western pictures at present, but Bill Hart keeps marching on. Wm. Farnum starred in "The Nigger." Kathlyn Williams and Wheeler Oakman in "The Rosary." Mary Pickford owns her own company so we can't give you her salary, and wouldn't if we could. Would keep it ourselves. Lillian Gish is not married. Charles Richman is. Is that all?

D. F., NEWPORT, ARK.—Sorry to have discouraged you, but we'd do it again. Harold Lockwood played with Mary Pickford in "Tess." Marie Doro is 34 years old and Blanche Sweet is 22. Elliott Dexter is Miss Doro's husband. He was the artist in "American Beauty." Betty Nansen has gone back to Denmark to fight for her country.

BAH, WILLIAMSPORT, PA.—What a wonderful guesser. Yes, we *are* young and extremely good looking. It was only yesterday that our youngest grandchild, who is studying for the pulpit, commented on our looks. Pronounce it Bah-rah with the accent on the *Bah*. We have no record of Mr. Robson. Thanks for your kind sympathy. It makes our rocky pathway so much easier to have people pity us.

EDITH, ST. LOUIS.—Darwin Karr does not claim any relationship to Francis Bushman. He is no longer with Essanay. Nell Craig has no sister with that company. Address Carlyle Blackwell at World, Ft. Lee, N. J. Outside scenes are taken in California all the year round. It's not so cold there as in St. Louis.

EILEEN, FORD CITY, ONT., CANADA.—You are right about Mary Pickford in everything except her eyes. They are blue. She has no children. The doctor in "The Foolish Virgin" was Paul Capellani. The only reason our own picture is not printed in the magazine is our friendship for the picture stars. They'd all die of envy, once they saw it.

C. Mc., TAMPA, FLA.—Yes, Wilfred Lucas and Mabel Normand played together in the old Biograph days. The last we saw of Clara Joel she was playing with John Mason in "Common Clay."

MOORE FAN, CHICAGO.—You were evidently misinformed about the report of a divorce.

F. L., CHICAGO.—Pleased indeed to introduce you to Miss Barriscale, Bessie, meet Frank. Frank, this is Bessie. Now that you have met her, you may write her care of Thomas H. Ince, Culver City, California.

M. D., BELLEVUE, TEX.—Accept our assurance that Mr. Chaplin walks just like anyone else in good health and in possession of all 'ocomotion' faculties. Theda Bara has no husband. Don't understand your flashlight question. Shoot again.

FRIDAY, STEVENS POINT, WIS.—You wouldn't have much trouble pronouncing it if you knew it was spelled M-a-h-l-o-n, would you? *May-lon*, with the accent on the *May*. Olga Petrova would probably write you if your letter were sufficiently interesting. Nothing like trying it anyhow. Address her care Lasky.

M. H., JEANERETTE, LA.—Try it again and segregate your sure-enough questions from the others. Meanwhile, you might grieve a bit over Tom Moore, for he is married. Alice Joyce is Mrs. Tom Moore, Mary Pickford is Mrs. Owen Moore, Matt Moore is unmarried and Joe Moore is married to Grace Cunard. Crane Wilbur's hair is not red.

ELEANOR, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—You overwhelm us with your praise; yet it listens well to us. Do it some more; we're only human. No, "The Birth of a Nation" is not to be withdrawn. Your comment on the individual companies is timely, but all of the players haven't been stung by the company bug. In a comparatively short time there will be mighty few of them, in our judgment.

E. R., GRASS VALLEY, CAL.—We have seen handsomer men than Tom Mix, but he's the best looking man of that name we have ever known. Yes, he's married. Thomas Meighan was *John Hale* in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." George Probert was the *Grand Duke* in "The King's Game." Pearl is still with Pathe. Thanks for your good wishes.

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With a perfect nervous system men and women might go on indefinitely, for the power of resistance lies not alone in the muscles, but also in the nerves.

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heart, brain, stomach, lungs and other organs of the body. When the nerves are deranged, the digestive organs are impaired; the blood is impoverished; insomnia comes on apace and a general nervous break-down follows.

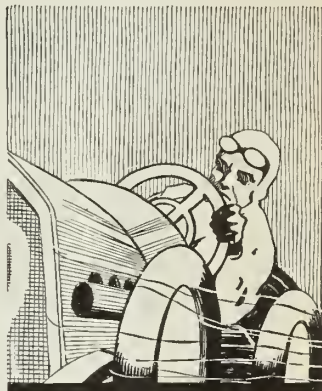
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SCHOOLGIRL, PITTSBURG, KAN.—There is no legislation which provides that one must finish high school before entering the movies, but it's a pretty good idea to do just that. Baby Marie Osborn is in her sixth year. Grace Cunard is now playing in "The Purple Mask." She is 26.

C. S., BROOKLYN.—Delighted to be of service, but after reading over your letter very carefully, we fail to discern any questions. Dandy letter though. We like to get that kind. We always send them in to the boss, so he'll know we deserve the raise he is just about to give us—maybe. Suppose you have learned that George Walsh's long hair is no more.

E. T., ALBERT LEA, MINN.—The youngest actress who is really entitled to that honor is Baby Marie Osborn, though there are many children who would dispute her claims. Harold Lockwood is thirty. Write him at 1329 Gordon St., Hollywood, Cal., and get a photograph.

E. K., LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Theda Bara will next celebrate her natal day on July 20. At this writing, D. W. Griffith is in New York.

ROSEMARY, ALTON, ILL.—John Emerson is the right name of John Emerson. At least we never knew him to bear another patronymic.

LOLA, BEAUMONT, TEX.—You sort of swamp us with your questions. Right off the bat, however, we like magnolias; also Theda. Kathleen isn't telling. "Personality" and photographic qualities are what count. The Fairbanks twins are on the stage.

B. C. S., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Miss Hackett was the wife of the late Arthur Johnson. Antonio Moreno is not married. Try and see if he wont send you one. You're the patient little girl, Betty, and we're sorry we kept you waiting.

MOO-V FAN, BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—Got it twisted. It's a him and he's really and truly not blind. His name is Frankie Carpenter.

R. C., SAULT STE. MARIE, ONT.—Oh, well, we're too modest to admit it, but then it's nice to be told we are. We'll tell the editor what you said about Elliott Dexter. Barrymore is on the stage. Um um, you're wrong, that was Adda Gleason in "The Voice in the Fog." Mae Murray's husband is not a movie actor. You know some actresses—if they're young and pretty—never get any older than 29. Some never reach 21.

J. P., SAULT STE. MARIE, ONT.—Another girl born the Soo! Maybe we did, June, anyway, we'll print your complaint. Here's what Miss Ontario says: "Tom Forman was the leading man with Blanche Sweet in 'Public Opinion'—the drug clerk was J. Parks Jones." Well, he ought to have been one with that name. S'bliged—if we were wrong.

E. T., CHICAGO, ILL.—Look on page 56 of December Photoplay. J. Warren Kerrigan was born in Louisville, Ky., in 1889. Married? Nope. Brothers and sisters? Yep.

R. F., CHICAGO, ILL.—"The Heart of a Fool" is not a Vitagraph.

M. S., COLUMBIA, S. C.—Didn't know Marguerite had a sister. Shirley Mason is "about 18." Pearl White is 28. Grace Cunard admits to 26. No bother. Billie Burke's maid in Peggy was Nona Thomas. Mae Murray swears she's only 20. Yes, Blanche has. That's right, always read the best department first. Thanks.

R. M. S., SAVANNAH, GA.—Gertrude Robinson is with American. Valli Valli is on the stage. She's 35 and her last film was "The Turmoil." Marshal Neilan is with Lasky. He was married.

R. M., FORT ROUGE, WINNIPEG, CAN.—Harrison is so shy about his age. He just wont tell. He's with Universal now. Address Universal City, California. Yessir, Grace really did go and marry Joe Moore.

B. D., ST. ALBANS, VT.—We apologize for that mistake. We'll refer your suggestion to the big chief. Here goes for that list: Jessie Lewis played the role of Fifi in "The Dark Silence." Paul Capellani was the doctor. Clifford Gray was the heroine's brother in "The Heart of a Hero." Don't know where the film was taken. In "Anton the Terrible" Edythe Chapman was the lady who croaked herself. Don't know about Harrison Ford's role. See studio directory for that Boston question. Viola Dana is with Metro and Tom Moore with Lasky. Have to pass No. 6—the cast doesn't show whether Dick was a dominic or not, nor who played the cripple. Blanche Sweet at present is loafing. Eight—we can and will some time. Mary Charleston is with Essanay. Mary Mac Laren is with Universal, but not with the Smalleys. Never heard of a little Castle. Mrs. Vernon has just signed up with a new company. Yes, Cleo did. Jack Pickford is with Famous. Fourteen—don't know. Gene is on the stage. Edna Mayo is at liberty. Whew! Now will Beatrice be good?

M. E. T., TORONTO, CAN.—Nope, we never had one. Don't know why not. Maybe we shall some day. Why don't you write Harry? We pass on these why-don't-the-wedding-bells-ring-out questions. You're as good a guesser as we are. We shouldn't mind giving June one good smack too.

JUNE, CHICAGO HEIGHTS, ILL.—Here y'are, June: *The Shine Girl*, Gladys Hulette; *the judge*, Wayne Arey; *the wife*, Kathryn Adams; *the child*, Ethel Mary Oakland; *the old gentleman*, G. H. Gilmore.

M. S., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—John Bowers and Tom Forman are still free. Don't know their ages. Yep, usually a quarter, and usually they'll answer.

B. B. ASHVILLE, N. C.—Louise Huff's next release will be with House Peters in "The Lonesome Chap" on May 3. 'Gainst the rules to print that query of yours about "Dixie."

A. G., BUTTE, MONT.—Cleo Madison is lead in "Trey o' Hearts."

BENEDICKTA, MITCHELL, S. D.—Anita Loos is with Artcraft. Richard hasn't appeared since. He's bashful about his age.

BILLIE C. and TOMMY T., BATH, N. Y.—Aw, we'd have known you're girls without your telling. Yes, William Courtleigh, Jr., is married, and to Ethel Fleming. Lillian Lorraine is still shy a husband. William Courtleigh, Sr., is 48. Richard Johnson played Joe Welcher in "Neal of the Navy." He's with Balboa now.

F. D., MILLERTON, N. Y.—Try Keystone, Los Angeles.

A. M. H., HAVERFORD, PA.—Conway Tearle is married. The lady is Mrs. Menges Corwin-Hill.

J. N. C., MATANZAS, CUBA.—No, we haven't it. Sorry.



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HEIMSTEIN, HAMPTON, VA.—Herbert Rawlinson is with Universal. "Thinking" what Arnold Daly is going to do, is wasting thoughts. He's the only one who knows and he probably won't tell. True Boardman is married.

G. G., EDMONTON, ALTA.—Barbara Tennant was "The Marked Woman." Don't know where it was taken.

H. T., SIOUX CITY, IA.—Ralph Kellard played lead in "Pearl of the Army."

SUNSHINE CLUB, CLEVELAND, O.—You're right—Antonio Moreno is engaged to Edith Storey. He was born in Madrid, in 1888. Educated in Spain and New York City. Came to the little U. S. A. when he was 14. Has played with Mrs. Carter, Tyrone Power, Constance Collier, Wilton Lackaye and William Hawtrey. Joined Vita-graph in 1914. Has appeared in "Island of Regeneration," "Dust of Egypt," "Price for Folly," "Kennedy Square," "Night of the Wedding," "Old Flute Player," "The Supreme Temptation," "The Shop Girl," and "The Tarantula." He likes riding, yachting, tennis and golf. Arthur Ashley is still on earth.

A. W., CINCINNATI, O.—Geraldine's father's name was Farrar; she was christened Geraldine and her husband's honest-to-goodness moniker is Lou-Tellegen. Easy when you know how to understand it. We have a hunch that Theda is very much Yankee in spite of press agents' talk about "foreign accent." She lives in New York. Shsh! Fannie Ward is 42. Don't know about Vivian. That last question is very personal, but we'll tell you confidentially that we are. Do you win?

AWE WERE SHIPPER, PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Quit your spoofing. We're taller than that and about ten years younger. So you'd better quit "conjuring." There are lots of 'em we wouldn't put on our chief, if they mailed them free and were autographed. Marguerite Clark answers letters and don't think we wouldn't pay a quarter for one of her pictures. We never experienced any great difficulty in lamping Peggy Hyland. William E. Shay can be reached at the Fox studios, Fort Lee, N. J. How can we send it to your friend when you don't give her name? Better ask Annette. We never heard of any. We'll tell the editor what you said.

B. H., DETROIT.—The last we heard of Earle Foxe he was with Selznick. "Panthea" was his last film.

B. B. I., EUGENE, OREGON.—Ethel Fleming didn't play with William Courtleigh, Jr., in "Neal of the Navy."

L. M. H., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—Mrs. Henry B. Walthall was at one time on the stage. Doesn't appear in pictures. Anna May Walthall is a sister. She has dark brown eyes and hair and has been three or four years in film-land. We have never seen her picture in a magazine. Ellis Paul and Mary McAlister are the two youngsters in "Little Shoes." Harold Lockwood is married.

JOLIE, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—'Lo, Jolie. How 'yare? Raving never makes us sore. We're used to it. But we can't speak Spanish so we might get peeved if you used much more of it. Marshall Neilan is directing. David Powell is at liberty just now. Yes, you're a wonder. Eighteen, pretty (sure you are) and yet don't want to be a movie actress! Don't believe yuh.

"CATERPILLAR," NEW YORK CITY.—Lillian Leighton is with Lasky. Careless Caterpillar! Send fifteen cents and get another. All right, c'mon back.

HELENA F., SCHENECTADY, N. Y.—Wellington Playter played both parts. Virginia Norden was the mother in "The Combat." Tyrone Power played opposite Edna Mayo in "Aristocracy." Miss Mersereau's address is Universal, Fort Lee, N. J. Yes, you asked plenty—you see, you're only one in a big crowd who all want to be answered right away, immediately, at once or a little quicker than that if not sooner. See?

L. H. G., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Mary Fuller is with Famous Players. Her home address used to be Iroquois hotel, New York City. Might try that. She's bashful about those age and marriage questions. Norma Talmadge was born in the skelter state—New Jersey. Now with Selznick. Valeska's birthday is a deep dark secret.

A. D. L., CHICAGO.—We're genuinely sorry not to be able to answer that one question especially when it's asked in such an interesting and sincere way. But we haven't a line of information on the gentleman with the uncanny attraction.

TEDDY, LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.—Don't be so bashful. They pay us an enormous salary just to answer questions—at least the big boss thinks it's tremendous. So do we—not. Elsie Esmond played opposite Thurlow Bergen in "The City"; James Hall opposite Julia Dean in "The Ransom"; Nona Thomas opposite W. S. Hart in "An Apostle of Vengeance"; Eugene Ormonde opposite Bertha Kalish in "Slander"; Wilmuth Merkye opposite Virginia Pearson in "Blazing Love"; Henri Bergman opposite Emily Stevens in "The House of Tears"; Walter Hitchcock opposite Emmy Wehlen in "Her Reckoning"; no one played opposite Mary McLaren in "Shoes"; John Bowers played opposite Dorothy Donnelly in "Madame X."; and George Larkin opposite Fritzie Brunette in "Unto Those Who Sin." That's all!

B. B., CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—She's still a single Pearl. Address is Pathe, Jersey City, N. J.

B. C., ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Weight before beauty? Constance Talmadge is five feet and a half tall and weighs 120 pounds. Dorothy Dalton carries 127 pounds and is five feet three—ain't she the chunky little kid? Harry Myers' address is Screen Club, New York. Harry says it's 190 pounds. Don't know about the others. Now, you and sister quit scrapping.

H. R., DES MOINES, IA.—We agree with you about some of those you slam but then we wouldn't dare say so right out loud. J. W. Johnston's address is Screen Club, New York. That's the best we can do. Harry Ham played with Elsie Janis. Lorraine Frost is with Metro. Sure, we'll say yes. Of course we don't like to contradict Harold about what he ought to know more about than we do, but we feel pretty sure he's made a mistake when he says he isn't married. We aren't bald and maybe if you write to the companies that made those pictures, they'll send you stills. We have no info. on Fayette Perry. Come again.

F. S., NEWARK, N. J.—Good looking film folk usually don't object to giving their pictures. Write Miss Talmadge care Lewis Selznick, 126 West Forty-sixth street, New York, N. Y.

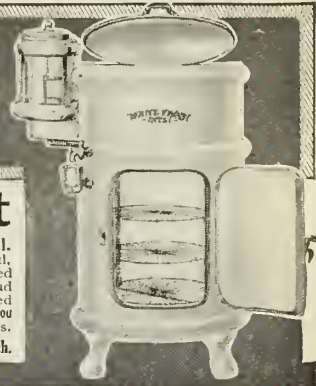


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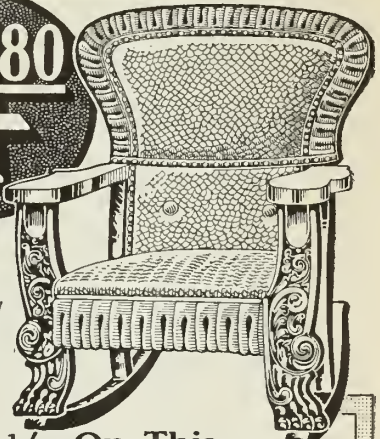
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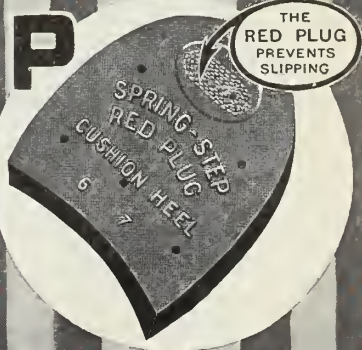
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FANNETTE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Here are the films W. S. Hart has appeared in: "The Bargain," "The Darkening Trail," "Keno Bates, Liar," "On the Night Stage," "The Disciple," "The Primal Lure," "Hell's Hinges," "Between Men," "The Aryan," "The Apostle of Vengeance," "The Captive God," "The Patriot," "The Return of Draw Egan," and "Truthful Tulliver."

E. R. B., CLARKSVILLE, TENN.—Dorothy Dav-
enport gets her pay check from Universal.

A. G., MACON, GA.—Yup, you're right. Edwin August is with Amalgamated Photo Play Service and Irving Cummings is with Fox.

F. A., CAMBRIDGE CITY, IND.—Why don't you write Mr. Sears and tell him you wish he'd do a little more heroing and less villaining. Don't forget to tell him you think he's so fine looking. It always cheers the poor dears. He was born in San Antonio, Texas, and has been on the stage since 1909. He began filluming in 1914.

DOT, LOWELL, MASS.—Howdy, Dot. It will be called the Warren Kerrigan Company. Will begin this month, at Los Angeles. He's been in vaudeville. Lockwood and Reid are in "The Squaw Man's Son." Goo'by, Dot.

F. T., KANSAS CITY, MO.—Marie Dressler is still in pictures. With World.

JUST NAOMI, ROCHESTER, N. Y.—We're pretty fierce as a rule, but we'll try and not scare you—seeing this is an introduction. Pleezedtomeetcha. Thanks for the compliment. "Ponies" are the littlest chorus girls in musical shows and are used 'as a foreground for the more stately show girls. Bobby Harron has played opposite Dorothy Gish. Some of the Beauties and Brains are doing screen work. Adele De Garde is with Vitagraph.

M. M. C., FREEPORT, L. I.—"Rebecca of Sun-
nybrook Farm." Can't answer No. 2 for sure, though Anita might. Mac Murray was born May 9, 1896. Yes, Jack Pickford's eyes are brown. Harold Hollacher is the youngster's name. Ever hear of a bird in a gilded cage? Thanks for your greetings.

W. T., SMITHTOWN BRANCH, L. I.—Pat O'Malley was king in "The King of the Wire." Have no cast of the other film.

G. M. G., LAWRENCE, MASS.—Cast of "Youth's Endearing Charm" is *Mary Wade*, Mary Miles Minter; *Harry Disbrow*, Wallace McDonald; *John Disbrow*, Harry Von Meter; *Mrs. Disbrow*, Gertrude Le Brandt; *Joe Jenkins*, Alfred Ferguson; *Mrs. Jenkins*, Bessie Banks; *George Horton*, Harry Clark; *Maud Horton*, Margaret Nichols. Cast of "Dulcie's Adventure": *Dulcie*, Mary Miles Minter; *Aunt Emmie*, Bessie Banks; *Aunt Netta*, Marie Van Tassel; *Jonas Spencer*, Harry Von Meter; *Harry*, Alan Forrest. F. X. B. and B. B. are NOT engaged. How could they be? Francis is married and has shown he doesn't believe in race suicide. J. Kaufman is a director with Arterraft. Mae Marsh is neither engaged nor married.

C. S., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Lucille Lee Stewart is at liberty; Miriam Cooper is with Fox, Los Angeles; Naomi Childers is with Vitagraph; Eddie Lyons and Christie Webster with Essanay.

L. M., TUCSON, ARIZ.—Sorry, we have no information on those two questions. And they came way from Arizona too!

LOUISE, NEWPORT, R. I.—William Courtleigh, Jr., is the "handsome fellow" you name. The pretty girl with the dark eyes you mention is not Mabel Normand.

E. M., NEW YORK CITY.—Here's a secret. It was never our ambition either. It was wished on us when we weren't looking. Shirley Moore and Anita Stewart are both with Vitagraph. Mary Pickford is in her twenties. Maybe Fannie is older than 40. Ladies usually don't exaggerate on that subject. Neither do we. But don't ask us our age. That's one question we don't have to look up, but we aren't giving it out. Being an Answer Man adds years to one's real age.

FARRAR FIEND, KERANG.—Eddie Polo has appeared in other Universal films than "The Broken Coin." No record of your second query. Our lavender hero was with Essanay before honoring Metro.

E. E., BALTIMORE, MD.—Anita Stewart and Lucille Lee Stewart are sisters. Glad we can answer you when you thank us so nicely. We won't quarrel over Anita.

M. H., WINNETKA, ILL.—Write Metro for a picture of Harold Lockwood. May Allison is not married.

M. G. S., MITCHELL, S. D.—Carlyle Blackwell's address is World, Fort Lee, N. J.

"RAINBOW," SAVANNA, ILL.—Florence Lawrence is no longer on the screen. She's married. So is Jack Mulhall. Yale Boss is 16 or 17. Glad we're the only magazine you like. Of course, we're too modest to say why.

MISS INQUISITIVE, SOUTH PASADENA, CAL.—We have no record of minor characters in "Hearts Adrift." Marshall Neilan's sweetheart in "Madame Butterfly" was Jane Hall. Address Famous Players. Ella Hall played lead in "Little Eye Edgarton." Address Universal. Louella Maxam was with Mack Swain in "His Bitter Pill." Address Keystone. Mrs. Flo Ziegfeld was Ethel Burke until she decided "Billie" sounded cuter.

F. K., PUEBLO, COLO.—Have no record of him. Tom and Ruth Chatterton are not related. Tom's address is American Film Company.

D. K. S., NEW YORK CITY.—"Under Two Flags." Dorothy and Adele are related.

S. M., NEGAUNEE, MICH.—William Courtleigh, Jr.'s picture appeared in March, 1917. PHOTOPLAY. Creighton Hale's in March, 1916; Grace Darmond on page 83 of "Stars of the Photoplay." Jean Sothorn played Myra in "The Mysteries of Myra." Howard Estabrook was Dr. Alden.

D. V. G., SOUTH PASADENA, CAL.—Address Myrtle Gonzales at Universal City, Calif. Lois Weber still is in pictures. We have no cast of "Evangeline."

M. F., SOUTH PASADENA, CAL.—We have no record of your query.

O. H. E., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—We have no record of your first question. Darwin Karr is playing opposite Ethel Grandin. Kathryn Williams is with Morosco. You probably can get a picture of Bill Farnum from Fox. Rockliffe Fellows is with World.



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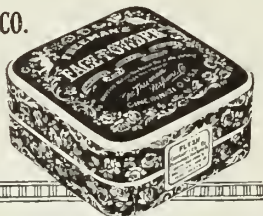
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L. P. C., NEW YORK CITY.—Sorry, we don't give home addresses when they are with film companies. She's still Miss Bara. We think she is too.

ROSETTA, JERSEY CITY, N. J.—Gladden James has never gladdened the pages of PHOTOPLAY with his happy countenance. Maybe he will some day. Don't lose hope.

U-13, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—H. B. Warner's first name is Henry. We think he's a crackerjack. He's been in PHOTOPLAY. Look up your back numbers.

J. S., KANSAS CITY, KAS.—Those are two posers to slam at us in your first letter. You could guess nearer than a poor question besieged man could. Write Marguerite for a "real picture." We don't give home addresses, so send it to Famous Players, N. Y. She earns enough to afford a secretary, but don't believe she has one. Mary Pickford is with Arcraft, New York City. We haven't the September, 1915, number, but have March, 1916. Blanche Sweet is on the cover of the April, 1915, number. Same to you, J.

F. M., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—H. B. Walthall is a southerner. He played two roles in "The Truant Soul." It is done by dividing the film and after taking the scenes down one half, the same actor in the opposite role appears on the other half. By careful calculation the action appears on the finished film to have taken place at the same time.

V. A., ST. PAUL, MINN.—Walthall and Bara are both Americans. Yes, Wally is a blond—the dear boy. Mae and Marguerite Marsh are sisters. Likewise Norma and Constance Talmadge. Don't know how you could reach your namesake.

TRIANGLE-BOOSTER, LAWRENCE, MASS.—His real name is Robert House Peters. Soon. Fairbanks has quit Fine Arts. It's pleasant to get such praise.

POLLY PEPPERS, BOONVILLE, Mo. — Rhea Mitchell is with American. You got Billy Jacobs under the wrong roof. Niles Welch played opposite Marguerite Clark in "Miss George Washington." You bet we're glad you used the typewriter. We haven't had time to see "The Lass" yet. Bye bye.

DANESE-20, NEW STRAITSVILLE, O.—I read excerpts from your letter to our art director. You know suggestions are always welcomed, even though they may not lead to direct results. But we did NOT read him what you said about us. Instead, we hurried over to a mirror, lamped our unbeautiful countenance and decided that even if our map never will be compared to that of sweet Harold Lockwood, or lovely Francis X., it surely isn't "old and fat and 72" as you suggest. Harry Hilliard Smith was born on Wednesday, October 24, 1886, at Cincinnati, O. Educated at Miami Medical College. Is five feet, eleven inches—170 pounds—light brown hair, brown eyes. On stage nine years. Not married. Played with Universal and Fox.

L. C. DE G., WAYNESBORO, VA.—Where do you get that venerable stuff? And why so afraid of us? No, you aren't too tall to register, and there's no age limit if you've got the ability. You seem to have some pretty good ideas about acting but it's a different proposition putting them into effect. We'll have to read "Susan Lenox."

H. B. T., GREENSBORO, N. C.—“The Great Secret” has been released. Millicent Fisher isn't in the east.

L. W. H., WATERBURY CENTER, VT.—You'll find a picture of Ann Pennington in a bathing suit in July, 1916, PHOTOPLAY. Here's the cast of “Heart of a Hero”: Nathan Hale, Robert Warwick; Col. Knowlton, Alec B. Francis; Guy Fitzroy, George McQuarrie; Tom Adams, Clifford Gray; Cunningham, Henry West; Thomas Jefferson, Charles Jackson; Alice Adams, Gail Kane; Widow Chichester, Clara Whipple; Amy Brandon, Mildred Havens. Don't know a thing about your fellow townsman.

M. F., NEW YORK CITY.—Ethel Grandin is married. Was born in 1896. June Caprice is 18—five feet one inch tall. Ella Hall is 21.

D. W., BRONX, N. Y.—The only birthdays we can give are Harry Hilliard, October 24; Lou-Tellegen, April 28.

A CORNSTALK, WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.—Petrova has no children. Don't know her birthday. We're shy on Harry Morey's matrimonial data. Baby Jack Curtis is no relation to Pauline Frederick. No information at hand on questions 5 and 6. Pauline is not married now. William Courtleigh, Jr., and Wheeler Oakman are not the same. Isn't it terrible to be able to see Petrova pictures only once in three months? Why don't you write to her producers? Why the “cornstalk” when you've got such a pretty name?

WHIMSICAL DREAMER OF DREAMS, GREENSBURG, PA.—The “sweet little Jap-American chap” was not given in the east. Master Harold Hollacher was the “Hulda from Holland” youngster. Lucille Lee Stewart is Anita's sister. Here is your marriage directory: Henry Walthall, yes; Earl Williams, no; Crane Wilbur, yes; Jack Pickford, no; J. Warren Kerrigan, no; William S. Hart, no; Carlyle Blackwell, yes; “Handsome Harold Lockwood,” yes; Theda Bara, no. Winifred Greenwood, Lottie Briscoe, Florence Lawrence, Florence Hackett and Matt Moore are at liberty at the time this is being written. Ed Coxen is with Selig. Now for the Pickford eye color directory: Jack, brown; Lottie, brown; Mary, blue. We know but we won't tell.

“NODDY,” MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA. — What keeps our poor old head from aching is getting interesting letters from the Never-Never land (isn't that what they call it?). First, let's shake hands over Bill Hart. We agree on the other gentlemen, too. A Yankee quarter is practically the same as an English shilling. Two dimes and one nickel make a quarter, so you see a nickel is tuppenny-halfpenny and a dime is—well, it's two nickels. “Poor Little Peppina” was filmed around New York City. That was a private residence. Your admiration for Americans is reciprocated and we get lots of our advanced ideas from your continent. Come again.

JULIA W., SALEM, W. VA.—We have no record of Bertha Phillip. Jack Kerrigan used to live somewhere in Indiana. Marguerite is very much Yankee. Florence La Badie is still with Thanhouser. Don't know Theda's age. Francis X. Bushman is married, but not to a dancer.

J. M., OAKLAND, CALIF.—Don't know whether Mr. Love is married or single. He might write. Why not try? Florence La Badie is with Thanhouser.

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L. R. OAKLAND, CALIF.—"Enoch Arden" (Biograph), *Enoch*, Wilfred Lucas; *Philip*, Frank Grandon. "Enoch Arden" (Mutual), *Enoch*, Alfred Paget; *Philip*, Wallace Reid. House Peters and Mabel Van Buren were leads in "A Girl of the Golden West," and Wallace Eddinger and Florence Dagmar in "A Gentleman of Leisure." Alice Taafe was the younger sister in "Not My Sister." Wilton Lackaye was leading man in "Trilby," Conway Tearle in "Seven Sisters." Chester Barnett in "Marrying Money," and Thomas Holding in "Sold." Cast of "David Harum": *David Harum*, William H. Crane; *Aunt Polly*, Kate Meeks; *Mary Blake*, May Allison; *John Lenox*, Harold Lockwood; *Chet Simson*, Hal Clarendon; *Deacon Perkins*, Guy Nichols. Cast of "East Lynne" (Biograph): *Lady Isabel*, Louise Vale; *Sir Francis Levison*, Alan Hale; *Archibald Carlyle*, Franklin Ritchie; *Cornelia Carlyle*, Laura La Varnie; *Richard Hare*, Edward Cecil; *Barbara Hare*, Gretchen Hartman; *Mother Hare*, Kate Bruce; *Afy Hallijohn*, Madge Kirby; *her father*, William J. Butler; *Bethel*, Hector V. Sarno. Blanche Sweet is not married. Thomas Meighan is.

"A BRONX GIRL," NEW YORK CITY.—Marguerite Fielding was *May* in "The Mischief Maker." Can't answer the other question.

MARY C. T., CHICAGO.—Theda's birthday is July 20. About two years. Always with Fox. June Caprice is 18. Howard Hickman has been on the stage since 1898. Constance Talmadge is with Fine Arts and Norma Talmadge with Selznick. Fanny Ward is with Lasky.

M. L. C., ALLIANCE, O.—Here are the films Mary Pickford has appeared in: "A Good Little Devil," "In the Bishop's Carriage," "Hearts Adrift," "Tess of the Storm Country," "The Eagle's Mate," "Such a Little Queen," "Cinderella," "Fanchon the Cricket," "The Dawn of a Tomorrow," "Esmeralda," "Little Pal," "Rags," "A Girl of Yesterday," "Madame Butterfly," "The Foundling," "Poor Little Peppina," "The Eternal Grind," "Hulda from Holland," "Less than the Dust," "The Pride of the Clan," "The Poor Little Rich Girl," "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

M. I., BAINBRIDGE, O.—The best we could do would be to make a guess. Oh, say about 196. Sound about right?

M. B., WARSAW, N. Y.—Marguerite Clark is with Famous Players; Mary Fuller, Lasky; Francis Ford, Universal; Earle Williams, Vitagraph; Anita Stewart, Vitagraph; Edna Mayo, at liberty; Frank Mayo, Balboa; Geraldine Farrar, Lasky.

K. W., ATLANTA, GA.—All right, here they are: Ruth Roland is with no company at present, address care of Balboa; James Cruze is with Lasky; William Russell, American; Jackie Saunders, Balboa; Yale Boss, at liberty; Henry King, Balboa; Bushman, Metro; Valeska Suratt, Fox; Crane Wilbur, Horsley; Blanche Walsh, on stage; Marjorie Daw, Lasky; Cleo Ridgely, at liberty; Irving Cummings, Fox; Beverly Bayne, Metro; William Garwood, Universal.

A. N. S., WILKES-BARRE, PA.—W. S. Hart is with Ince. He was born December 6, 1874. Think he would.

J. B., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Paul Willis is with Metro, in your town. No, it's durned hard work.

THE D. SISTERS, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Quit your scrapping. Still, it's over a good thing. As you'll probably get this number first, you might whisper to Frances (bet she's seven years younger and that's why you boss her around) that there is a Mrs. David Powell. Same to you and lots of 'em.

R. McK., COVINGTON, KY.—We managed to keep cool all through your letter. Mary Pickford has been on the stage since she was a kid. You'll have to ask her about Christmas. She never told us.

G. P., PASSAIC, N. J.—We have no record of who played the role of Kaiser. Glad you called down Mr. Johnson. These here clitors need it once in a while. You see he never reads what we write, so it's safe to say that. And to think that he would say such things about Crane Wilbur or Pearl White, the dears! Isn't it just too provoking?

M. C., LEAGUE CITY, TEX.—It's too bad, but we haven't a word of information on "the cutest little girl in pictures."

GERALD, ALBANY, N. Y.—Russell Bissett was the man.

A. W., OAKLAND, CALIF.—Wallace Reid will probably not appear with Cleo Ridgely any more. Well, we fooled you, here's the answer to that other question: "The Prison Without Walls," with Wallace Reid and Myrtle Stedman, and "The Squaw Man's Son," Reid and Stedman. Outsiders are allowed to make suggestions and if accepted they are paid for them.

L. B., MONTGOMERY, ALA.—We haven't any information on Colin Chase. Sorry.

J. L. S., SALIDA, COLO.—We don't know except that they don't make any more than they do. Everybody seems to be very fond of him. Glad you enjoy PHOTOPLAY.

"SNIPE," BERKELEY, CALIF.—Nice to have you agree with us. Gladys Hulette is with Than-houser. Marjorie Wilson was *Brown Eyes* in "Intolerance." Her address is Ince, Culver City, Cal.

R. G., PHILA., PA.—The cast of "The Daughter of the Gods" is: *Anita*, Annette Kellerman; *Prince Omar*, Wm. E. Shay; *The Sultan*, Hal de Forest; *Cleone*, Mlle. Marcelle; *Arab Sheik*, Edward Boring; *Zarrah*, Violet Horner; *Zarrah's Mother*, Milly Liston; *Chief Eunuch*, Walter James; *Moorish Merchant*, Stuart Holmes; *Chief of Sultan's Guard*, Walter McCullough; *The Witch of Badness*, Ricca Allen; *The Fairy of Goodness*, Henrietta Gilbert; *Nydia*, Katherine Lee; *Little Prince Omar*, Jane Lee; *Slave Dealer*, Mark Price; *His Wife*, Louise Rial.

K. O., INDEPENDENCE, KAN.—Gladys Smith is Mary Pickford's real name, but she and her whole family have taken the name of Pickford for good and she never wants to be called by any other name, unless perhaps "Mrs. Owen Moore." Mary's hair is golden. The little Japanese baby in "Hearts Adrift" has not been adopted by Miss Pickford.

C. B. M., WINNEMUCCA, NEV.—"Shorty" Hamilton was born in Chicago. He has been in pictures about four years. He is doing a series of pictures for Mutual.

(Continued on page 171)

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A Kitchener Among Cameras

(Continued from page 147)

light, and the director is off on his picture.

From this time on the production office will keep two or three sets ahead of him all the time, so as not to interrupt the continuity of his work. The assistant director reports to the production office twice a day the number of scenes "shot," so that the office is kept in constant touch with the work and progress of each director and can keep sets and props ahead, avoiding delay.

The head of the laboratory and the electrical engineer have copies of all scripts and have checked up all scenes in which special lighting is required. When the director reaches these scenes, he finds the lights provided for him and the electricians definitely instructed as to how to secure the special light desired in the set. If there are special tricks of photography called for in the picture, the head of the laboratory has worked them out before the director reaches them, and if they are out of the ordinary, he is usually on the job to assist the camera man and instruct him just how to obtain the desired results.

After the director has completed his day's work, the film is turned over to the laboratory, developed and printed and run the next morning by a force that gives him an O. K. on it. The laboratory may order "retakes," which are done immediately.

If the film is O. K. the print is sent to the film editorial department and is assembled in rough continuity as the work progresses, the film editor also having a copy of the script and a cutter assigned to this particular story.

Upon the completion of the picture, all of it has been assembled in rough continuity, and the director, the cutter and the head of the film editorial department run the picture, the director explaining to the cutter, in detail, his angle of the picture and his viewpoint. The cutter then cuts and assembles the picture, carefully building his drama and suspense, under the direction of the editor of the department, and after he has completed his work, the director is again invited to view the picture with the editor and the cutter. A few minor changes are usually made at that time and the picture is O. K'd by the director and the editor of the department.

It is then sent to the film critic, who has a private projection machine and room

of his own. This man is not in any way familiar with the story, and views the picture from the standpoint of the audience, writing a detailed criticism of the picture as a whole, of the work of each character, of the technical department's work, of the sets, etc., making such suggestions and criticisms as may occur to him.

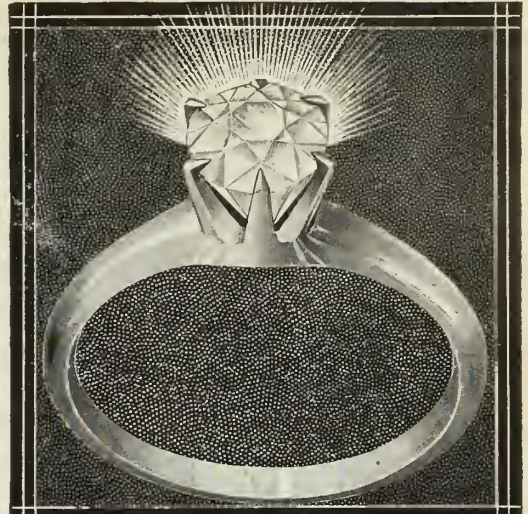
He then sends the picture to the laboratory with a holding ticket attached, the stub of which is sent to the executive office, together with several copies of his criticisms on this particular picture. These criticisms are read in this office, and if the suggestions made by the critic are deemed of sufficient importance to hold the picture and make the changes suggested, such changes are made. If not, the half of the holding ticket which accompanied the criticism is sent to the laboratory, which releases the picture and gives permission to ship it to New York.

The foregoing is a fairly accurate description of the path traveled by each picture leaving Universal City, and under this efficiency system the cost of our pictures has been practically cut in two and we have improved the quality to a great degree.

Not the least important result of our endeavors during the past year has been the building of an organization, every member of which is intensely interested in the high standard of our output, everyone from the errand boy to the director working with his heart and soul for the betterment of our pictures.

I feel that the future of the photoplay is entirely in the hands of the producers and I am sure that its future can be assured not only by the maintenance but by the continual improvement of its quality. The days of the old fashioned "motion picture" are past. People are no longer interested in the mechanical movement of figures. We are making dramas and selling emotion, laughter and tears and everything in between, and when we fail to stir the emotions or fail to provide entertainment that will make the audience forget all but the play that they are witnessing, we have failed in our production.

Lastly, I feel that the time has come when the producer should follow the picture through to his audience. It is not enough to make a good picture; the producer should go further and assure himself that the audience sees the picture as he made it for them to see.



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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

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STUDIO DIRECTORY

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal ones below. The first is the business office; (*) indicates proper office to send manuscripts; (s) indicates a studio; at times all three may be at one address.

AMERICAN FILM MFG. Co., 6227 Broadway, Chicago; Santa Barbara, Cal. (*) (s).

ARCRAFT PICTURES CORP. (Mary Pickford), 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

BALBOA AMUSEMENT PRODUCING Co., Long Beach, Cal. (*) (s).

CALIFORNIA MOTION PICTURE Co., San Rafael, Cal. (*) (s).

CHRISTIE FILM CORP., Main and Washington, Los Angeles, Cal.

CONSOLIDATED FILM Co., 1482 Broadway, New York City.

EDISON, THOMAS, INC., 2826 Decatur Ave., New York City. (*) (s).

ESSANAY FILM MFG. Co., 1333 Argyle St., Chicago. (*) (s).

FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM Co., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 128 W. 56th St., New York City.

FINE ARTS, 4500 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.

FOX FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City (*) (s); 1401 Western Ave., Los Angeles (*) (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

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LASKY FEATURE PLAY Co., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 6284 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

LONG STAR FILM CORP. (Chaplin), 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Cal.

METRO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway, New York (*) (all manuscripts for the following studios go to Metro's Broadway address.); Rolfe Photoplay Co. and Columbia Pictures Corp., 3 W. 61st St., New York City (s); Popular Plays and Players, Fort Lee, N. J. (s); Quality Pictures Corp., Metro office; Yorke Film Co., Hollywood, Cal. (s).

MOROSCO PHOTOPLAY Co., 222 W. 42d St., New York City (*) (s); 201 Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

MOSS, B. S., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

MUTUAL FILM CORP., Consumers Bldg., Chicago.

MARCEL NORMAND FILM CORP., Hollywood, Cal.

PALLAS PICTURES, 220 W. 42d St., New York City; 205 N. Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.

PATHE EXCHANGE, 25 W. 45th St., New York City; Jersey City, N. J. (s).

POWELL, FRANK, PRODUCTION Co., Times Bldg., New York City.

SELIG POLYSCOPE Co., Garland Bldg., Chicago (*) (s); Western and Irving Park Blvd., Chicago (s); 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

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WHARTON INC., Ithaca, N. Y.

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

(Continued from page 167)

A. G., GRIFFIN, GA.—Marguerite Snow's mail may be sent to the Arcraft studio. Marguerite Clark is still with Famous Players, but Douglas Fairbanks has just signed a contract with Arcraft. All of the "Pearl of the Army" episodes have not been released yet. Maurice Costello gets his mail at the Screen Club, New York City. Juanita Hansen is with Keystone. When requesting photographs of screen celebrities, don't forget to enclose the necessary bait of twenty-five cents.

T. G., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Thomas Meighan, the husband of Frances Ring, was born in Pittsburgh, so he can't be your long lost relative who was born in Hoboken.

BILLY BOY, FREMONT, NEB.—Sorry, but we cannot agree with you that the photoplays in which Pauline Frederick has appeared are not *descent*. So you want to see the smiling face of Bill Desmond on the cover? Well, we'll speak to the editor about it.

ODIE, SAN DIEGO, CAL.—All of those you are interested in usually send their photographs and replies to letters of appreciation. Bill Desmond is somewhere in his early thirties. The interviews are coming up.

MARIE, BELLEVILLE, ILL.—John Bowers was born in Indiana, but he isn't advertising the date. Nor his present condition of servitude.

ANITA, ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.—Should like to oblige you, but a search of our files fails to reveal any "cute" pictures of your favorites. Charles Ray is a half inch over six feet, Crane Wilbur is five, nine, and Kerrigan, six, one. So you think Mr. Kerrigan is sensible because he's not married? And do we think he would wear a crochet tie if you made him one? Undoubtedly. Crane Wilbur may be addressed care the Horsely studio, Los Angeles. *Van Dyke Tarleton* in "The Devil's Double" was Robert McKim. You fortunate girl, to be able to shake hands with J. Warren Kerrigan himself! Geewhilkker, how we envy you! Yes, he has a sister.

DOROTHY, ST. JAMES, MINN.—George Arvine is probably the same man who played in Philadelphia, as the name is an unusual one.

JIMMY, DUDLEY, ENGLAND.—Peggy Hyland and Anita Stewart are with Vitagraph, Brooklyn. Imagine they will be glad indeed to send their pictures to an admirer in England.

MOVIE MAD, JANESVILLE, WIS.—You are an excellent picker of pen names, judging from your request. However, editors are queer people and your request has been wished on the boss.

TWO B'S, PATERSON, N. J.—Paul Willis was the young soldier in "The Fall of a Nation." Alan Forrest is not with any company at present. A letter addressed to him at home will reach him. It's 1332 Cook Av., Lakewood, Ohio.

K. V., CANTON, O.—Here are the addresses you want: Hazel Dawn, Century Theater, New York; Mary Miles Minter, Santa Barbara, Cal.; Violet Mersereau, Universal, Fort Lee, N. J.; William Hart, Culver City, Cal.; May Allison, Yorke Film Co., Los Angeles.

N. F., FREMANTLE, WESTERN AUSTRALIA.—Pearl White has no other name that we know of and she gets her mail at Pathe's, Jersey City, N. J. She is 28, unmarried, has red hair and brown eyes and if she has freckles, she keeps 'em a secret by the usual method.

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FLORIDA FIRST, TAMPA, FLA.—Sure, we remember you well. Edith Storey admits that she was born in 1892 and Priscilla Dean asseverates that her birth year is 1896. We have no data on your other friends. The time for releasing a picture varies. Some are not released for several months after completion and some are released immediately. As an instance of the former, "The Red Woman," made by World with Gail Kane, was completed more than a year ago and was only recently released.

AL CHAMPION, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—Elsewhere in this magazine is a response to your query. As to your words of commendation, please accept our sincere thanks. And write again. We like to get that kind of letter

E. C. P., SPRINGFIELD, O.—Norma Phillips was the *Mutual Girl* in the series of that name.

E. S. H., TOLEDO, O.—Just to show you we aim to please, we shall try to find out something about Rockcliffe Fellows and print it in the form of an interview.

AMELIA, PHILADELPHIA.—Amelia, we fear that you have temperament. You know, if we were all of the same opinion about the merits of the players, many of them would be out of luck and quite a crowd of them would be riding in jitney busses instead of limousines. Even if the Misses Young and Bara are your favorites, we cannot devote all of our space to them. Hope you like the cover this month, anyhow. And please don't put any "d's" in "oblige" when you write to us again. (Wouldn't have said anything about that, if you hadn't been so peevish.)

SUSIE, BOYNE CITY, MICH.—Who was the *Laughing Mask* in "The Iron Claw?" Good old question! Creighton Hale, Susie, and he is not Pearl White's brother. Edward Coxen is married, but we don't believe his wife is an actress.

J. B., TIFFIN O.—Would a man with gold crowned teeth have any chance of getting into motion pictures? Well, we never heard of anyone being turned down on that account, but usually other qualifications are required. If kept in a state of high polish they might cause halation and if allowed to tarnish they would photograph black. Otherwise, we can see no reason why a good actor should be barred because of his gilded molars.

TWIN CITY FAN, ST. PAUL.—Your guess about Robert Warwick is correct. The name of his parents is Bien and his birthplace was Sacramento, Cal. No doubt as to his acting talents.

F. A. D., JERSEY CITY, N. J.—Mr. Fellows was born in Ottawa, Canada, in 1884, so we would hazard a guess that he is of the *entente* allies. Have a little patience and perhaps there will be a story about him in an early issue.

T. R., NEW YORK CITY.—Consult the studio directory for the addresses of the film companies. There are many other small ones, but no one has ever been brave enough to attempt a complete list.

R. W., MT. CARMEL, ILL.—If your theater man declines to procure Alice Joyce pictures, we know of no way in which he can be made to do so. Marguerite Snow is with Arcraft and her husband, James Cruze, with Lasky. Hope you like the picture of Alice in last month's issue. We are with you in hoping that Miss Talmadge was proud of that painting of her on the February cover.

GIRLIE, CARLISLE, KY.—Tom Forman is 27 years old and Marguerite Clark is still in New York. Blanche Sweet, at this writing, is sojourning in the same locale. Mr. Kerrigan is not married to Lois Wilson. As a matter of fact, neither of them is married. Lottie Pickford will soon be back on the screen. James Morrison is with Ivan, and if he is engaged to anyone, he has selfishly kept us in the dark about it. If as you say you are "crazy to be an actress," the only advice we can give you is to look out for the squirrels.

G. R. G., NEW ZEALAND.—Louise Lovely, who, by the way, hails from the Antipodes, is married and her right name is Welsh. Her age is 21. The cast of "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea": *Captain Nemo*, Allen Holubar; *A Child of Nature*, Jane Gail; *Prof. Arronay*, Dan Hanlon; *His Daughter*, Edna Pendleton; *Ned Land*, Curtis Benton; *Lieut. Bon*, Matt Moore.

GENE, AUGUSTA, GA.—"God's Country and the Woman" was filmed in Los Angeles and vicinity, all of the mountain and snow scenes having been made in Bear Valley, a part of the San Bernardino mountains. No, Marguerite Clark did not die in Savannah, nor any where else. Theda Bara is unmarried.

ELSIE, ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.—Yes, we have heard of your friend but unfortunately we rather resent being ordered by someone not implicated in our salary negotiations, to do something or other. Besides, your demand should be made upon the editor. But adopt a different tone first, as he does not like peevish children. As you have demanded a "published answer," we hope you are satisfied.

CARNIVALER, ST. PAUL.—Charles Ray was born in Jacksonville, Ill., in 1890. Mary MacLaren is 18 and her story was told in a recent issue of the magazine. Send 15 cents and get it all. Kathlyn Williams did "The Spoilers" about four years ago.

BILLY, OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—The handsome chap in "He Fell in Love with His Wife" was Forrest Stanley. He has appeared in a number of Paramount pictures. We have no record of Hazel Lewis. Francis Ford and Grace Cunard are both newlyweds. They are not married to each other.

STEVE, NEW YORK CITY.—Sorry, but we haven't anyone available who could translate your photo-plays from Hungarian into English. And anyhow, we couldn't advise you about scenarios. It's contrary to the statutes.

TOPSY, VALLEY FALLS, R. I.—Pretty sure that Clara Kimball Young never lived in Providence. Vivian Martin is at the Morosco studio, Claire Whitney with Fox, and both will send their photographs upon request.

ELLIOTT, COLUMBUS, O.—Alma Reuben and Peggy Bloom are Americans. Yes, we think Carmel Myers very pretty. Yes, we have been told that Annette Kellerman was the best proportioned woman extant. Our influence with Theda Bara is not sufficient, we fear, to prevail upon her to quit vamping. Why not try it yourself?

E. C., LEESBURG, VA.—May Allison was born in Georgia and Harold Lockwood weighs 175 pounds. Niles Welch was born in 1888. Glad to hear from Virginia. We always had a warm spot in our heart for that state, as so many of our best hams come from there.

(Continued on page 176)



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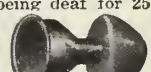



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(May)

(Continued from page 173)

H. L., LYNN, MASS.—There was no David in the cast of "Gloria's Romance." Viola Dana's real name was Flugrath but it is now Mrs. John Collins. Miss Clark's latest play is "Fortunes of Fifi." Ethel Teare is the girl in the Ham and Bud comedies.

B. M., MONTREAL, CANADA.—Warren Kerrigan's hair is a sort of medium brown in tone. Hope you win the bet, and if you don't, remember it's wrong to wager.

BECKY, KALAMAZOO, MICH.—"My Mamie Rose," the novel from which "Regeneration" was adapted, may be obtained from any book dealer. "The Parson of Panamint," we think is in a book of Mr. Kyne's stories. We have no information as to the screen career of Norman Hackett, so he probably reconsidered. Theodore Roberts is generally regarded as the greatest character actor of the screen. Beatriz Michelena has quit the California company and at this writing has not affiliated with another company. It is said that she did not complete the screen version of "Faust."

D. M., SAULT STE. MARIE, ONT., CAN.—Florence LaBadie has never appeared on a PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE cover. There are magazines remaining which contain the other interviews you desire.

V. M., STRATFORD, CONN.—Write Dorothy Gwinn at Pathe's, Jersey City. We'll speak to the editor about a Gwynn story.

E. M., PORT CHESTER, N. Y.—Owen Moore is in his latter twenties and Carlyle Blackwell in his early thirties. Both have wives; that is, each has one.

M. B., SMITH'S FALLS, ONTARIO.—So far as we know Charles Chaplin has never been even mildly deranged mentally, except perhaps when he lost out over that deal for a \$670,000 salary for one year. Harry Hilliard's phiz and history appeared in the February number. June Caprice is a screen name; the correct one is Betty Lawson. Earle Williams is all you think him. True Boardman was the hero of the "Stingaree" series and Sydney Ainsworth was Pollock in the "Mary Page" affair. Wish we could advise you about your future, but unfortunately, it cannot be done. Enjoyed your letter immensely. Do it again.

PICKFORD MAE, SNYDER, TEXAS.—Robert Klein was the governor's secretary in "The Twinkler." Charlotte Burton and Clarence are not related, we believe. Viola Dana is about twenty.

W. C. A., ALLIANCE, OHIO.—Lamar Johnston played in "Ben Blair" and also in "The Ne'er-Do-Well." The "Graustark" stories have been filmed but Beverly Bayne did not play Beverly. Henry Mortimer and not Tom Meighan played opposite Mabel Taliaferro in "Her Great Price." "The Hidden Children" has recently been filmed by Harold Lockwood and May Allison. The plays that Ben Wilson has appeared in would fill an entire page or more.

READER, SAVANNAH, GA.—Here are your addresses: Beverly Bayne, Francis Bushman, Metro; Virginia Pearson, Theda Bara, Fox, Fort Lee, N. J.; Mary Miles Minter, Santa Barbara, Cal.; Cleo Ridgely, Lasky, Los Angeles; Madame Petrova, Irene Fenwick, Marie Doro, Famous Players; Alice Joyce, Earle Williams, Vitaphone; Jane Grey, International; Norma Talmadge, Selznick; Florence LaBadie, Thanhouser.

F. F., ROCHESTER, MINN.—Eric Blind was the heavy in "The Woman in 42."

**A Brief Memorandum on
Alan Dwan**

(Continued from page 72)

Though genial, his voice was as warm as a pitcher of ice-water.

A master of literary description tried to describe Dwan directing, and exuded this: "Football, sir! The Carlisle Indians in a championship game—he drives 'em, absolutely, but it's the drive of enthusiasm, not a prodding with an officer's sword. He communicates his own thoughts. He inspires."

Which is about right. Dwan's direction is a transference of two things: the thought, and tremendous personal energy.

Besides leading him into directorship, Santa Barbara and the Flying A put our good doctor up to another grand old trick which has influenced his whole life.

There he met Pauline Bush, as we've noted, and a year ago, or a little more, Pauline Bush became Mrs. Dwan, at an altar in the picturesque ruined mission of San Juan Capistrano, an adobe pile perching like the wreck of another century on the low coast cliffs between Los Angeles and San Diego.

Dr. Dwan is a Canadian by birth, but that makes his allegiance to the United States none the less hearty.

Back of the Man

(Continued from page 141)

"I tell you I didn't kill her. She did it herself, but I've wished that it'd been me instead, for I loved her, I loved her—I tell you, I loved her!"

Quite calmly, he came back and told his story, in such a simple, logical way that its truth was apparent.

Then, all trace of his nervousness gone, he sauntered, almost jauntily, back toward his cell, between two deputies who scarce touched him with their hands. On the way, they crossed a bridge, high above the ground, joining the criminal and civil courts buildings. In the middle of this bridge, with a movement indescribably quick and feline, he flung his guards back and leaped the rail. His smashed body scarcely quivered as it lay lifeless in the warm sunshine far below.

The next day Larry found Ellen, and she sobbed for frantic happiness on his shoulder.



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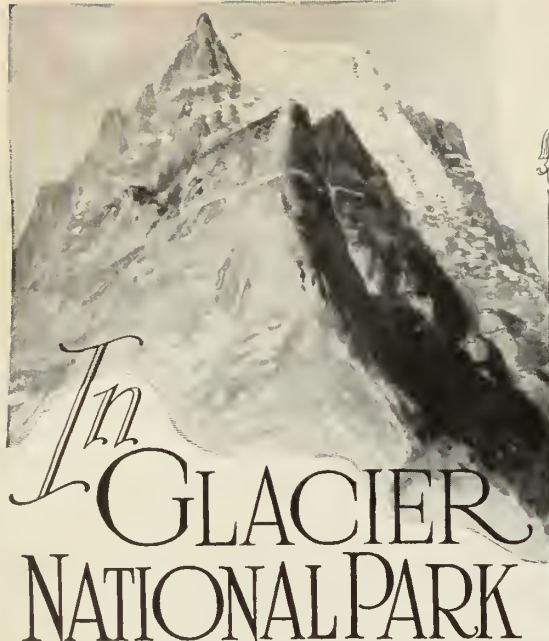
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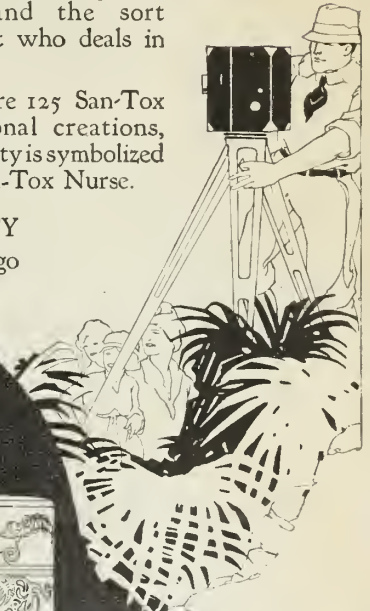
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VOL. XII

No. 1

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of Photoplay Magazine, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for April 1, 1917.**

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Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared James R. Quirk, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Vice President and Business Manager of the Photoplay Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, James R. Quirk, Chicago, Ill.; Editor, Julian Johnson, Chicago, Ill.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, James R. Quirk. 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.) Edwin M. Colvin, Chicago, Ill.; Robert M. Eastman, Chicago, Ill.; James R. Quirk, Chicago, Ill.; J. Hodgkins, Chicago, Ill.; Wilbert Shallenberger, Waterloo, Iowa. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of 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 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.)

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Photo by Evans Studio

MILDRED HARRIS

isn't quite 17. She played child's parts with the Vitagraph and New York Motion Picture companies when she was ten. She was born in Cheyenne, Wyoming. Her Fine Arts work has been with Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree in "Old Folks at Home" and with Robert Harron in "The Bad Boy."



E. K. LINCOLN

in addition to being a dog fancier on a large scale and a farmer with a model farm in Pennsylvania, is well known in filmdom, which he entered in 1912. He has appeared with Lubin, World, Vitagraph, and Lincoln Players. He is six feet tall and has had five years' stage experience.



CARMEL MYERS

Photo by Evans Studio

without any previous experience, was given a trial as "extra" at the Fine Arts Studio and made good. A few months later she was given the feminine lead opposite Wilfred Lucas in "A Love Sublime." She is the daughter of a Los Angeles rabbi and is only 16 years old.



Photo by Ince Studio

WILLIAM S. HART

spent over 18 years on the legitimate stage. As a depicior of western characters he has had no equal, as his remarkable popularity attests. He is 43 years of age and was born in Newburg, New York. He has just renewed his contract for a term of years with Thomas H. Ince.



Photo by Hartsok

MAY ALLISON

is no longer playing opposite Harold Lockwood, with whom she co-starred for several years. She has appeared in Famous Players, Lasky, American, and until recently, Metro pictures. To the clicking camera she brought three years' stage experience. Married? No!



Copyright Photo by Underwood & Underwood

EARLE WILLIAMS

has spent his entire film career with Vitagraph. He was born in Sacramento, California, in 1880. It was during a summer of his extensive stage experience that he discovered he liked the Cooper-Hewitts better than the footlights. He has co-starred for several years with Anita Stewart.



Photo by White Studio

BEVERLY BAYNE

made her first film appearance with Essanay without previous stage experience. She was born in Minneapolis in 1895 and was educated in that city, in Philadelphia and at Hyde Park High School in Chicago. She has played opposite Francis X. Bushman during practically all her celluloid career.



SHIRLEY MASON

Photo by Ira L. Hill

is, next to Marguerite Clark, the tiniest star in filmland. She stands 59 inches in her bathing suit. She is 16, and until she joined McClure Pictures, was with Edison, playing under her own name—Leonie Flugrath. Viola Dana is her elder sister by just one year.

PHOTOPLAY

MAGAZINE

June, 1917

Vol. XII, No. 1

When Charlie Chaplin Earned \$25.00 a Week

By
John Ten Eyck

*Mail from his English home,
in Spokane, Washington.
These Karnoits were Albert
Austin, Charles Chaplin and
Muriel Palmer.*



UPON finishing "Broadway Jones," his first photoplay, George M. Cohan, overlord of the American theater, made sure of its success by writing the subtitles in his own graphic, pungent style; a style whose figures of speech are more potent than

other men's figures of speech because Cohan's similes are invariably in everybody's language. He employs the comparison that "gets" every man and woman, regardless of age, race, residence or education.

When Broadway Jones hired Sherry's great New York ball room for a party, he gave the caterer a check in payment. And

Chaplin's famous vaudeville "tipsy swell."



At the left, a little reminiscent mal de mer on the ship that carried him over.

Below, transcontinental-ing, with a party of eminent yellow Thespians. Pick out Charlie, the sartorial wonder.

To the right, the sacred mud-scows.



the check came back. Whereupon Broadway protested to the restaurateur:

"Why, my balance in that bank would make Charlie Chaplin look like a pauper!"

And the line is a big and unfailling laugh. In

The debonair world idol today.



Above, the Karno vaudevillians wait for a train at Colorado Springs. The hour, 7 A. M.; the temperature, zero.

Right, this tailor's nightmare was snapped in San Francisco a few years ago.



two years, Charlie Chaplin has become the artistic Croesus of the world, the chief embodiment of frenzied finance in the movies, the golden clown of the ages. With a salary of considerably more than half a million a year—why not?

Recently Mr. Chaplin un-

earthed and sent to PHOTOPLAY a collection of photographs taken just a few years ago, when he was poor, comparatively unknown, and no figure of speech for anybody save the small time vaudeville manager and the proprietor of the actor's boarding house.

Shortly after 1900, Fred Karno, the English creator of pantomimes, put on an extremely successful vaudeville act called "A Night in an English Music Hall." This act was soon transported to America, with Billy Reeves playing the tipsy young swell who was the chief fun-maker. As the vogue of Karno's piece continued, a second company was sent out through the west. As nearly as can be figured, Chaplin began playing the drunk about 1910. The exact date is not important, but it was in those years, and in his Karno associations, that Chaplin finally got to Los Angeles. Here Mack Sennett saw him—at Spring Street's Empress Theater—and paralyzed him with an offer of more money per week than he had ever seen; a total of \$175!

This set of photographs, however, doesn't concern the magnificent premier offer of Mr. Sennett, nor those affluent days in which Mr. Chaplin reached the commanding salary of \$50 a week from Karno.

It does concern the days when Chaplin first came to America; the days when he was doing the hardest work of his life for \$25 a week; the time in which he made his limited stage reputation as a fun-maker.

Chaplin played in several Karno pieces in this country, among them "A Night in a London Club." All were echoes of the

popular "Night in a Music Hall," but as is the way with imitations, none reached the success of the original.

Still, Chaplin avers that these were the happiest days of his life. He was seeing the world. He was enjoying human nature, and he was storing up in his mind the little satirical observations which have put his screen work, despite its buffoonery, as far above the mere gymnastic comedy as the present day photoplay is above the old fashioned motion picture.

Probably you saw Chaplin in those days. I know I did. Remember him? Rather indistinctly? I think we all remember Billy Reeves better, for he was the first, and Chaplin touched the popular-priced time as a sort of follow-up. Chaplin was finding himself, so that it took nearly three years of Karno playing to establish a real reputation and make himself a riot. Toward the end of this period a new vehicle called "The Wow-Wows" was written for him, but it wasn't exactly a sensation, and he went back to the original. Wherever he traveled, Charlie in those twenty-five-dollar days played but one part—the dress-suited drunk. Sometimes he wore the moustache, but the famous shoes were an addition of his camera years.

And, such was his attire, his circumstances or the snapshot camera that wrote those sunlight records, that he looked a lot older than he does today! At any rate, he was considerably heavier, as you may see by a study of the Market Street snapshot with the rah-rah hat.

A Celebrity's Son

SHE is world-renowned, thanks to her flicker-duplicates that flash out nightly on the white barriers from Coney Isle to Bom-Bom Bay. Her director, too, is quite celebrated, but of course he has not entered her blue-white arena of dazzling fame, and never will.

He gave a tea for her, in his apartment in up-town New York, on a recent Sunday afternoon.

It was her first visit. Her inevitable mother was there, and forty or fifty other personages who dropped in and out during the *casa* matinee.

Presently he found her standing in front of a black-and-white reproduction of an old man's head, done centuries ago by a Dutch master. He wondered what thoughts were rattling around in her charming little ivory head as she faced this simply-framed, unsigned reflection of an aged burgher.

So he said: "Well . . . ?"

And she answered, glancing at him and then at the picture: "My! How much you resemble your father!"

A Teare of Joy



Photo by Stagz

ETHEL TEARE, strangely enough for one bearing so damp a name, comes from Arizona. She is a native daughter of Prescott and also lived in Phoenix during childhood. Then she went to Los Angeles, and some time later she was cavorting on the stage. A tuneful voice and what they call "personality" were

responsible for a lengthy vaudeville career and then came the inevitable: movies. Miss Teare was the girl in the Ham and Bud comedies for three years and later she was starred in her own comedies by Kalem. Now she is a journeyman comedienne at the Keystone laugh foundry. In the camera tapestry above, Miss Teare is the slicker in the slicker, with the fishnet.



Pearls of

When the first venturesome Spanish caravel, deep-laden with Indian gold, fled before bright mist over the whole world. Having exploited the wonders of the Carribean, sea-spell became a witchcraft destined to endure as long as the oceans themselves, the eternal romance of the South Seas. Mr. Roland's story is a pulsing narrative of heroism and a wonderful love which knows neither bounds nor shame. If you fail

By Henry C. Rowland

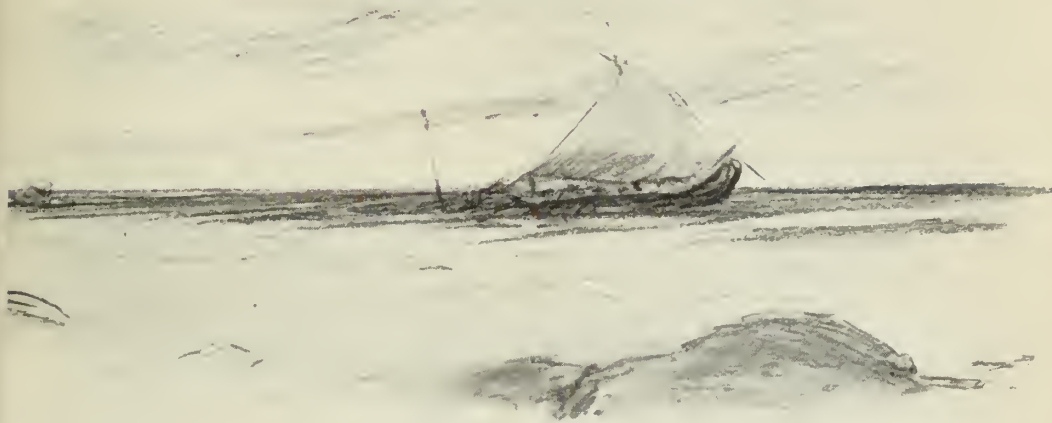
CHAPTER I

TO my blurred senses, the palms supposed to shelter the bungalow looked like green parasols blown inside out by a summer squall, while the distant boom of the surf seemed the diapason of a great many different sized bells, some oddly muffled. Large doses of whiskey and quinine, with an occasional calomel spree, was my trouble, for the sharp attack of fever had intrenched itself around the hepatic sector, so that when presently Charley Dollar came running up to tell me that Captain Billy Connor's *Favorite* had just rounded the point and was beating up to the lagoon, I walked to the end of the verandah and saw quite plainly two iden-

tical close-reefed schooners, the more distinct being considerably to the right and rather higher in the field of vision than her twin, which phenomenon proves that I stood not only in need of calomel, but also the services of an oculist to correct an error of refraction.

But a few minutes later, as the *Favorite* stood across the entrance on the port tack and I threw my strong binoculars against her, the need of an eye doctor became even more apparent. Captain Billy Connors at the wheel was normal enough, and there was only one of him, while the hands clustered forward appeared all shipshape and proper. But here in the waist were three obvious optical illusions which had no part in the scheme of things in this

I could see that the canoes were laden with our effects.



Desire

the warm Trades toward the Azores, the tropic seas threw their enchanted scarf of the Latin navigators drove their galleons into the vaster fields of the Pacific, and the fullness and variety of modern life, set against this mystery, have only enhanced twentieth century ambitions and passions flung in a setting of buccaneer deviltry, epic to read "Pearly of Desire," you miss the great literary adventure of the year.

Illustrations by Henry Raleigh

particular region of the Pacific. "Holy Saint Kit . . . !" I gasped, and gripped at the ant-eaten railing. "Is it whiskey and calomel, or am I beginning to see with my pineal gland?" For two of these hallucinations were white women. I had not seen such startlingly white ones for many months—nor had I wanted to, for excellent reasons of my own—while the third optical error was a corpulent gentleman with a large, red face, smooth shaven and partly eclipsed by a round pith helmet.

"Now what sort of unconsecrated cargo is Billy Connors bringing here?" I asked myself with heat, for a dose of fever always leaves me in an ugly disposition. It was evident that this deck load of fragile freight had been consigned to me by some

mysterious shipper, as there was no point farther in the *Favorite's* itinerary where it could have been landed with safety. Captain Billy was going on to different parts of Melanesia where he would not have risked such perishable goods ashore, while too long a voyage aboard the schooner might have seriously impaired their freshness. As the schooner tacked again and hauled in on the beach, my powerful lenses revealed to me that both ladies were of charming symmetry, while their male companion appeared to have been plucked at a perihelion of ripe rotundity and succulent contents. "What a candidate for a corroboree . . . !" I thought. "It would be as much as the *Favorite* is worth to let old Matawomba or any of his confrères and

fellow gourmets merely pipe his super-structure above the rail!"

I was anything but pleased to see the party and more than half tempted to get me to my couch and give out that I was grievous ill. But Island hospitality and my regard for Captain Billy forbade, so I shifted into clean whites and issued some orders to my major domo, a capable Malay. There was no lack of accommodation for guests, as two years previously I had built an extension to the bungalow in the anticipation of sharing it, and all else belonging and appertaining to me, with a certain maiden of San Francisco, also if it so pleased them to honor me, her aged parents and maiden aunt. However, a more luxurious and centrally located establishment being offered under similar terms, she had seen fit to cancel her agreement with me almost on the eve of her departure, which breach of good faith had seriously impaired the former sweetness of my nature, particularly in reference to her arbitrary sex.

My house was kept always in order, but I was barking at the boys on general principles when informed that Captain Billy had put off for the beach alone in his gig. Going down to greet him, I was struck by his curious air of embarrassment. Captain Billy feared nothing in heaven or earth or the waters on top of the earth, but he was well aware that I had turned misogynist, and he now approached with his winter apple face all puckered and his smooth-shaven mouth askew in what was intended for an apologetic expression. The old chap looked as guilty as a sheep-killing dog.

"How are ye, Jack," he asked, with an effort at heartiness, "but no need to ask, is there now? Another dose o' fayver with a touch o' jaundice. You stick too tight to the island, lad. Y'are needing a change of air."

"Oh, stow that, Billy," I answered. "Who are your passengers?"

"Why then, they are none other than his Riverence the Bishop Eniritus av Massachusetts or New Hampshire or wan o' thim states and his sister-in-law, Mrs. Stormsby, who is a fascinatin' widdy, and her niece, Miss Enid Weare. His Riverence has been sent out to investigate the moral status av the Polynesian aborigine and is compilin' a book entitled 'The Regeneration av a Race.' The ladies are his guests. They

are now on their way to Bougainville and I consinted to give them a passage this far, thinkin' you might soon be goin' there, or if not, that you would not mind puttin' them up until Müller calls on his way back, which should be next week."

I answered rather crossly that they might stay there as long as they pleased, but that I should be unable to officiate personally as host, having planned to sail for Samoa in a couple of days to bring back a schooner which I had purchased. Incidentally, I planned to visit en route a small desert island chartered under the name of Trocadero Island, the pearling privileges of which I had bought as a two-year concession from the German government.

"Trocadero, is it?" said Captain Billy. "I know the place. Just an atoll and a bit crater pokin' up out o' the sea. But there is a spring o' good water at the head o' the lagoon. But I doubt ye will find shell there, lad, and from the formation it is likely ye will be able only to skim the edges, as the water must be very deep. I mind I anchored in seven fathoms wit' the old gurrul's nose-pole pokin' the mangroves."

I told him carelessly that it was merely an off-chance that hadn't cost me anything to speak of, as the Germans had probably done some prospecting on their own hook before leasing the concession, but that I had an idea there might be some loose shell under the bar and meant to have a look. Then I suggested that he should bring his guests ashore, as I had ordered tiffin. I knew that my general manager, young Harris, who was just then at one of our adjoining plantations some miles up the coast, would be delighted at the arrangement, he having recently wearied me with his sighs for a pretty white face.

WHILE I was giving the bungalow a few finishing touches, Captain Billy returned with our guests and I went out on the verandah to greet them. The bishop proved to be a corpulent old chap of about sixty with a ruddy, jovial face in which was set a pair of keen, twinkling blue eyes. Mrs. Stormsby, his late brother's widow, was a tall, well-built woman who looked to be not over thirty-three. She had a peculiar expression of intensity about her widely-spaced eyes and a broad mouth which showed firmness despite its full red lips.

At first glance, she impressed me as a woman with a sense of grievance over something. Her niece, Enid Weare, interested me in spite of myself. She had the face of a priggish schoolboy, serious-minded and with an intolerant expression; and the body of a very tolerant and anything but serious-minded nymph. With such steady, uncompromising grey eyes, short nose, flat cheeks, almost sulky mouth and combative chin, one would have expected to find the figure of a Spartan youth instead of a Venus. It struck one also that her face was in constant rebellion at being superimposed in relation to the voluptuous rest of her and was in a chronic angry protest at the association.

The genial bishop was all apologies for the intrusion, deplored the force of circumstances which obliged them to throw themselves thus informally upon my hospitality (there had been some breach of contract on the part of a chartered schooner), besought me fervently to be frank in so stating if their entertainment for a few days would cause me the slightest inconvenience. He kept interrupting my protests that I was most pleased and honored and that his action fell entirely within the code of Island etiquette. I concluded by stating that my only and great regret was that an imperative business errand made it necessary for me to sail for Samoa in a couple of days, but that my superintendent, Mr. Harris, would be only too delighted to do everything in his power which might render their sojourn as pleasant and interesting as possible.

The two ladies left all of this perfunctory apology to the bishop, appearing themselves to find the situation quite fitting and proper. They had no doubt been taught that their presence and entertainment could only be considered as a boon to the community they happened to be in. At the end of a short conversation, I could readily picture the correct and gloomy mansions they were wont to inhabit and could form a good idea of their incomplete and arbitrary opinions on humanity in general. The good old bishop was a Virginian, but the ladies were Bostonians of the most radical class and appeared to have spent their lives in a sort of social cold storage. And yet, I felt somehow that Mrs. Stormsby contained calories capable of melting large chunks of ice were they to

find their outlet. Enid, however, was enigmatic.

"Well," said I to myself with an inward sigh, "here is where I shall have to clothe the nakedness of the lily with a heavy coat of paint and de-odorize the suggestive perfume of the rose. I shall also give orders to break out the top hamper of some pajamas from the store and swathe the brown torsos of the boys at work about the premises. Also it is necessary for me to consult the chart and take soundings, before embarking upon a cruise of casual conversation." One gets lax on the equator and I wondered how young Harris was going to stand the strain.

Captain Billy had run some distance out of his course to disembark these Olympians on Kialu, so after many protestations of unbounded obligation from the bishop and the appreciation of his kindness limpidly expressed by Mrs. Stormsby and her niece, he betook himself to sea. I walked down to the beach to see him off.

"Rale quality, Jack, now are they not?" said he, a little nervously.

"Yes, you old swine," I growled. "Blue-blooded rectified to the n-th degree. The bishop appears to have some red corpuscles, but the ladies. . . ."

He gave me a knowingly sinful, or sinfully knowing, look and winked. "Miss Enid shud wear yashmac and feridje," said he, "but of Mrs. Stormsby I am not so sure. Have ye never seen an active volcano covered wit' a fall av snow? There is fire benathe, or I am a Chinyman."

"Well," I answered, "I'm no Arctic explorer; wherefore Samoa for mine. The moral strain is too great for a hardened sinner like myself. Good-bye and be damned to you."

"Good-bye, lad, and God bless you," Captain Billy heartily replied, "and mind ye, Jack, look sharp workin' in on Trocadero. There's lashin's av reefs for miles and miles to the southward. The bottom must be wan big plateau . . . like a dish av tripe. I have seen breakin' water all about befure ever sightin' the crater. That is the reason why nobody ever goes there."

YOUNG Harris returned the following day and enthusiastically undertook the entertainment of the ladies. Both were good horsewomen and fond of the exercise,



Charley Dollar had the wheel, and as he turned, the horror was reflected in his dripping



so that he was able to serve them as dragoon while yet attending to his duties. The worthy bishop, whose physical efforts were confined to calisthenics with knife and fork, attached himself to me, for whom he appeared to have conceived strong sympathy. I did not object, because he was such a cheerful, happy soul, a fast colored optimist for whom everything approached the limits of perfection. Had this referred only to his own possessions, I should have written him down as a hopeless paretic, but on the contrary, it embraced all things contained in his *milieu*. Kialu was a garden of paradise (oh, never mind the cannibals and fever and things), my cook merited the *cordons bleu*, no fish so delicate as ours swam any other seas and after tasting a *coeur de palmier a la mayonnaise* he could die happy. As for the host, he was a prince of good fellows, a king, (only his cloth prevented my undergoing an apotheosis from his lips) and he lived only for the happy day when Providence might permit him to greet me at his gates.

He puffed around at my elbow in the stewing heat, wet patches forming over the full contours of

...ce. The brim of the sea was actually beginning to topple.

his pectoral muscles, through his white serge coat, and his handkerchief a sponge at the end of every hundred yards. I was getting my old schooner *Circe* ready for sea and had hauled her out for a bit of caulking. She was an ancient yacht of about 100 tons and had been a cup winner in her day, but her construction was based on faulty principles and I now distrusted her staunchness. This was to be her last voyage, under my flag at least, and on the delivery of my new one, I meant to have the *Circe* broken up. Considering her years of faithful service, I hated to do so, but she was a composite boat—wood planking over iron frames and secured by copper fasteners—and the contact of the iron and copper had caused an electrolysis which had eaten away both metals and left the *Circe* very sick. I was inclined to doubt that she would have ridden out a hard gale, but felt no fear for the voyage to Samoa, as at that season fair weather was practically assured, while the prevailing winds were favorable.

The *Circe* was back at her moorings and the bishop and I returning from an inspection of her when, as we strolled up to the bungalow for a cold drink, I discovered that he had something on his mind. He was perspiring more freely than usual (if this were possible) and appeared to wear an embarrassed air. Seated in a wicker chair on the breezy verandah, with a brimming John Collins at his elbow, he burst out suddenly:—

"My dear Kavanagh, I wonder if you would think us frightful spongers and abusers of your delightful hospitality if I were to ask you to take us with you to Samoa on the *Circe*?" He drew a fourth fresh handkerchief from his pocket and proceeded to squeegee his rotund face.

I told him of course not, adding untruthfully that nothing would give me greater pleasure, but that I had understood they wished to go to Bougainville.

"There is no hurry about that," said he. "We can go there later by steamer. You see, my dear chap, Captain Connors rather intimated that, while Captain Müller is a splendid fellow and an excellent navigator, his schooner, though staunch, is far from being modern in its appointments and not as clean as one might wish. I have been rather in dread of the voyage on the ladies' account. While able to rough it if

necessary, they are perhaps unduly fastidious about certain details of daily life . . . the little niceties, you understand . . ."—he waved his plump hands—"the bedding . . . the toilet facilities, the minor features disregarded by us men . . . but painfully trying to those steeped in the refinements of conventionality . . ."—he regarded me with appeal.

I thought of Müller's sloppy old tub and its sloppy old skipper and nodded. The *Jungfrau* was an untidy baggage at best, whereas the cabin of the *Circe* could still boast the glory of her former yachting frills. Besides, old Müller was no respecter of persons and quite capable of shuffling about in grass slippers and pajamas, the latter often short their due complement of buttons, while his crew maneuvered nonchalantly as a band of apes. It seemed well within the bounds of probability that the hyper-sensitive Mrs. Stormsby and her prudish niece might get served out to them more than a full ration of local color on the *Jungfrau*, and old Müller be quite oblivious to their squeamishness. So, with an inward curse and an outward smile, I assured the bishop that it should be as he wished, whereat he boiled over with benedictions and reinforced his liquid affinity.

LATER, Mrs. Stormsby buttressed these expressions of gratitude. This was after dinner, as we were standing at the end of the verandah in appreciation of the moonlight on the lagoon. One slope of this snow-covered volcano (to quote Captain Billy) had thawed in my direction on her discovery that I was the author of what is flatteringly considered a standard work on the ethnology of the Pacific, and I was beginning to perceive that the formation beneath was less bleak than one might have thought. Nor was there any fault to be found in its contour, as I was grudgingly forced to admit. She was really a very beautiful woman in a strongly vital way and the mellow moonlight seemed to soften and enrich her charm, diluting the flame of her abundant hair and edging her rather Slavic features with a subtle-charm.

"You are very good to us nomads, Mr. Kavanagh," said she. "I have been rather dreading the voyage to Bougainville, less on my own account than for Enid. The

poor child is so hypersensitive about some things."

I answered bluntly that she would probably marry some day and get over this. Mrs. Stormsby shook her head. She was a little shocked, I think.

"Enid is not the marrying sort," said she. "The mere suggestion of such a thing upsets her frightfully. Perhaps it is the result of her peculiar bringing up by two prim old maiden aunts and an ascetic uncle who held peculiar views on . . . eh . . . social questions. She dislikes men and has never been intimate with any woman . . . that is, to the extent of discussing personal things of a certain character. Even the sight of the half-clad natives, which is unavoidable at times, seems to arouse in her a sort of angry shame."

"That is sheer prudery," I observed, "and the sooner she gets over it the better for her. What she needs is a course in trained nursing—or else to take the veil and be done with it."

Mrs. Stormsby shook her head and the moonlight flashed from her ruddy hair.

"That would entail religion," said she, "and the child is anything but religious. She is almost a pagan in some respects. I actually believe that it would give her less compunction to kill a man than to have him see her, even accidentally, *en dèshabille*. I am telling you this so that you may understand any little peculiarities which might otherwise puzzle or offend you."

"Thank you," I answered rather dryly. "I shall exercise infinite pains not to see her *en dèshabille*. My life, though unimportant, has still a certain value to me."

Mrs. Stormsby laughed, with a low, rich inflection which rather surprised me. I had not believed that she could laugh like that.

"Nonsense," said she. "You know what I mean. So please don't be cross if her manner seems peculiar at times. The slightest hint of the unconventional disturbs her more than one can realize, and when in these moods she is not very gracious."

"Very well," I answered. "We'll try our best not to shock her. Only please warn Miss Weare against coming on deck before eight bells, and I shall give orders to the hands not to roll up their trouser legs and to dry out wash clothes over the bow."

CHAPTER II

THREE days later we sailed, laying a course for Trocadero Island where I proposed to leave Charley Dollar, my Kanaka foreman, with three divers and their gear, to prospect over what bottom they could until my return from Samoa with my new schooner.

Trocadero Island, so named I imagine from its resemblance at some miles to the southward of the Paris Trocadero as seen from the Champs de Mars, was merely the crater rim of an extinct volcano, on the lower lip of which a later upheaval had occurred. These tumuli at the two extremities, with the lower ridge between, gave the fancied resemblance to the Trocadero. The actual land area of the island was probably not over five hundred acres and its topographical features contained a large, irregularly shaped lagoon or atoll, some precipitous cliffs deeply seamed and eroded, and a little lake of sweet fresh water in the crater of the small superimposed volcano, its level being perhaps a hundred feet above that of the sea. Barring a meager fringe of palms and a belt of scrubby brush back of the beach, there was no vegetation to speak of, but in a little bight at the head of the lagoon there was a deep pool of clear, cold spring water. This may have had its later source from the crater, or it may have had the same source from some underground or submarine watercourse which found exit through the core of the volcano, when its depths were rent by eruptions.

I had once put into Trocadero for water when that aboard had gone stale and the place had impressed me as a possible though limited pearling ground, but I had not lingered to prospect, as the weather was uncertain and I had no diving gear. The approach to the island was also difficult and dangerous for many miles seaward and I had observed certain areas of broken water before actually sighting the land. As Captain Billy said, the bottom appeared to be ridged like a dish of tripe, and for this reason vessels rarely visited the spot. Nor did I believe that natives ever went there, Trocadero having nothing to offer them. The only signs of animal life were the vast quantities of sea-fowl which appeared to have their rookeries in the ragged cliffs about the crater lake. Once inside

the lagoon, a vessel was protected against any wind which blew and there was a sand bar which ran nearly across the entrance. It was behind this bar that I thought there might be pearl oysters.

It was not my plan to enter the atoll, but to drop Charley Dollar and his men some miles off the entrance and let them work in with the whaleboat. They could find shelter in any of the numerous caves and grottoes at the foot of the cliffs and I had hopes that on my return trip they might have something profitable to report. Charley Dollar was a very intelligent mission-educated Kanaka with a fair working knowledge of navigation, and I had imported him and others of his race as gang bosses of the Melanesian labor on the plantations, and in case of need, an efficient police force. There was also aboard my mate, a trustworthy half-caste Kanaka named Samuel Smith, an excellent navigator and as sound a seaman as I have ever sailed with. The crew was composed of chosen men, mostly Melanesians.

NOTHING eventful occurred during the first eight days of our voyage. The weather was fixed fair with a smooth sea and a steady draught of trades which enabled us to make a broad reach of it, the old schooner's best point of sailing. I got the most speed she had in her, being, to tell the truth, rather bored and anxious to arrive as soon as possible. The bishop's genial platitudes became rather wearisome, as did our constant sittings at bridge, for I dislike card games of any sort. Mrs. Stormsby improved on close acquaintance, but Enid was a source of perpetual irritation to me. After ten years of the free and easy life of the Pacific, it is rather vexing to be continually on one's guard for fear of offending the silly sensibility of a prudish schoolgirl. The slightest casual reference to anything not of a strictly censored conventionality was enough to tighten the corners of her prim lips (which from their contour certainly looked to be fashioned for kisses rather than criticism) and to draw a fine line down the middle of her smooth, wide forehead. The second day out, she had mistaken the time and came on deck half an hour too early, to find me in pajamas, brushing my teeth, and from her behavior for the next several hours one might have thought that she had burst in-

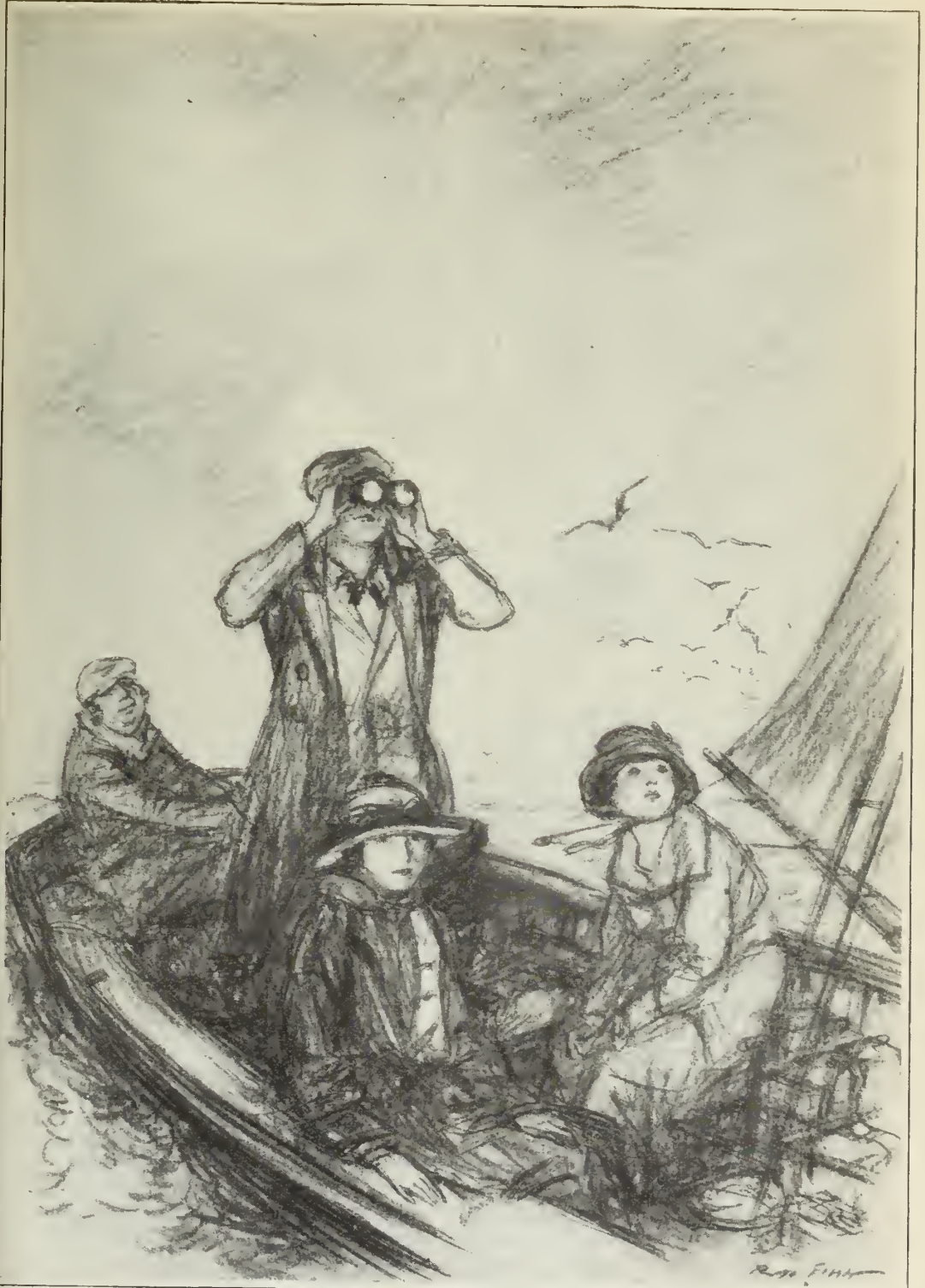
advertently upon a saturnalia. I felt like boxing her small, pink ears, with a good shake to follow, and had much ado to be polite.

Even that man of God, the fatuous bishop, got on her bad books at times. He held himself a bit of a dog and had a repertoire of what he was pleased to consider risqué stories (save the mark), older than the schooner and which might have been told with discretion in any girls' seminary. One which he narrated with many sly chuckles when primed with port had to do with the lady who "slipped on something and came down" (Charley Dollar's grandfather had probably heard the tale) and at its conclusion Miss Enid must needs rise in her wrath with a face like a thunder squall, dark with lurid edges, and slam into her stateroom with a vehemence which threatened the door. When seated on the breezy deck, let the spill of the mainsail or any wanton eddy raise the hem of her skirt to reveal an inch or two of ankle (exquisite ankles, I must admit) and she would spring to her feet with a sudden flush of anger on her boyish face and a quick glance of intolerance at me, as though I were responsible for this elemental disrespect. When Charley Dollar passed her, the neck of his blouse open to reveal a fragment of the tattooing which covered his great, bronzed chest, she would avert her eyes with an involuntary contraction of her features which seemed to increase the upward rake of her slightly tilted nose.

"St. Christopher!" I exclaimed one day to Mrs. Stormsby, "what would she do if she were to slip on deck and break a leg and I had to set it?"

She shook her head. "We should have to chloroform her," she answered, seriously. "Even as a little girl of ten she could not be persuaded to go in wading when others were about."

I asked her if she considered that to be modesty, or a lack of mental equilibrium, and she shrugged her shoulders. The handsome widow, for all of her strict principles, was not averse to a modest display of her superb proportions or a little straight talk of a certain breadth and I gathered that there was plenty of strong, sound sense behind her haughty features, but I doubted that her niece possessed the allowance of an ostrich in this respect. I often wished that I had left her to the tender



We sighted the twin towers against a burnt orange sky at three o'clock, and the concave facade between them slammed itself in in challenging silhouette an hour later.

mercies of old Müller and his simian crew, which latter could scarcely boast a whole garment to the boiling.

We had it out one day, Miss Enid Foolishness and I. There was a copy of my "Ethnology of the Pacific" in the book locker, and as the schooner's literary scope was short, I suggested that it might interest her, not stopping to reflect that some of the plates were of natives in their untrammelled simplicity. Indeed, such a disqualification would never have occurred to me, accustomed as I was to the primitive. She was in (for her) a gracious mood that day, and seated on the low rail with the vessel slipping smoothly through the water, we started to look through the work together. Then, as I turned a page, there came a gasp, a sort of choke as though from asphyxiating gas. There before her outraged eyes was the colored plate of a pretty Polynesian girl, costumed for a Nautch dance, smiling in her conscious charm. Remembering with whom I was dealing, I quickly turned the leaf, and as I did so, Enid rose and stood for a moment staring at me with hard grey eyes and a rising flush. Had I pinched her above the knee, she could not have looked more outraged. "Well, what's the matter?" I snapped, irritably. "Surely you don't find anything offensive in that plate?" She pinched her full lower lip between her teeth and her flush darkened, while her grey eyes grew stonier. "Will you please tell me, Mr. Kavanagh," said she, "why a man who pretends to be a savant should wish to defile a scientific work by filling it with obscene illustrations?"

I felt my own temper slip a cog or two. "If you consider that illustration to be obscene, Miss Weare," said I, sternly, "then you must consider your Creator to be obscene. What you seem to object to is the partial nudity. Permit me to point out that this illustration depicts a racial type in a national costume. Your question is not only absurd but insulting to me, because it implies that I would show you an obscene picture," and I closed the book with a slam. She was a little frightened, I think. At any rate, she grew a bit white. It is doubtful if she had ever been spoken to quite as sharply. She was my guest, of course, and perhaps I should not have been quite so brusque, but I was angry with the little fool. She drew herself up and answered in

a haughty voice: "If you feel that way about it, I beg to apologize, so please do not let us discuss it any more . . ." and she walked to the companionway and went below.

I AM telling all this so that the peculiarity of the situation ordained by immediate future circumstances may be fully understood. We were then drawing in on Trocadero, which must have been not more than thirty miles away. The schooner was almost becalmed and the barometer and weather conditions portended a short and possibly vicious little squall, unseasonable but nothing to be apprehended. The sea was smooth as a lake, but with a long, rhythmic ground swell so widely spaced as to be imperceptible so far as any sense of motion was concerned and only betraying its existence by the slow rise and fall of the rigging against the distant thunderheads on the horizon.

These presently darkening, while the glass had taken a slight but sudden drop, I got the schooner under shortened sail and we stood by to prove the approaching squall. It spun down upon us naughtily enough, in a mist of driving rain through which one could not see the length of the deck. The wind had headed us, and after the first few gusty slashes, we began to forge ahead, the weight of the superheated air not being sufficient to make us heave to. And this greed of gaining a few miles to windward was our bane, for we had made but a short distance through the blinding muck when we felt the deck heave violently under our feet.

I looked astern and my diaphragm seemed to drop like a dipsey lead. Our long sleepy swell had awakened with hideous suddenness and was gathering for a spring to devour us. Charley Dollar had the wheel, and as he turned, the horror was reflected in his dripping face. The brim of the sea was actually beginning to topple, and at the same instant, there came from the lookout forward an agonized yell and we heard, above the rush of air through the rigging, the crash of breaking water. I sprang for the main-sheet, but before I could cast it off the bits, the welling monster astern had swept us forward with giddy speed and we found ourselves in a maelstrom of foaming spume. It would
(Continued on page 82)



Stars of the Screen and Their Stars in the Sky

By Ellen Woods

FROM the earliest times, "the heavens have told." The astral influence was believed in before Babylon. The astrologers of Persia, the oracles of Greece and the soothsayers of Rome took great stock in planetary augury, and star-readings have persisted in every century of the Christian era.

Whether you believe in starry signs or not, the careers of successful men and women today follow their set and unchangeable indications with the most amazing accuracy. The study is more than interesting; it's positively fascinating.

Here, for instance, are the nativities of two of the screen's best known people. Between what is foretold by the stars and what is already accomplished fact, is there not remarkable coincidence?

Nativity of Douglas Fairbanks, Born May 23

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS has the nativity of one who is always planning to do big things, in which he will mostly succeed. At his birth, the royal sign, Leo, the ruler without affliction, was on the Eastern horizon. The house of honor and fame holds lords of five houses, including Mars, lord of fifth, the house of theatres, in close aspect to Venus, indicating the good actor. His ambition is to be first and best in everything, and in this he will be gratified, as Venus, the end of all, lady of the fourth, is in the zenith, and being well aspected without affliction, indicates that his name will live long and will be spoken of with love and reverence. Moon, located in the fifth, foretells he will have a famous child.

A person with this nativity need never fear bondage of any kind whatsoever; indeed, on the contrary, there are indications that he should be successful in getting other people out of duress (Jupiter in twelfth, well aspected). Is it not therefore significant that in all his plays and pictures he is continually rescuing somebody?

Nativity of Mae Marsh, Born November 9

MAE MARSH is a born actress. If she had first seen the light of day in the middle of the desert of Sahara, fate would have led her in some way to the stage or the picture studio. She has five planets in the fifth house, the home of theatres and places of amusement, with Mars, lord of fifth, in the zenith.

Cancer was on the eastern horizon at birth, with Moon, lady of ascendant, in midheaven, indicating fame and publicity of her own making. If Miss Marsh had had Mars in her ascendant, America might claim the distinction of possessing a Sarah Bernhardt; but those who have Cancer in the ascendant are too timid to push themselves forward.

Miss Marsh has a very strong personality, marked by originality and a ready wit that would put most after-dinner speakers to shame.

She has many talents, such as painting, drawing, music, and the knowledge of languages. Miss Marsh will be before the public, on the stage or screen, during her entire life.

If you are not a thousand years old, and your memory is particularly good, you may remember that one of the first real events of your life was the day your mother dolled you up with about seventeen yards of superfluous ribbon and took you to a place with windows all over one side and on top, where a man hopped around a big black box and made you stop crying (they had perched you on a big, uncomfortable chair with your fat little legs sticking straight out, and basely deserted you) by calling out suddenly:

"Oh, see the pretty birdie."

Then there was a click, and the funny man rubbed his hands gleefully at



"Oh, See th

TO MAKE THE MOTIC
OR CRY IN THE RIC
COMBINATION OF CLO

By Randol

the dirty trick he had played on you, took some money away from your mother and said the proofs would be ready in a week or so.

So when you see Charlie Spofford, or Phyllis Post, or

Various views of Mr. Charles Spofford, the prominent tragedian, before being wound up, while being wound up and—fully wound up.

the man at the camera crank has made use of the old tin-type man's trick.

Which shows how little you know about the modern child.

The youngster who goes in—or is taken in—for a movie career is too wise for the old gags. He may not know enough yet to demand that his name be on the program, and printed at least half as large as that of the star on the billboards, but he got hep to the "pretty birdie" stuff in his first reel. The child is frequently the soul of the picture. If he cries

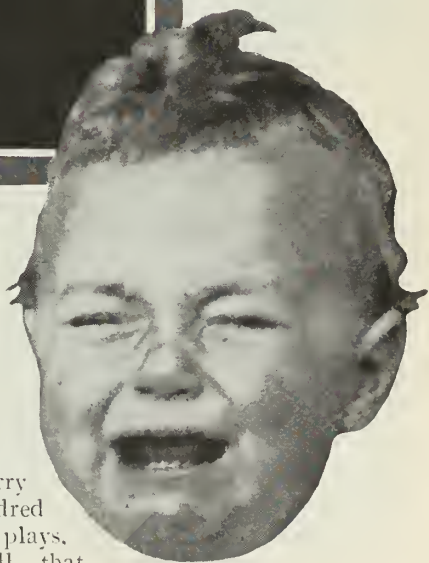


Picture Baby Laugh Places Calls for a and Day Laborer Bartlett

PICTURE BABY LAUGH
PLACES CALLS FOR A
AND DAY LABORER

Bartlett

Mary Jane Irving, or the Lee kidlets, or Harry Hough, or Jack Lloyd, or any of the other hundred or so babies that play important parts in picture plays, you probably think—if you think about it at all—that





Kathryn Lee hands Jane
a ha-ha.



Phyllis Post thinks
her director a joke,
so she laughs at him.

when he should laugh, or laughs when he should cry, or sulks when he should play, the point is lost. J. Searle Dawley, a director for Famous Players, is the author of this suggestion to any person desirous of amassing millions quickly:

"The matter of making the child smile at the critical moment is one of the greatest problems which the motion picture director faces, and any solution of the difficulty that could be relied upon to work invariably, would bring the inventor a fortune."

The first step, according to Mr. Dawley, is to get the child "studio-broke." He must be able to listen unmoved to the buzzing of the Cooper-Hewitt lights; he must get used to having strangers in queer make-up around him; and above all, he must learn that his mother has not abandoned him forever merely because she does not stand by his side throughout the scene. This *entente cordiale* once established, the child's natural desire for mimicry will accomplish much.

"If you laugh at a baby, he will laugh back—this is the law and the prophets," says Director Dawley. "It is not given us to know whether he laughs because he thinks you are an ass, or because he is really amused. We must be satisfied with the fact. But he will not always cry when you cry. Perhaps this is because he scents





insincerity in your grief. Often he drives you to tears, but you are lucky if you can coax him to that same point."

Mr. Spofford can't get into the game just beyond your vision, and it makes him sore. Then he loves the dog, and registers gladness.

Director Edward Morrissey, of Fine Arts, has worked out a system with Charlie Spofford which seldom fails to produce a heart-broken wail. Charlie is posted on the spot where his grief is to be photographed and his apron-strings tied to the chair or tree. Then several other children start playing a game where Charlie can see them but where they are out of range of the camera. After a few vain efforts to join them, Charlie expresses his feelings in howls and tears, the crank turns

(Continued on page 148)





*In
our
opinion,
most
engineers
would
rather
have
this
reward
than
the
eight-hour
day.*

“THE MAN PULLED A LEVER”

IN the language of the mechanically ignorant reporter when he has been put on a railway accident, that's just what this man is doing. The only thing the matter with that statement is that this man's name is Dorothy.

You might also get the idea that this is Helen Holmes' baby. Well, she isn't. This is Engineer Holmes, the prominent new steam-chauffeur of the Railroad Raiders. Maybe she was Helen Holmes' adopted baby before she went to work, but her idle days, like those of her poor, unfortunate, overworked foster-mother, are past now.

Engineer Holmes earns her berth on the right side of the cab, too. Economy is the watchword of the day, and Engineer Holmes is right there with the steam-saving. If you know anything about locomotives, you'll observe that Engineer Holmes has her "hooked up" to the last notch on the quadrant; that means an early cut-off in the cylinders, and less fuel. Guess she isn't already the old professor of Pacific-Types — what?

The Silent Master

Valentin would sit for hours staring at a skull on his library table.



If you believe that somber tragedy, dazzling adventure, sweeping surprise and fascinating romance have no place in the modern world, read the story of *La Belle Jacqueline*—and change your opinion

By Jerome Shorey

LA BELLE JAQUELINE glanced around the crowded cafe. Suddenly her listless manner changed and she turned to me again across the champagne glasses.

"Monsieur," she said, in low, tense tones, "will you please press my hand—no, not too quickly, not too obviously—just as if it were quite a matter of course."

Her hand lay upon the linen cloth that was scarcely whiter and I thought it was trembling. I slid my own clumsy paw across toward it, until our fingers touched, and then looked into her eyes. They were sparkling like the bubbles in the half-filled glasses, and there was fever on her cheeks. I knew all this was not for me, worse luck, for she had frankly, if gently, rebuffed me for weeks. It was some satisfaction to be the object of the envy of Broadway as one of the few favored friends of the famous dancer, but it was tantalizing to be, at last, permitted to indulge in something akin to a caress, and know it was not that to her. She was talking too, chattering merest commonplaces, but looking at me as if I

were the Great Buddha and she a humble votary. It was all so unreal that I began to grow dizzy.

Then a tall, impressive-looking man crossed the room and approached our table. Jaqueline noticed him, and with feigned embarrassment, withdrew her hand and looked up at him with a smile. She introduced him as the Marquis de Sombreuil, but called him Valentin. He asked us to join his party, but Jaqueline again assumed her mask of embarrassment and looked at me, as if to say that we preferred to be alone, together. The marquis chatted a moment and then turned to go. He took Jaqueline's hand, rather tenderly, I thought, and yet with no suggestion of sentimentality.

"Then goodbye, Jaqueline. I hear you sail for Paris next week."

She merely nodded.

"Then *bon voyage*. And may you always be as happy as I see you now."

He went back to his own table and the mood of the surprising Jaqueline changed.

"*Mon Dieu, monsieur, take me out of*



this place. Quickly. Let us drive somewhere—anywhere—like the very devil.”

In a few minutes we were in my car, and at Jaqueline’s order speed laws were forgotten as we shot through a blur of racing lights into the country. Jaqueline, huddled in her corner of the tonneau, sobbed violently. I sat helpless, feeling like a fool, an intruder at a private tragedy.

she said,

“It is something that had to happen some time. It is over now—forever. So completely is it ended that I can even tell you about it, from the beginning. The story is sufficiently unusual, perhaps, to repay you, in some measure, for your kindness.”

“Forgive me, my friend,”

weakly, touching my



A fat pig of a man was flogged for having ruined a poor little seamstress.

And this is the story that Jaqueline told as we glided along the Boston Post Road, through huddled villages and past noisy inns, more gently now because the torrent of her grief was spent.

* * * * *

You think you know your Paris, monsieur. Perhaps you know it rather better than the common tourist. But there are places that no tourists ever enter—places where there is not enough glitter to make the evil attractive. Even the police find it difficult to gain admission, but Valentin, Marquis de Sombreuil, was as much at home there as he was in his splendid villa

in the suburbs. I was born to the life of the Apaches, and when he found me I had come to the point in my life where one push, this way or that, sends a girl to heaven or to hell. I was dancing one night, in a dismal den, when he came in. There was fire in my blood that night—the fire of youth, monsieur, and my soul was crying for its mate—and he stood back against the wall and watched me, with those steady eyes of his. To all appearances, he was one of us.

When I looked into his eyes, I lost interest in the dance and went into a corner so I could watch him. Soon he came over to me.

"You are young for all this, *mignon*," he said. My heart beat so that I could say nothing. He stood, looking down at me.

"Your parents?" I could only shake my head. "Husband?" Again I shook my head. "Sweetheart?" Again the same. "Then come with me."

He led me out as if I had been a baby. Without a word, we walked through the crooked streets and came to a big limousine. The chauffeur jumped down and opened the door. My strange friend gave an order

and we raced away. I was half frightened, yet not afraid. I clung to him and he flung one arm around me—not the caress of a lover, monsieur, but different from anything I had known. It drove away all thought of danger.

At length we reached his villa and he took me to his housekeeper.

"I have decided we need a little joy in our big house," he said. "Take care of this little one. She is to stay with us—if she likes us."

From that moment, monsieur, I belonged to Valentin, Marquis de Sombreuil. I would have given him my soul, but he did

not even want my body. He was my very god, but I was to him only a daughter. Perhaps, if it had not been for Eugene—but no—he never could have loved me. For what was I? Just a child he had rescued from the gutter, and he was a man born to be a king.

Soon I found that he was in truth a king, and ruled a certain domain more absolutely than any czar. It was his whim to help those who suffered wrongs and oppressions that the law could not remedy. For his purpose he called himself Monsieur Simon, and with his great wealth bought the loyalty of the most desperate characters among the Apaches. He paid well for their help, but soon they came to love him. His will was never questioned. In a secret place he had established what he called the Court of St. Simon. Did it become known that a certain factory owner underpaid his workers, or preyed upon helpless women? Then that man was marked. Some night he would be walking through a dark street, and so suddenly that he could make no outcry, he would be seized, bound, gagged and whisked away to the Court. Whatever money or valuables he carried would be taken from him and he would be formally accused of his offenses. Then he was stripped to the waist, flogged unmercifully and warned to mend his ways. In the morning he would be found, groaning and helpless, in an alley far from the Court, and his money given to some institution that helped the poor. If he told his story to the police, they would only shrug their shoulders. The police did not care to make war upon the Apaches, in behalf of men whom they knew received no more than they deserved. But even if they cared, it would have been difficult for them to recognize in the grave Marquis de Sombreuil the silent master of the Court of St. Simon.

That was his life, that and his books. He was not talkative, and I have seen him sit for hours staring at an old skull on his library table. I asked him about the skull, and he looked at me with his slow, kind smile.

"Life has its secrets, *ma petite*," he said, "but death has its greater secrets. If men would but think more of death, they would no longer fear it, and sometime they might guess its secret too."

Later I understood a little of what he meant. The time came when Valentin feared life more than he feared death, but no matter what came, he never ran away from the thing he feared.

Then, one night at l'Abbaye, we met Eugene de Presles. At least that was the name he used, but anyone could tell he was an American. Not that we French usually think of as American—not strong and manly, but *blasé*, with a weak mouth and

eyes that dodged you. He had formed the habit of sneering at everything. He amused Valentin at first, but soon aroused his pity. If Valentin had not hoped that he might awaken Eugene out of his lethargy, he would not have done what he did. You must know, monsieur, that it was always with Valentin the question of what he could give. He asked nothing from anyone. To me he always gave, and for nothing but just his goodness

of heart. He was never so happy as when he was helping someone who could not make the fight for himself.

So he took Eugene with us that night to the Court, to show him, he said, that he had not yet seen quite everything. Eugene kept his pose of nonchalance, even after we had taken him to a certain house and told him it was necessary that he should dress after the fashion of the dens of Montmartre. He kept it still when we crept cautiously through the streets, turning no corner until we knew the way was clear. He tried to keep it even in the Court itself, but when a fat pig of a man was flogged for haying ruined a poor little seamstress, and began to squeal, it was too much for our fine friend's nerves. He went white and begged to be taken away. Then Valentin saw at last what stuff Eugene was made of. He called Robert and told him to take our guest home. That was the mistake. If Valentin had not trusted Eugene out of his sight, all would have been well. But it

"THE SILENT MASTER"

NARRATED from the photoplay version of E. Phillips Oppenheim's novel, "The Court of St. Simon," produced for Selznick-Pictures with the following cast:

- Valentin*.....Robert Warwick
- Virginia Arlen*.....Olive Tell
- Eugene Arlen (De Presles)*...
-Donald Galaher
- Jaqueline*.....Anna Little
- Robert*.....Henri Valbel
- Mrs. Carlingford*..Valentine Petit
- Juliette*.....Juliette Moore

was his evil night, monsieur, and what followed was Robert's work.

"*Le Beau Robert*" we called him at Montmartre—it should have been "*Le Diable*." But Valentin trusted him, and Robert was faithful because Valentin paid well. Eugene was safe in Robert's hands—safe from violence, from robbery. With Robert beside him, he could have been encrusted with diamonds, and not a dog in all Montmartre would have so much as barked at him. Oh no, Robert would not harm the friend of Valentin, but he would, for a price, consent to entertain him. When it was all over, Robert told me how it happened. As soon as they had left the Court,

Eugene began swaggering again. He sneered at the scene he had just left.

"Oh, that," Robert replied, in the same tone. "Yes—it is only play-acting, my friend. But perhaps you would care to see a bit of real life, something with the spice. Is it so?"

Eugene's morbid curiosity was aroused, and he made the bargain. He would pay Robert, not to see a fat man trussed up, but for adventures in the street, for something that had danger in it—perhaps death—so long as his own safety was guaranteed.

Of course Valentin soon heard of these excursions of Eugene's, but no harm was done, and he gave the boy up as a hopeless



I tried not to let him know how it stabbed me to let him go.

degenerate who was not worth the saving. He did warn Robert, though, and said he would hold him responsible for Eugene. Responsible! Robert did not know the meaning of the word. There were but two rules in his life—his own desires, and loyalty to the clan. There was no reason why he should not profit by Eugene's desire for excitement. So it went on, until one night, in a mood of sheer deviltry, Robert killed a *gendarme*. It was a brutal murder, when flight was perfectly easy; and Robert never before had taken such chances, for he left a clear trail. But still he could have taken care of himself if it had not been for Eugene. They all managed to get away, but not before they had been seen. Still, the evidence was not complete. The police needed a few details.

This affair disgusted Valentin utterly with Robert and the others he had been employing for his Court. His first move was to call on Eugene. He found him cowering in his apartments, denying himself to everyone and trying to fortify his shattered nerves with narcotics. He whimpered like a whipped puppy when Valentin forced his way into his rooms.

"Look here, Eugene," Valentin said, "if you act like this, you may as well give yourself up to the police and be done with it. Nothing can save you, except to act like a man. But if you can't do that, at least keep your mouth shut. If the police get you, be deaf and dumb—know nothing—answer no questions. If you ever betray Robert, or any of the others, you are a dead man. The walls of a prison may save you from them for a time, but they never forget. Your release would be your death warrant. Try to remember what I am telling you. It is my last word. I am leaving Paris, probably forever."

When he told me he was going, and that I could not go with him, I thought I should not want to live. He had taught me the folly of the life of my own kind and I was not able to find a place in any other world but his. And I loved him, monsieur—God, how I loved him! I tried not to let him know how it stabbed me to let him go. Perhaps, if he had understood—but no; I was not for him.

Valentin sailed for New York a few days later. He had a sister living there, Mrs. Carlingford. He provided for me before he left, arranged for everything. I could not

refuse to accept—it would have been foolish, and would have wounded him, too.

I believe the police deliberately waited until Valentin had gone before they arrested Eugene. They are not altogether blind, our Paris police. Of course Eugene could not stand up under their merciless questioning and he told everything. Robert and two others were arrested and sent to prison for many years, but Eugene, because he had confessed, was let off with only two. I was



so lonely when Valentin left that I sometimes used to go to see my old friends at Montmartre, and there I found what fate waited for Eugene when his freedom should come. They were angry with Valentin too, for, they said, he was responsible for the traitor. But I wasted no pity on Eugene. But for him, Valentin might not have gone away.

Once or twice I heard from Valentin, and then came a letter that made my world black and empty. He said that he had found

what he never hoped to find—love. And I knew how great a thing it must be with a man like him. He said her name was

"I have come to buy Eugene from you,"
Valentin said.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Eugene is free, and Robert has escaped. You know what that means."

"But why, my friend?" I objected. "You, who are now so happy—why risk your life for that *canaille!* Remember your wife."

"That's just it, Jaqueline. Eugene is her brother."

"His name is De Presles."

"Another of his freaks, Jaqueline. He pretended to hold America in contempt."

I told him I did not care who Eugene was—I would not permit him to run the risks he would have to run if he tried to thwart Robert's revenge.

"I see I shall have to explain," he said, "but minutes are precious. When I first loved Virginia, I did not know she was Eugene's sister. After she had become so dear that she was more to me than life, she told me one day that she had a brother, who called himself Eugene de Presles, and asked if I had ever seen him in Paris. I was afraid. Jaqueline—for the first time in my life I was afraid—afraid I might lose her. So I lied. Never mind that; I won't excuse myself. We were married, and she wanted to come to Paris to find Eugene. She was

worrying because she had not heard from him. I persuaded her not to come. A few weeks ago she heard from him. He had been told that his term was commuted and he would soon be released. He begged her to come to save him from Monsieur Simon, whom he blamed for all his dissipations and his crime.

"Virginia asked me who this man Simon

Virginia Arlen, and they were to be married at once. Even while my heart bled, I was glad for him. It was the end of all my hope. I knew I must forget. It was then I decided to go on the stage.

A year passed. I thought Valentin had forgotten me in his new happiness. Then one day he came to my apartment, breathless. I did not even know he was in Paris.

"Jaqueline!" he exclaimed, without further preamble. "Where does the gang hide?"



was and again I lied. The fear of losing her was with me day and night. I could not tell the truth. Her bitterness when she spoke of the man who had ruined her brother made it impossible for me to speak. She insisted upon leaving for Paris at once. We arrived this morning. Eugene was released at daybreak.

"When I discovered this, I told Virginia I must go alone and search for her brother. But everywhere it was the same—my old friends shrugged their shoulders and turned away. They did not know, or they would not tell. I feared the worst and, God forgive me, I breathed freely for the first time in months. If Eugene were dead, Virginia never would know I was Monsieur Simon. I even told myself it was only just, because I had been wrongly accused. So I went back to the hotel.

"As I opened the door I saw a figure of a man spring from a couch with a cry like a hunted animal, and dive behind a *chaise longue*, and I heard the words.

"It's Monsieur Simon—save me, save me!"

"He had found his way to our hotel. Virginia stood like a statue. I do not know what I said—I pleaded with her to listen and then told her nothing. At last she screamed,

"Eugene!"

"We searched the room, but he had fled. Perhaps he had convinced himself that I was his enemy. Perhaps he really believed that I had come to kill him. He could not know that I was his sister's husband, and he did not wait to see. So now, my Jacqueline, I *am* responsible for him. You must help me to find him."

What could I do, Monsieur? Of course, Valentin had done wrong. But I asked myself, would I not have lied to hold him to me, as he had lied to hold the woman he loved? So I told him where he would find the headquarters of the gang, but warned him that he was no longer popular there.



Valentin pleaded with his wife to listen—and then told her nothing.

But Valentin was not afraid of that kind of danger.

He went to that den of murderers, murderer, they told me afterward, like a king entering his palace. Robert told them to admit him.

"He may like to see what we do to his little friend," he snarled.

Eugene, bound and gagged, had been tied to the wall, and only the rope kept him from falling. Robert stood beside him, knife in hand.

"A little different from the Court of St. Simon," Robert sneered. "Not so fine, perhaps, but justice will be done here all the same. You have come a long way to see."

"I have come to buy Eugene from you," Valentin answered.

Robert laughed fiendishly, and Eugene screamed in terror through his gag.

"I want to speak with you, Robert—alone," Valentin insisted.

Robert looked at him, still sneering,

showing his teeth like a wolf. But Robert was no coward, monsieur, with all his faults. So he led the way to another room.

"Name your price," Valentin said, tersely.

"The dog is not for sale," Robert replied, stubbornly.

"A hundred thousand *francs*," Valentin suggested, and Robert only laughed. "Two hundred." Another laugh. "Five hundred."

"It's no use, my friend. We have decided," Robert answered, and started for the door.

Like a flash Valentin flung him into a corner and stood over him with drawn revolver.

"Robert," he said, "here is my last word. My life is not worth to me a *centime*. Release Eugene to me with your promise not to harm him, and I will turn all my estates into money and give it to you—the amount perhaps two million *francs*. I will help you to get out of France, to South America where you can live like an emperor. Refuse—and I will shoot you there where you lie, and take a chance on fighting my way out and saving Eugene myself."

I have told you that Robert was no coward. I think, even then, if it had not been that he really loved Valentin—everybody loved him, monsieur—he would have taken his chance in a fight. He lay there and looked up at Valentin a moment, and then made a gesture of submission.

"My friend," he said, "It grieves me to see a man like you do this thing for a dog like Eugene. But it shall be as you say."

Valentin took Eugene back to the hotel and sent him to Virginia. Himself, he went to another hotel and wrote a note, asking his wife to reply within twenty-four hours, as he would wait that long to know whether she would not see him and let him explain. At the end of the time he telephoned to the

hotel, and was told that Virginia and Eugene had left Paris a few hours before. He did not come to see me again and I knew he wanted to be alone. Within a week he had kept his promise to Robert, and left for New York.

Of the three years that followed I know little. He did not try again to see his wife, but was satisfied to be on the same side of the Atlantic with her. He was a broken man and sought consolation in drink. He sank lower and lower. Forgive me, monsieur, if I say no more of this.

One night he came home to his poor room and found on his bed a beautiful little girl. A note on the table told him it was his daughter. His wife wrote that she thought it was only fair he should share the responsibility of her upbringing. Little Juliette was her father's child. She slept there as soundly in that dingy room as if she had been at home. Valentin looked at himself in the mirror for the first time in months, he told me afterward, and staggered back in horror when he realized that the creature he had become was the father of the lovely child on the bed. A new resolve came into his heart at that moment. He stretched himself on the floor beside the bed, and with his baby's hand in his, slept calmly and serenely.

He stretched himself beside the bed, and with his baby's hand in his, slept calmly.



It was the salvation of Valentin. He had hoarded a few jewels against a day of real necessity, and with the proceeds of these, found better quarters. He knew now that his wife had had him watched. He could not understand why she had sent Juliette to him, but was satisfied that she had done so. They were very happy together, Valentin and the baby. He obtained employment as a fencing master, and every free hour he spent with the child.

One day as he returned home, he met Virginia on the stairs. They were both too proud to speak. But when he saw her, beautiful and richly gowned, he knew he had no right to keep Juliette from the advantages her mother could give her. Besides, the child kept asking him why her papa and mamma did not live together. So he quickly packed his few belongings, kissed Juliette good-bye and sent her home. He decided to leave New York forever and hide from his loved ones.

Fate decided that I should by then have become quite the *fameuse*. As Valentin was on his way to the station, he saw my name in big letters in front of a theater. He inquired where I was staying and came to say good-bye.

When he told me his story, I could have killed his wife with my hands. That any woman could take the word of that creature Eugene and condemn my Valentin unheard, was maddening. And then came the thought—she had lost him. Why could not I—

"Take me with you, Valentin," I cried. "Let it be as it was before with us." I flung myself into his arms.

He pushed me back, ever so gently, and shook his head.

"No, Jaqueline," he said, "for me it is the lonely road. I am going to say good-bye to our first home. It is empty now. Virginia never went back there. I am going to bid a last adieu to that abode of

ecstasy—and then the world shall swallow me up."

Another moment and he was gone. And as I sat, with tears streaming down my cheeks, a new thought came to me. His wife could not be utterly unworthy, or he would not have loved her so. Valentin could not love a woman who did not deserve it. She had made a mistake, but so had Valentin. And that she sent her baby to him showed that she still had some faith in him, even when he seemed utterly degraded. Quickly I learned where she lived and hurried to tell her the truth about her husband. It was as I suspected. Eugene, even after Valentin had saved his life, had lied, and lied and lied about him. He even lied about Valentin and me—Valentin, who was my father and mother and brother. And with the return of prosperity, Eugene had returned to his evil ways, to Virginia's despair.

She broke down when I told her the truth, as I have told you, monsieur, but time was flying, and I dared not let her waste time in weeping. So it happened that when Valentin went to visit his old home, he found the door slightly ajar, and out of curiosity, entered. Juliette came running down the stairs and led him into a room where Virginia stood waiting with open arms and open heart.

So you see, monsieur, I would not have him think that I am unhappy.

* * * * *

La Belle Jaqueline, dancer, leaned back in her corner of the tonneau, and looked up at the stars. And so this was the woman with whom I had been playing at making love. For the second time that evening I pressed her hand, and she returned the pressure with a firm clasp. All I wanted was for her to know that I understood, that I had looked down into the unfathomable depths of the heart of a woman who truly loves.

"THE JUNGLE KNIGHTS"

is the title of Victor Rousseau's next Peggy Roche adventure, in the July issue of Photoplay. Read it and see demure but irresistible Peggy, armed with the trappings of medieval chivalry, enter the lists for a successful commercial joust with the war commissioners of British East Africa. Superbly illustrated.

C L O S E - U P S

EDITORIAL EXPRESSION AND TIMELY COMMENT

Passing the Hat in Cleveland.

IT would take more than the Ohio censors and the mysterious Ohio legislature to stop Sunday movies in Cleveland, Tennessee.

When the to-crank or not-to-crank on Sunday question came up in Cleveland, the ultra-pious readily found enactments which forbade secular entertainments for an admission price, and opined, as well, that rival entertainments to the church services would not be tolerated.

But there were a lot of people in Cleveland to whom Sunday was not only a day of rest, but the only day for improving recreation.

Consequently, if you happen in Cleveland now, on the Sabbath, you will find Sunday afternoon picture shows free of charge, in which they pass the collection box. It is considered very unclublike to sneak before the offertory. And the picture hours are arranged that they may not conflict with the church hours.



A Business of Youth?

IN the week ending March 24, fourteen persons over fifty years of age made debuts as screen players in the studios in and about New York. All of these were professional people turning from the old-fashioned stage to a new mode of expression. Nine were men.

So, is it altogether a "business for chickens and boys," as an actress of celebrity—and no photographic possibility—contemptuously averred in a recent interview?



The Photoplay Serves in War.

AS these lines are written, the United States peers over the brink of ordinary times into the abyss of war.

If we fight—and the decision will be history before you read this—there will be organized a bureau of motion picture assistance to the government in New York City.

The first duty of this bureau will be the preparation and taking of two feature photoplays, which will be shown in every one of America's twenty thousand motion picture theatres. The second of these plays plans to deal with mobilization, and army and navy life and problems, in a large and inspiring way. It will not aim to show a well disillusioned populace such sentimental foolishness as "the joys of soldiering," but will exhibit in some measure the perils that encircle our country, how great a privilege it is to be an American citizen, and how the country must be defended.

The first play will be a compilation of army, navy and coast defense subjects from the libraries of every motion picture company.

Yet for immediate action the motion picture bureau will not even wait for the assemblage of photoplay No. 1. If we have war it will rush instantly to every part of the country fourteen sets of slides, of informing nature and patriotic appeal, the subject matter of which is already prepared, to be used daily during the two weeks occupied in the preparation of the first war feature.



— and it
Can Serve
for Peace.

WHILE this service is a speculative one, it is none the less real.

Men fight because they do not understand each other. The preliminary to understanding is acquaintance, and the greatest acquainter yet discovered is the motion picture film.

Figuratively, the Roumanian believes that the Frenchman wears horns and has a cloven hoof.

The great world service of the motion picture is to show the patriotic home-stayer that his brother in the far country has a heart and hopes, realizations and disappointments even as his own, that the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are indeed sisters under the skin. Though we fight our way to peace, the motion picture, spreading the gospel of the Great Democracy, will help us to keep a peace nobly won.



The Grand
Prodigal's
Return.

DAVID WARK GRIFFITH'S entry into the short story class of picture-makers, announced in the news columns of this issue, should cause those of us who possess trumpets to sound upon them our best festival notes.

Mr. Griffith is the Grand Prodigal of a celluloid world. As a maker of photoplays in five- or six-reel lengths, he laid the foundations of an entirely new art as no one man ever laid artistic foundations before.

One of our dreams has been another series of Griffith five-reel photoplays. No event of 1917 possesses more apparent significance than this impending volume of sunlit tales in convenient length.

The Grand Prodigal has returned.



Fewer
Picture
Theatres.

JUST that. The caption is not an appeal for fewer theatres. It is a statement of fact. A year ago there were hundreds of motion picture theatres in the United States which do not exist today.

It is estimated by some that the motion picture theatres of Greater New York have decreased forty per cent in twelve months. In Chicago, where exact statistics are obtainable, the seating capacity of photoplay houses decreased 29,000 in 1916.

Nor is this an alarming acknowledgment. The better-class picture house has not failed. Its kind has increased. The dump, the store-show, ye complete nickelodeon—these have been hard hit. They are building bigger

theatres, and what is more important, better theatres. The new theatre has comfortable seats and a reasonable amount of cleanliness and ventilation. The new theatre takes as many of the old-fashioned "picture show's" sufferers as it can hold, and if it doubles the dive's capacity, it will put three or four little fellows out of the running, for the man who perpetrates a joint and calls it a playhouse is in no position to do battle with real enterprise.



**Help the
Long
Run.**

HELP the long run, because it makes for better stories, finer acting, more conscientious direction.

There is no reason why a photodrama should not be as carefully made as the best play you ever saw, but patience and diligence are not worth while when the affair is flung into the projection booth at noon and yanked out at midnight.

Good plays and their endurance on the screens are demolishing the program's last strongholds in this country. Just now this is a matter of annoyance to the picture makers and the picture actors, but no actor or manufacturer of foresight regrets it, because it is an upheaval which ushers in the firm establishment of an art-institution.

In the huge readjustment which is bound to come—a readjustment which will jar everyone a bit and which will overthrow some—the program will finally disappear, and the photoplay booking office, a gigantic enlargement of the present booking system in vogue in vaudeville, will take its place.

You, as the patron, are interested only in the quality of the play you see; the mere mechanics of getting good plays, and better plays, and still better plays, do not greatly concern you.

Well, for your main interest: just help the long run.



**Enterprising
Mr.
Rickards.**

WHATEVER part the motion picture may play in the ultimate drive on Demon Rum, the role will be no more picturesque than a recent double-crossing of booze by the camera in Phoenix, Arizona.

The Hippodrome, the largest photoplay theatre there, had been a losing proposition. It was acquired by J. E. Rickards, an exhibitor who saw as a first prospect the confiscation of \$20,000 worth of confiscated spirits. Mr. Rickards and his "Hip" proposed a parade on the occasion of this liquor's destruction. The parade was taken on and participated in by the whole town. Mr. Rickards and his camera man beamed from the side lines. Mr. Rickards sent his negative to Pathe, and one hundred feet of it was included in the Hearst-Pathe weekly, which the "Hip" promptly booked.

Did the town turn out to see itself at the "Hip"? Can a duck's daughter navigate?

And has the "Hip"-going habit, thus acquired, stuck fast to the Phoenixians?

It sure has, admits Mr. Rickards.

Below, a study of Mme. Petrova in the first release under her new management, "The Undying Flame." It will be the first costume play in which she has appeared in many months.



Van Buren says: "Petrova's classic face is the blessing of any artist who tries to draw her. Her head belongs in a hall of statuary."

Petrova, th

PENCIL EXPOSURES

By Raebu

When the first lady enters, off come the hats. This is an inflexible rule of the Court of Olga, and is more a matter of working discipline than drawing room etiquette. Petrova is unique in that she turns out more film footage than any other woman star, yet has the shortest working hours. No sunrise stuff for her — she doesn't appear at the studio until 11 o'clock. Once on the job, however, her arena resembles a battleship in action.



Petrova is more than an interpreter. She's a business-woman-creator. She has had five photoplays produced in the past year. She writes a good deal between scenes.

Working-Girl

HER FORT LEE STUDIO

an Buren



Peggy watched with excitement that became breathless as the two parties merged together.
—“The Road to Biskra.”

PEGGY ROCHE is at once all that is lovely and all that is hustling from America. When the great conflict fell redly on the worried world, Peggy and her sweetheart, Jim Byrne, of Stamford, Connecticut, were about to commit matrimony. Even as they squabbled like turtle doves over the engagement ring, the unbelievable profits of the munitions makers commenced to glitter before their eyes. Jim, disconsolate, mourned the lack of capital; Peggy, optimistic and inventive, disregarded the lack of capital and hailed the opportunity. It was easy enough to fill orders, in her opinion, provided there were orders to fill! Jim would fill them, basing his transactions on the margin afforded by their thrifty though slender savings; she would get them, going to Europe to drum up business. And despite Jim's fears for the pretty girl he loves, alone on the hate-ravaged continent, she does turn the tricks of trade as they've never been turned before. If Peggy is now your admirable companion, you've been with her in her Balzarian horse-blanket deal with the Arabians of Syria, you've seen her sell a submarine to an inland principality, and you've held your breath as she chased recreant torpedoes in Dutch waters—only to sell them again to the U-boat captains. If Peggy is still a stranger to you, you'll find her pristine charm and her complete personality in "The Road to Biskra," the fourth individual story of this series—which is not a serial.

The Road to Biskra

THE FOURTH AUDACIOUS ADVENTURE OF PEGGY ROCHE

Although it was tempered by two proposals of matrimony, and punctuated with exciting experiences, Peggy came to the conclusion that the lot of the Sahara saleslady is not a happy one

By Victor Rousseau

Illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell

PALAESTRINA, on Mudros Island, of the Greek Archipelago, was Peggy's temporary domicile, and she was heartily sick of it. The town would have been called a hamlet in New England. It had one street, with five general stores, each exactly like its neighbors. Also, it had a hotel of two stories, capable of housing five guests. Peggy, in the spare bedroom, had engaged one of five beds, all in a row, the other four being unoccupied. As the landlord only rented rooms once a year, when the currant-pickers came in to sell their produce, he regarded Peggy's monopolization of his premises with equanimity.

Peggy was on Mudros Island for a very definitely outlined purpose. Jim Byrne, her sweetheart, had written her at Naples a month before.

"There isn't any more business," his let-

ter ran. "All the war goods that are wanted are now being made in Europe. Come home and see the eight-room bungalow I have in my mind's eye. There's a garage at the back, and a vegetable garden, and just as soon as you say the word I'll get out of the war goods business and take to farming on Long Island."

Peggy had smiled at this, and much more in the letter. However, she had not gone home. She had netted a comfortable hundred thousand for Jim, whose colossal nerve in starting in to supply war goods on a capital of six thousand dollars, borrowed money, had been ably backed by her initiative in Europe. But one thing was on her mind.

It related to a certain armored auto and armored truck, with couplings, filled with gasoline cans. Peggy had these left over from an order given, and duly deliv-



They were met by a swarming multitude that lined the streets hurling curses at the girl and stretching out their arms in denunciation of the infidel!

ered, months earlier. For some reason they had not come up to specifications; probably because Jim's output in the early

days of the war was decidedly—well, crude.

In those days one could sell anything.



But nowadays nobody was going to buy an armored auto with the ends of the steel plates unriveted, and a truck that was

splendid for race-track work, if trucks ever engage in that competition, but could not be depended upon to climb a hill of reason-

able grade without toppling backward. It was only a matter of twelve thousand dollars, but Peggy wouldn't go home without it.

After devious communications, such as all sellers of war goods know, Peggy had closed a deal. Twelve thousand was to be hers if she could ship the auto and truck and gasoline to Ghaza, Tripoli, for the use of the Turkish forces. As it was humanly impossible to run the blockade of the north African coast, the order seemed unlikely ever to be filled.

However, Peggy had taken her property to the nearest neutral point, which was Palaestrina, and was awaiting developments there. And she was sitting in the five-bedded room, thinking out her plans, when a card bearing the name of Captain Fanshawe was brought to her.

She went down and encountered a slightly built, agreeable British army officer in civilian clothes, who bowed and remarked courteously:

"You'll never get that auto and truck across to Ghaza, Miss Roche."

Peggy was naturally flabbergasted. Nobody but the go-between was supposed to have any knowledge of her plans; the very fact that this Captain Fanshawe knew of them rendered them abortive.

"I am the intelligence officer for the Ghaza district," he added smilingly. Then he shook his finger as if at a naughty child. "Miss Roche, aren't you ashamed of yourself, selling to the Turks—or rather, trying to sell to them?"

"Why? I am an American," answered Peggy.

"But your mother was English," said Captain Fanshawe. "And in any case, you should not try to sell war supplies to our enemies. What would your teacher, Miss Leighton, of Public School 6, Brooklyn, have thought of you?"

"One—one minute!" gasped Peggy. "What was the color of my first beau's hair?"

"Red," answered Captain Fanshawe, and this time Peggy was scared almost out of her senses.

"Don't be alarmed," said the Captain. "I only guessed that. Our first—er—beaux, generally have red hair. And the rest is a simple matter. You have acquired something of a reputation in the Orient, Miss Roche, by your methods of salesman-

ship, and it is my business to be in possession of your dossier. All the same," he continued, becoming serious, "you can't get that auto and truck across to the coast of Africa without an uncommon stroke of luck, and if you do, you'll have the time of your life getting away. I'll give you five thousand for the stuff and pitch it over that cliff."

"Captain Fanshawe," said Peggy, "my mother may have been English, but my first landlady was Irish, and my answer is no."

Captain Fanshawe smiled at her. "I'll get it anyhow," he said.

"No," repeated Peggy firmly.

"All right," said the Captain with a sigh. "I suppose that means I'll have to get after you."

"You can't do anything to me on Mudros, though."

"No, but I don't want to. I wish I could keep you here. I'm sailing for Alexandria to-morrow morning. Don't be afraid of me till you start contraband running."

"I'm not afraid of you, anyway," said Peggy. "You look quite harmless."

On the following morning, Peggy, who had not believed a word of the Captain's statement, was astounded to see him actually board the boat for Egypt. She did not take her eyes off him till the vessel was clearing the harbor. Then she knew that, whatever scheme he had in mind, he was at least bound for Alexandria; he could not come back until the next vessel landed.

So, calmly and methodically she went to work to procure a ship that was making the run to Tripoli.

By a miracle of luck she made the port of Ghaza. The little Greek cargo vessel sailed right through the rather extended line of the British fleet and anchored under the shore batteries. An hour later Peggy was receiving the profuse thanks of the governor, Nazri Pasha.

"His Excellency can never thank you enough," said the interpreter. "His Excellency sends this check to you." And he placed it in Peggy's hand. It was drawn on the Turkish Imperial Bank at Constantinople.

"That's all right," said Peggy. "But can't I cash it here?"

"You can at a sacrifice," said the interpreter. "But it will cost you five

thousand dollars. Turkish money is at a discount at present," he said, smiling.

"How do you suppose I am going to get to Constantinople, then?" demanded Peggy.

"You can cash it at any money-changer's, mademoiselle. The discount is the same all over the world. After the war Turkish finances will doubtless improve, when our indemnities have been paid."

Peggy realized that she had once again fallen into the fine mill of the financier. She felt a fury against the Turks almost equal to that against Captain Fanshawe. Especially, however, she wished to be able to meet him again, to triumph over the man who had been looking up her record in the United States.

She had planned to return on the Greek vessel the next day, but on going to the wharf she found the captain in a high state of excitement. An allied submarine had appeared off Ghaza and apparently intended to stay there. Peggy was likely to remain in Ghaza until the war ended.

It was at this juncture that the little secretary encountered her.

"I have been looking for you everywhere, mademoiselle," he said. "The governor asks you to help him. There is nobody in town who can run either the automobile or the motor truck."

"Well, you don't expect me to lead your armies to battle, do you?" asked Peggy.

"No, mademoiselle. But if you would take it to the holy city of Biskra, there is a Mohammedan chauffeur there who understands automobiles. He used to be chauffeur to the Khedive."

"How far is it?" asked Peggy.

"Only eighty miles, and two hundred from the Egyptian border. You will not be in danger there, mademoiselle."

"I'll go," said Peggy.

A visit to the governor confirmed her in her intention. Bland and suave, Nazri Pasha vowed his eternal gratitude, and, as a token, handed her real money—English notes—amounting to a thousand pounds, more than the deficit on the exchange of her Turkish money. Peggy was to attach the truck to the auto and take them out to Biskra, with a camel escort, on the following morning. The journey would occupy four days.

Peggy started at dawn, before the heat of the day, accompanied by a guard of a

dozen men, who regarded her with awe and terror. At night a tent was pitched for her under the stars. The desert, stony and hard, lay level as a billiard table, affording excellent running. On the fourth afternoon the towers and minarets of Biskra came into view through the distant haze.

Suddenly a crowd of horsemen was seen in the heart of a sand cloud. The escort, leaving Peggy, rode forward to announce themselves. Peggy watched with excitement that became breathless as the two parties merged together.

Then came the sound of firing, and to Peggy's astonishment, her Turkish guards came riding back like the wind, hotly pursued by the white-clad Arabs, who fired over their horses' necks as they rode. In a moment she understood what had happened. In the Arab way, Biskra had revolted and turned upon its masters.

Peggy attempted to turn the automobile, but the wheels had become lodged in the sand. Before she could crank up, the Turks had fled past her, still pursued, while the Arabs, with wild shouts, surrounded her and her machine.

She was pulled out and set upon a camel. The leader of the band, a dark-faced man with a hawk's eye, seemed the only force that restrained her from being torn to pieces. There was a brief delay while the Arabs examined the machines. They tried to attach horses to them, and at last made signs to Peggy that she was to drive them into Biskra; but their leader, indicating that the machines were to be left where they were, rode back with Peggy into the town.

They were met by a swarming multitude that lined the streets, hurling curses at the girl and stretching out their arms in denunciation of the infidel. So fierce was the jam that the party was obliged to halt. At a word from the leader, they moved up a side street, fronted by an enormous mosque, before which was a sepulchre with a dome. Arriving there, Peggy was pulled from her camel and thrust bodily inside.

The door closed on her. She found herself in a large room, dimly illuminated by an oil lamp that burned in the roof. Over her she fancied was the dome, but the ceiling of the room intervened. Peggy's prison was sparsely furnished with a Turkish bed and floor rugs of bizarre design.

It was a long time afterward that a negro appeared with a pitcher of water and a loaf of bread. He set them down upon the rug and withdrew. And hours passed, until at last Peggy slept, worn out by the fatigue and terrors of the day.

She started up, to find that it was morning. The broad light of day came through the open door, in which was standing the hawk-eyed leader of the band that had captured her. With him were a soldier armed with rifle and bayonet, and a little levan-tine, who came forward suavely, motioning her to remain seated upon the sofa.

"You are in a very serious position, miss," he said, with a hardly discernible accent. "I have been a government clerk in Cairo, and I know how serious your position is. No infidel is permitted to visit the holy city of Biskra."

Somehow, in such moments, Peggy always felt her gorge rise at being in the power of mean little men such as this fawning go-between, similar in type to all those employed by army leaders.

"Well, I'm here now. What are you going to do about it?" she asked.

"You are willing to become Mohammedan?" asked the little man, cocking his head on one side with superb self-assurance.

"No, I am not!" snapped Peggy.

"You are willing to become bride of Mohammedan?"

"Well, what do you take me for?" she cried, and through her mind there passed a vision of Jim, toiling in Stamford, and of the little eight-room bungalow of their dreams. And more and more she felt that the whole thing was an imposture, a phantasy, a dream.

"Sheikh Osman Ben Ali has taken a fancy to you," remarked the little man, indicating his companion, who, poised like a statue, never took his eyes off the girl. "He is willing to make you his wife and save your life. He has only one other wife, and



"Sheikh Osman Ben Ali has taken a fancy to

she is old. If you refuse you must go before the cadi."

"Tell him he's dreaming," answered Peggy briskly, "And tell him I'm an American citizen, and he'll have to answer for any harm done to me. And say! Tell him I want a camel escort to take me across the desert to the nearest British post."

The little go-between gasped with horror at her words.

"Miss, miss, you do not know what you



address him in Arabic. Peggy saw the sheikh's eyes smoulder with anger as he listened.

He answered rapidly and the go-between turned to Peggy again.

"He says you are beauteous as the swan," he said. "He says he is willing to divorce his old wife and take no other so long as he has not tired of you."

Peggy clinched her fists and stepped up to the little man, "What is your name?" she cried.

"My name is Abdur Rahman, Miss. Civil servant in Cairo, but now secretary to Sheikh Osman Ben Ali."

"Very well, Mr. Abdur. If I hear another word about marrying this black man from you I'll—I'll thrash you," said Peggy.

The sheikh could not have understood, but it was evident that he gathered the meaning of her gestures perfectly, for the ghost of a smile flashed across his impassive face. Peggy, glancing at him, decided that he was not

are saying!" he cried. "The *cadi* is a judge from Mecca, merciful, but stern. The law must be fulfilled. If you will not accept the faith or marry a Mohammedan, you must die. The death is with the noose. What shall I tell Sheikh Osman Ben Ali?"

"Tell him just what I told you!" cried Peggy, starting forward with flaming cheeks.

The little man shrugged his shoulders, and turning toward the sheikh began to

bad-looking. His features were distinctly Caucasian, there was no negro blood in him, as in so many of the Arabs, and if he had not been almost of negro complexion, he would have been distinguished. As she looked, he threw the hood of his burnouse over his head and signed to the soldier, who came up.

"You will go quietly, miss?" solicited the little secretary. "The *cadi's* judgment hall is in the mosque beyond; thus it will

you," remarked the little man, indicating his companion.

not be necessary to go through the mobs in the street. But you will repent at the last moment, miss."

"I am not going to make a scene. I recognize that I am helpless," said Peggy defiantly.

But she could hardly keep the tears from her eyes at the thought of Jim in Stamford, Jim whom she was destined never to see again. Quietly she accompanied the soldier and the secretary through the opened doorway. They passed across a paved court, set with little barred windows in the walls, from which she fancied the eyes of captive women were looking down upon her. Overhead was the bright sky and the sunlight, cut short as they entered the gloomy cloister of a huge building, topped by a tower with a slender shaft, and with the muezzin's platform, from which he called for prayers, near the summit.

A door was opened and Peggy found herself within a rather small hall, containing low Arab stools, on which were seated a number of dignitaries, motionless in their white burnouses. In the center, upon a raised platform, sat a strikingly handsome man, the *cadi*. He was about forty years of age, full-bearded, with piercing dark eyes and white hands with fingers delicate as a woman's, with which he turned and turned the pages of a book before him.

As Peggy entered, every head was craned toward her, but there was neither speech nor other movement. The soldier took up his station beside her, the secretary and the *sheikh* bowed low; Peggy alone stood defiant and unbending.

She knew nothing of what was transpiring, but she imagined that the story of her refusal of the alternative was being told to the *cadi*. From time to time he spoke a word and the heads beside him nodded in acquiescence.

Presently the little secretary turned to Peggy again.

"The *cadi* does not ask you to become a Mohammedan," he said. "He realizes how strongly rooted is the delusion of the infidels. He wishes you to learn the truth from the lips of your husband. He will marry you now to *Sheikh Osman Ben Ali*."

Peggy shook her head. All the anger had gone out of her now, and through her clouded eyelashes she saw only Jim, and the little bungalow of their dreams.

"Tell the *cadi* I refuse," she said simply.

The *cadi*'s bright eyes were fixed upon hers piercingly. He spoke.

"Again he says consider," said the little man. "You may take days—a week, perhaps. And you shall see *Sheikh Osman Ben Ali* every day, that you may overcome your repugnance to him."

Peggy only shook her head again. Then the *sheikh*, leaning forward, addressed her personally in Arabic, the secretary repeating word for word.

"No," said Peggy finally. "It is no use your waiting. I will never marry that man."

The *cadi* drew a deep breath, as if of amazement. And all through the hall the sigh of astonishment, perhaps of admiration, sounded.

The little secretary turned to Peggy. "You must die by the noose at dawn," he said.

Peggy was led back into her room. The only thing that made her glad at that moment was that she had been spared the shouts and taunts of the mob.

Twelve of the four and twenty hours had passed when the door of the room opened. Again the secretary stood before the girl and with him was a tall man, who, throwing back the hood of his burnouse, revealed himself to Peggy's astonished eyes as the *cadi* himself.

For a moment the wild thought flashed through her mind that he had come to save her. But the secretary, speaking in grave tones, dispelled the hope almost as quickly as it had arisen.

"The *cadi* has seen you in the court today," he said. "He cannot sleep, to think that one so beautiful must die the death reserved for the Nazarene."

"Well?" asked Peggy.

"He says that he will give out that you have died and will secretly take you into his harem. He has only two other wives and has grown tired of both. He will divorce them if you will become his bride. You need never leave the harem, and nobody will ever know you are there. Your life shall be untroubled."

"Oh, isn't it enough," cried Peggy, "that I should be condemned to death, without having my last hours tortured by such infamous proposals?"

The secretary translated to the *cadi*, who listened gravely. Presently he spoke again:

"The *cadi* says that until you have learned to love him you shall only be his guest," he said. "His other wives shall wait on you. They shall be your slaves. He loves you and cannot let you die."

"No!" cried Peggy hysterically. "No!" The man I love is in America, and I would rather die than marry another. And I would never marry a Mohammedan anyway. Make him understand that and go away!"

The *cadi* listened and bowed his head as if at the decision of fate. Gravely and with dignity he left the room.

No sooner had he gone than the face of the little secretary underwent an extraordinary change.

"Listen, now, miss, and understand me well," he said. "There is a plan to save you. And Sheikh Osman Ben Ali will do so."

"Will you not leave me?" begged the girl, trying hard not to become hysterical.

"But you do not understand. It is not necessary that you marry the sheikh. He will save you because he loves you. He will take you to the nearest English outpost and leave you there. You shall never see him again."

Peggy clutched at her heart in the violence of her emotion. Life was sweet—yes, and her thoughts were of Jim, Jim whom she never knew how deeply she loved until she had given up hope of ever seeing him again.

"It is all planned," continued the secretary. "The guards have been bribed. You will dress as an Arab woman and accompany the sheikh and myself to where your automobile lies. You will enter and drive to the outpost, only sixty-five miles distant. The English are advancing and I well know that our cause is lost, as does the sheikh. We go there to join them. And we take the truck, filled with the gasoline, which the English sorely need. Miss, you will not refuse that?"

Peggy clutched at his arm. "Is it true?" she cried. "Are you speaking the truth?"

"The very truth. But, miss, it will be necessary that you pay the sheikh a ransom. You have much money from the Turkish governor at Ghaza, as we know from our spies. The sheikh does not give his help for nothing."

"I thought it was love," said Peggy, with scorn which she could not conceal.

The secretary smiled. "If one cannot gain the sun, shall he despise the moon?" he quoted.

Peggy tore the purse containing the English bills and the check from her bosom. She thrust it into the man's hand. "There, take it!" she cried.

"Then we shall start immediately," he answered, "or the *cadi* may suspect and watch for us, or change his mind and come back."

He disappeared, returning in a few moments with a long, shapeless cloak, such as the Arab women wear. He held it out to the girl, who flung it about her. She raised the hood over her head and adjusted about the lower part of her face the veil which hung from it.

"Now we must go hastily," said the secretary. "There will be few stirring in Biskra. Nevertheless, we must not awaken the suspicions of the sentries."

He led her to the door and thence through a little passage which Peggy had not seen before—certainly she had not entered by it. The guard at the door stood perfectly silent and motionless as they passed him. They crossed a courtyard and suddenly found themselves in a little side street of Biskra.

The town was almost deserted, save for an occasional donkey driver belaboring his animal as he returned to his home from the trip which he had taken somewhere with his produce. The houses, looming up on either side of them, with barred windows, seemed to oppress the girl with all their dreadful secrets. She longed for the open air of the desert. But presently they reached the end of the passage and the wide market place of Biskra appeared, with its closed stalls. Overhead the stars were shining brightly. Peggy felt the hope hammering at her heart.

They went on until, at the further corner of the market, a second figure joined them. It was the sheikh. The secretary stopped for a moment. A few words passed between the men.

"The sheikh wishes me to say that once more he asks you to become his wife," he said. "Being now a friend of the English, he is able to become the most powerful leader in Tripoli. He says that he will become an Englishman and that you shall walk the streets unveiled. He says you are his graceful heron, and that he loves you."

"O, it is useless," cried Peggy, a pang at her heart as she thought of the man's evident devotion. She felt sure now that the money had gone to grease the palms of the little secretary, and that Osman was ignorant of it. However, there was nothing to be done—and, indeed, she thought little enough of the money now.

The sheikh said nothing when the secretary had translated. For one moment Peggy was conscious of a stunning fear that he would change his decision. And the thought of the consequence rose like a black fog between herself and Jim. But after an instant's hesitation they continued their journey. Now they were approaching the open country and the desert wind beat on their faces. Then came the last danger. The figure of a sentry rose before their eyes, he shouted sharply and raised his bayonet. But the sheikh answered the challenge with the countersign and the man stood at attention silently.

They were past him; the town, with its oases and canals, lay in the distance behind them. They trod the desert stone, with its cover of shifting sand. In the east dipped the Bear, as if it guarded the English camp far away. Peggy was afraid that sentries would be posted about the machines. But whether or not the townspeople had examined them that day, they had scurried back before the curfew hour, and the automobiles remained uninjured where they had been abandoned. The truck was still full of the gasoline cans. Peggy felt faint with the reaction from her experiences.

"I shall never forget—tell the sheikh that I shall never forget," she said to the little secretary. "And tell him that—that I'm sorry I called him a—a black man."

The secretary translated and again Peggy thought she saw a flicker of humor upon the sheikh's face. Peggy got into the automobile and they followed her, taking their seats on her left side.

The gasoline tank had been filled half an hour before the hostile raid from Biskra. The machine began to move. It shot forward, the heavy auto truck lumbering after it. Now they were clear of Biskra and all its dangers. Now Jim, who had been no more than a wild hope, even after Peggy left the prison, rose clearly into her mind again. What was he doing that very night in far away Stamford, she wondered?

She could let her thoughts dwell upon him now as the machine reeled off mile after mile, her hands automatically steering it toward the bend of the Bear, which the secretary had indicated to her as their destination. She felt the free wind on her face, she breathed more and more deeply, as if she were expelling the terrors of the past twenty-four hours and even now tasted the sweet airs of her own country, laden with salt from Long Island Sound.

The hours flew away like minutes. Peggy might have gone on till morning, but the secretary suddenly clutched her by the arm and pointed.

Far away, under the moonlight, she saw a black blur upon the face of the desert.

"There is England," he said.

And never had the word sounded so sweet. Peggy turned the machine. The blur grew larger. Suddenly a sentry leaped up from the desert.

"Halt! Who goes there?" he challenged.

"Newmarket!" called the little secretary.

"Pass Newmarket, and all's well!"

They had left the outpost behind. They saw the long line of white tents before them. A sentry sprang forward from the guard-tent. Peggy drew up. The countersign was given and taken and the three waited.

Presently a tall man in uniform strolled out of a tent, came up to them, stared into the sheikh's face, and held out his hand.

"Fanshawe!" he cried, pumping the sheikh's hand vigorously. "Where the devil do you come from?"

"Hush!" said the other mockingly. "I didn't mean to break the news so suddenly. I've just brought back Miss Peggy Roche, the blockade runner, with that armored auto and the truckful of gasoline I spoke about."

And that time Peggy really lost her temper.

"They were all English spies?" she asked incredulously, when, on the next day, having accepted the inevitable, she sat down to mess with Fanshawe, the secretary and the rest of the officers.

"Not exactly spies," answered Fanshawe. "That little secretary to the Turkish governor at Ghaza arranged your route to Biskra for us, but Mazri Pasha was a loyal Turk; he didn't know it had

(Continued on page 131)

The Progress of Pauline

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE
GIRL WHO GRACES THE COVER




THE words accompanying this optic music really ought to be a hymn of praise for Loretta E. Frederick, the very remarkable mother of a remarkable daughter whose visage, in the pastels of Miss McMein, lured you within these leaves of laughter and learning. Mrs. Frederick is not only an adroit and suave business manager for her actress child, but she has preserved a complete photographic record of her child's distinguished career. No matter what fame a celebrity achieves, his or her folks usually gasp with self-satisfaction when a single kid daguerreotype is unearthed after weeks of searching. Frequently there is no visual remembrance of the growing child; no arresting forever, upon film or plate, the fleeting features of adolescence.

Is Boston proudest of its tea-party, or that it served as the birthplace of Pauline Frederick? However—she *was* born there, grew up there, went to school there.

She is unique among photoplay celebrities in that she does not hop about from company to company, seeking a change of air or greenbacks every few weeks. Her entire picture service has been with Famous Players.

The picture at the left is one of her favorite portraits. It shows her in her role in Henri Bernstein's play, "Samson," which served William Gillette as a stellar vehicle at New York's Criterion theater. Miss Frederick, Miss Constance Collier, Mr. Gillette and Arthur Byron were a never-to-be-forgotten quartette in this emotional study of a dockhand who grew to a kingship in French business.



Sirony photo



Photo by Hall



Down in the left corner is Miss Pauline Frederick at the age of fourteen months. Also on this base-line we find her at the ripe age of four and one-half years. Boston child that she is, we should say that this picture declares plenty of beans and not too much erudition. In the circle at the top of the page her girlishness is blooming into the soft contours of youth: she is fourteen years old. Now for a leap from home to profession: the large photograph in the evening gown, at the left, shows her as she appeared with Lew Fields, in "It Happened in Nordland," while the large head, below, is a study made during one of her early Frohman engagements.



White photo



Chickering photo



Hastings photo





Photo by
Runions'
Bros.



Here she is, in her very first big hat! And she's six years old. In the large oval is a photograph made at the age of seventeen, at the time of her first appearance on the legitimate stage. In the small circle, below, is a singular picture from her musical comedy days. The large head glimpses her as a chorus girl in "Rogers Brothers in Harvard." The corner embrace was excised from Patterson's newspaper play, "The Fourth Estate."



Photo by
Purdy



Marceau
photo



Photo by
White





The large picture shows Miss Frederick as she appeared in the Frohman revival of "The Paper Chase." Below, her concluding stage role, in Broadhurst's play, "Innocent."



Photo at right
by White



Marse Connelly

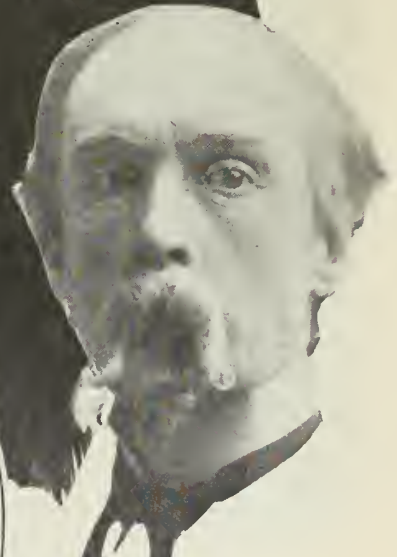
TO any man or woman who has seen his unforgettable depiction of the decayed Southern gentleman in "Marse Covington," Edward J. Connelly will always be "Marse." The finest brief drama George Ade ever wrote had the additional advantage of an extraordinary character actor, and between author and interpreter "Marse Covington" made history.

Connelly has a knack for mezzotint. A role in his hands is a thing to be examined microscopically from every angle, and finally, in realization, to be supplied with lights and shadows from the lamp of reality in such measure that the character is frequently more human than a living man would be in the same circumstances.

Mr. Connelly's motion picture enterprises to date include "A Good Little Devil," "Shore Acres," "Marse Covington," Thomas H. Ince's production of "The Good Little Devil," and a number of other productions. He is now appearing in the Metro serial, "The Great Secret."

To list the Con-

Mr. Connelly in "The Great Secret,"



Mr. Connelly as Marse Covington; at the left, with Rhea Mitchell in "The Devil."



nelly performances in the theater would require a chaptered story, as he is one of the playhouse's most distinguished servants.

This is Billie.

"In Reply



Photo by Witzel

WHENEVER Gladys Brockwell has nothing else to do, she unlocks her typewriter garage, leads forth her trained Underwood, or Oliver, or Remington, or whatever make it is, speaks a few kind words to it and begins operations.

The result is usually a letter of some sort. Miss Brockwell's friends know who her letters are from before they open the envelope, owing to her original technique; and we

have it on good authority that epistles bearing the Brockwell brand are in such demand that the fair actress-author is "breaking in" her mother, so that she can "double" her in the "in reply to yours" stunt.

Which brings us to the subject of the Brockwell parent who is co-starred in this brief ceremony. An unusual feature of the Brockwell family annals is the slight dif-

to
Yours—”



ference in the ages of mother and daughter. In this respect they are unique in stage and screen personalities.

There is only thirteen years difference between Miss Brockwell and her mother, "Billie" Brockwell, as she was known in her days on the stage. Mother "Billie" was married at the rather early age of twelve and Gladys hove into view soon after she had celebrated her thirteenth birthday.

Ever since that time, from which they date their friendship, Billie and Gladys have been pals. No one not in the secret would assume that they were other than sisters, although those who know them declare facetiously that they are more like friends.

Mrs. Brockwell is first aid to her talented daughter in the dressing room as well as in the study, and the latter relies on her mother's judgment in business transactions.

Arline Pretty Was Born That Way

By Gary Dowling

YES, all you wise ones, who wonder what are the real names of Blanche Sweet, and Bessie Love, and June Caprice—Arline Pretty has always been Arline Pretty, ever since September 5, 1893, Washington, D. C. The name was not adopted by her, nor was it wished upon her for motion picture ad-



Photo by Apeda Studios

vertising purposes by an admiring employer. Pretty she was, and pretty she is, and now she's almost sorry she didn't take some other name.

"You see," she complains, "hardly anybody believes it's my own parental name, brought over from England—no, not on the Mayflower, I think it was a Cunarder—but that was before my time. They think I picked it for myself, and while it is a perfectly good name, and well behaved ever since I first became acquainted with it, still for one to select it for one's self sounds like an overdose of that vanity that the preacher said his 'thus saith' about."

We mildly called attention to the fact that truth is unhurt by criticism, but were waved aside in the very positive manner that is Miss Pretty's most charming characteristic.

"Prettiness," she said, in a way that promised an epigram and caused us to reach for our pencil, "prettiness is such a handicap to intelligence.

"Come again," we pleaded, in our low-brow way.

Arline was patient with us.

"If you are pretty," she explained, "the clever men you would like to talk to, only want to flirt with you, and the clever women are jealous of you. If you have any intelligence, you are mentally marooned."

"Are you 'mentally marooned?'" we inquired.

"Ah, but I'm not intelligent," she countered.

Far be it from us to contradict a lady, but if Arline Pretty is not intelligent, she's clever enough to conceal the fact.

After leaving school, Miss Pretty obtained an engagement with a stock company, not without certain parental protests.

And now Douglas Fairbanks is using her to embellish his productions.

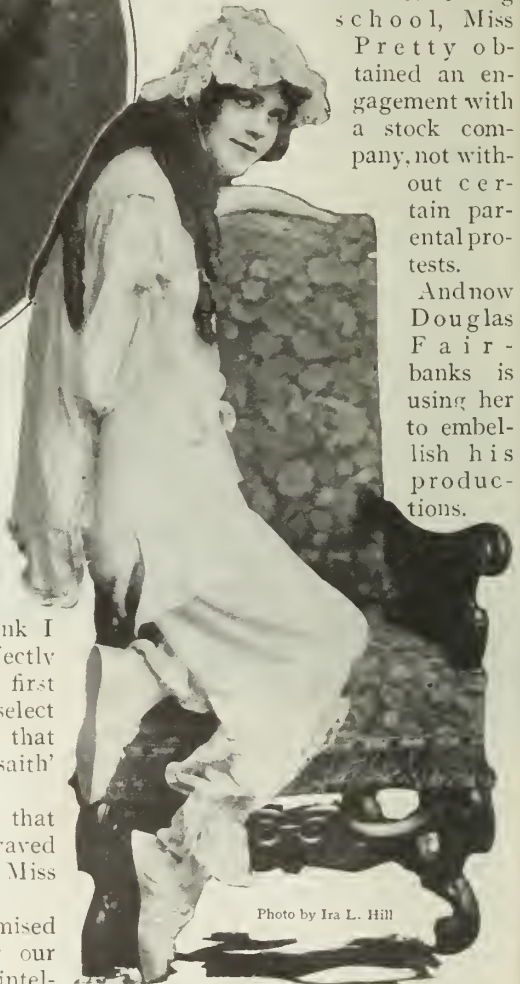


Photo by Ira L. Hill

Who's Whose

WHEN THE LAMPS ARE FOCUSED ON THE DINNER-TABLES, INSTEAD OF ON THE SETS

HERE is a pictorial record of a few photoplay romances that didn't end when the camera man ceased cranking. The license clerk and the preacher did a little scenario work here. These couples solved the independence of the sexes, economically, before marriage, and their hearths are little altars to prove that a woman doesn't *always* marry for a home, and that a man doesn't *always* wed to get a cook, house-keeper and sock-darner. Each was an independent factor in the workaday world of the arts, and the work of each pair has been in some measure allied since the wedding day.

Moffett Photo



Witzel Photo



Moffett Photo

Lillian Drew and her husband, E. H. Calvert



Hartsook Photo

At the right, the famous Orientals, Sessue and Mrs. Tsuru Aoki-Hayakawa.

*Gerda and
Rapley Holmes*



White Photo

Witzel Photo



*Roscoe Arbuckle
and the vivacious
Minta Durfee-
Arbuckle.*



Witzel Photo

*Ann Little and her
husband,
Alan Forrest.*



De Gaston Photo

Hoover Art Co.
Photo

Witzel Photo



*There's a Mrs. Ford
Sterling: right here—
see—Teddy Sampson*

EVERY time I see Dave Powell on the screen, I think of the British Army.

At that, I don't know that he's ever been in the British Army. I don't believe he's had time. He has spent too many years on the stage to allow for any military service in his not over-long career, yet. . . . he is pre-eminently the officer-type you'll find today in the Somme trenches, or mentioned for conspicuous bravery and an order in the *Westminster Gazette*, or—none too rarely—pictured briefly on the regular page of fallen heroes in the *Graphic*. He has the same innate gentility, the same lithe leanness and smart carriage, the same sensitive mouth, mobile face and inflexible eyes that mark the fine young British aristocrat as he crosses the Channel these days to glory, fire and death.

Which rhapsody may be concluded by saying that Powell is an Englishman, just as he appears to be.

What is more to the point is that he is a faultless photoplay leading man and an adorable villain, and in the last two years has caused as much palpitation of the heart in the dark show-shops as any celluloid gentleman you might summon to the bar.

Answering the overwhelmingly important question first: No, Genevive, Myrtil, Justine, Chrystobel, Denise, Charnion, Helene, Rhoda, Phryne, Ahnetah, Margot, Clo-Clo, Jou-Jou and Sara, Mr. Powell is *not* married. Probably because he never saw you.

However, you are spared a lot of pain because you cannot hear him speak. He has a voice like music out of a steel cello. If I were a girl, I could go perfectly mad over his voice. Pray always just to see his shadow; then you'll continue to sleep nights.

Mr. Powell is a bachelor in a New York bachelor apartment, leading as honest a life as any wholesale heart-burglar may.

"I have five perfectly tame hobbies," said he, when told that the queen of Cleveland and the countess of Kansas had resolved not



With Billie Burke,
in "*Gloria's
Romance*."

to breathe again until the news was brought them. "These: Photography, gardening (when I get the chance), golf, planning the bungalow I'm always expecting to build in the mountains, and collecting books."

Mr. Powell has been on the stage about ten years, and came to America seven years ago with Ellen Terry, who was presenting a poor but rather interesting play, "The Good Hope." For three seasons Powell played the artist with Forbes-Robertson, in

POWELL, The Military Heart-Burglar

By Julian Johnson



A portrait



With Mary Pickford, in "Less Than the Dust."

"The Dawn of A Tomorrow," with Mary Pickford.

Ensuing parts and plays in which you may remember him were "Fine Feathers," with Janet Beecher; the hero of "Less Than the Dust," with Mary Pickford; the too-engaging villain of "Gloria's Romance," with Billie Burke, and the leading part of

"The Price She Paid," with Clara Kimball Young.

At the moment Mr. Powell is at work in "Outcast," supporting Ann Murdock.

He will appear in a number of other plays in this series, which is made up from the list of the late Charles Frohman's productions during his latter years and which have not as yet been photographed.

"The Passing of the Third Floor Back." Then he made a great success in the one-act plays of New York's Princess Theatre, and enacted *Wu Hu Git*, the Chinese lover of "The Yellow Jacket."

His debut before the camera was made a couple of seasons ago with Famous Players. Here he appeared in "The Fatal Card," with John Mason and Hazel Dawn, and in

Mary Anderson of the

MARY ANDERSON! She catapulted right at you out of her shabby looking background, that brilliant California-Hollywood day, even while you were trying to make up your mind whether that classic name, bestowed on a fluffy pink-and-white ingenue, was an asset or a liability.

Of course you knew the shabby looking background was the Vitagraph dressing rooms, but that didn't spoil it at all. The fact remained that Mary Anderson ran toward you, all raggedy and with the light through her hair, just as she has run

NAMESAKE OF FAMOUS
STAGE ACTRESS IS NOT AMBITION
TO PLAY VAMPIRES
AND HUSH! SHE'S MARRIED

By
Grace
Kingsley

This musical instrument is the son of a banjo and a ukelele.

toward you a dozen times on the screen, but colorful and radiant, with tiny freckles peppered over nose and cheek and bosom.

If you know Mary Pickford, you find that Mary Anderson off the screen looks and behaves more as Mary Pickford looks and behaves on the screen, than Mary Pickford herself looks and behaves off the screen—get me?

And her life—is exactly like the charming little ingenue's in the first reel, before the villain and other dreadful things begin to happen to her. She's awfully happy, oh, my, yes, acting and



Photos by Stagg

Films

swimming and driving her car and everything.

Philosophy? Sunny variety. She has exactly what she wants in every way. Not, "I want what I want when I want it," is Mary's motto, but—"I want what I want when I get it!"

Doesn't look as if she owned a Japanese maid, either, but she does. At least she's as Japanese as Mary will let her



Miss Anderson has just become Antonio Moreno's leading woman—did you know that?—and she's proudly pointing him out to the beloved Airedale.

be. Inwardly of course she's all oriental, but this doesn't trouble Miss Anderson. It's the decorative phase that interests Mary.

"I let her remain Japanese as to sandals and hair-do; otherwise she's high-heeled, capped and Frenchy. She doesn't seem to mind, except of course the corsets. And now I simply have to have a house to put her in—a flat makes her look too pinched. Saw a lovely house in the mission style the other day.

(Continued on page 152)



(Continued from page 34)

have been madness to pay off then, so we held on everything and drove ahead. As we sank in the trough, there came a grinding jar, a horrid shudder through every nerve and fiber of the schooner which seemed to communicate itself to our own quivering tissues. Then we rose again and shot through the boiling brine and the next moment found ourselves in comparatively quiet, streaky water, while the force of the wind seemed suddenly to abate.

It was sufficiently apparent that we had touched: not struck precisely, but rubbed along the reef, and knowing the fragile condition of the schooner, I feared the worst. So slight had been the contact that a staunch and solid vessel would have suffered no more than the stripping of some copper, but the old *Circe* was in no shape for such rough handling. I slipped below, wrenched up the pantry hatch to the cabin hōlu where our stores were kept and listened. Splashing sounds from all about confirmed my fears. The water was pouring into her through a multitude of open seams. The rotten fasteners had not stood the strain and now we had opened up and our remaining afloat was probably a question of minutes.

Fortunately, the squall had driven past and the wind was rapidly lightening. I sprang on deck, ordered four hands to the pumps and the others to get the boats over, two whaleboats and a big, roomy cutter. The cook and steward I set to work getting up stores from below. The rain had stopped and my three guests were standing in the waist, a little pale but quiet and expectant.

"We've got to leave her," said I. "She's rubbed across a sunken reef and started all her seams. There is no danger, as we are only about twenty-five miles from Trocadero, and the worst that can happen to us is our being marooned for a few weeks until the boats can fetch Kialu and send a vessel to us. So look sharp, please, and get your things up as quickly as possible."

THE old *Circe* went to her ocean grave in leisurely fashion. Long before she was dangerously deep we had the boats deep-laden with all that I could imagine we might possibly need. There were stores and tools and weapons and clothing and fish-lines and even a seine net. No casta-

ways were ever possibly better equipped than we. Even the galley range was included in our impedimenta, as well as the spring cots from the staterooms. My plan was to land as much stuff as we could carry and then, keeping the hands ashore only long enough to construct our camp, to despatch them in the two boats for Kialu, where trading schooners called every other month or so. The voyage would be safe enough at that season and I did not see the necessity for keeping any of the crew upon the island, as we should be quite well able to do for ourselves and the fewer mouths to feed the better. It seemed to me also much better to have my guests remain comfortably sitting on Trocadero than to subject them to the discomforts of a possible fortnight's voyage in an open boat. In fact, I could not picture Enid living and moving and having her being under such conditions and it would have been cruelly to subject her to them.

Of course, I might at least have kept the cook to do for us, but I reasoned that the most trying ordeal we should have to face would be the monotony and that the necessity of providing for ourselves must needs furnish healthy occupation. So I decided to ship off the cook with the others, on the plea that the date of our relief was indefinite and that we might have use for all of our stores and even more by the time that a vessel could be sent to take us off. Besides the *Circe*, our own fleet at Kialu consisted of two thirty-ton yawls and a forty-ton ketch, all three working boats with little boxes of cabins, smelly and carrying a full complement of cockroaches: thus in no sense available for the transportation of shipwrecked ladies requiring at least one hundred cubic yards of sterilized privacy *per capita*. Wherefore, it might prove necessary for us to wait as much as a couple of months on Trocadero.

All of this I explained to my guests after we had embarked in the cutter, the *Circe* being by that time heavy with her impending doom. They quietly approved the decision with no particular comment. Even the garrulous bishop seemed subdued, not from dread of the future but because of a certain solemnity attached to the passing of a fine, almost living fabric wrought of human brain and hand. We were compelled to assist at these last funeral rites of the *Circe* because the boats were so heaping

full of miscellaneous duffe that we could not row, but were dependent on our sails. Of course, if the weather had turned nasty, we should have jettisoned the bulk of this dunnage, but as it was, the passing squall which had killed the *Circe* had also killed the breeze, so that we drifted idly about with slack canvas, waiting for it to return to us and watching with few words the dignified departure from our midst of the suffocating vessel.

This overtook her proudly erect with a faint air aloft caressing burgee and pennant, while the ensign which I had felt it was her due to carry to the depths kissed the peak of the mainsail as if in farewell. The *Circe* settled upon an even keel and two or three little ripples even tripped comfortingly across her decks, as if to assure them that it was not so very bad on the bright corral bottom below. Then straight down she went with no gesture of despair from high-flung bow or stern, and the smooth line of the sea ran swiftly and mercifully up her high sails and thence to maintopmast truck with its brave flickering pennant, as the Pacific took her.

AFTER the brief silence of respect which is due such moments, I said to Alice Stormsby (for I might as well commence here, to call her thus): "There goes the innocent victim of two human errors in the juxtaposition of alien bodies; that of her builder in bringing copper in contact with steel, and that of her owner in bringing a keel in contact with a coral reef."

"It was not your fault," she answered. "Nobody could see anything in that blinding squall and we appeared to be miles and miles from the land. Was she insured?"

"No," I answered, "but it does not matter. I bought her for a song and she has paid her shot five times over. *Requiescat in pace.*"

The bishop appeared to rouse himself from his abstraction with a galvanic jerk, something like a scalded possum. He blinked at me benignantly.

"I must say, you take it like a sportsman, my dear Jack," said he. (He found the situation such as to warrant this familiarity of address.) If it were not for your loss, I should regard this in the nature of a rare and valuable experience. We came out here for the sake of knowing the Pacific intimately and, by George, we appear to be

succeeding. There, now . . ." his face fell and he looked at me, reproachfully, "why didn't some of you remind me to get some snapshots?"

"Your niece has not neglected the opportunity," I said, and got from Enid one of her odd, antagonistic looks. As we were all busy in the work of abandoning ship, I had observed her recording our manœuvres in her little camera and wondered why she seemed to be so furtive about it, although expecting arrest and confiscation of the box. Her stealth had roused in me a sort of irritation, as it seemed to imply that I might resent the sacrilege of photographing the death agonies of an old and faithful servitor. Did the little fool think me that sort of sentimental idiot? What did I care about the nail-sick old *Circe* beyond the slight matter of her intrinsic value? And it was all the more vexing to be forced to admit to myself that I had a lump in my throat when the brine enveloped her.

CHAPTER III

THE breeze came presently, ahead at first, but soon hauling fair, and we stood away for Trocadero, our less heavily laden cutter in the lead and the whaleboats, their gunnels nearly awash, trailing along in our wake. The smarter sailer of the pair was towing a spinnaker boom (we clung to yatching tricks abroad the decrepit *Circe*) which I thought might be useful in the construction of a solidly stayed and well-built bungalow, for I meant that my guests should have, during their sojourn on Trocadero, the comfortable boredom which was their due. Otherwise, after the manner of tourists, they might have felt themselves justified in filing a complaint against the Pacific as an untrustworthy arc of the world's circumference and myself as a negligent custodian of my part of it.

The interment (only it was water) of the *Circe* had occurred at eleven A. M. and we had quit her at midday. About four hours later, the trade picked up its carelessly dropped stitch and tried to compensate for its lapse of regularity by jamming us on Trocadero as fast as safety would permit, and a little more. We sighted the almost twin towers against a burnt orange sky at three o'clock and the concave facade

(Continued on page 113)

A good-looking girl can tell a poor joke and get a big laugh; a good joke told by a good-looking girl creates an uproar—*ergo*, a good joke told by a lot of good-looking girls should start a riot.

The "Follies"

By Alfred

ONCE upon a time a psychological explorer discovered the tired business man and doped out a cure for his pernicious malady. The tired business man was restored to his normal wakefulness and the inventor of the process was made rich in worldly goods. The cure is spoken of as The Follies, conducted by Dr. F. Ziegfeld.

While the curative powers of this wonderful panacea were marvelous, their scope was restricted to the capacity of one theater. They didn't cover enough territory, as it were, and consequently there were tired business men in cities other than New York who did not have access to this mar-

Let's use, to illustrate our argument, two of the best tonics in Dr. Ziegfeld's patent medicine cabinet: with the tricolor of our new ally, Miss Kay Lawell impersonates "La Patrie," with a chair, and nature, Miss Lucille Cavanaugh impersonates Miss Lucille Cavanaugh.



Photo by White



Photo by White

of the Screen

A. Cohn

velous pep restorer. And besides, there were tired teamsters and wearied agriculturists and exhausted chauffeurs and worn out weavers and hosts of other subnormal beings to whom this form of optical treatment was inaccessible.

To these classes and masses have come the Screen Follies. To the moving picture, the aforementioned hordes owe their salvation.

Keystone has become the silent Follies, a gradual evolution from slapstick histrionism and pastry drama into something infinitely more eye-filling

On the other hand, two of Dr. Sennett's best medicines: Miss Marie Prevost, giving a funny old boat a good time by paying it a little attention; and Miss Mary Thurman, who, as you can see, made Praxiteles and Michelangelo look like thirty cents merely by eating and sleeping.



Photo by Greenbeaux

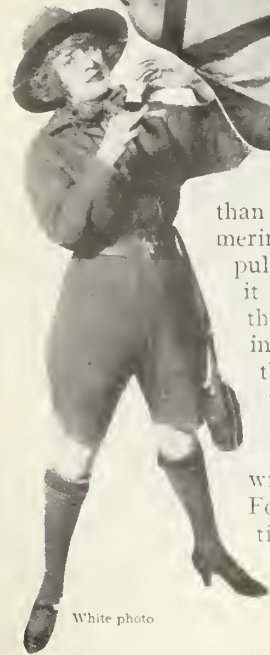


Photo by Stagg



Dr. Ziegfeld's newest treatment is Mlle. Simone d'Herlys, hammocked before you; his newest hospital, "The Coconut Grove," a super-cabaret atop New York's Century Theatre. Above, the Keystone girls keep the form divine and have a lot of fun at pushball. Left, Agnes Jepson, a "Boy" Scout of the noisy "Follies."

White photo



White photo

than mis-directed meringue and catapulting custard. And it has as much appeal to the tired general storekeeper in Squashville, Nebraska, as to the harassed gunman of the national metropolis, and to both it is equally accessible. Moreover, the cost is trifling as compared with the electric-lighted, grease-painted Follies of the noisy stage. Again, no self-respecting tired business man would think of attending the latter unless first injected into so-called evening clothes. He would not consider himself worthy the appellation otherwise. Conversely, no tired anybody would think of



attiring himself in other than ordinary garb to take his optical treatment of the Screen Follies in his own little cinema. So much for a few necessary comparisons. More anon.

Here briefly is the big idea behind the Screen Follies:

A good looking girl can tell a poor joke and get a big laugh: a



Above, catcher Juanita Hansen touches Miss Thurman out, in a seaside game. Right, the Keystone queen whose throne never totters: Mabel Normand.

good joke told by a good looking girl creates an uproar. Ergo, a lot of good looking girls telling it ought to start a riot.

Like the development of other great ideas, the process of evolution was slow. For a long time pie was supreme. In those

Photo by White

**OUR SURVEYOR'S OFFICIAL RE-
THE FOREMOST PHOTO-**

Neck.....13 in.
Bust.....36 in.
Waist.....26 in.
Hips.....36 in.
Thigh.....20 in.

Except for wrist and
ments, Miss Thurman's
classical

days a corps of com-
ical cops did most of
the parading in these
pastry pastimes. In the be-
ginning one pretty girl had to
compete with the pie as the chief
eye-filler. Nowadays a bevy of
beautiful maidens has usurped
the chief functions of the pseudo-
policemen, who are merely
incidental. The time and
labor consumed in bak-
ing soft pies has been
turned to
making one-
piece bath-
ing suits
and hall-
portion

gymnasium suits and mere
veiled suggestions for nature
dances. The thrill of the
wild chase and the ter-
rific tumble has given
way to the more subtle
exhilaration that is
evoked by youth and
beauty and physical
loveliness. Of
course there is a plot
so that there is

*Miss Vera Maxwell, of the present-in-
person "Follies," is asking you how
you like the costume Raphael Kirchner
designed for her on a dizzy day when
he didn't know whether it
was September or May.*



Small Photos by Starg

**PORT ON MARY THURMAN,
PLAY SHOW-GIRL**

Calf.....13 in.
Ankle..... 9 in.
Wrist..... 6 in.
Forearm... 8 in.
Upper Arm.. 9 in.

ankle measure-
lines approximate
perfection.

something for the press agent to write about, and some funny situations so that it can still be properly designated as a "comedy." But any sort of analysis will show an assay of 99 per cent girl.

And here's where we come to the sort of girl she is, this *fille*

Miss Louise Fazenda, of the celluloid chorus, cavorts as a somewhat ballerina. On both pages you will observe a background of Mary Thurman, heartily engaged in the gymnasium exercises at which she is more proficient than most male athletes

of the Film Follies. (In deference to the tired tiller, it may be stated that *fille* is French, or something, for daughter, and not slang for chicken.)

Of necessity she must be young and pretty. Younger, possibly, than her sister of the stage Follies and flawless of skin, for old man camera is merciless. Grease paint and other esoteric appurtenances expertly applied will make a beauty out of just an ordinary "looker" behind the footlights. When she goes to the photographer he finishes the job of making her a "beauty" by snipping some of the pug off her nose, eliminating the squint in her left eye and ironing out the crow's feet.

It is a well authenticated fact that, if motion picture films were retouched, the production of photographs would be reduced 82 $\frac{2}{3}$ per cent. That being out of the question, there can be no synthetic beauty applied to film art. It has to be the real thing. Many a famed beauty has "got by" with the public until

Photo by Evans



Small photos
by Stagg

the fifteen or twenty times enlargement shot out of the projection machine onto the screen makes her forehead look like the Grand Canon of the Colorado and her cheek like a relief map of the Verdun front.

And the candidates for the Screen Follies—once they are admitted into full membership because of their youth and beauty and grace—must “keep fit;” otherwise they lose the only assets which contribute to screen success. Rouge and a lipstick, aided by tricks with electricity, might convince a stage audience that she had enough sleep the night before, but they wouldn't fool the camera. Youth retires in confusion before the advance of General Dissipation and *never* “comes back.”

Most of the Screen Follies girls are athletes of some persuasion or other, but nearly every one of them is an expert swimmer. One of them, Mary Thurman, whose pictures may be seen nearby with the aid of a microscope, is an all-around track and field athlete as well as expert in all aquatic sports. Aileen Allen, another, holds most of the fancy diving championships on the Pacific Coast and in Hawaii.

But while athletics are indulged in generally as an aid to physical beauty and perfection, no gymnastic prescription has ever been provided that has proved anything like infallible. And of course, every girl will ask:

How do they keep in condition?

Well, according to Mary Thurman, there is only one program of physical treatment that is effective as a general rule—just bending, tensing and stretching exercises. As for dieting, this queen of the Screen Follies doesn't think much of any digestive program.

However, for the benefit of those who think they might find improvement by following her example, she is willing to divulge her secret; viz:

Eat a very light breakfast.

Eat a very light luncheon—just a sandwich.

Eat no dinner when tired.

There you are! Many a poor shopgirl has followed the same program with no idea of improving her beauty.

Oh, yes, there's another rule she follows and it's the most important one too:

Never stay up later than nine o'clock (night) more than once a week.

Isn't that just perfectly wonderful, girls? Of course the old folks will perhaps succumb to the shock when you announce your nine o'clock retirement program, but it won't be fatal.

In search of atmosphere, or something, for this more-or-less story, the writer made a little journey through the home of the Screen Follies—the Keystone studio in Los Angeles. There was a big squarely-built fellow with an air of authority about him conversing with a subordinate.

Suddenly the big fellow—it was Mack Sennett—paused and looked at a sport-suited youthful figure coming into the angle of his vision.

“Gee!” he declared, with a humorous assumption of enthusiasm, “there's a good-looking girl! How did she get into this place?”

It was a bit of kidding sarcasm intended for the engaging director, but to the casual observer threading his way through masses of one-piece-bathing-suited water sprites and more-abbreviated-gymnasium-garbed gazelles, all young, it seemed like poignantly unjust criticism.

Yet it indicates only slightly the genuine demand for youth and beauty in this particular branch of moviedom.

“Really pretty girls, who photograph are very hard to find,” says Sennett. “Sometimes an extra girl comes in the gate and we think we have discovered a wondrous beauty, only to learn from the screen that she is a pictorial impossibility. And there is no way of making her look like a beauty. Many times, we have destroyed an entire comedy because a girl upon whom we had banked did not ‘picture’.”

Sennett declares that he is not a rival of Mr. Ziegfeld. He admits, though, that his object in life is much the same: furnishing the champagne for the feast of existence; bringing surcease alike to the tired highbrow and wearied lowbrow; making them forget for the time the more sordid things of life, such as birth control films—both pro and con—wars and politics, and the latest in the screen season's white slave effects. Some day his press agent will have him say:

“I care not who writes the nation's laws, so long as I can screen their Follies.”

The Shadow Stage

A Department of
Photoplay Review

By
Julian
Johnson



*The last hour of
Sydney Carton.*

*William Farnum in
"A Tale of Two Cities."*

NO mimic representation of life, whether it be a laying-on of pigments or a carving of shadows, deserves to be called an art-work unless it arouses thoughts beyond itself. Does it slip the leash upon that dusky hound of mystery, Imagination? In the degree in which it appeals to Imagination, it is Art. In the measure in which it suggests a larger field of life than that its frame encompasses, it is a triumph for its creator.

For these reasons "A Tale of Two Cities," a Fox production directed by Frank Lloyd, starring William Farnum, is the silversheet achievement of the month concerning whose visual fictions I write.

As big plays most often do, it came surprisingly as a shot from a dark doorway. Lloyd was assuredly of no special eminence; William Farnum has achieved celebrity and a fortune not as an actor of characters but as a purveyor of William Farnum; Fox is an industrious wholesaler of teary melodramas and vampires.

Lloyd permits Charles Dickens to retain a bit of credit, and keeps his title. Which was more than Henry Miller did, in his play upon the same subject, for Miller called his adaptation "The Only Way."

Without renarrating in weaker and more desultory language a famous story, let us say, for clarity, that it concerns the gigantic comedy and tragedy of the French Revolution; the love of Charles Darnay, even-

tually heir of the hated Marquis St. Evremonde, and the heroic self-sacrifice of his physical double, Sydney Carton, an Englishman.

Many as are the scenes of embattled Paris, our spiritual vision strays beyond the page. This is not merely a more-or-less convincing prop replica of the Bastille, shown by Mr. Lloyd: here are wider avenues than the shaded medieval streets; these gaunt and fantastic people, yapping at the heels of the Bourbon soldiery, are more than a crowd of energetically-driven supers. Almost as in the pages of Carlyle, we feel ourselves swept on the crest of the greatest awakening since Christianity.

Nor is this our genial friend William Farnum. The curly-headed, large-armed Bill disappears, and we are confronted by two distinct personalities; Darnay, the suave and silent aristocrat, direct and elegant as an arrow of silver in his discourse and his lovemaking; Carton, the rum-wrecked genius, abased to a gutter hell by his sloth and his appetite, fired with the passion of heaven, by the eyes of Lucie Manette. Theoretically, Mr. Farnum is by no means the type for either Darnay or Carton. In fact, he is a tremendous realizer of both.

I wish the program gave us the name of that fair victim of "Citizen" wrath who enroute in a tumbrel with Carton to the guillotine, looks into his eyes with the sunrise of eternity in her own, and asks only

that he hold her hand to the foot of the scaffold. In his treatment of this exquisite un-named character, as in the thrilling death-exit of the Royalists, who march their ladies to the red cart with high-arched hands and in the stately steps of a minuet, Lloyd has approached the grandeur of true classic tragedy. The stage, this year, has nothing to offer which approaches the splendor of humanity in these scenes; and indeed, in his ability to hurl his observers head-foremost into an epoch, Lloyd reminds us of the gigantic power of Mr. Griffith, whose necromancy called back an utterly forgotten civilization.

What an exquisite thing Jewel Carmen is, in her flowerlike impersonation of Lucie! She is her own first name. Charles Clary, as the elder St. Evremonde, sums up his Hohenzollern philosophy as he watches the death-struggles of a girl destroyed by one of his kind: "What life these common bodies have!" Clary in his insolent elegance and autocratic inhumanity could not be bettered. Joseph Swickard is very fine, too, as Dr. Manette; his is an impersonation at moments of flashing contrasts, and again, of pastel tint. A bit of tremendous symbolism is supplied by Rosita Morisini as Mme. Defarge, "the woman who knits death." Great supporting values appear in the pictorial descriptions by Ralph Lewis, Herschell Mayall, William Clifford, Marc Robbins and Willard Louis.

Having created a marvellous mob, Lloyd lapses strangely by letting them, assembled, continually shake their hands or implements above their heads in no human way. Not even the members of a mob do the same things; their end and larger movement may be the same, but the physical expression of each man is individual. In his remarkable court-room scene, in which the drunken "Citizen" judge woos order with a dinner bell, I think Lloyd has permitted bits of grotesquerie which, while not in the least overdrawn, are viewed by un-

thinking beholders as common attempts at cheap comedy.

IN pictorially perpetuating George M. Cohan, but one thing was necessary to success: a transformation from sound to motion of Cohan *himself*. Could the dryly emotional drawl be photographed? Could the camera catch the nervous Cohan force? Could the transient stage energies of the Yankee Doodle comedian be changed into permanent picture energies? On the whole, would a George Cohan photoplay be a volley of Cohan, as is every Cohan footlight venture; or would it be an indifferent motion picture, with the image but not the presence of Cohan wandering in spectral weariness through its scenes? Among the people worried by this question, I feel that the foremost was Mr. Cohan himself.

"Broadway Jones," his initial strip of transparency, should make him as happy as it is making thousands of his admirers. George Cohan, not an acting illustration, gets across the long-shot lamp to his beholders. It seems to me that at least a pair of credits is due here; one to Josef Kaufman, who shows himself a director not only forceful but thoughtful; and one to Mr. Cohan, who approached the camera as he has approached every other venture he has considered worth while: with all his energies, resources and enthusiasms, and a determination to add a new province to his empire of expression.

Do you remember the story of "Broadway Jones?" Old Andrew Jones, a wealthy manufacturer of chewing-gum, in Ohio, has a nephew and presumable heir so thoroughly devoted to the New York he has never seen that he nicknames himself "Broadway." Andrew the ancient believes in letting everything that is well enough alone, including a no-advertising policy. On this rock he and Broadway finally split, and Broadway, chaperoned by a kindly advertiser named Wallace, turns toward the white lights. He spends what he has, and then, as the immemorial



Florence Reed, as Lucretia Borga in "The Eternal Sin."

prodigal, goes back to the Buckeyes and picks up the business where his uncle, dying, laid it down. He also adds Josie Richards, the sweet confidante and secretary of his uncle, to his list of life's assets and liabilities. But they spend their honeymoon in New York!

A detailed account of Mr. Cohan's originalities in any piece is fully as enjoyable as seeing a Cohan play with Cohan's understudy. Therefore, let us advise a personal glimpse, and refrain from word-pictures.

Marguerite Snow, as the gentle Josie, is, in my opinion, playing the best part of her life. Ida Darling is certainly doing this, as Mrs. Gerard, the widow who would en-

snare the grandoldflag boy of Broadway.

The subtitles are inimitable: written by the thorough-going Cohan, they are as descriptive as the best scenes. An astonishing amount of real interior location is used.

"Broadway Jones" sags alarmingly in reel IV, but speeds up at the finish.

A great man of the theatre, probably the greatest young man the theatre has, has come to the screen with all his gifts and all his enthusiasms, and he is going to do as much for the screen as the screen is doing for him. Welcome, George M. Cohan!

NO program photoplay produced last month is more lightly, naturally amusing than "The Dummy." Few equal it. Here Jack Pickford proves that his last name is not an implement necessary to success. As Barney Cook, the dreamy messenger boy who gets fired to live the things he dreams about, he does not merely play a part: he gives a complete and convincing characterization. "Pickford" handicapped Jack badly in the notices on this



George Cohan, as Broadway Jones, tries to convince his conservative uncle of the value of advertising.

play, for if the end of his nomenclatory handle had been Billings, or Brown, or Baldwin, he would doubtless have been hailed as a rarely gifted juvenile. But what can any Pickford do to astonish us? A super-excellent cast concurs in his efforts. Edwin Stanley and Helen Greene play the separating pair whose baby is stolen. Allan Forrest is splendid as the young kidnapper, and Ruby Hoffman swift and adroit as the female captain of evil, while the admirable Frank Losee is perfectly cast as Babbings, the boss detective who is Barney's idol. There has been a deal of natural direction on the part of Francis Grandon, and the nonchalant messenger's assumption of dumbness as an aid to detection is convincing.

In "The Spirit of Romance" Vivian Martin has been given a story which is whimsical and fantastic without becoming silly—an apparently impossible thing in motion picture plots. In a sentence, it is this: the determination of an eccentric millionaire to feign departure from this life, and yet witness his fortune being dispensed

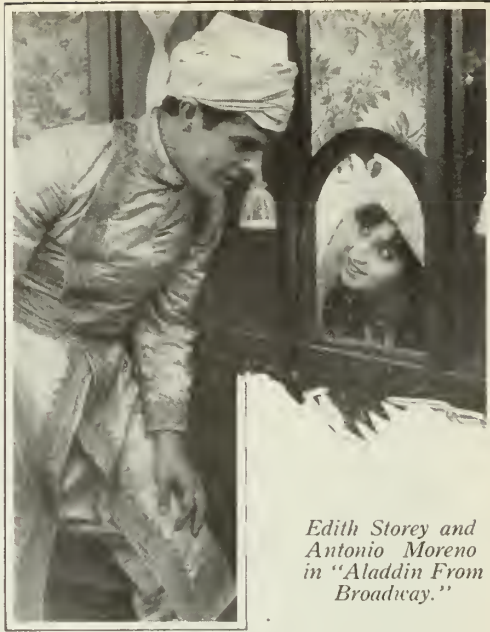
by a kindly little girl who has comforted his gouty years. Miss Martin and Herbert Standing are the principal performers in a smooth-running tale, lifelike though devoid of punch.

Would that there were more photoplays of imagination such as "The Bottle Imp!" Remember Stevenson's fairy tale—how Lopaka, the poor fisherman desirous of possessing Kokua as a wife, is assisted by an aged priest of magic? The priest's gift is a bottle containing his own bewitched brother. This brother can grant any wish, but he who possesses the bottle at death will land in hell; and it cannot be given away, and must always be sold for a less amount. Here is the basis of as fine a piece of fantasy as the camera has given us in many months, and the story is magnificently acted by Sessue Hayakawa—as Lopaka—with Lehua Waipahu, a beautiful Hawaiian, making a thrilling debut as Kokua. Marshall Neilan directed. "The Bottle Imp" is a ranking achievement photographically and mechanically.

"Out of the Wreck" compels Kathlyn Williams to swim through as heavy a tide of melodrama as we have seen, even in Foxy evenings. Our verdict on this piece is that it is a well done thing not worth doing at all.

"The Prison Without Walls" is a variation of the Tom Brown theme made real by Thomas Mott Osborne, and made fiction by half the country's imagineers ever since. Wallace Reid, Myrtle Stedman, William Conklin and Billy Elmer participate. Reid is indifferent, Miss Stedman and Elmer are fairly real, and Conklin astonishingly bad in make-up. It is distinctly an underripe offering for the Lasky orchard.

On the other hand—"As Men Love" an offering in which Miss Stedman also ap-



Edith Storey and Antonio Moreno in "Aladdin From Broadway."

pears. Here is a concise, logical, carefully-written play, fairly true to the humanities, and with a thoroughly satisfactory ending. Endings are the weakest point for attack in motion picture construction, for the average author, having stuck his head in a noose, knows no way to extricate himself except by illogically cutting the rope. This story of domesticity and the fine friendship between two men, which the wife of one of them almost destroyed, is

well acted by a cast including Miss Stedman, House Peters, J. W. Johnston and Helen Eddy. Lois Zellner is the author.

George Beban, forever in the pleasant by-ways of Latin character, wrote an entertaining tale in "The Bond Between." It is a story of novel art-thieves, the war, and life in a French boarding house. But just why Mr. Beban should be so confoundedly uncertain about the opening events of the Great War, when these events are firmly fixed in the mind of every little schoolboy from San Diego to Saskatoon, we're at a loss to know. Mr. Beban provides himself a new study in Papa Duval, a lovable old Frenchman. Donald Crisp directed.

I THINK William S. Hart is Ince's best bet this month, and the piece is "The Square Deal Man." It is a fine type of the simple, direct Western story: full of red blood and swift action, rushing straight to its dramatic point, and with a fair amount of characterization. Mary McIvor is the lustre upon Bill's shield of sinew.

Isn't "Sweetheart of the Doomed" a magnificent title? Sounds as if there were a Rider Haggard story behind it. Yet . . . in this instance, the sweetheart is a Parisienne of lively past, who, having wrought a little red ruin in the French army, is sentenced to comfort the final hours of the Republic's soldiery by taking

the place of wife, sweetheart or mother, as the last suppliance may be. Not a bad idea, but it is poorly worked out, with a Middle West idea of France and things French, and an absolutely insipid ending. The mechanical detail—behind the lines with Teuton and Gaul—is excellent; so is the photography. Miss Glaum performs the vampire of ultimate benevolence.

"The Dark Road": a murky melodrama, with Dorothy Dalton. The story falters and falls, despite superb locations, magnificent settings and the splendid photography that Ince customarily lavishes on his subjects.

"Blood Will Tell": the chorus girl, Wall street, and ticker stuff. If tickers were high-angle mortars, this office could lay a curtain of fire about Long Island. William Desmond and Enid Markey perform in this distressingly commonplace sonata.

"HER Official Fathers," emanating from Fine Arts studio during the last days of its independent existence, is the weak gesture of a dying giant. It features Dorothy Gish, in a play about a bank board

to whose members are left the custody and upbringing of the daughter of a distinguished dead financier. The "business" might be a bank or a peanut stand to judge by its technique. The Taj-mahalish front of one of the glittering Los Angeles savings banks is used, after which we see the director's room, presumably in the same bank—a couple of flats, a cheap table and a set of kitchen chairs. There is little excuse for this sort of thing.

DRIPPING the junk problems of modern existence, Harold Lockwood and May Allison, in Chambers' "The Hidden Children," have been plunged into a sheer romance for the like of which we must turn to some of the popular stories by Irving Bachellor. Laid in the middle eastern country in Revolutionary times, this account describes the varying fortunes and delectable adventures of two children deserted by their mothers during an Indian attack. No one ever accused Mr. Lockwood and Miss Allison of being realists, hence the psychology of Loskiel and Lois, in this sun-play, does not much concern us.

*Harold Lockwood and May Allison
(in buckskin) in "The Hidden
Children."*



nevertheless, here is an ideal narrative for youthful enchantment—one that we wish, for the sake of screen health, might often be paralleled—in which the girl will find the thrill of a particularly impeded romance, while the boy will live again in the ruddy fresh air days of our republic's birth. After thousands of feet of alleged male brutes and mopey "heroines," "The Hidden Children" is like a cold shower on a hot day.

Olga Petrova is not honored by her two Metro vehicles this month: "The Secret of Eve," and "The Waiting Soul." The first is the rambling annal of a synthetic saint who finally chooses a life of sacrifice, discovering her peace in helping others—and she immediately pairs off to make a happy ending! "The Waiting Soul" might be entitled "Should a Woman Tell?" It is just a piece of insincere hypocrisy, built wide and loose for the mentally corpulent. Our advice is for the woman to keep still, because what she does tell is always very dreary and uninteresting.

Mabel Taliaferro, in "The Barricade."
No.

MEN and women do not always ask logic in their entertainments. More often, they demand in serious pieces a relishable kick to the emotions, while, in such laugh-fests as Chaplin's, does anyone stop to think of common-sense? Under the first class comes real melodrama of the old order, with a three-sheeting of every common sentiment. So we approach "The Whip," a crystallization of the spectacular English play produced at New York's Manhattan Operahouse late in 1912. It is a story of the British race tracks, with a heavy plot to keep a certain horse from winning by any hazard, with every soul deep black or pure white, and as a culminating mechanical drive a great train-



*Louise Glaum
and Charles
Gunn in
"Sweetheart of the
Doomed."*

wreck. "The Whip" has every asset of speed, variety, swift change and barbed-wire complication which made for the success of the early motion picture spectacles. But it was directed by Maurice Tourneur, it was made recently in a great studio, and over its rough-and-ready "movie" solidity has been poured much of the polish and skillful photographic effect of the genuine photoplay.

I'm a bit confused as to who's who, in re "The Whip." I believe Brady did it, for it contains many of

his people, but I do not think it is being released by him. Concerned in this demonstration are Irving Cummings, Warren Cook, Dion Titheradge, Alma Hanlon and June Elvidge.

"The Social Leper," "Forget-Me-Not," and "As Man Made Her." Isn't that a trio of backstairs titles? Of these pieces the last is the best. It features Gail Kane, and while it is of the sordid sort relished by the smirking pious, it contains certain humanities which I suspect are more than half due to the very excellent acting of Frank Mills—truly a sterling player—Edward Langford and Miss Kane; though as a purveyor of sincerity Miss Kane is scarcely equal to the two men.

"Man's Woman," another World piece, languishes for want of a reasonable plot. In Miss Clayton and the company surrounding her, Mr. Brady has an organization of high potential in the modern things. They should have real stuff, by all means.

GLADYS BROCKWELL lands many a morbid story which would not pass muster purveyed by women of less voltage. Such a thing—which she jolts across merely by sheer personality—is "The Price of Her Soul," a gnawing treatise on the drug evil. This play has been energetically produced by Fox, with a stout cast including Jack Standing, Monroe Salisbury, and B. Keller.

Theda Bara has had some pretty bad plays, but without any doubt "Her Greatest Love" is her worstest drama. The piece is as saturated with real humanity as Death Valley is saturated with water. Supposed to be the hectic adventure of an innocent in Russia, the play is as Russian as a Russian costume at an amateur masquerade. Miss Bara evinces a dreadful desire to be funny—among other deterrents which this collection of odd shots holds.

WHY must Anita Stewart, one of the greatest young emotional actresses in the world, be wasted upon such a weak-tea banality as "The More Excellent Way?" As Chrissy Desselden, Miss Stewart is attracted to Robert Neyland, a youngster whose worst vice is hard liquor. Enter then John Warburton, her perfectly pure and good guardian, of such chemical sanctity that I hated him the minute he stuck his face past the frame. Eventually (why not now?) Mr. Warburton completely vanquishes Mr. Neyland, who has proved himself a dirty devil, manipulating the Equitable building and juggling Wall street just as they always do in pictures, to overcome his stainless foe. Neyland bumps himself off, the middle-aged guardian gathers the glowing young petunia in his arms, and we are quite sure that such a set of fools can really be happy ever after. Charles Richman does as well with Warburton as any man could; and the excellent cast includes Charles A. Stevenson, a great recruit from the talkies. Rudolph Cameron plays Neyland. The unforgivable part is that this untruthful play was written by a smart man who knows better: Cyrus Townsend Brady.

THE trouble with "Womanhood, The Glory of a Nation," Vi-

tagraph's preparedness film, is that it has not one new idea, and is bound together, not in a great emotional band, but as a loosely-tied collection of unrelated melodramatic incidents which are at best not very convincing. When the tremendous plays and pictures of this war are finally staged, it is probable that the tensest scenes will be far from the double beat of the giant guns; bloody action is, in a way, its own anaesthetic; real tragedy and emotion's mighty convictions arise where the peace of nature ironically accentuates the wrack and storm of the human heart. "Womanhood" is simply a wholesale melodrama in none of whose phases has there been much ingenuity; and in some things, too little care. To it are given such sterling players as Alice Joyce, Harry Morey, Joseph Kilgour, Peggy Hyland, James Morrison, Naomi Childers, Mary Maurice and Templar Saxe. I am not saying that "Womanhood" won't entertain; perhaps it will give you the Spring's thrilling evening, but don't look for another "Intolerance." In any event, here is a pictorial "Wake up America!"



Jack Pickford and Ethel Mary Oakland in "The Dummy."

BUT the best thing the Blacktonians have done in a long, long time is a real visualization of three of the inimitable stories of O. Henry. Our first advice is for a private showing of these photoplays, every day for a week, to the regular Vitagraph scenariosmiths. Do you remember O. Henry's "Past One at Rooney's," in which the cheap crook and the public lady meet, and, with souls glorified by love, try to rise above their pasts by lying to each other? And then the moment in which the policeman, recognizing the stick-up man, starts to run him in—and is prevented by the street-girl, who, desperately trying to save her man, reveals herself for what she is when she threatens to squeal on the bull for his graft? So simple is the plot of a great human story. The other two stories are the droll "Friends in Rosario," so sly and incisive and pungent that it might be a Balzac translation, and "The Third Ingredient"—which same is a humble onion, needed as the high explosive in a beef stew. Mildred Manning is the leading woman in this delightful trio. Plays of reality, like these, are needed by the screen as starving Belgium needs food. The junk that clutters our silversheets can never be swept away by goldplated actors or lavish expenditure. Forever, the play's the thing.

MUTUAL'S new MacGowan series, "The Railroad Raiders," doesn't quite live up to the enchanted promise of that incomparable first chapter. Nevertheless, it is far in advance of other serial or series pictures. MacGowan should keep out of doors. Chapters two and three are

too much under a roof, and beneath shingles MacGowan is as much at home as an elephant at a five o'clock tea.

JACKIE SAUNDERS' first Mutual photoplay, "Sunny Jane," is a Sishopkinsish affair, diverting and pleasant, though no deeper than a piece of tissue paper. The one serious motif, Jane's imaginative faculties, is directly reminiscent of Anita Loos' "The Little Liar."

"HIGH Play" is the strong, brief name of William Russell's current and conventional melodrama, in which Francelia Billington plays the feminine lead. It has been written with the Russell worshippers in mind, and beyond any doubt is a pleasing optic meal for their devoted consumption.

"MOTHERHOOD," a Frank Powell production, will miss fire badly, now. And, indeed, it should, for it is a smug, diabetic preachment of America's insular security, and it has a true Pharisaic windup in which we thank God that we are not as other lands are. All I can say of this is that it will be a mournful sugar-plum for the pacifists in hiding.

"THE Eternal Sin" is a glittering sepulchre. The play is Herbert Brenon's visual version of the story of Lucretia Borgia, and Brenon—or so it appears to me—makes the cardinal mistake of seeking to justify this monster of the Middle Ages, instead of using her as the mere diabolic background for a sweeter story

(Continued on page 147)



Norma Talmadge and Chester Barnett in "The Law of Compensation."

JIMMY FOUND THAT SCARLET WAS NOT A GOOD COLOR FOR DOMESTIC TRIMMINGS; THAT ONLY THE DELICATE SHADES HELD ENDURING CHARM

The Girl at Home

By Constance Severance



“MEMBER what Robert G. Ingersoll said about colleges?” asked Squire Padgate. Then, without waiting for the answer he had not expected to receive, he answered himself: “‘Colleges,’ says Ingersoll, in a piece he wrote about Abraham Lincoln, ‘is places where pebbles is polished and diamonds is dimmed.’”

“He said no such thing!” returned Mary Dexter, in flat denial.

“I can show it to ye.”

“No, you can’t show me in the book. R. G. Ingersoll, godless atheist that he was, didn’t use no such language, just because *he had been* to college. Maybe he said ‘colleges are,’ but I’m sure he didn’t say ‘colleges is.’”

“Have it your own way,” concluded Padgate, in grumbling resignation.

“Out of your own mouth” — Mrs. Dexter pressed her flanking victory — “is the best argument I’ve heard yet for an education for Jimmy.”

Jimmy's pa would have been a lawyer famous all over the state if he'd had education. As he was, he was never more'n justice of the peace."

"I'm a justice of the peace. Do you mean to say—"

"I mean to say that Jimmy's going to college."

"Have it your own way, Mary; but I don't think you've got the means. You can't figure down to the last cent on any proposition. There's always the extrys. Now if any one o' you was to git sick—"

"We're a healthy lot, John Padgate—and principally because we don't have none of those 'extrys' in our lives."

In the small town in which they lived, the bashful, hangfire romance of John Padgate and Mary Dexter, fifteen years a widow, was as much a fixture as any family. Padgate, gray and middle-aged, was expected to "spark" Mrs. Dexter through life; the real surprise would have been the license and the ring.

There was no question of Mrs. Dexter's affection. Her New England stubbornness and pride postponed the nuptials. With the rent of a small farm, and the interest of a tiny sum well invested by the town banker, she proposed to rear her boy to man's estate in complete independence. When Jimmy was just disappearing into long trousers, the Hiltons, intimates of the Squire, died within three months of each other, leaving no relative save their sunny-haired daughter Jean. Being a Spartan bachelor, the dignified village official—the Hiltons' executor—could not shelter Jean in his own chimney-corner, but there was Mary Dexter's chimney-corner, and Jean's "keep" was a most welcome asset in the running of the Dexter household.

Brothers and sisters most often dislike each other, especially in the constant conflicts of selfish early youth; but Jimmy was sixteen when Jean came to their house and Jean was sixteen too, and before long their love, though very secret and shy, was very real.

Now Jimmy, nearly nineteen, was ready to enter college or to "be a man and shift

for himself," as the Squire resolutely said. He would have done either thing his mother asked, and his mother, facing their skimpy resources—not nearly so ample as she had led John Padgate to believe—would have given in to this pressure had it not been for Jean.

"He must go to college, mother-Mary!" whispered Jean, ecstatically. "We want him to be the most wonderful man in the world, don't we?"

"He is the most wonderful man in the world," contended his mother.

"I meant," interposed Jean, "we want to keep him so."

The romantic farewell of Jimmy and Jean took place, of course, the night before his early-morning departure. But it was not at the old mill, for their town never had an old mill; nor in the church-yard, for their church had no yard; nor was it in the garden, for the gardens thereabouts contained no forget-me-nots, but onions and potatoes and tomatoes, and he would be a reckless Romeo

indeed who ventured to plough up a fine hill of potatoes with amorously nervous feet. Yet, in the deepening twilight, under the red glow from sunset clouds, Mrs. Dexter's back porch was very beautiful, and mother had discreetly retired to the front part of the house.

"Jimmy," said Jean, not without some signs of jealousy, "will you ever think of me, with all those city girls?"

"The real beauties of our musical comedies and city avenues," returned Jimmy, oratorically repeating a little thing he had read in the Sunday supplement the day before, "are the girls from town and field—of which—of what you are whom—one, I mean."

"Yes, I read that too," murmured Jean, demurely.

Despite Jimmy's dampened spirits at participated quotations, it was a very gentle and tender little hour, and before they went in because of the chill and the dew, Jean's eyes had bedewed Jimmy's neck a bit, and Jimmy's lips had trembled chastely against hers in a promising kiss.

But Jimmy had scarcely started his col-

"THE GIRL AT HOME"

NARRATED from the Lasky photoplay of the same name by George Middleton, which was produced with the following cast:

Jimmy Dexter.....Jack Pickford
Jean Hilton.....Vivian Martin
Diana Parrish.....Olga Gray
Mary Dexter...Edythe Chapman
Squire Padgate.....James Neill

legiate career when Squire Padgate's warning about 'figuring down to the last cent' came home to Mrs. Dexter. Her principal mortgage, because of high prices and hard times, did not yield its return. All the rest of her money was going to Jimmy. Now, how was she to live?

Two years had passed since sixteen-year-old Jean had come to Mrs. Dexter's house and now, at eighteen, she had the disposition of her own small estate, which yielded a little income. Jimmy's mother could not be persuaded to take a cent of the girl's money for herself. After much urging,

however, she did permit Jean to "loan a bit of it to Jimmy," and of course this was carried on without Jimmy's knowledge, for he had been hardly prevailed upon to take what he believed was a cash surplus in his mother's safe-deposit box.

Was there ever a boy who, among spenders, didn't think it a family duty to uphold a spender's reputation? Jimmy's chosen institution of learning was a freshwater college of national insignificance, but of grand pretensions. There were two or three country bankers' sons, and a mine owner's son, and the son of the president



"Jimmy" said Jean, "will you ever think of me with all those city girls?"

of a small railway—boys who would not have made a ripple on Michigan Boulevard, or Fifth Avenue, or Broad Street—who in the overgrown college village blazed with the glitter of Coal Oil Johnny in that almost unremembered kerosene king's torching-up of Broadway.

At home, Jean and Jimmy's mother dispensed with the woman who "came twice a week," even as they had long before dispensed with a maid. Now, they did everything, and Jean beheld her small fingers, red and nail-broken, sometimes with tears, oftener with glad smiles as she thought of the purpose of the sacrifice.

Poker games were the order of the evening at college, and fortunately for Jean's wee roll, Jimmy developed a deftness that made him "play the crowns right off the kings," as his fellow-gamblers complained.

But breaking even on poker did not mean breaking even in the town's one cabaret, an institution of very mild iniquity frowned down upon by the righteous, and therefore hilariously patronized by the youth of alma mater, who thought themselves dreadfully wicked.

On his second visit, Jimmy, entering late, crashed fairly into the star attraction, also arriving late, and entering, as became a privileged and snobbish entertainer, by the front door. This young person, Diana Parrish, had not much figure to mention, but she was tall and graceful, and she had a movie vampire's face, and a couple of pre-Raphaelite eyes that tore through young masculinity like high-velocity shells. Diana apologized; Jimmy apologized. Then she disappeared. But Jimmy, even mid the derision of his comrades as he ordered a bottle of pop, enjoyed the elevation that comes to a young man only after having attracted the violent attention of an actress.

"Who," Diana asked the head-waiter, as she lingered behind the gaudy plush curtains for the first clanking chords of her number, "is the young bull-frog over there in the Centennial tuxedo? He torpedoed



Breaking even in poker did not mean breaking even on the town's one cabaret.

me with both feet when he came in—mine hurt yet!"

"Dunno," answered the head-waiter, wearily. "Just one o' them millionaire's sons."

A long, hard winter threatened, and, figuratively speaking, Diana had no coal in! So, almost immediately, Jimmy found himself cultivated, of course for himself alone.

Diana was not sure that Jimmy was of the millionaire class until she saw the mother's monthly check, a week or two later. This check was for \$200 and repre-

sented Mary Dexter's extreme allowance. From that, for thirty-one days, Jimmy must support himself, pay tuition, buy books and clothes.

"Pretty little thing," murmured Diana, fingering the check playfully. "How often does he visit your house?"

"Once a week—why?" lied Jimmy, glibly.

Once a week! A two-hundred-dollar allowance every week to a college boy! Surely, reflected Diana, Providence has sent him to me!

While Diana was counting the unhatched chickens in her apparently golden eggs, very much simpler and sincerer happiness hovered over the Dexter home. Thanksgiving

and chemical perfume. His resolution held good to the very night of departure, but fate seemed against him. His watch ran down and he missed the last train. Though his home town was less than three hours away, by rail, there was but one train on the following day—the holiday—and that would not get him there until long after time for any self-respecting Thanksgiving dinner.

He stayed in town, so shamefaced about the whole proceeding that he did not even telegraph an explanation.

Mrs. Dexter was wildly anxious. She knew that Jimmy was suddenly, desperately, ill or hurt. Padgate fussily tried to compose her. Jean tried, too, but somehow Jean felt that Jimmy was well and didn't want to come home. Perhaps—but she would not even permit the thought of a woman.

Nevertheless, to appease the worry of Mrs.

Dexter, Padgate took the before-daylight train on Friday, and tumbled the sleepy Jimmy out of bed in his rather startlingly decorated quarters.

Jimmy had not been drinking pop the preceding evening.

After telling the story of the untouched Thanksgiving feast and the mother's woe, Padgate concluded: "Now, don't think I don't know what you been up to; I do."

The kiss that Diana had given

him a few hours before burned Jimmy's cheek like a coal. He already saw the stern and unrelenting Padgate telling the story of his illicit affection to Jean—he put up his hands, as though to stop such profanation. But Padgate thundered along, regardless.

"You been out gamblin' with these low-down sneaks that infests every college town—givin' bums and suckers yer mother's hard earned money. Now, *ain't* ye?"

And Jimmy gladly confessed to a little sin he had not committed, rather than reveal to his family the big one on which, fortunately, old Padgate had not blundered.



ing Day approached. Squire Pad-

gate, the endurance champion among lovers, contributed the turkey and all the fixings. Mrs. Dexter assumed charge of the turkey's cooking and the heavier preparations, while Jean, who owed all her knowledge of cookery to Jimmy's mother, was chosen to make the sauces and the mince pie, and as an extra indulgence, a freezer of ice-cream.

And Jimmy, too, was eager to go home. Though Diana charmed him much as an Indian fakir probably charms his cobra, there were moments when he wearied of her reinforced beauty, synthetic sentiment



"Now don't think I don't know what you've been up to; I do."

But Padgate was not a hard-hearted man, and finding a really repentant sinner, he spoke more gently and gave the boy some kindly advice. As a matter of fact, Diana was only baiting her guilt trap, and Jimmy had not spent very much money. His December check, just arrived, was still intact, so, before he left, Padgate accompanied him to the town's best bank, where he was known, and Mr. Dexter emerged therefrom presently, minus his check, but plus a checkbook and a feeling of large financial importance.

At home, Padgate minimized the offense, and even told a gray lie or two; or so he thought, for he took no stock in Jimmy's story of the watch that paused.

Cold weather came long before Christmas, and with it deep and heavy snow. Jean, who had been working so much indoors that she was actually acquiring a stoop to her shoulders, welcomed the snapping change in the weather, and was secretly glad that her boy was not there to shovel the paths and the long walk to the chicken pens. It gave Jean just the tingling outdoor exercise she needed, and the blood rushed glowing through her blond skin, while her teeth and eyes gave the sun as good flashes as it sent.

Diana's experience with men young and old was not exactly limited, and she knew that ultra-generosity usually meant a clerk, spending some one else's money, and presumably headed for a place where they have bolts and bars to keep things from

coming in and annoying one at night. The really rich "gave down" but little; and when Jimmy, honestly endeavoring to keep within his income, tried to content her with a modest supper or two, and a pair of automobile rides, she stamped him as the true son, not of a millionaire, but of a multi-millionaire. Jimmy would have to be loosened by blasting.

Accordingly, she purchased a perfectly lovely set of kolinsky, price three hundred and fifty, and had it sent up C. O. D. Then she went to Mr. Dexter with the ancient but ever-honorable hard luck story. "So you see," she finished in a deprecating voice, kicking Jimmy's little fireplace with the toe of her smart boot, "I'm going to lose the only really decent set of furs I ever nearly owned. Oh, I don't begrudge the money"—business of biting her lip, and putting on the pressure for a possible glycerine tear—"for I love my mother. But for her to fall ill now, when it takes every cent that I've struggled and struggled and struggled to save—well. . . ." She rose, flung her arms out slowly in a futile gesture of despair and walked to the window, where she watched Jimmy with the extra set of eyes that Satan puts in the back of every artful woman's head.

"I wish I could help you," murmured Jimmy, sincerely and deeply moved.

"Hm!" laughed Diana, with a little lilt of melancholy derision. "You *wish*." Then, turning: "Oh, Jimmy—I'm not asking you for the money outright—loan it to me just till I can repay you, won't you . . . darling?"

"Yes . . . dear—if I had it I would." Though inefficient, Jimmy finished with spirit. "It's just simply that I haven't it!"

"Oh, Jimmy!" stammered Diana, in sorrowful and lovely reproach, through her hot-house tears.

"Well, here: I'll do the best I can." And Jimmy got his check book.

Diana gave him a warm and artful embrace, not for the check in its natural size, but because, as she saw, the check had

possibilities. As a matter of fact, Mr. Dexter had split his bank balance evenly with Miss Parrish. He had seventy dollars; he had written her a check for thirty-five. Mr. Dexter had no check punch, and he wrote his checks as no business man ever writes them, but with the hasty nonchalance of a screen or stage financier. Diana had used a little black-figured device known as an "inky racer" before, and long before night had fallen "thirty-five" had become "three-fifty," the kolinsky caressed Miss Parrish's throat, and Mr. Dexter's large draft was soon to pass his small balance on a single track.

Of course it went promptly back to the shop with the N. S. F. ticket pinned thereto. The shop-keeper, who was the bank's largest mercantile depositor, called up the cashier in a friendly way. "Man named James Dexter makes out check to woman named Parrish—believe it's that actress. Comes back to me 'not sufficient funds.' Check's not much—only three-fifty. Isn't he good for it? Who is he?"

As we said, the bank and the merchant were extremely confidential. The cashier, after a minute's investigation of the "D" ledger, answered: "Something funny there. Believe he's a college boy introduced by somebody down state. Biggest balance he ever had was two hundred, and he only had that a few days. Want this looked into?"

"Guess you'd better," answered the shop-keeper. And both phones slammed down.

In that way Detective Hagan, the one police officer of metropolitan faculties the town possessed, got the case. Holding the check in his hand but a moment, he walked to the window, and putting the paper under direct sunshine, drew a small glass from his pocket.

"It's not the boy," he announced, finally. "The dame lifted it on him, and I wonder you people didn't see it. You ought to examine things more closely—why, she even built up 'thirty-five' to 'three hundred fifty' in a slightly different shade of ink!"

"This is your check, you say?" he asked, speculatively.



None of these processes had escaped Diana's imagination. She, who had once been the confidante of a counterfeiter, knew that her processes of forgery would attract the notice of even a country bank. All that she had hoped for had come to pass—the check had gone by the shop; it had become a legal matter. Now, there was no doubt in the world that Jimmy, or Jimmy's people, would give three hundred and fifty, or three thousand and fifty, to keep the unsullied name of Dexter from newspaper and home-town derision.

Hagan's first call, just as Diana had anticipated, was upon Diana. She had reckoned upon a police officer of the constable class—not upon a sleek, rather pleasant plain-clothes man like Hagan. He did not accuse her of raising the check at all.

"Think Dexter's old folks'll come through, all right?" he asked quite suddenly, after they had chatted disconcertingly for ten minutes about horses, the weather, and Irving Berlin's latest songs.

"What do you mean?" She jumped in spite of her poise.

"That was as sincere as an old maid's 'Please don't!'" laughed the officer. "Come on, now—let's get down to brass tacks."

But Diana would not get down to brass tacks. She cried, and wailed, and protested

hard luck and innocence, until Hagan, with a small and dreary oath, stalked to the door.

Hagan next went to Jimmy, who had just received a letter from his mother, telling him that she was coming to see him the following morning. Jimmy, with a calf spirit of chivalry, decided to defend Diana after all. His mother would furnish the money; and we must not consider Jimmy wholly selfish, either, for Mrs. Dexter had foolishly hesitated to enlighten him as to her financial condition. Jimmy was "too young to be bothered." So, although he knew their funds were limited, he planned some of the economies that are always so easy to plan, and prepared to ask for a deposit to meet Diana's fraudulent paper.

Hagan was sore. Sore at Jimmy, sore at Diana, sore at himself; at Jimmy, for his cheap pup heroism; at himself, for mixing in too confidently with the grandest and blunkest world—the

bunking of an inexperienced boy by a wise woman; at Diana for putting it over so successfully.

So, the detective resolved to put the screws on Jimmy to get the woman. He walked in upon Jimmy the following morning just as he was rising.

"This is your check, you say?" he asked, speculatively.

"My check, sir. And I'll make it good—I told you that, didn't I?" Young Mr. Dexter, what with his conscience and his uncertainty, had his temperament with him.

"Unfortunately," answered Hagan, drily, "the wheels of justice don't turn on a promissory axle. I'm not a probation court. That check was deliberately written out of all reason, considering your deposit. No jury would believe you when you said you made a 'mistake' in issuing a check for nearly twice as much as you ever had. It's a matter of



"Forgive me . . . I didn't know," burbled Diana in her best tremolo.

business this morning. You'll have to straighten this up now . . . or go with me."

The shot hit below water-line. Jimmy's poor little sham life clattered about his shivering bare feet like a rattly house of cards. He saw himself doing twenty years . . . or thirty . . . breaking stone. . . Diana laughing at him, and Jean married to somebody else. . . .

"Lemme dress—wait out there—I'll fix it. Just give me time!"

Hagan satisfied himself that no trellis led from Jimmy's window to the ground, and opined that he did not look suicidal, before he made his exit.

"The poor little nut!" he muttered, laughing to himself half sympathetically.

But Hagan was mistaken about entrances and exits. There was an inside fire escape back of Jimmy's clothes-press. Often the merry gamblers had used it at midnight in sneaking to the other "dorms"—now, the all-wise Diana utilized its rickety steps in a wild appeal for help.

"Save me!" she voiced, in stereotyped plea.

"My own money all gone to mother—and you know there's no other man in the world I could ask, except you! Jimmy. . . . I love you."

Her arms went about his neck, and there the lad stood, happy as a wading boy whose little toe has just been embraced by a persistent cray-fish.

It was upon this scene of compulsory affection that, ten seconds later, the Padgate-Dexter-Hilton trio erupted itself. Mrs. Dexter, seeing Hagan sternly before the door, mistook him for a doctor and rushed in prepared to see her beautiful boy die. Jean, for a moment, thought she would rather see him die.

"What does this mean, sir?" roared Padgate.

"Forgive me. . . . I didn't know," burbled Diana in her best tremolo. Then, dabbing her eyes, she evaporated—into the arms of Hagan, who was so confused by the whole procedure that he let her go.

"You—you!" continued Padgate, in the same high tone. "So it ain't gamblin'! It's vicious women. I've just found out, sir, that little Jean's money is sending you here—"

"Uncle!" The exasperated, useless protest was Jean's.

"—Jean's money, for you to waste on a bad character. There's no hope for you—young man—no hope!"

"Uncle," interposed Jean, more effectively this time, "what I did I did to help Mrs. Dexter, whom I dearly love. I'm very sure Jimmy is free to marry his—his friend. I release him absolutely."

"Marry her—hah!" The scorn and the words were Padgate's. "She don't wanta marry him!"

"Wait a minute—all of you!" cried Jimmy. "I've got just one thing to say. I thought I was spending money I had a right to—and that there was plenty of it. I swear to God I didn't know Jean had a cent in mother's account—"

"That's true!" sobbed his mother.

"I've been rotten," continued Jimmy, "and I know it. I love Jean, and she doesn't believe it, and I don't blame her. I'm most old enough to vote, and you've kept me wearing long yellow curls and little velvet pants, so to speak—I'm through now, and I'm going out to be a man, and you won't ever hear of me again until you're ready to treat me as though I were a man—good-bye, and good luck!"

When Jimmy had whirled away in a cyclone of anger and pain, Jean advanced to the table and absentmindedly picked up Jimmy's check book. There, on the stub, was "35," and Hagan, only a few feet away, saw it, too.

(Continued on page 150)



Plays and Players

FACTS AND NEAR-FACTS ABOUT THE
GREAT AND NEAR-GREAT OF FILMLAND

By Cal York

WHO would ever have thought that Charley Chaplin would be working for nothing a year after he had signed a contract that netted him \$670,000? But that's just what the noted screen comic has been doing. Don't believe it? Well, it's true. You see it was this way: Charley's \$670,000 contract expired on March 20. He had furnished the Mutual with ten comedies during the year which ended on that day and his contract called for twelve. So Charley called up the bank and found that his balance would permit him to eat for a month or so without drawing any ten thousand dollar checks weekly; then he rolled up his sleeves and went to work for nothing. Meanwhile, a special guard employed by the young Englishman at his studio has succeeded in keeping off the premises a horde of millionaire magnates, promoters and go-betweens who have been trying to interest him in million dollar a year propositions. Oh, it's great to be funny!

BILL HART has finally gunfought his way up among the goldlined screen stars. He recently signed a contract with Triangle which will cause him to make out a deposit slip every Monday for \$5,000. This is quite some advance over the \$300 a week which Hart contracted for about three years ago when he first invaded the movies with his checkered gingham shirt and his pinto pony. In Hart's case, the salary is said to be quite within the bounds of reason, considering the large returns from his work in the past. For a long time he has been the "best seller" on the Triangle program and Triangle couldn't afford to let him go. Famous Players-Lasky were angling for Bill with golden flies when he decided to remain at Inceville.

DEEP regret, even among rival concerns, marked the passing of Fine Arts. True, the name survives, but the original Griffith

organization, formerly known as the Reliance-Majestic, has scattered to the four winds—chief, subordinates, writers, directors, stars and minor performers. The end came late in March with the official elimination of D. W. Griffith as a "side" of Triangle. With his announcement came a general retirement. Those who did not resign were handed the much dreaded "blue envelope" and the end of the month saw but one company working at the famous old studio at the confluence of Sunset and Hollywood Boulevards, Los Angeles. A number of the Griffith players were retained by Triangle for employment under Ince supervision, these including Bessie Love, Alma Reuben and perhaps Seenā Owen, a trio which rose from obscurity to fame under Griffithian guidance.

The others scattered over the cinematic landscape, some obtaining remunerative engagements with other companies and others, not so fortunate, securing only temporary employment.



May Allison, feminine half of the Lockwood-Allison team, just dissolved after a long and resultful artistic partnership.

MUCH mystery attached to the departure from New York for London of D. W. Griffith at about the time of Fine Arts' disruption. He sailed for London at a time when most people who did not have urgent business abroad were content to remain on this side. It was reported that he was to direct some tremendous epic of the European war, using

real soldiers and real locations, but it developed later that his journey through the submarine zone was merely for the purpose of launching "Intolerance" in the English capital, and to pay a friendly visit, through the courtesy of the British war office, to the Somme front. It was stated that Mr. Griffith had concluded an arrangement with Arctcraft to produce a number of photoplays, presumably of "convenient" length, during the coming year. He is to begin work upon his return from abroad early in May. It was understood that he was to have Robert Harron as one of his stars.

THE Lockwood-Allison dissolution of partnership, forecast in another department of this magazine some months ago, has finally occurred. Lockwood's latest photoplay, "The Hidden Spring," was done with Billie West opposite the blonde screen idol, while Miss Allison was looking over proffers of employment from several other companies. In film circles it was current gossip that the severance of cinematic relations between this noted pair of co-stars was due to Lockwood's insistence that his blonde "opposite" be subordinated to him in all their film endeavors. Miss Allison will now be given an opportunity to shine without fear of eclipse.

BABY MARIE OSBORN, better known as "Little Mary Sunshine," is now starring under direct Pathe auspices. Formerly this six-year-old marvel was a Balboa chattel, although Pathe marketed the pictures in which she appeared. When the child's parents decided that she was worth more money than Balboa offered, Pathe, rather than lose her, gave her a company of her own, employing her at a salary of \$500 a week. Photoplays in which Baby Marie was the main ingredient are said to have been the most sought after of all Pathe productions last year. Henry King, the director who is credited with "making" Baby Marie, remains at Balboa.

ROMAIN FIELDING, one of the early favorites of the film fans, is undertaking a "come back." He has been engaged by World to direct Carlyle Blackwell. Mr. Fielding's last directorial work was with Lubin. Then he tried vaudeville.

LOIS WILSON, one of the prize beauties of the Universal's contest of two years ago, is now a star with the California Pictures Corporation, for which her first release will be a picturization of "Hari Kari," Julian Johnson's stage play. The adaptation was made by Capt. Leslie T. Peacocke. Miss Wilson played opposite J. Warren Kerrigan in a number of Universal features.

CAPTAIN JACK BONAVITA, famous animal trainer who was known to thousands of screen-goers because of his film work with animals, was killed at the Horsley

studio in Los Angeles several weeks ago while attempting to train a polar bear. The big animal became enraged at the trainer and inflicted fatal wounds before a traffic policeman could get close enough to shoot the bear. Bonavita was 50 years old and one of the best known wild animal trainers in the business. He lost an arm several years ago when attacked by a lion at Coney Island. His right name was Genter.

HOUSE PETERS is no longer a Morosco-vian. He and the Paramount unit parted company, it is said, because of a disagreement over a scenario which had been selected for the actor. It was announced that Peters would form a company of his own in the near future. He is said to be one of the few actors who is financially equipped to star himself.

ALAN FORREST is back in the California colony after an investigation of Eastern studio conditions. He has been playing juvenile roles in William Farnum's company at the Fox plant.



Photoplayers Studio Photo

Lois Wilson, who becomes a star of the California Motion Picture Corporation in the screen adaptation of a stage play by the Editor of Photoplay Magazine.

LOU-TELLEGEN, the handsome husband of Geraldine Farrar, is now a director at the Lasky studio. And it is not new work for that distinguished player. He recently confided to friends—who promptly betrayed his confidence—that he used to direct pictures over in France during the early days when it was customary to nail the camera to the floor and have all the action about forty feet away. The objects of his first directorial supervision in America are Jack Pickford and Vivian Martin.

OGDEN, Utah, has made a bid for a place on the cinema map by being the home of a company which is advertised to have engaged Lillian Walker at a salary reputed to be \$2,000 a week. The former Vitagrapher is now in the Utah city hard at work trying to earn the salary which she is said to be receiving. The announcement of Miss Walker's engagement with the Ogden Picture Corporation referred to her as "Queen of Dimples" and concludes as follows: "Miss Walker's popularity is not only due to her wonderful smile, which made her the idol of all people from pole to pole, but to her readiness in aiding any worthy cause by ap-

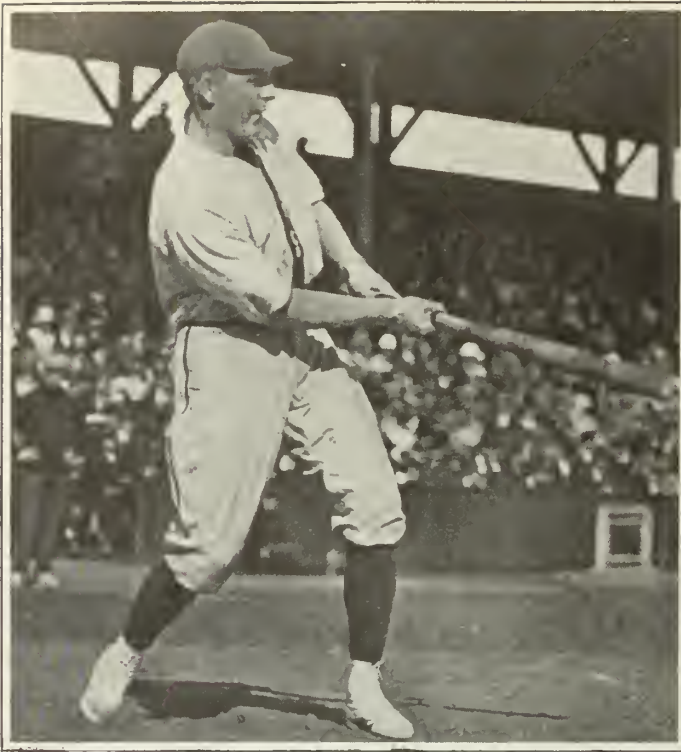


Photo by Dr. B. S. Takagi

pearing in person." Dr. Cook will undoubtedly verify the pole statement.

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG and Marie Dressler were arrivals in Los Angeles with the coming of spring and both were objects of the usual curtain fire of rumor. Both said they were on pleasure trips and everybody believed them, so that was all there was to it. Miss Dressler's last trip to Los Angeles was to participate in "Tillie's Punctured Romance," in which Charley Chaplin supported her and which brought about a suit against Keystone and a vow of "never again" from Miss Dressler, but she changed her mind later, as was her privilege.

A BALL game rivaling in interest only that historic battle which destroyed the mighty Casey took place in Los Angeles' Washington Park on Saturday afternoon, March 31. The screen Tragicis were up against the screen Comics. The Comics' lineup was as follows: Charles Chaplin, p.; Eric Camp-



Baby Helen Marie Osborne, now starring under direct Pathe auspices.

Wally Reid, swinging the stick in the big Red Cross Ball Game between the Tragicis and Comics in Washington Park, Los Angeles.

bell, c; Charles Murray, 1b; Slim Summerville, 2b; Bobby Dunn, ss; Hank Mann, 3b; Lonesome Luke, lf; Ben Turpin, rf; Chester Conklin, cf. In the same order of position, the Tragicis were: Wallace Reid, William Desmond, George Walsh, Gene Pallette, Antonio Moreno, Franklyn Farnum, Jack Pickford, George Beban and Hobart Bosworth. Umpire and referee: Barney Oldfield and James J. Jeffries. The carnage was terrible. In the blood, dust and grand confusion the game broke up after two innings, and the Lord knows who won. The one really dreadful holocaust was the fanning of Wallie Reid—just as at least a thousand chickens had risen in the bleachers to give him the Chautauqua salute. George Walsh, a former *pro*, slammed the ball clear out of sight for a real home run. Chaplin pushed the sphere into the bleachers, and beat it straight across the diamond to second and back. Barney Oldfield properly called it a foul, whereat Barney was rolled in the dirt by fifty Keystone cops; after which, rising, he admitted that, owing to a superiority of numbers, he was forced to change his decision.

ESSANAY suffered an unusual seismic disturbance during the past month, which, they say, means a complete change of policy in the Chicago institution. From now on, five-reel features are to be practically the exclusive output, with no more of the short material which Essanay has issued ever since it has been a manufacturing concern.

NO less than fifty-three people have been released from Essanay. A number of these were well-known technical and mechanical people, but among the players the departures include Nell Craig, Richard Travers, Thomas Commerford, Frank Dayton, Leo White,

Charles Chaplin, winding up on the mound to fan Wally Reid, which he did. The Comics' battery in this mighty slaughter consisted of Chaplin and Eric Campbell.

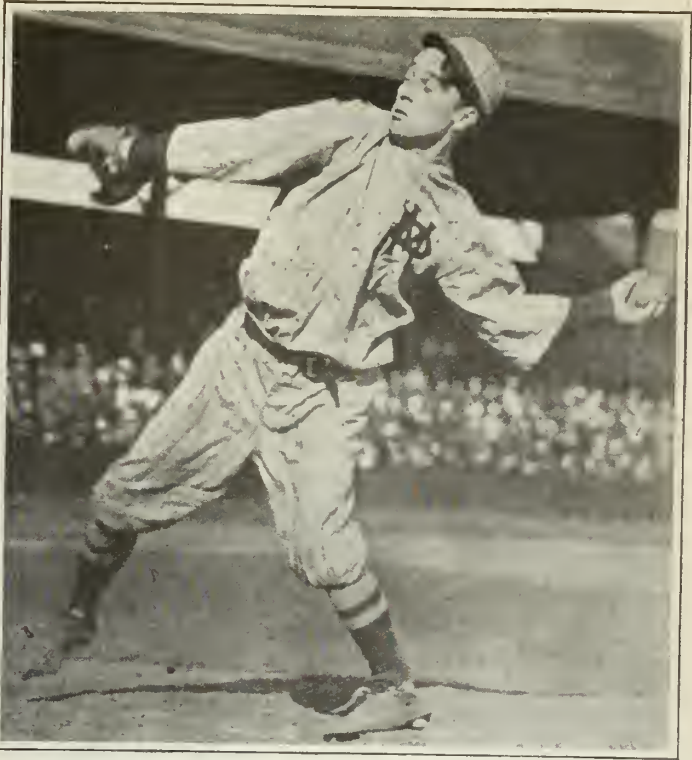


Photo by Dr. B. S. Takagi

Edwin Arnold, Lillian Drew, Harry Dunkinson, Florence Oberle, Alice McChesney, Miss Benedict and Rene Clemons. Two directors who have gone are Richard Baker and Larry Windom. Miss Craig, it is said, has already allied herself with Metro, while Dick Travers, who went to New York for a few days, has returned to Chicago to direct a series of comedies for Rothacker, commercial manufacturer who thus signifies his invasion of the playmaking field. Carlson, maker of animated cartoons, has also ceased to be identified with Essanay.

JAMES YOUNG, who has just finished "On Trial" for Essanay, has gone to California, in the interests of the same concern, for a filming of "Hawthorne of the U. S. A."

BILLIE BURKE has a new Famous Players' contract, covering several years. She will devote her summers to celluloid work and her winters to the stage. She is first to appear in a series, called "The Mysterious Miss Terry." Marguerite Clark's erstwhile general, J. Searle Dawley, will be her director.

MAX LINDER is now a Californian. After "doing" two comedies for Essanay in Chicago, the diminutive French comedian started for the wild and woolly west and he is now engaged in cavorting before a camera just a stone's throw from the Ince studios. Linder's first act upon reaching Los Angeles was to pay an official call at the Chaplin studio. It is presumed that there was no discussion of Linder's public statement that Chaplin was "only a clown," as there was no violence of any sort. Linder was accompanied west by a retinue of countrymen and his leading lady, Martha Erlich, late of the Winter Garden, N. Y.



Photo by Tarr

Lillian Walker, heading her own company in Ogden, Utah.

ARTHUR SHIRLEY has been acquired by Balboa to play opposite Jackie Saunders in a series of photoplays which are to be released by Mutual. He takes the place vacated by the departure of Frank Mayo for other fields. Mr. Shirley played the lead in "The Fall of a Nation." He is one of the Australian contributions to actorial ranks.

THE Franklin Brothers—C. M. and S. A.—the young pair of directors who made the Fine Arts kiddies famous and then went to the Fox company, have been separated. Each has been given his own company at the Fox studio and each will continue with "kid stuff." They recently completed in conjunction a picturization of "Jack the Giant Killer."

MIRACLE note: "David Powell got his early histrionic training on the stage." Anyhow, that's the way it appeared in a paper recently—which only goes to show that the stage has turned out quite a few good actors.

FANNIE WARD has just resumed work at the Lasky studio after a three weeks' suspension of operations due to injuries received during a domestic imbroglio with her husband, Jack Dean. No, this is not a bit of scandal. The scrap occurred during the filming of a scene in Miss Ward's newest photoplay. It was said to be *some* battle and the actress emerged with a sprained back and dislocated shoulder. We must have reelism!

CREIGHTON HALE, concerning whom devotees of the query bureau ask many questions, has returned to his first love, Pathe. During his absence he has tried vaudeville, musical comedy and the cameras of other studios.

MARY GARDEN is to perpetuate "Thais" as her first film venture for the Goldwyn concern. About a year ago Herbert Brenon persuaded the well known operatic star to pose for him in a picturization of that opera, but the deal fell through.

ALICE LAKE, who was discovered by Roscoe Arbuckle during his first trip East, brought back to Los Angeles and made into a Keystone star, has deserted to Universal. She is to play opposite Herbert Rawlinson, under the guidance of Director Jack Conway.

OLGA PETROVA is engaged in her first photoplay for Famous Players-Lasky. It is being directed at the Fort Lee Studio of the company by Maurice Tourneur. Mme. Petrova will remain in New York throughout the summer.

BLANCHE SWEET'S engagement with the company which is to picturize the Charles Frohman successes apparently has fallen through. For the first time in her film career, which dates back to early Biograph days, Miss Sweet is "at liberty."

CARMEL MYERS, one of the last of the Griffith "finds," is now a full-fledged leading lady. She played opposite Wilfred Lucas in his last California-made Fine Arts

production and is to be co-starred with Elmo Lincoln, the "man of valor" in "Intolerance," in a comedy drama directed by Eddie Dillon. It was their last work for the disrupted Griffith studio.

THOSE whose devotion to the films is of but recent date will be given an opportunity in the near future to see two of the early Thomas H. Ince "personally-directed" film plays. They are "The Battle of Gettysburg," the first big spectacle produced in America, and "The Wrath of the Gods," in which Sessue Hayakawa made his first big hit. They are to be released to state rights buyers.

MILDRED HARRIS, the sixteen-year-old star of Fine Arts, has followed other members of that organization to the Ince studio at Culver City. Director Paul Powell also changed his affiliation similarly and will officiate as the permanent director of Bessie Love at the big Culver City film emporium.

NOT being a Chicagoan, the name Marshall Field means nothing in Nazimova's life. Therefore, when Mrs. Marshall Field recently gave a box party at the Belasco theater in Washington to see "Ception Shoals" and then made comments which were wafted to the ears of the Russian actress, the latter promptly resented this overt act and things happened. She turned toward the box and said distinctly "curtain" and the scene was cut short. Then she ordered all the lights in the house, except those in the box, turned out. The party in the illuminated area promptly fled. The interruption took place at the close of the scene where—in the play—the young mother of a five-weeks-old baby was giving helpful advice concerning married life to a girl of her own age who had been isolated from all women.

MISS CORINNE GRIFFITH, who will be remembered particularly for her work with William Duncan and George Holt in "Through the Wall" and in "The Last Man," is now playing opposite Earle Williams in Vitagraph's eastern studio.



Mae Marsh and Bobby Harron temporarily reunited as leads in Mae Marsh's second Goldwyn photoplay. When this picture is finished, Harron will probably become a member of Griffith's Artercraft organization.

Copyright by Hartsok

(Continued from page 83)

between them slammed itself in challenging silhouette an hour later. The trade still hustling us a good deal, as a zealous and well-meaning railroad official herds tourists for whom he feels responsible, we foamed past the end of the sandpit ejected across the entrance and into the still waters of the lagoon before nightfall, and the whaleboats arriving presently, we bivouacked on the beach, the ladies sheltered by a tent rigged from a spare forestaysail.

After the first throes of shedding our carapace, it proved to be a very cheerful shipwreck, and the following day we proceeded to install ourselves as though a rich relative had left us the island in his will. My boys, under the skilled supervision of Charley Dollar, erected two most comfortable bungalows, a large one for the ladies and a bachelors' annex for the bishop and myself. All of our stores were stowed in a cool grotto at a little distance from the camp. Then, in consideration of their prospective mileage of open sea, I had the two whaleboats half-decked and equipped with cabin-hoods which would give a sun shelter and keep out flying water in the event of a squall. Such whaleboats as ours, thus equipped and with men like Samuel Smith and Charley Dollar in command, were proof against anything but those rare cyclonic phenomena which drive straws into brick walls and pluck out head-sunk nails without powdering the putty over them.

All of this work of preparation took four days, but time loses its intrinsic value between the tropic zones, where I think it is more necessary to be thorough than in the higher latitudes. There was certainly no lack in the thoroughness of our preparations for what might prove to be a long period of captivity. The ladies' bungalow was in the nature of a wattle house, neatly thatched of roof and sides, with large windows and basketwork shutters which opened upwards. Inside it was composed of two large rooms and a sort of drawing room which opened on the verandah, which was also roofed. The cabin which the bishop and I shared was of similar construction, but smaller, and both were protected by the palms, and shielded from the late afternoon sun, by the steep slope of the lava cliffs behind. Not fifty yards away was the spring, a veritable Diana's

pool of clear, cold water. The dozen laying hens which I had brought had also a shelter, but were given their liberty. We had also a small storehouse for tools and other gear, but the stores themselves we left in the cool grotto, bringing out what we needed each day as one would go a-marketing.

Their work finished (and ten skilled Polynesians can accomplish a lot in four days), my men got away to sea as cheerfully as though they were off for a short yachting cruise, instead of a thousand miles of open sea in half-decked whaleboats. But with the prevailing winds and their oars in case of calm, I figured that they ought to make it in a fortnight at the most, and possibly ten days, as both boats were good sailers and not heavy laden. So, wishing them godspeed, we sat down to the contemplation of our exile. The uncomplaining resignation of my guests surprised and rather touched me. Folk of more common clay would have been appalled at the desolation of our surroundings—just the small patch of ragged terra firma encircled by vast leagues of ocean—but even if they felt any misgivings, their pride of race prevented the expression of them, while the good bishop, true to his natural optimism, affected to find much to pleasure him the position. "It is an experience such as comes to few, my dears," he said. "Something to look back upon for the rest of our lives. We are in no danger of suffering privation and we can bathe and fish and sail about and climb the rocks. . . . I ought to take off twenty pounds. Jack must teach us boat handling . . . and in the evenings we have our bridge."

"Who knows," said I, "you may own Kialu before we are relieved."

"No danger, my dear fellow," he answered, heartily. "Your game is improving. Then I might get to work on my book. Why not collaborate? With my facility of the pen and your own sound knowledge and experience, we ought to contribute something of real value to contemporary literature.

I SAID that I thought the time would pass quickly, once we settled down to our daily routine and overcame the first strangeness, and proposed that we begin by an exploration of the island. The others agreeing to this, for both ladies were of

athletic tastes, we spent the first three days in examining our domain. First there was the lagoon, irregularly round and a little over a mile in diameter, with a broad beach of fine white coral sand on three-fourths of its circumference and, directly opposite our camp, a patch of mangrove swamp. Except close to the shore, the water was very deep. A little above high water mark there was a fringe of cocoa palms, rather scanty except about the spring, and back of this, a belt of arid bush from which the lava cliffs rose precipitately in some places and in others with a more gradual slope of fantastically eroded formation. Opposite the sandbar at the entrance was its highest altitude, the later crater in which was the lake and the homes of circling, screaming wildfowl. Here the cliffs were very steep, but not difficult of ascent, because of the many ledges and fissures. At one spot a stream of water trickled down the face of the rock, and on climbing up to ascertain its source, I found, about eighty feet from the base, a large, rambling cavern, the floor of which contained a pool of sweet water, which was no doubt an overflow from the lake and found its way through the porous rock. I did not attempt to explore the cavern, but as there seemed to be a current of air through it, I decided that possibly it might penetrate to the other side of the crater's lip. There appeared to be a great many similar caves and the formation rather suggested that of molten lead thrown into water.

Very few of these promenades sufficed the bishop, who preferred to occupy himself with the compiling of his book in the shade of the verandah. Enid seemed rather to avoid my society and, while sufficiently agreeable, rather held herself aloof. Alice Stormsby, on the contrary, asked nothing better than a rough scramble over the rocks or a tiring trudge around the stretch of sea-beach which marked the hard set limits of our reservation. It did not seem to matter much to her whether the sun were high or low, nor did her creamy skin suffer from the assault of solar rays. It showed the supple resistance of a baby's cuticle and neither burned nor freckled, nor did it tan. I observed this phenomenon with much secret astonishment, because her type was that of a Scandinavian blonde and it seemed as if that equatorial blaze must do something to her cutaneous envelope. But its infantile

dewy softness seemed impervious to actinic and other rays, while I grew swarthy as a Moor, having a dark-skinned Irish ancestry and thus subject to the slurring remarks of those who do not like us and try to insinuate slanderous reference to the gale-flung Spanish Armada and its relation to the somatic type of Irish.

Another thing which soon became evident to me was that Alice Stormsby not only defied physical fatigue but courted it. She seemed trying her best to get dog-tired and failing, so far as her vigorous body was concerned, though at times she gave symptoms of nervous fatigue. Something was evidently driving her along, and as our comradeship became more established, I began to wonder what it was; what she had on her mind. At first I could scarcely keep up with her, being convalescent from a bad dose of fever, and occasionally she would realize this and become unnecessarily solicitous.

In the course of our rambles we discovered the crater lake to be fairly teeming with small white fish bearing some resemblance to herring, but more delicate of flavor. No doubt the spawn had been brought there originally in the maws and feet and plumage of sea-birds and the species, whatever it was, had conformed to local conditions. This fish bit readily at any sort of mollusk bait offered them and they became our stock breakfast food. Sometimes, also, we raided the rookeries; went bird-nesting for eggs and squab, both rather strong of taste but palatable (to us, at least, after a hard climb).

What the bishop may have thought of these excursions I do not know, because on our return he merely raised his eyebrows, surveyed us over his spectacles and chuckled. I am inclined to believe that he secretly hoped for the worst. But it was evident enough that Miss Enid coldly disapproved the companionship. I was mean enough to be glad, having developed a growing dislike for her since the reproof which I had administered on her silly criticism of the illustrations in my book. Of course I took good care that this sentiment was not evidenced in any way, but she undoubtedly was quite well aware of it. We never spoke except on routine matters, and when occasionally I saw fit to compliment her on her *cuisine*, the ever ready

(Continued on page 138)

He does dis Wild West stuff like I do, but dey all tell me mine is lots wilder dan his.



The Last Straw

PETE PROPS' PATIENCE PETERS
OUT AT LAST AND HE VOWS TO
CEASE WORKING FOR OTHERS

By Kenneth McGaffey

Drawings by E. W. Gale, Jr.

I'M goin' to desert dis outfit just as soon as I can get away. Dere is no class no more in woikin' for a company. I jus' been readin' in de trade papers dat to be a real classy star you've got to have a company of your own. Mary Pickford has one, dis guy Fairbanks has one, some dame named Young has got her own troupe, an' dey tell me Bill Hart was goin' to have one 'til he signed up again with Inche. What

license has he got to have a show of his own? He does dis wild west stuff like I do, but dey all tell me mine is lots wilder dan his. I can't let dese imitators get away wid my stuff or dey will begin to t'ink dey amount to somet'ing.

I'm goin' to have a company of me own or walk right off de screen. You won't see me lettin' none of dese nut directors tell me what to do when I gets me own gang. If

dey starts to give any back talks, I'll give de "Hey, Rube" to me crowd an' we will run him ragged. An' if I catch any of dese fresh leading women stickin' dere beezers into my close-ups, I can give dem de gate widout no argument. Dese dames hogs too much of de canvas, I'm here to tell you. I got to dope up a love scene fadeout so I will be de only one in de pitcher. It's darn hard to do, at dat.

I had one of dese fresh guys take a lot of credit away from me de oder day, an' if I could of swam, I would have swam out an' busted him in de jaw in front of about ten t'ousand people. An' after me givin' him de job, 'cause he was a old pal o' mine when I was wid de Mighty Haig Shows. But it jus' goes to show you dat you can put no confidence in no acrobat. Dey is as unreliable as onjewnews. I wouldn't trust no acrobat no more a ny furdur dan I would trust a

press agent—de big bums! Dis one done me dirt, an' if I ever get back wid de big tops, I will sure put wax in his resin box. An' him comin' to me all stewed up an' wantin' de price of a ride back to Chi.

You can tell de wide woild dat it was a bum trick an' dat's why I am goin' to start me own company—so none of dese hams can get away wid any'ing. It will eider be give me de bows or take de open air. It's in dis big special production of two reels I am a doin'. De name of de t'ing is "Chased to de Grave," or "De Livin' Death." It is a expensive production, I'm here to tell you. Dere was de interior of a tent dat had to be specially built, an' we used a couple of more interiors to boot.

De story is, I'm a gay an' handsome' cow-hand an' am actin' as a scout for some soldiers, to help dem find de Injuns to buy dem a drink



Ed steps back a little way, does a run, toins a double somersault, lands in de water and goes out of sight. Gee!

or somet'in'. De colonel's daughter at de army post is in love wid me an' me wid her. I got a fine job, 'cause I don't do nuttin' but hang aroun' de army an' take her for rides. Once a guy starts to get fresh wid her as she goes prancin' up de street an' I come up, an' aldough I am packin' about five guns, I knock him down wid me fist. Dis makes a hit wid her, aldough de nut director picks a ex-prize fighter for me to wallop, an' me not knowin' dis until after I hits him, I have to live in me dressin' room for t'ree nights until he gets tired hangin' aroun' de outside of de lot waitin' for me, an goes home. Us artists can't mingle wid a lot of low brows nohow.

I does a lot of desprit actin', stickin' up dance halls to save de goil, runnin' out of a boinin' buildin' wid de child in me arms, an' a lot of brave stuff like dat. Finally de last of de pitcher comes along. Dis is when de head of de army decides to go out an' buy de Injuns a drink, an' as dey is supposed to be all peaceful an' friendly like, he takes his daughter along so she can buy some blankets an' t'ings, an' I go on to show dem de way 'cause I am supposed to know dat neck of de woods backwards. We goes ramblin' along troo a lot of fine exteriors, but while we is ramblin' de Injuns gets sore at us about sumpin'—hold a big wake, or whatever dey calls it—an' den go out gunnin' for us. De first we know dat we is in dutch is when de red devils comes over de top of de hill an' heaves a few errors at us.

De goil's ole man, who is boss of de army, sees dere is no chancet for us all to 'scape, so he tells me to take de goil an' slide for home, an' he an' his mob will stall off de Injuns, 'till we can get away.

I have to live in me dressin' room for t'ree nights until he gets tired hangin' aroun' de outside of de lot waitin' for me.



Me an' she dashes off on our horses, but a flock of Soos takes after us. Dey runs us ragged an' finally nails her horse. Den I hists her up behind me an' we scamper along. Finally de goin' gets too strong for ole Katy, an' one of us must drop off to leave de odder 'scape. It would of killed de pitcher right in de middle of de second reel if I didn't 'scape to have de clinch in de end, so de nut scenarior frames it up dat we are to come to de bank of a river an' I am to jump in an' swim across, while de dame rambles up along de bank an' loses herself from de Injuns.

Now dis is where dat dirty acrobat what said he was a pal o' mine does me dirt. Dis was in de summer time aroun' Los Angeles, an' all de river dat was wet you could have taken home on a blotter, so de nut director frames to have it did in de lake in de park. De poor boob picks de day de ex-citizens of Ioway is givin' a picnic, an' dere is about a millyun of dem

sittin' aroun' eatin' basket lunches an' braggin' about de cookin' in de cafeterias.

De first time I notices Ed (dat was de tramp's name) is when he is bounced out of de place where de speechmakin' is goin' on. It seems dat he went in dere wid his nose all damp, an' after list'nin' to de speakers tellin' what a great place Ioway was for a coupla hours, gets sore an' asks one of de speakers why, if Ioway was such a great state, didn't some of de ten millyun of dem dat was in California make a great hit wid de native sons an' go back dere. Wid dat dey gives him de bum's rush an' he comes spinnin' towards me. He makes me an' gives me de glad mit, an' does I remember de old days when we bot' used to swing on a quarter pole stake.

Dere was nobody aroun', so I notices him. He gives me a hard luck song an' dance, an' just den de nut director tells me dat de guy what was to double me in swimmin' for me ain't showed up, so, as Ed is about my build, I asks him if he can swim an' he says yes, so he gets de job. Like a boob I tells him if he makes a hit he can get on stedly, maybe.

He's got a lot of lines to lern, 'cause dere is a spoken title comes in where I leaves her, so me an' de nut director tells him what to do. Ride up to de edge of de lake on de horse wid me goil—slide off—shake hands—say "Farewell, Nell, better I lose me life dan dat aught of harm come to your golden head"—jump into de lake an' swim across. Dat's all he's got to do.

By dis time de Iowayns hear dere is a chanct to see de movies taken widout spendin' a quarter, an' dey leave de speakers flat an' come peltin' over. Dere was many a paper napkin t'rown away regardless dat day. De deck han's shoo dem

back an' de Injuns stan' back of de camera all ready to rush in an' shoot at de poor lad as he swims across.

Ed, he climbs up on de nag wid de goil, an' after he falls off a coupla times onto his bean, he is sober enuff to make de trick.

We tells him all over again about de story an' about how de Injuns are chasin' him, an' all he has got to do is to ride up to de river bank, say goodbye to de skirt, dive in an' swim across, an' den de Injuns run in an' shoot at him. He's got about a six-foot dive off de bank into de water, but he says dat don't worry him none. By dis time, all de people in Los Angeles is out pipin' us off.

We is all ready—de nut director hollers "Camera." Ed an' de dame comes bustin' in up to de bank, he says "Farewell, Nell—," she toins de horse an' dashes for de side lines. Ed steps back a little ways, does a run, toins a double somersault, lands in de water an' goes out of sight. Gee! All of Ioway goes mad, applauds an' cheers like it was a circus. Ed comes up, an instead of swimmin' like he was told, he hears de applause, toins aroun', treads water an' begins to bow an' blow kisses at de aujence. De Injuns rush in an' begin to shoot at him, but he keeps on bowin'. Right here is where it took six men to keep me from goin' out an beanin' him wid a oar. De nut director said dat de double somersault shouldn't ought to have been done, but dat was a mere detail. Tink of de noive of de guy—takin' de applause just because he was a-doublin' for me. What he should have done was to have come ashore an' led me out by de han' to take de bows—de big stiff.

Just for dat raw deal—I'm goin' to have me own company as soon as convenient.

Why Do They Do It??

THE heroine, to indicate grief, flops about like a chicken that has just become fatally acquainted with a hatchet.

The hero emerges from a twenty-minute wrestling match with spotless collar and hair whose part would stand a surveyor's telescope.

The old man comes back from twenty years in the Klondike with the same shoes, same shirt, same necktie, same haircut.

To express a simple emotion the caption-writer lugs in half of Mr. Webster's twin-six words.

These and many other things—why do they do it?

In July PHOTOPLAY we're going to establish a "Why-Do-They-Do-It?" department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have *you* seen, in the past month, which was stupid, unlikelike, ridiculous or merely incongruous?

Your identity will be protected. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.

"But I am engaged to Captain Brotherton," concluded the girl softly.



The Deader

A MARITIME ECHO OF THE GREAT WAR

A steel waif of the sea, the "deader" brought from eternity a key to unlock a heart which fate had bolted forever against love.

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

Illustrations by R. F. James

THIS is the story of three men, two women and a "deader." It is always the odd man—when it isn't the odd woman—who makes the story. Without him and the "deader"—and of course the great newspaper—there would be nothing to write except another account of a great disaster.

"Deader" has a grim and mortuary

sound which utterly belies the thing it is. John Carbrey, the head of the great Pictorial News Association, had this particular "deader" in his hands. Nor did he have a handful at that, for the "deader" was approximately the size of a small thermos bottle, and save for the rounding of the cap of that useful article, a decided resemblance could be detected between the two.

He looked long and earnestly at the little cylinder of metal, tarnished, stained, battered, just as it had come to him from the vast deep. It had been brought to the office of the United States consul at Bilbao, Spain, a month before by the fisherman who had picked it up. Etched deeply into its side was this legend:

*Finder please return unopened to
The New York News,
New York, U. S. A.,
And receive liberal reward.*

The American representative at that Bay of Biscay port had been in the newspaper business before he essayed diplomacy—excellent preparation, by the way—and he recognized the “deader” as soon as he saw it. By the first steamer he forwarded it to his friend Carbrey, who had charge of the illustrations of the *News* in connection with the superintendence of the pictorial news organization. It had come to Carbrey like a voice from the dead. Many such “deaders” had been jettisoned from sinking ships in all the seven seas, but this was the first one which had ever come back home.

It contained a message, undoubtedly, from some hero on his staff. As he opened the containing box and took it out, having previously read the consul's letter which apprised him of its existence, he had a queer feeling as if the “deader” were alive. It was cold to his touch; yet in spite of the chill it seemed to radiate life. So unusual and so important was the incident that he had gone into the dark room himself to open it and to develop the film that it contained. Before it was dry he passed the roll before his eyes. No prints had yet been made of it, but as he sat there with the empty cylinder in his hand, he could see again all the pictures, and one in particular.

What was burned upon the retina of his soul was the picture of a man and a woman. They happened to be in the foreground of the most important of all the pictures of the disaster. In his excitement young Aylward, poising on the rail, working his camera frantically, had perhaps overlooked the near figures in his vision of the further view, but there they were.

Aylward was the third man, Carbrey was the second, or was he the first? At any rate, whatever the ultimate order, the man in the foreground of the picture completed the trio. Carbrey should have hated him, but somehow he could not, although Broth-

erton—that was the name of the other man—had taken from Carbrey what he valued most in life.

How vividly the whole situation came back to him! He well remembered that eventful day on which the huge leviathan backed away from her pier and, prodded and pulled and pushed by offensive tugs, finally pointed her nose down the river. He could see her again as, amid the cheers of thousands, she took her departure on that voyage which was to be her last, and the last for the great majority of those who stood on her decks smiling or weeping, staring with eyes shining or tear-dimmed at the swiftly receding shore.

And the woman he loved stood by his side on the pier that day. Her eyes were misted, her face pale when she finally turned to him.

“Mr. Carbrey,” she said, “My car is at the end of the pier, if you are going up town.”

“I shall be very glad to avail myself of your offer,” said Carbrey. “Are you going home?”

“Directly.”

“Then with your permission I'll go with you. I have something very important to say to you.”

“I shall be delighted,” returned Elaine Maywood. She got into the car and motioned Carbrey to follow, and as the car crept slowly away amid the crowd of other automobiles, it occurred to him that he might just as well lose no time.

“We're just as private here, Miss Maywood,” he began after a moment of thought, “so I might as well say what I have to say now as later.”

He was a very direct young American who believed in going straight to the point. He had come to New York a few years before with no capital but his heart and his head, his brains and his courage. He had gone so straight to the point that now he filled this unusual position despite his youth, and he was in line for further preferment.

“Mr. Carbrey,” burst out the girl impulsively, “just a moment. What do you think of those warnings?”

“Perhaps I can best answer that in this way, Miss Maywood. I had five of my men booked for passage on the steamer. When the warnings came from the Embassy, I withdrew them all. The gain from having



And the woman he loved stood by his side on the pier that day.

them aboard didn't seem worth the risk. I don't really think anything will happen to the ship, but something might and I decided not to take any chances."

"And did any one object?"

"Young Aylward begged me to let him go. Said he didn't believe there was the least danger, but if there were, it might be well to have a camera man on the spot, that

his passage had been booked, he hated to back out, that no one had ever frightened him out of any job by vague threats and he wanted to go."

"What did you say?"

"I told him that I wouldn't order him on the duty, but that if he volunteered I shouldn't enter any objections."

"And so he is aboard her?" she asked.

"Yes, with his camera, a supply of films, some 'deaders' and whatever other personal things he wants."

"What are 'deaders'?"

"Small metal cylinders with a hermetic-ally sealed air chamber and with a removable and water-tight cap."

"And what are they for?"

"When a man has snapped a roll of film, he takes it out of his camera, wraps and seals it, sticks it in the 'deader,' closes it, and in case he is about to drown, he trusts it to the waves in the hope that somebody will pick it up and send it back to me."

"I hope Mr. Aylward won't have to use one."

"I hope not, too," said Carbrey. "I don't think he will. I think it's all a bluff. I don't believe they'd dare do anything to a passenger ship."

"That's what Captain Brotherton said."

"Oh, Captain Brotherton."

"Yes. As he has fully recovered from his wound, he cabled to the British war office and they told him to come back on the first steamer and they would send him back to the trenches again. Isn't it horrible?"

"Awful. But I don't want to talk about Captain Brotherton, or Aylward, or the ship, but about you."

"About me?"

"Yes, I think every woman knows when a man's in love with her. We don't seem to be able to keep it from her and—"

"Oh, please don't."

"I must. You know it, of course. I certainly cannot approach your father financially, but I have already amassed a reasonable competence and I have acquired a certain confidence in my ability to get myself anything I want—"

The girl flashed a look at him which he caught, of course.

"Except you, Miss Maywood. I'm as diffident there, I might almost say as hopeless, as I would be if I were a boy who followed you from afar, but I really have a fine position. It affords me magnificent opportunities, but I do not care to dilate on those things. I love you as I never thought to love any human being. If you could care for me just a little, perhaps I could win you."

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Carbrey. Ever since you helped me so much in the railroad

accident when you were reporting for the *News* several years ago, I have liked you. I have followed your progress with a certain sort of pride—"

"You have every right to take pride in it, because since that day I have had you to stimulate my ambition."

"But I am engaged to Captain Brotherton," concluded the girl softly.

There was a long silence between them. She put out her hand at last and rested it on his arm with a little impulsive tenderness of gesture as if to soften the rejection. One of the first things a newspaper man has to learn is self-control. Carbrey had been educated in the hard school of experience and he had learned it. Savagely checking a passionate desire to clutch the little hand that lay so lightly on his sleeve and a greater desire to sweep the woman to his breast, Carbrey spoke at last. He spoke clearly, but there was a break in his voice which the woman recognized and at which, for all her engagement, she thrilled.

"Of course, I might have known it," said the young American. "A soldier, a 'V. C.' with all the glamour of heroic exploit and all the appeal of wounds—what chance had a newspaper man?"

"Newspaper men are soldiers of peace," said the woman. "You must not talk of yourself that way. Look at Mr. Aylward."

"Yes," said Carbrey, "I suppose so. One question."

He turned and fixed a clear penetrating gaze upon the girl and she bravely sustained his look, albeit her color flamed and her heart throbbed.

"I'm very unconventional. I want you to tell me just one thing and then I shall trouble you no more."

"What is that?"

"Do you love Captain Brotherton?"

The red deepened in her cheeks and then the color slowly ebbed and left her pale. It was a question Carbrey had no right to ask, which no affection he might have entertained for her warranted him in putting to her. Following her first impulse, she might indignantly have refused to answer, but there was something compelling in the look of the man. She was stirred to the very depths of her being by the suppressed passion that was in his voice, that, somehow, had got into her heart, the evidence of a great love. Somehow or other, the truth was wrested from her unwilling lips.

"I like him very much," she faltered. "He is a soldier and a gentleman, a hero, and he is very devoted to me. It pleases my father and mother and everybody—I—you have no right to question me in this way."

"And if I had spoken sooner," went on the man, relentlessly, "I might have—"

"Stop," said the girl, "I can't hear any more. It's—it's disloyal. He has gone away to fight for his country, with my promise to him, with trust in me, that—"

"I understand," said Carbrey grimly. "I shall not interfere. Forgive my blundering. I haven't known many women—none like you. If anything ever happens, you'll remember I'm still yours. You understand?"

"Yes, of course, but nothing—"

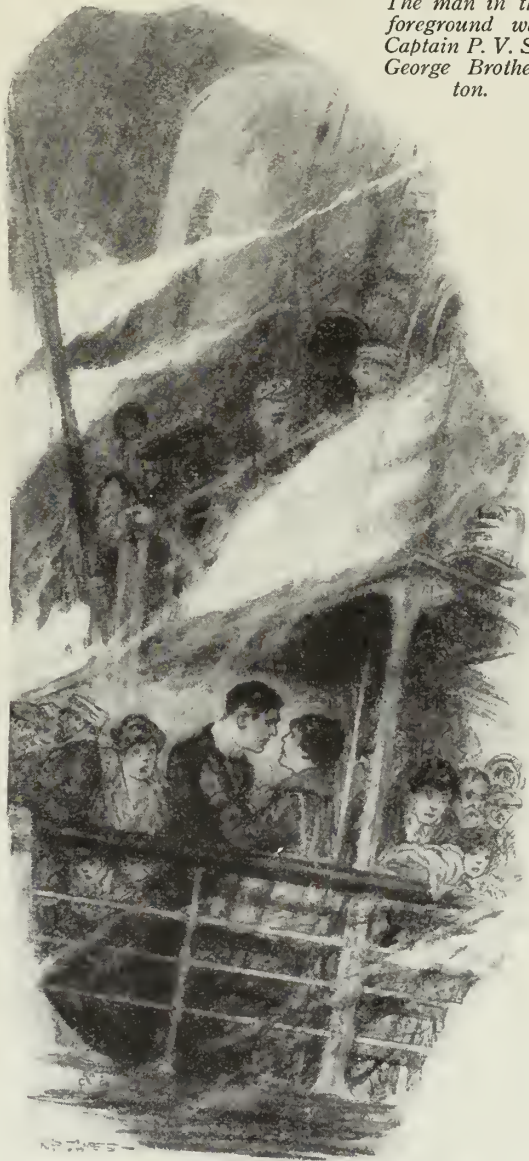
"Allow me," he said.

He called to the chauffeur to stop the car at the nearest crossing. He shook Miss Maywood's hand, bowed to her and turned away. As the car moved on, the girl burst into a passion of weeping. Into Carbrey's riotous mind flashed a diabolic wish that the ship might be blown up, but because he was a clean-souled gentleman, he put that out of his brain the minute it came in. He was ashamed to the core even for the transitory and natural impulse. In the revulsion from his own

feeling, he prayed voicelessly that the God of the great deep might watch over the great ship.

That momentary impulse came back to him poignantly when the first news of her

The man in the foreground was Captain P. V. St. George Brotherton.



torpedoing filtered through the air. The newspapers, his own leading, were soon filled with the accounts of the survivors. They had a brave tale to tell of young Pete Aylward's devotion to duty, how he had stripped himself of his own life belt, how he had worked his camera to the very last minute and how he had gone down with the rest. His body was washed ashore some days later. Attached to it was his empty camera and there was one roll of film and one "deader" missing from the complement in the case strapped to his belt.

A year had passed, and it was that "deader" which Carbrey now held in his hand. The man in the foreground of the most striking picture was Captain P. V. St. George Brotherton. He had his arm around the waist of a woman whose head was buried in his breast. His own head was bent forward, his lips were touching her hair. Aylward's camera had been of the best. The bright sunlight had streamed full on the pair. The picture was beautifully clear and distinct.

There was no mistaking the look in Brotherton's eyes.

That was the problem which Carbrey had to face. The year had brought him no hope. After allowing a decent interval to elapse, he had gone again to see Elaine Maywood and she had received him gladly. It did not augur well for his suit that she herself made public the fact of her engagement as soon as the death of Captain Brotherton had been established. But nevertheless he had gone. To his practical mind, a live love was better than a dead memory. The black she wore might have warned him that she did not hold the same view. He went directly to the point.

"I'm very sorry for you," said he. "My heart has ached for you, but Brotherton is gone—"

"Mr. Carbrey, don't speak. It's useless."

"I must. No man has a right to accept defeat until he has made his last try. I don't think you loved him as I would have the woman I make my wife love me," he went on, "and so I have come to see if you won't let me hope. Perhaps I should have waited longer, but I couldn't."

"I didn't love him as he loved me," admitted the girl, "but since his death, somehow or other, it seems to me that my honor is involved, that if he knows of my lack of faith now I must show him by my devotion, that—oh, don't you understand?"

"I see your point of view, but it's not mine. Don't you care for me a little bit?"

"A great deal."

"And if I had been first and he had not been—"

"Yes, I might, but it's cruel of you to ask me. It's horrible of me to admit it. And I can give you no other answer. He loved me so, he was so devoted to me, he was so proud of me, he built so many plans. I see him and I hear him. As you are strong and merciful, don't ask me any more."

And Carbrey had gone away unconvinced, dissatisfied. He had not lost hope. They were both young. It was Elaine's first season. He could wait. Meanwhile Elaine Maywood in her secret heart loved him and sometimes, indeed with growing frequency, regretted that honor as she conceived it, and fidelity as she expressed it, kept them apart. Now fortune had played into his hands. In the last moment before he died Brotherton was not thinking of

Elaine Maywood. It was quite evident that Aylward had just time enough to take out the film and slip it into the "deader" before the ship went down. In the photograph the water was frightfully near the deck level. The last boat apparently was just about to pull away. There could not have been more than a minute between Brotherton and death and in that minute he had another woman in his arms! He was kissing her hair, he was pressing her face against his breast as if to shut from her eyes the horrible sight.

Was Brotherton a traitor to Elaine? Somehow or other Carbrey could not think so. In spite of himself, he liked and admired the laughing, gallant, dashing young Englishman. Yet that damning evidence!

The newspapers had been filled with the story of Brotherton's helpfulness, how he had encouraged the passengers, how he had provided for women and children, how he had died apparently worthy of the V. C. he had received on the bullet-swept field, evidencing another and perhaps higher quality of valor. To show this picture would be like hitting a man when his back was turned, when he was down, when he was dead even, and he could not destroy Miss Maywood's trust in her lover. He could not win her in that way.

That picture was the most vital of the whole series. Nor could the two figures in the foreground be cut out without ruining the whole. He had either to print it as it was or to destroy it. He owed a duty to his paper and to the public. He had no right to destroy that picture. He owed a duty to that dauntless young camera man too. The picture must go in the paper. Of course he could have blurred the face of Brotherton, but again he shrank from that. If there hadn't been so many personal things involved, he would have welcomed the picture. It gave the human touch of romance, of sympathy, of love, of passion, to the tragedy. Others had seen it—the man who assisted him in developing it.

He decided. Calling a taxi he was driven to the office of Philip Maywood. He had met Mr. Maywood, and he secured ready admittance to his private office.

"Mr. Maywood," he began, "you know I am devoted to your daughter. But she is loyal to the memory of Captain Brotherton."

"You aren't exactly the husband I should have picked out for her, Carbrey," said Maywood, frankly, "but if you can wean her away from her obsession and get her to take a cheerful view of life again, I'll be glad. It's horrible. She nurses her grief. It preys upon her. I am afraid it will kill her. She wants to go to Europe and offer herself for service."

"Mr. Maywood," said Carbrey, "look at that."

"I see," said Maywood quietly. "It's Brotherton, and with another woman. This ought to settle things."

"I can't use it."

"But I can."

"I can't let you. I couldn't win her that way."

"Where did you get the photograph?"

Rapidly Carbrey narrated the incident.

"What are you going to do—suppress it?"

"I can't do that either. I have a duty to Aylward—to the newspaper and to the public."

"But she will certainly see it. She reads your paper regularly, sometimes I think because it is yours."

"You must take her away tonight. I'll see that you are provided with an edition from which that picture is omitted."

"Where shall I take her?"

"To Boston, or any place you like. If you can keep her away for a few days, it will all have blown over by the time she returns."

"I'll do what you ask, but I think she is bound to see it sooner or later."

"That is a risk we must take. I am only doing the best I can."

"We'll start at once," concluded Maywood. "I'll telephone that I want her to go with me to Boston. She has friends there and she has been intending to visit them for some time."

"Don't let her buy a paper. What train will you take?"

Maywood looked at his watch.

"We ought to be able to get the Knickerbocker Limited."

"The papers will be there. I'll bring them myself."

Carbrey was at the train when Maywood, his wife and daughter came down the platform.

"Knowing your interest," began Carbrey, directly they were in the compartment Mr.

Maywood had reserved, "I brought you the first edition." He handed her the story of the "deader" and its contents.

The girl studied the sheet through a half minute of tense silence.

"Is there no picture of—"

"I'm sorry to say, no," said Carbrey. "You will find them all here. If anything else comes up, I'll let you know through your father's office in Boston."

"I shall return to New York within the week," answered the girl. "If you can come up to see me then, I shall be very glad."

"I'll come," he answered.

Mr. Maywood followed Carbrey to the door.

"I'll let you know if she finds out anything," he whispered.

No word came. Carbrey told the society editor to let him know when the Maywoods got back. He had been fighting down hopes and prayers that she might learn the truth in spite of all the efforts he had made to prevent her, fighting them down with that same feeling of shame which he had before experienced.

Five days later the society editor told him that the Maywoods had returned the night before. She had scarcely left his private office when the telephone rang. He recognized Elaine's voice.

"I'm back, Mr. Carbrey," she began. "Have you heard any more?"

"Nothing."

"You're coming to see me soon, aren't you?"

"This afternoon."

"I shall expect you. By the way, do you know a Miss Betty Walton?"

"I've never even heard the name."

"What time will you be here?"

"About two o'clock."

Yes, the Maywoods had returned the night before and the daughter of the house had found several cards bearing the unfamiliar name of Miss Walton on her desk. Inquiry from the servants revealed the fact that a young lady in deep mourning had called a number of times and had said that she would call again. Miss Maywood dismissed the matter as of no consequence, yet she felt a certain curiosity when the same card was put in her hand the next morning. She received Miss Walton in the drawing room.

"Miss Maywood," began the young

woman, "for your sake I have remained silent, but since the publication of this, I realized that further concealment was unnecessary."

"This" was a copy of the *News*, on the front page of which was the great picture of the wreck. In the foreground stood Captain P. V. St. George Brotherton, clasping in his arms a woman. Miss Maywood stared at it in astonishment. Her first feeling of resentment was followed by a wave of relief.

"It's Captain Brotherton!" she said inanely, at last.

"Yes."

"And the woman in his arms is—"

"It is I."

"I don't understand."

"Let me explain. I knew that he was engaged to you. He told me so. But after he met me he loved me only. Don't think him a traitor. He was ashamed. He fought against it. He would never have told me. I should never have known had it not been for the disaster. Don't you know that love is born at a meeting, by a look, a word, a gesture? Well, it was that way with us, and when we stood together on the deck before he put me in the last boat, he had not spoken of his love for me, although we had been together every minute of the voyage. Honor bound him, but now that he was about to die, he could not refrain from telling me. I don't think I should tell you any more."

"No," said the other woman, "I don't wish to hear any more."

"I should have kept silent for his sake and yours after—but when this picture came out there was no longer any reason for concealment, so I have come to you to

ask you if you have a picture of him that you will give me. If you loved him as I did, you would understand and there shouldn't be any jealousy now because he couldn't help it and he's—gone." Miss Walton broke down. She buried her face in her hands and sobbed. "You must hate me," she murmured. "You must think—"

"Hate you?" asked Miss Maywood. "I'm the happiest girl living. I respected Captain Brotherton and I honored him. He was surrounded by a halo of romance. He made such delightful love to me! You shall have pictures—anything that you like."

When Carbrey was shown into the drawing room that afternoon he found a stranger there. A woman stood by the window, with bowed head. There was something in her appearance that was vaguely familiar. Not in vain had he spent hours staring at that picture of the lovers on the deck of the sinking ship! Presently she turned, as Elaine entered. Carbrey perceived that Elaine had taken off her mourning.

"John," she said, extending a hand that trembled, "this is Miss Walton. She is the lady who was in Captain Brotherton's arms in the picture you didn't let me see!"

Carbrey stared. Love is a great illuminant. Miss Walton looked from one to the other.

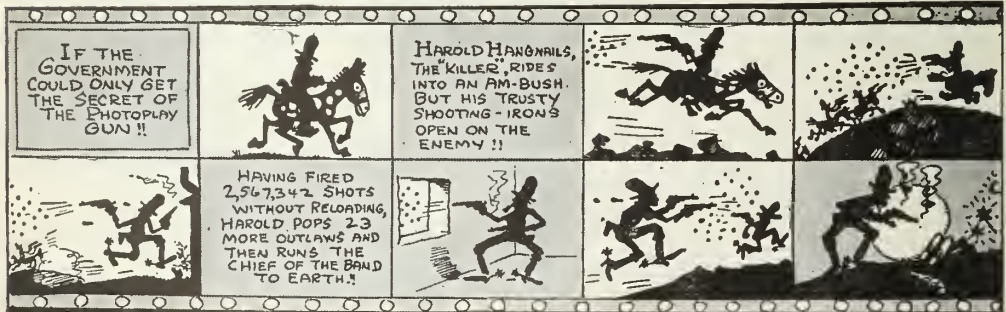
"This," she said at last, "is the man you spoke about?"

"Yes," answered Miss Maywood.

"Your man?" asked Miss Walton slowly.

"Mine!" cried Elaine, nodding and smiling as her cheeks flamed.

Miss Walton turned. In a second the door closed behind her retreating figure.



Studio Conditions as I Know Them

WANTON WASTE AND IGNORANT EFFICIENCY,
THE BESETTING EVILS OF STUDIO MANAGEMENT

Captain Leslie T. Peacocke

ANYONE can wield a hammer, but it ill becomes one to rap too heavily on the crust of the pie in which one is dipping one's own fingers!

Besides, any new industry, like a new country, must go through a leveling process until it is established on a sound and sane basis.

Studio conditions have changed and are changing every day. In the studios of some film companies in which wanton waste and extravagance were rampant, so-called "efficiency" systems have been established, and are tending to cheapen and destroy an industry which can only be kept alive by an adequate expenditure of money on productions.

No one should, or can, conscientiously, advocate wanton waste or extravagance. That only spells ultimate ruination, and a number of film companies have gone to the wall because there was no one to stop the management in its glorious financial joyrides. Some companies have taken warning; but the question is, are they not going too far in the other extreme? Are they not cheapening their productions to such an extent as to disgust the paying public, and driving the glorious industry in which we have all taken such pride and interest to the inglorious fate of roller skating and willow plumes? One can remember—it was not so long ago—when every woman who aimed to be well dressed sported a willow plume, until the avaricious manufacturers started to make them of ramee grass, and now it is doubtful whether any woman, rich or poor, would accept a genuine willow plume as a gift! Once the public is sickened of anything, no film-doctor can revive its first interest. The film industry is relying on an admiring, willing and patient public, but we don't want the public to become a patient.

Now, to come down to studio conditions and actual facts. There is no object to be gained by mentioning the names of studios or by engaging in personalities, inter-

esting though they may be, and, anyhow, I have never had any use for a hammer, or for those who wield one. I shall merely cite instances of wanton waste stupidly permitted in the different departments of various film producing companies.

In the production department of one company the directors were given *carte blanche* to engage the actors and arrange their salaries, to engage the cameramen, to take their companies anywhere they pleased to film the exterior scenes and to hire as many automobiles as they wanted and to use as much film as they liked. The directors' main object appeared to me to be to burn up as much of the company's money as they could, and to boast to their friends that they were not "cheap skates."

In the scenario department conditions were ludicrous. The editor was a capable man, but his position was made negligible by his being employed to review the releases and to report on them. The result was that if he did not praise the work of every director, he was abused by them and blamed for having passed judgment on the stories before they were produced, when as a matter of fact, nearly all the directors were either writing their own stories and getting paid for them, or having them written by their friends and lady-loves. There were several staff writers employed in the scenario department who were supposed to turn out three one-reel original photoplays a week, but few of them were produced because the directors and their friends were writing the stories they wanted, and those written by the staff writers were buried in what was facetiously called the "morgue"—where hundreds of them still lie buried. Some of the directors would occasionally dip into the "morgue," with the object of gaining some ideas for the "original" stories which they claimed were formulated in their own brilliant craniums, and for which they themselves were paid at the rate of twenty-five dollars a reel, when they started to produce the stories.

One little episode tickled me immensely, because it hit me personally. On going through the studio one day I came across a scenario on which one of the directors was working and recognized it as one which I had written about a month previously. The front sheet of the manuscript had been torn off and replaced by another, on which the title of the story had been changed and the director's name inserted as the author of the story. Well, the company paid for that story twice. They paid me as a staff writer, and the director got fifty dollars, as it was a two-reel story and he claimed the authorship. I don't believe that director knows that I knew what he had done, because I have often met him since and he greets me cordially without a blush.

One day a tremendous packing case arrived in the scenario department. It was filled with old weeklies and monthlies, periodicals that were green with age, and replete with serial stories, mostly dealing with wicked lords and trusting servant maids or shop girls—you know the sort—the servants of our great-grandmothers reveled in them—and it was understood that a prominent employee of the company had secured this bunch of mildewed truck for the modest sum of twenty-five hundred dollars, with full permission to work all the stories over into photoplays. A number of "readers" were immediately hired to read the hundreds of stories and make synopses of them, which were to be turned over to the staff writers as bases for photoplays. There were six "readers" employed for six months on this job at the modest stipend of twenty-five dollars a week, and after the six months only one story was found from which a photoplay could possibly be made.

Now, the joke of the matter was this. None of the stories was copyrighted, and it was obvious to anyone but an idiot that the bunch of old periodicals had been secured from some old junk shop, and if the junk dealer received more than five dollars for that pile of trash, he must have been a brilliant salesman! And that is how things went in the scenario department.

In the main offices of the company all were so busy playing "politics" that they

didn't seem to care whether school kept or not, and of course the money kept pouring in, because, one may say what one likes, but the moving picture business is one of the biggest money-making businesses in the world.

The president of that company is now rated as many times a millionaire, so I don't suppose he is worrying over past extravagances. However, the film business is now striking the open market and things are different. Wanton waste won't make millions, as formerly.

WANTON waste spells ruination, and many a film company has gone to the wall because there was no one to stop the management in its glorious financial joy-rides.

In another company one of the managing directors controlled the rights to a number of old stage plays and secured the film rights to a number of books, and all he worried about was unloading them on the company at a big profit to himself. I expect he made a pile of money, but it was

hard work for the poor devils of scenario writers to make five-reel photoplays out of that old, time-worn, plotless bunch of rubbish.

An appalling amount of money was wasted in other ways, too. I have seen several hundreds of "extra people" engaged at from three to five dollars a day, told to report for work and to "make up" (after which they had to be paid) but that was all that they were required to do, because no director had need of them. I subsequently learned that the person who engaged the "extras" was working hand in glove with an employment agent and that they were splitting the commissions which the "extras" had to pay the agent. That company must have spent several thousands of dollars a week for "extra people" who were never required to face the camera.

In another company things went as gaily as a picnic. The directors there, too, were given full sway to do as they liked. One festive director was handed a bunch of money and sent off with the actors and cameramen of his own choosing, on an old ship that was chartered by the company, to the sunny shores of the South Atlantic coast. And from all accounts they had a great time! They did not make many film productions, but I learned that they made a host of friends and that the ship soon qualified as one of the merriest

houseboats that ever hugged a hospitable shore. In the midst of a splendid orgy the ship was put to sea and the director and the skipper of the vessel indulged in a battle royal for possession of the helm. The director won, the ship went to the bottom about a mile from shore and the company had to return to the far distant studio ignominiously by rail. That little picnic cost the company, I believe, about twenty-five thousand dollars.

This all shows what needless and senseless expenditure of good money there has been. Now let us take a clear jump over the sane, art-loving producers of moving pictures and land in the camp of the other extreme, the would-be murderers of the industry.

In several of the plants there have been installed systems which have been sadly misnamed "efficiency," installed for the most part by ignorant inefficient—that is, by men who are ignorant of everything pertaining to moving pictures.

In one big producing plant a gentleman was installed as general manager who openly admitted that he had never even seen a producing company at work, that he had seen very few pictures on the screen, and that he neither liked them nor understood them. He claimed to be an "efficiency expert"—whatever that may be—and that he would be able to reduce the cost of productions to a minimum and would show all the other film producing companies that the whole moving picture business could, and should, be run on the sweatshop factory plan.

Well, this is what he did.

To begin with, he installed a scenario editor who had never written a scenario and told him to clean up the scenario department. This editor dived into the "morgue" and drew forth all the photoplays that had been written by the staff writers, who had all been previously dismissed from the department, and sent the scripts back to the authors, with rejection slips enclosed, stating that the company did not want them, as they were not available for the company's requirements. These scripts, mind you, were the actual property of the company, having been written by the staff writers on its payroll. One of the

staff writers that I know placed his rejected scripts in the hands of a literary agent, and the brilliant general manager, the "efficiency expert," purchased ten of those rejected scripts from the agent at the modest rate of fifty dollars a reel. They were all one-reel photoplays, and the happy staff writer was paid five hundred dollars, minus the agent's ten per cent commission, for scripts for which he had already received payment as a salaried employee of the company.

I understand that the general manager bought many thousands of dollars' worth of photoplays, books and stage plays at fancy prices from all sorts of sources and that he was looked upon by the literary agents in New York as the best and softest thing that had ever blown down the Great White Way.

Then he dismissed nearly all the high-salaried directors and appointed in their places men who had never directed anything or anybody before, with direful results, some of which a shuddering public has seen on the screen, and some of which will, happily, never be seen, because fully thirty-five per cent of the productions under the brilliant "efficiency" management have turned out so badly that the company can never release them.

The "expert" said that the directors were wasting their time in cutting and assembling their own pictures and installed a number of boys as "film cutters," many of whom had never even seen a piece of film before. One of them, I know, had been a bellboy in a hotel where the general manager had formerly lodged, and because the boy was hard up and in need of employment, he pitchforked him into one of the most important positions in the studio, to cut the daylight out of productions and insert illiterate subtitles of his own choosing.

I could write a great deal more about this "efficiency expert," but what's the use? The public that does not know the ridiculous conditions existing in some studios would hardly believe that I was stating actual facts. But this situation is well known to all in the film business, and the exhibitors know—they know it to their cost!

In another studio where a so-called "efficiency expert" was employed to revolutionize matters, all was soon in such a state of chaos that one big production alone was hanky-pankyed with until its cost was about thirty-five thousand dollars, and then it was only half completed. The leading players left in disgust, and the unfinished production will have to be consigned to the junk pile. The "expert" and his crew are now looking for another film company to take them in and allow them to demonstrate how to run a moving picture plant on an improved, up-to-date "efficiency" basis. Oh, the pity of it!

Now, let us come to the happy gap between wanton waste and efficient ignorance—to those studios in which really artistic film productions are made and in which sane and worth-while systems of efficiency have been established.

In one company now famous for its artistic productions and for the big financial success it is achieving, the staff writers are encouraged to collaborate in adapting the plays and books into five-reel photoplays, and the general manager of productions, himself a brilliant playwright and scenario writer, goes carefully over every script. Then the director is called into consultation and any changes that may be agreed upon are made before the production is commenced. After that the director is not allowed to make any changes.

The best film cutters procurable are employed and work with the directors in cutting and assembling the productions, and the most famous feminine stage and film stars are engaged at top-notch salaries and are being properly exploited. Big salaries are paid by this company to the persons who deserve them, in every department of the studio, but there is no wanton waste anywhere. The head of each department is an expert in his or her line. This firm is making money and will continue to do so. The heads of the organization are all artistic showmen and know their business, and the exhibitors and the public have confidence in their productions. They are stamped with the hall-mark of true efficiency.

In the studios of another company which

is making rapid strides to prominence, a most excellent system has been installed. An "efficiency club" has been organized, composed of the heads of every department, and all in the employ of the company are subject to the rulings of this tribunal. If an employee is adjudged "inefficient" by the "club," he or she is called before the tribunal and warned, and if marked improvement is not shown within a stated time, the person is discharged.

The proprietors of this company, who are college-bred men with a thorough knowledge of every branch of the film production business, from the writing of the scenario to the cutting and assembling of the film, do not interfere with the rulings of the heads of the departments. They trust their employees to do the right thing. They have an excellent young business

manager who watches every point and there is no wanton waste anywhere. This company has four separate outlets for its productions and is being forced to enlarge its plant, threatening, before very long, to become one of the largest producing studios in the world—all of which is the result of careful, sane efficiency.

In another gigantic studio, where comedy holds sway, there is, necessarily, a deal of what looks, at first view, like extraordinary waste. But the comedy productions turned out by this company call for much destruction of property. And in spite of this apparently ruthless destruction, care and method are always employed. The comedies of this company are world famous and the enormous financial returns seem to warrant the expenditure.

The directors do not use a scenario that is worked out in continuity, but a detailed synopsis, and the scenario editor, who is also the manager of productions, and his big staff of writers, all assist in giving comedy ideas to the directors, and aid in titling the productions. The result of this system is that every bit of "business" and every subtitle is made to score a comedy point. The head of this organization is the foremost comedy director in the world and knows what the exhibitors and the public want, and he sees that they get it. He has brought "efficiency" to science.

In the July number of this magazine, Captain Peacocke will discuss a question which is pertinent to all aspiring scenario writers—"Original Photoplays Versus Adaptation."

(Continued from page 66)

fallen into our hands. This little secretary"—he clapped him on the back—"is Captain Drew, the right-hand man of the intelligence service. The *cadi* is a celebrated Indian judge, loyal to the core, and brought by us to Biskra because he's a staunch Mohammedan, though he was not above pretending that the law required your death unless you apostatized or changed your state for that of a Moslem's bride. Ali Singh is a bachelor, and a capital fellow, and dearly loves his joke, and I think he really was taken with you."

"Joke!" exclaimed Peggy tragically, thinking of all that she had gone through. "And you call that a joke?"

"But I assure you that you really were in considerable danger at the hands of that fanatical mob, and it required a good deal of enterprise to save you," answered Fanshawe seriously. "We couldn't have spared you much, although we might have lessened that part about the execution. But honestly, we were sure you'd give in at the end."

"Then I forgive you," said Peggy magnanimously, "because you said you'd give me the time of my life, and I must admit

that you gave it to me with a vengeance." And she laughed, roguishly.

"And I said I'd get your auto and truck too," grinned Fanshawe. "And the money—I can't give that back either. The goods are contraband, you know."

Peggy was very serious for a while.

"I suppose I undertook a foolish errand," she said at last. "and I still feel I owe my life to you. And I feel better pleased with myself when I remember how I rejected you."

"I'm a married man with six children, and longing to see them all again," said Fanshawe triumphantly. "Now if you had accepted Ali. . . . No, I fancy you don't score at all, Miss Roche."

"There's just one thing I want to ask you," said Peggy presently. "You say it isn't Moslem law that an infidel woman must become a Mohammedan or marry one. What was it, then, that Ali said about me to those wiseacres that made them all nod their heads?"

Fanshawe exploded. "He was asking them whether a bald-headed judge was a living proof of patriarchal wisdom or of a bad-tempered wife," he answered finally.

About the Ince-Photoplay Scenario Contest

AN ITEM FOR THE ATTENTION OF THE
THOUSANDS WHO ENTERED THIS
GREAT AUTHORSHIP COMPETITION

PHOTOPLAY has had a lot of impatient inquiries, during the past month, about the decisions in the big scenario contest instituted many months ago by this magazine and Thomas H. Ince.

Just about the time of this contest's closing The Triangle Film Corporation, of which Mr. Ince is now the biggest individual manufacturer, underwent a complete reorganization. Mr. Ince became Triangle's general manager of production for the West. In addition to assuming these new responsibilities he was compelled to continue production, as usual, in his own establishments at Culver City and Inceville. Since January first he has been working nearly eighteen hours out of every twenty-four, and the heads of Triangle have been blaming Providence because he wasn't born triplets.

Yet, if you'll remember, we promised you, and Mr. Ince promised you, that the manuscripts would have his personal attention, and the selection of the winners would be *his personal affair*—no one else's. That's why we believed this contest distinctly worth while, and because everyone concerned is bound to *keep* it worth while, final decisions have been delayed until Mr. Ince, personally, can examine the meritorious manuscripts with the same scrupulous and impartial care that he gives the most important details of his great business.

These manuscripts are now in his hands.

His decisions will be made in a very short time, and are to be speedily announced in this magazine.

Patience!

PHOTOPLAY ACTORS

Find the Film Players'

THE PRIZES

1st Prize \$10.00 3rd Prize \$3.00
 2nd Prize 5.00 4th Prize 2.00
 Ten Prizes, Each \$1.00

These awards (all in cash, without any string to them) are for the correct, or nearest correct, sets of answers to the ten pictures here shown.

As the names of most of these movie people have appeared many, many times before the public, we feel sure you must know them.

This novel contest is a special feature department of Photo-play Magazine for the interest and benefit of its readers, at absolutely no cost to them—the Photo-play Magazine way.

The awards are all for this month's contest.

TRY IT

All answers to this set must be mailed before **Ju 1, 1917.**



WINNERS OF THE APRIL PHOTO

First Prize... \$10.00—Miss Vanna Olson, Oswego, N. Y.
 Second Prize.. 5.00—Miss Dora Howe, Charleston, S. C.
 Third Prize... 3.00—J. H. McMullen, Council Bluffs, Ia.
 Fourth Prize. 2.00—Mrs. Frank Forshee, Flint, Mich.

\$1.00 Prizes to

Mrs. P. Jacobs, Chicago, Ill.
 Miss Lois J. Burr, Unionville, Conn.
 Miss Ruth E. Phillips, Pocatello, Idaho.
 Mrs. M. C. Champagne, Memphis, Tenn.
 Miss Dolly Grieb, Milwaukee, Wis.

NAME PUZZLE

Names in These Pictures

DIRECTIONS

Each picture represents the name of a photoplay actor or actress. The actor's name is really a description of the picture that goes with it; for example—"Rose Stone" might be represented by a rose and a rock or stone, while a gawky appearing individual looking at a spider web could be "Web Jay."

For your convenience and avoidance of mistakes, we have left space under each picture on which you may write your answers. Remember to write your full name and address on the margin at the bottom of both pages. Cut out these pages and mail in, or you may send in your answers on a separate sheet of paper, but be sure they are numbered to correspond with the number of each picture. There are 10 answers.

Address to Puzzle Editor, Photoplay Magazine, 350 North Clark Street, Chicago.

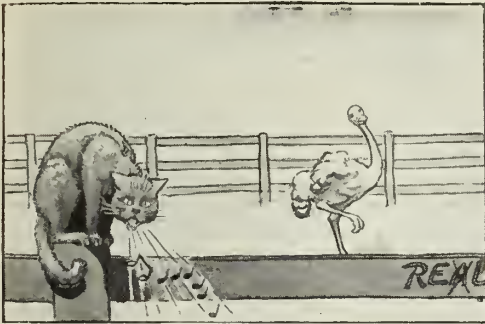
We have eliminated from this contest all red tape and expense to you, so please do not ask us questions.

Only one set of answers allowed each contestant.

Awards for answers to this set will be published in Photoplay Magazine. Look for this contest each month.



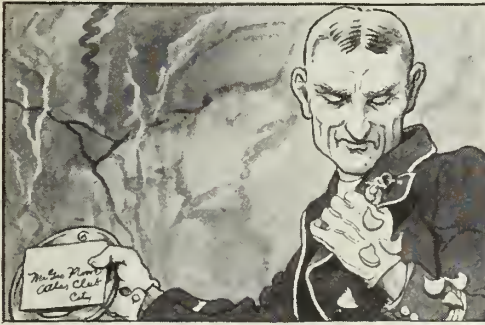
8



6



9



7



10

PLAY ACTORS NAME PUZZLE

- Miss Edwyna Silacci,
Pt. Reyes Station,
Cal.
- Oliver Stockman, An-
derson, Ind.
- Mrs. Cora Van Gorder,
Scranton, Pa.
- Miss Martha C. Damon,
Lowell, Mass.
- Mr. Glen H. Gordon,
Kansas City, Mo.

\$1.00 Prizes to
(Continued)

CORRECT ANSWERS FOR APRIL

- | | |
|------------------|------------------------|
| 1—Edith Sterling | 6—Earl Metcalf |
| 2—Mary Fuller | 7—Mable Van Buren |
| 3—Jane Grey | 8—Charley Chaplin |
| 4—Pearl White | 9—Bryant Wash-
burn |
| 5—Seena Owen | 10—Frank Mayo |



Seen and Heard at the Movies

Where millions of people gather daily many amusing and interesting things are bound to happen. We want our readers to contribute to this page. One dollar will be paid for each story printed. Contributions must not be longer than 100 words and must be written on only one side of the paper. Be sure to include your name and address. Send to: "Seen and Heard" Dept., Photoplay Magazine, Chicago. Owing to the large number of contributions to this department, it is impossible to return unavailable manuscripts to the authors. Therefore do not enclose postage or stamped envelopes, as contributions will not be returned.

Flashed on the Screen

"A LECTURE WILL BE GIVEN
Next Friday Evening

BY
Dr. McFarland

ON
'THE EDUCATION OF IDIOTS.'

We know that the patrons of this theater will be personally interested and all are invited to attend."

Henry S. Johnson, New Haven, Conn.

Comparatively Speaking

THEY were showing pictures of American animals in an Edinburgh picture palace. On the screen was a photograph of a moose, browsing.

"What's yon animal?" asked a Scot.

"Yon's a moose," replied the usher.

"A moose! God a'michty, if a moose is yon size, what the de'il size 'll a rat be, ower yonder?"

Charles Murphy, Montreal, Quebec

Encouragement

IT was a serious melodrama. Through the machinations of the villain, the Apollo-like hero, after a frantic sprint, was left behind by the boat which was to have borne him to the bedside of his dying mother. As his despairing face was shown in a close-up, a hoarse, strained voice came from the gallery:

"Go on! You can make it in two jumps!"

R. P. Conway, Philadelphia, Pa.

Skeptical

"SHE has seen just eighteen summers," he said, referring to the particular ingenue whose film exploits were then engaging their attention.

"Gee, how long was she blind?" inquired his feminine companion.

M. Anson, Worcester, Mass.

Ham and—

MY little six-year-old neighbor's chief difficulty in learning his Sunday school lesson seemed to be in committing to memory the names of Noah's sons. He repeated each one after me several times and then I asked him to tell me the story of Noah. He did very well until he came to naming the sons again, but started out bravely with "Shem."

"Ham," I prompted.

"Oh, now I know," he shouted. "Shem, Ham and Bud!"

Esther Kretzman, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Branded

THE young hero and heroine of the comedy were pictured before the marriage license window in the courthouse.

"Which one will wear the tag?" eagerly inquired a small boy who had recently become the proud possessor of a dog.

Elsie Stevenson, Beloit, Wis.

Reg'lar Fellers

"DO you know where little boys go who don't put their money on the Sunday collection plate?"

"Sure! To the movies."

L. M. Quinn, Phoenixville, Pa.

Calling His Bluff

AS a young movie man, who had just been promoted to the management of a small house, was seated in his office, he heard footsteps on the stairs. Wishing to make a good impression, he took the telephone and, holding down the lever, seemed to be talking to a big company about films, stars and high-priced engagements.

"No, I can't give more than a thousand dollars for those reels. Good-bye."

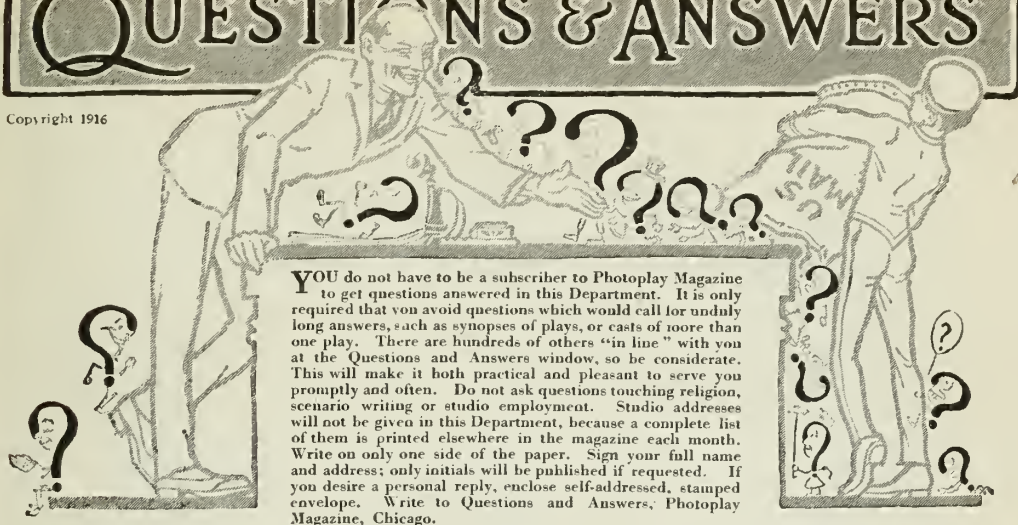
Then facing the caller in the most approved business manner: "Who are you, sir?"

Answered the visitor meekly, "I just dropped in to connect up your phone, sir."

J. W. Parker, Notre Dame, Indiana.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Copyright 1916



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. There are hundreds of others "in line" with you at the Questions and Answers window, so be considerate. This will make it both practical and pleasant to serve you promptly and often. 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.

FARNUM NUT, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—You are evidently mistaken about the answers you say you read in *PHOTOPLAY*. Probably got them mixed with others elsewhere. It is our aim to give our readers only authentic information, and in most instances where mistakes have been made, they have been due to misinformation provided by the principals themselves. Thomas Meighan played opposite Marie Doro in "Common Ground." Franklyn Farnum is not related to Bill or Dusty. Earle Williams is back in harness again.

ELEANOR, COUNCIL BLUFFS, IA.—That question has been asked almost as often as "What is a lady?" A number of years ago *London Truth* offered a prize for the best definition of a gentleman and it was awarded to the following definition selected from thousands of answers: "A gentleman is one who is as gentle as a woman and as manly as a man." Henry Labouchere, then editor of *Truth*, gave this definition: "One who never intentionally gives offense." Hope this solves all your troubles.

F. M., SOREL, CANADA.—Our Swedish office boy, after wrestling with your letter, informs us that you desire to ascertain whether Marie Walcamp is the wife of Eddie Polo. She isn't.

J. B., PORTSMOUTH, VA.—Mae Murray was born in your city, but she left when she became convinced that it would never be as large as Norfolk. Chester Conklin's native burg is Oskaloosa, Iowa, so his nationality is Iowan. Mable Normand's new photoplay will be released independently of any program. Marguerite Clark's newest picture is "The Valentine Girl."

M. P. ADMIRER, GRAND FORKS, B. C.—We cannot tell our readers why certain players do not answer their letters. Perhaps you forgot an important formality when you wrote, viz.: signing your name. That's what you did in writing us.

PEGGY, NEWPORT, R. I.—Should just love to advise you, but we never took a course in domestic relations. Beatrice Fairfax need never fear for her job on our account. Page Peters, who was drowned last year, was no relative of House Peters'. We appreciate the confidence you have placed in us.

RAY, BOSTON, MASS.—Olga Grey was *Mme. Le Claire* in "Double Trouble." There was no *Jane* in "He Fell in Love with His Wife." Forrest Stanley was *James* and Florence Rockwell was the girl. Thanks for your good wishes.

P. G., SIDNEY, O.—Ella Hall is still playing with Universal. Recently she has been appearing in Bluebird photoplays made by that company.

F. B., ANSONIA, CONN.—Irving Cummings was in a number of stock companies, but we are not sure about his having been in New Haven. Which "Count of Monte Cristo" do you mean? Several companies have filmed this classic. Mr. Bushman's eyes are blue, Miss Clark's hair brown. It's her real name. Same for Blanche Sweet. Miss Dawn is still with "The Century Girl." Lucille Lee Stewart is the wife of Ralph Ince.

SHORTY, CROOKSTON, MINN.—Norma Talmadge was born in 1895 and Dorothy Dalton in 1893. Miss Dalton formerly had a husband, Lew Cody, also a film player. We have been told that Douglas Fairbanks' salary is something like \$12,500 a week, with a percentage of the profits made on his pictures, which are to be released by Artercraft.

SPIZZERINKTUM GIRL, SNYDER, TEX.—So far as we know, there never was a player named Edmund Rosamund in any of the Gail Kane films, or anywhere else. Can you visualize a gook who would pick such a name? Yes, we think Grace Cunard is a trifle older than her husband, but love laughs at calendars, as Shakespeare, or somebody, said. Fear not, little one, your secret is safe.

J. A. Y., NEW YORK CITY.—Marjorie Rambeau at this writing is the wife of Willard Mack—in private life Charles M. McLaughlin—also a well known player on stage and screen. Recently she filed suit for divorce. "The Greater Woman" marked Miss Rambeau's entry to the camera stage. Dorothy Davenport played opposite Lou Tellegen in "The Explorer," if she is the one you mean. Certainly we are handsome. How in the world could we answer these questions otherwise?

PAUL, DETROIT, MICH.—Surprised that you should ask such a question. *Jeff, the Blacksmith* in "The Birth of a Nation" is none other than our old college chum, Wallace Reid.

RUTH, SAN BERNARDINO, CAL.—Camille Astor appeared last, we believe, in Selig's "The Garden of Allah." She has brown hair. You certainly have a beautiful school.

J. J., KOKOMO, IND.—Mary Pickford was 24 on the 8th day of April, 1917; she has no children and her latest photoplay is entitled "Jennie, the Unexpected," a story of the early west.

A. H., NEWARK, O.—Lillian and Dorothy Gish both weigh in the vicinity of 110 pounds. Dorothy was 19 in March and Lillian will be 21 in October. The latter is the taller by an inch.

O. M., EAST NEW YORK, N. Y.—George Walsh was 25 years old on March 16. He has dark brown hair and ditto eyes. We should hardly describe him as lovely, but there's no law against so doing. Perhaps you will find something about him elsewhere in this magazine.

JENNIE, FAIRBANKS, ALASKA.—Some actresses are prettier off the screen than on, owing to the vagaries of the photographic camera. In most instances they are blondes with exceptional color, both as to hair and complexion, which the camera does not "get." Wait till we get real color photography and there'll be some new stars in the film firmament.

GIRLIE, BLOOMINGTON, ILL.—Yes, we've heard of it: even been there, but why bring up those sorrowful subjects? Wallace Reid is surely married to Dorothy Davenport and Marguerite Clark has a secretary to answer her letters, also a sister who lends valuable assistance, but she answers many letters herself.

OTTILIE, NEW YORK CITY.—Robert Warwick is with the Selznick corporation and Harry Hilliard with Fox. Can't tell you why the magazines don't give Gale Henry credit for her comedy work, unless it's because they never see her.

MARIE, CHICAGO.—Sorry we can't print your review of "The Argyle Case" in this department. But we handed it to the Shadow Stage editor, who might do something with it. We can't say what *James* in "The Social Secretary" was Gladden James. Charles Ray is at Culver City, California.

S. M., SAN FRANCISCO.—Pauline Frederick was born in 1884. Can't say if she will ever visit your city, but the chances are that she will do so some day. Address her at Famous Players.

S. M., LEBANON, PA.—Thomas Holding is now with Wharton at Ithaca, New York. Robert Warwick is married, but his wife, we believe, is not a player. Walter Stull is now with Vim.

E. G. A., LEADVILLE, COLO.—Paul Willis is now with the Yorke-Metro company in Los Angeles. Billie Burke has an adopted daughter who answers to the description in your letter. Your sketch of the "Up-To-Date Girl" is so good that we have handed it over to the editor with a recommendation that it be printed.

COPLAZA, BOSTON, MASS.—Hope the Constance Talmadge story in the May issue satisfied your craving. Will have some new pictures of Jack soon. Warren Kerrigan has been touring the country prior to embarking into business on his own hook. Don't know what's become of Lillian.

MARGARET, PHILADELPHIA.—You seem to know more about Maurice than we do. We haven't seen Mr. Costello for so long that we had almost forgotten him. It doesn't take long for a film star to disappear from the horizon of public favor by absence from the screen. We have no record of the plays you mention.

M. Z., EASTON, PA.—Tom Forman is with the Lasky company and is not married. He has light brown hair and grey eyes and is 24 years old. He'll send you the photograph without the two-bits.

AL. K. HALL, LONDON, O.—Ann Pennington will probably return to the movies this summer. She has appeared for Famous in "Susie Snowflake" and

"The Rainbow Princess." Bert Williams made a number of short comedies for the Biograph company.

FARMER, MORONI, UTAH.—Octavia Handworth was last with Pathe. She is 27, five feet, six inches tall, weighs 140 pounds, has light hair and gray eyes. Is married. Louise Lovely is five feet two, 127 pounds, 21 years, blue-gray eyes, blonde and married. Bessie Love, born 1898, five and a half feet, 100 pounds light hair, brown eyes; unmarried. Violet Mersereau in her early twenties; five feet four, 115 pounds, blonde hair, dark blue eyes; unmarried, we believe.

K., PLANTSVILLE, CONN.—What possible good can it do you to learn any more intimate facts concerning Mr. Bushman than you know now? Of course, if you are sure that he isn't married, you probably have information not in our possession. Vivian Martin was the girl in "The Stronger Love." Hazel Dawn will probably be back in our midst before long. Alan Hale was in "A Woman in the Case" with Pauline Frederick and with Marguerite Courtot in "Rolling Stones."

(Continued on page 156)

A MODEST REQUEST

Dear Answer Man of Photoplay,
Please listen to my woes:
They say I am a "find" out here,
But goodness only knows,
How I should look upon the screen,
Yet act I must, you see;
The flame of genius burns anew,
And hence my earnest plea.

Perhaps I am a horrid "vamp,"
How can I know, forsooth,
Until some rash director-man
Tells me the awful truth?
Or, I might be a sweet young thing
Aglow with girlhood's charms,
Just waiting for the hero grand
To fold me in his arms.

I might be cast for funny stunts—
How dreadful that would be
To have the custard pies and things
Flung swift and sure at me.
You're such a kind, obliging man,
I thought perhaps that you
Might take an interest in me, sir,
And tell me what to do.

To be a star and shed my light
Upon life's troubled sea—
Oh, can it be that joy like this
May come to little me?
I live out in the mountains wild
Quite near the Lonesome Pine,
So come and get me, Answer Man,
For I was born to shine.
—Lotta Nerve, East Orange, N. J.



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B.V.D. On Your Back*

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(Continued from page 114)

angry flush and stony, grey-eyed glare was not lacking. She was really an excellent cook; the spinster aunts who had occupied themselves with her upbringing had achieved that much to their credit, and by some tacit understanding, I found myself the food purveyor, Enid the cook and Alice Stormsby the housekeeper. The bishop was the distinguished guest, for the entertainment of whom we united our efforts. His sincere appreciation was our reward.

THUS passed the first ten days of our exile on Trocadero. Then Alice (for the growing intimacy of our lives had discarded the more conventional form of address between us) turned her ankle in climbing down the cliffs and suffered a really bad sprain. Having had some experience in makeshift surgery, I treated it to the best of my ability, enveloped the while in Enid's flaming disapproval, and recommended at least four days' repose. The result of this slight accident was less walking up and down on Trocadero for me, and the ill-concealed impatience of my companion at the suppression of these jaunts and a loss of interest on my part in taking them alone. So, aside from going at dawn to catch fish in the crater lake, a daily routine, I did little but hang around the bungalow and talk to Alice Stormsby, while the bishop dozed and scribbled at intervals and Enid, going and coming about her household duties, would not deign to look at us, while it seemed to me that the upward rake of chin and nose was even more accentuated. Her air was in fact so coldly superior that it got upon my nerves and moved me to complain to her aunt.

"That niece of yours gets more unapproachable every day," I said. "One would think that, considering the limited social life of Trocadero, she might unbend a little. It's ridiculous for so young and lovely a girl to glide about like an offended goddess, but no doubt she's disgusted with me for having got her into such a mess. She might reflect, though, that it was none of my proposing."

"It's not that," Alice answered. "I think on the whole she's rather enjoying herself. She has never cared for the society of men, or even women for that matter. Her unfortunate manner has always seemed to repel people and her life has really been

very lonely. The truth of the matter is that she is exceedingly shy and she tries to hide her feelings under a cold exterior. But I happen to know that she does not suffer from any lack of temperament. You ought to see her in one of her fits of anger."

"God forbid," I answered, fervently. "It is a pity, though, because she is such a perfect creature physically. I wish some man would marry her and teach her some sense."

Alice gave me a slanting look from her tawny eyes. Sometimes she reminded me of a sleek, supple lioness, especially when climbing the rocks with her clinging, feline step and the lithe swing of her strong and beautifully rounded body. There was a sort of caged restlessness about her, too.

"Why don't you try it, yourself?" she asked. "You couldn't have a better opportunity and you really ought to marry. With your masterful personality, it shouldn't be so difficult to tame her."

"Don't be silly," I answered. "She avoids me as if I had the pest. Doesn't even deign so much as a passing glance."

"She does when your back is turned," said Alice. "It's my opinion that you rather fascinate her and that she resents it. Nothing like propinquity, my dear man. Some day Enid is going to give her friends a surprise. Such natures usually do. She has not yet waked up . . . is in the latent stage, as one might say. But, once roused, she will take some managing. You'd find her interesting enough, and she is apt to inherit a nice little fortune at almost any time. Her uncle, the old professor, is very rich and very feeble. I wish my own prospects were as bright . . ." she sighed. "Except for what Geoffrey (the bishop) allows me, I haven't a sou."

"You might marry yourself," I suggested. "That would not be difficult."

"I am contemplating it," she answered, evenly. "There is a very rich manufacturer who has been urging me for the last three years to share his many city lots. In fact, I have promised to give him an answer on my return. He is no longer young and looks rather like a wild boar, but that is better than a tame one and he is really very nice."

This information gave me a decidedly unpleasant emotion. Though a fancied misogynist, I could not deny the growing attraction of Alice Stormsby's splendid,



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vital womanhood and clear, steady mind. Yet there was about her a certain hint of hardness that one was vaguely conscious of sometimes. She did not impress me as an individual who could possibly be carried off her balance by any strong and sudden impulse. Otherwise I might have trod more warily, recent burns still smarting at times.

"You would better marry your piggy man, I think," was my rather sulky reply to her confidence. "After thirty-five a bank account is a prime asset."

She shrugged. "I am not yet thirty-five," she retorted, "but it is already a major consideration. I could not possibly marry a man who was not rich."

To this frank statement, I ventured to ask if she could possibly manage to love such an undesirable, to which she answered shortly that she did not know, never having permitted herself the interest of such a dangerous experiment. The topic appeared to disturb her, for I noticed that her breath was coming deeply and there was a peculiar light in her amber-colored eyes. As if to change the conversation from one profitless subject to another, she asked suddenly why I had never married and I told her of my sentimental fiasco. She appeared to be rather amused.

"You are to be congratulated," said she. "A woman who would do a thing like that would not have made you happy very long. Now, while I cannot see Enid as a married woman, yet I would stake my life on her constancy, once having taken the step. That girl's most fundamental quality is her fixity of purpose. And there is plenty of affection in her, too, though difficult of access. I doubt that she actually feels much for Geoffrey or myself, but she adored her aunts and once or twice I have surprised her in the act of lavishing real passion on her pony and her dogs. She is really a good deal of an enigma."

"But why do you think that I would make her a desirable husband?" I asked, curiously, "because if you did not think so you would never have made the suggestion."

She gave me a peculiar smile. "I judge you to be a bit that way, yourself," said she. "Your treatment of your people and their devotion to you. You are not a very gentle person, Jack Kavanagh, and no doubt there would be ructions and you would want your own way. But I think that it would be a

good way and one that would appeal to the woman. Also you appear to be fairly well endowed with this world's goods, and that always helps, despite the sophistries of folk who are too lazy to be bothered with the responsibilities of wealth."

I told her that I was sufficiently well off and would no doubt continue to be, so long as I stuck to business, but that marrying would entail a Pacific life for some years to come for the hapless victim who yielded to my pleadings. "Fancy your niece in such a setting!" I exclaimed. "She would want Kialu conventionally fumigated and sterilized the first of every month and demand the dismissal of any servant shy a collar button. And as for her husband . . . *merci, madame!*"

I HAVE since wondered if Enid might not possibly have overheard this conversation, for we were sitting on the verandah and I had seen her go down to the spring, apparently to fill the bishop's "water-monkey." A water-monkey (as people who have visited the tropics know) is a porous earthen pitcher which, when filled and suspended by its becket in a draught of air, cools the contents by evaporation of the fluid which it perspires. The bishop achieved his literary efforts with the aid of his water-monkey and a little gin. I had not observed Enid's return, but a few moments after airing my remarks, she came round from the rear of the bungalow bearing a platter of the fish which I had caught that morning all nicely prepared for the stove. It was my job to scale and clean these delicious little fish, and whether because of my having carelessly postponed my duties or because of certain fragments of our conversation wafted through the wattle, Enid's fresh complexion was very high of color and there was an almost truculent swing to her shoulders as she swept past us.

Alice raised her straight eyebrows and shrugged, but before anything was said the bishop came waddling up and claimed my comments on his morning efforts. He was very pleased with me, was the worthy bishop, because I had insisted upon his standing sole sponsor for his exhaustive treatise on Polynesia while yet giving him the full value of my own first-hand knowledge of the subject. He was generous about sharing the *kudos* of his work with me, but eagerly admitted that a brief intro-

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duction over my name would be of equal value to its *succes d'estime* while in no way detracting or dividing the merit of his own observations, painstakingly compiled from three months of conscientious examination of local conditions. I felt that I owed the reverend gentleman that much for having exiled him on Trocadero.

CHAPTER IV

MY talk with Alice had given me much food for reflection, especially as regarded our social relations. For some reason, I found it extremely distasteful to think of her as a big, ruddy pearl cast to the repacity of the person whom I thought of as "the piggy man." No doubt he might be a sufficiently amiable and docile swine, but a swine he remained in my esteem, and I was indignant at his cheek (or jowl, as I pictured it) in having the ambition to take unto himself this free-limbed lioness lady with whom I had been clambering over neolithic scarp and for whom I was beginning to feel the delicate sentiments of a troglodyte for the female of his kind. This may sound brutally crude, but so would any elemental truth about man and woman relations if candidly expressed, even though the conditions happened to be far less primitive than ours. It seemed to me that Alice, if not precisely too good for this piggy-man, was much too fine for his merits or appreciation and that she needed to be rescued from his champing snout.

With such ideas milling in my head I got up the following morning in the pearly dawn, and with basket and fishing tackle, set out for the crater lake. I was clad only in pajamas, sandals and a hat, and my fish basket contained a cake of soap, as I purposed to bathe and wash my pajamas before proceeding to angle and then to return discreetly while the ladies were still sleeping in their comfortable cots. It was their habit to rise rather late, take their dip in the little bight of the lagoon where the spring flowed into it and appear to our appreciative eyes at about eight o'clock. I had cautioned them against swimming out over their depth for danger of sharks.

Arrived at the lake, I proceeded with my ablutions, which must have aroused the resentment of the fish or taken away their appetites, as they responded but sluggishly

to my efforts and it took me nearly three hours to catch a proper mess. This did not matter particularly, as I had brought with me a bite to eat and time was of negative value on Trocadero.

The sun was getting high when I laid aside my gear and, according to usual daily custom, started to climb to the crest of the crater to look for a possible sail. I had decided not to rig a signal of distress, as passing vessels almost never stood in near enough to the island to sight it and there was always the chance of its attracting undesirable visitors in the shape of cruising natives. The Melanesians of the adjacent islands were not commonly regarded as dangerous, like the Gilbert and Marshall Islanders, but they were a predatory crew and there was no telling what they might see fit to attempt in the case of well-equipped castaways. While a visit from such seemed to me extremely unlikely, I had nevertheless taken the precaution to remove a good part of our stores to the cavern in the side of the cliff which I have previously mentioned; a place which, with our shot-gun and pair of rifles, we could have held against any number of assailants.

Up I swarmed to the summit and was about to search the bright horizon, when my eye was caught by a flash through the palm fronds at the head of the lagoon where was located our camp. I said to myself that the ladies must be amusing themselves with the cutter, for the bishop was a late riser, and I was about to start down when I saw a sight which all but knocked the knees from under me to send me rolling down the steep cliffs like a shot rabbit.

OUT from under the screen of palms glided first one big, long black canoe and then another, with a boat in tow which I recognized instantly as our cutter. The lagoon was like a mirror and the sun flashed from the dozen or so paddles in each canoe as they crept like huge centipedes along the dazzling flat surface of the water. Even at that distance, I could see that the canoes were laden with our effects, amongst which I recognized the spare sails which we had salvaged from the *Circe* and upon which were flung the red-striped mattresses. Also I caught the glint of our tin cooking utensils—pans, buckets and the like.

That awful moment was the very worst

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of my whole adventurous life. I realized that the mauraders must have put into the lagoon, probably in quest of water, with the early dawn, just about the time of my setting out, and come upon my helpless guests while they were still asleep. Of what had then occurred I had no idea, but thought it possible that, finding them defenseless, they had fallen on them like black sea wolves, slaughtering them mercilessly with spear and knob-stick, then looting the premises and putting off to sea. A prowling band of pirates, no doubt from some distant island to the northward, cruising in search of slaves and booty. I sank down on the rocks, covered my face with my hands and groaned in anguish of soul.

Just how long I crouched there I cannot say. There seemed no strength in me to clamber to my feet and stagger back to camp to contemplate the horrid tragedy. Possibly there might be nothing to see but blood stains on the sandy floor. The bodies might have been carried away to serve some ghastly orgy. I strained my eyes at the craft below, but could see no signs of the three. The natives thereabouts were not considered to be cannibals like their

near neighbors, but who could tell? I cursed myself, cursed Trocadero and cursed the builders of the *Circe*, then, getting no relief from that, I hauled myself to my feet and lurched down the declivity, little caring whether or not I missed my footing and fell mangled on the rocks below.

When I struck the beach the marauders were well out in the middle of the lagoon and making swiftly for the entrance. I roared blasphemies after them and waved my arms. They must have seen me plainly enough, but paid utterly no heed. I wanted them to put back to finish their work, when I should have made for the cavern where we had left the guns and ammunition and then come down and taken my toll of them. But my ravings brought no response. They did not even pause in their paddling and seemed hurrying to quit the place, to judge from the rapidity of their strokes.

I have been in many lands and I have seen many things, but all my store of thrill, disaster, surprise and astonishment gave me no inkling of what I was to find, what I was to see, in a few moments.

(CONTINUED IN JULY PHOTOPLAY)

What did Mr. Rowland's muscular narrator *find* as he ran up Trocadero's beach?

What strange sight *met his eyes*—did he chill with horror, double up in laughter, or tingle with wholly pleasant surprise, as he turned from the brilliant sea to the brilliant island?

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PERSONALITY STORIES

Which Have Appeared in PHOTOPLAY During the Past Twelve Months

THE list given below includes only articles about the personalities of screen celebrities, and not the hundreds of photographs which have appeared in the magazine. Some issues of Photoplay for 1916 are out of print. Articles in those issues are not listed. Copies of back numbers of Photoplay will be sent upon receipt of 15c per copy in the U. S., its dependencies, Mexico and Cuba; 20c to Canada; 25c to foreign countries.

Send remittances—United States stamps, checks, money orders or international coupons—to Photoplay Magazine, Dept. C, 350 North Clark Street, Chicago.

ALDEN, MARY	May, 1917	KELLY, ANTHONY	April, 1917
ARBUCKLE, ROSCOE.....	August, 1916	KELLY, DOROTHY	November, 1916
BARA, THEDA	May, 1917	KENYON, DORIS	October, 1916
BAYNE, BEVERLY	March, 1917	KING, ANITA	August, 1916
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BERNARD, DOROTHY	August, 1916	LAWRENCE, PAUL	November, 1916
BRADY, ALICE	September, 1916	LEE, JENNIE	April, 1917
BROCKWELL, GLADYS	April, 1917	LEGUERE, GEORGE	May, 1917
BRUNETTE, FRITZI	May, 1917	LINDER, MAX	February, 1917
BURTON, CHARLOTTE	December, 1916	LITTLE, ANN	May, 1917
BUSHMAN, FRANCIS X.	April, 1917	LOSEE, FRANK	May, 1917
CAPELLANI, ALBERT	January, 1917	LOVE, BESSIE	August, 1916
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DAWN, HAZEL	October, 1916	MacPHERSON, JEANIE	October, 1916
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DREW, S. RANKIN	April, 1917	O'NEIL, NANCE	April, 1917
DURFEE, MINTA	August, 1916	OSBORNE, HELEN	April, 1917
DWAN, ALLAN	May, 1917	PALEY, "DADDY"	March, 1917
EMERSON, JOHN	November, 1916	PENNINGTON, ANN	October, 1916
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FARRAR, GERALDINE.....	May, 1916, and January, 1917	PETROVA, OLGA	October, 1916
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FULLER, MARY	Nov., 1916, and May, 1917	READ, LILLIAN	November, 1916
GISH, DOROTHY and LILLIAN.	May, 1917	REED, VIVIAN	February, 1917
GRANDIN, ETHEL	January, 1917	REUBEN, ALMA	April, 1917
GREY, OLGA	February, 1917	RICH, VIVIAN	December, 1916
GRIFFITH, DAVID WARK	August, 1916, to November, 1916, inclusive	SAIS, MARIN	March, 1917
HALE, CREIGHTON	November, 1916	SANTSCHI, TOM	August, 1916
HAM AND BUD	August, 1916	SMITH, C. AUBREY	February, 1917
HAMILTON, MAHLON	May, 1917	SNYDER, MATT	December, 1916
HARLAN, MACEY	May, 1917	STANDING, HERBERT	November, 1916
HART, WILLIAM	May, 1917	TALMADGE, CONSTANCE	May, 1917
HATTON, RAYMOND	November, 1916	TALMADGE, NORMA	February, 1917
HAYES, FRANK	January, 1917	THEBY, ROSEMARY	December, 1916
HOLMES, GERDA	March, 1917	TURNBULL, HECTOR	December, 1916
HOLMES, HELEN	March, 1917	VALKYRIEN	September, 1916
HOLMES, STUART	December, 1916	WALCAMP, MARIE	November, 1916
HULETTE, GLADYS	November, 1916	WARDE, FREDERICK	January, 1917
KEENAN, FRANK	May, 1917	WARWICK, ROBERT	March, 1917
KELLERMANN, ANNETTE	April, 1917	WHITNEY, CLAIRE	December, 1916
		WILSON, MARGERY	October, 1916
		WORTMANN, FRANK HÜCK	February, 1917

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 98)

than any passage from her own life could afford. It may be taken for granted that the average audience knows less of Lucretia Borgia than it does of Dr. Price, the baking-powder man, and cannot become essentially sympathetic with a wholesale murderess, no matter how white her soul is painted. However, these faults have nothing to do with the magnificent equipment of this play, its perfectly gorgeous lighting and flawless photography, and its generally dramatic and intelligent direction. If some one will equip Brenon with stories, he can make masterpieces, for he has the directoral stuff. But the past year has shown that he must have the stories, or his efforts are null and void. One subcaption, especially, is so anti-climactic that, in the two representations I saw, it provoked unrestrained hilarity. The Borgia has unwittingly poisoned her secret son, Gennaro; for hundreds of feet you have been informed of the certain doom in her potatoes and, in the manner of a good tragedy, you have seen the play leading toward the destruction of Gennaro. He drinks. Inevitability has had its way. And then the caption "Quick—the antidote!"—which his mother promptly and conveniently produces. In three words the whole superstructure of the drama is swept off the decks. Florence Reed, as Lucretia Borgia, gave an impersonation which partook in no small degree of her own originality and peculiar power.

"The Price She Paid," Charles Giblyn's conduct of Clara Kimball Young through the David Graham Phillips story of the same name, is too long. If it were cut back a bit, it would gain not only in dramatic strength, but in realism, which even now is its long suit. Alan Hale and David Powell are best in Miss Young's support, and in moments Snitz Edwards, who plays the little General of Phillips' tale, is very convincing. At other times he mistakenly strives for what he probably thinks is legitimate comedy, but the result, alas! is burlesque.

When Norma Talmadge's new husband, Joseph Schenck, took his talented wife from the Rodinesque hands of Allan Dwan and placed her in the directoral charge of

(Continued on page 154)



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“Oh, See the Pretty Birdie!”

(Continued from from 39)

busily, and in a minute it is all over. Charlie is released, joins the game, and the play goes on. So much for the theory often stated by well-meaning know-nothings, who assure you that various forms of unnamed torture are employed to make babies cry in the movies.

Frequently the action of the play itself produces the necessary reaction in the baby. If the picture parents of the child are having a violent quarrel, the youngster will cry without prompting; if they are playing a home-and-fireside scene, he will crow and kick his heels. Always provided, first of all, that he is “studio-broke.”

But the great reward awaiting the director who succeeds in getting the child to do what he wants, according to Director Morrissey, lies in the fact that the acting of a child is pure, un sullied naturalness. There is no method about it, no visible “technique.” The child follows his natural impulses, and that is why scenes in which babies are featured are invariably popular with audiences. This is true even when the child does something which seems like an intricate piece of business. For example, Director Morrissey tells the following story of the cherubic Charlie Spofford:

“In ‘Jim Bludso’, Charlie’s father (Wilfred Lucas) and mother (Olga Grey) engage in a violent quarrel because the wife does not want Jim to enlist in the Civil War. Their maneuverings bring them to Charlie’s cradle and they exchange hard words and almost come to blows across his tiny form. Though less than two years old, Charlie is too completely “studio-broke” to cry under such circumstances. At the height of the altercation, the audiences felt a clutch at their heart-strings as Charlie clasped one of his mother’s fingers and beamed up at her with a smile which swept away the storm of the domestic tragedy. What the audiences did not see was that Miss Grey held, concealed by her finger, a bright object for which Charlie has a weakness, and for the possession of which he was offering an especially beautiful smile.

“There was a similar instance in ‘A House Built Upon Sand.’ Jack Brammell, as a weak-willed workman, came home intoxicated, and Lillian Gish, as his wife, grief-stricken at his bullying, buried her face in her arms on the table. At this tense moment, the reliable Charlie reached

over from his high chair and patted his mother on the head. Thousands of women have sobbed aloud at this picture of a baby consoling his mother. Nor, I am confident, will the sobs be fewer when these sympathetic women know that what Charlie was really doing was reaching for a gaudily jeweled comb fastened in Miss Gish’s hair on the side away from the camera. There is no doubt in my mind as to Charlie’s career—he is going to be a jeweler.”

The children best known to moving picture audiences are the Lees, Jane and Katherine. They are past the babyhood stage now and are real veterans, understanding thoroughly the instructions of directors and responding promptly. But when it comes to producing emotions, they need stimulation. A visitor at the Fox studio in Ft. Lee one day was informed that Baby Jane, the younger, could cry to order. Doubt being expressed, Mrs. Lee and the children were summoned, and Mrs. Lee asked to demonstrate.

“Katherine,” the mother said to the elder, “make Jane cry.”

Thereupon Katherine poured into the shell-like ears of fat, and apparently happy Baby Jane, such a tale of woe as never was on land or sea. It had to do with their abandonment by their mother, with hunger, cold and dire perils. Jane’s face became grave, the upward curve of her lips drooped, and staring, almost like a person in a hypnotic trance, tears streamed down her cheeks. The demonstration was perfect. But the reaction was no less surprising. When Katherine was instructed to desist (and she was quite ready, for Jane’s tears had brought sympathetic ones to her own eyes) the baby flew at her in a perfect rage, and had to be calmed by her mother.

This principle is often employed by directors. George Stone, of the Fine Arts forces, is six years old and wise, these many months, to studio ways. Yet Director Tod Browning recently worked him into a paroxysm of grief, for camera purposes, by a fantastic tale about his pet kitten. The kitten, Browning informed George, had been deprived of its supper, had strayed from its mother, been forced to go to bed in a strange place, and finally was found by a policeman and locked up in a solitary cell for the night. George was contemptuous at first, but finally “fell for it” and the camera recorded his unhappiness.



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The Girl at Home

(Continued from Page 107)

Between him and the girl a quick understanding sprang up and he reassured her, even by saying things that he did not believe, about Jimmy's real relations with the college vampire. Then he pocketed the check book.

When Diana came to the bizarre spot she called home, there was Hagan. The greetings were brief and coldly civil.

"We're going to end this little matter right now," said Hagan. "I have the boy's stubs. You raised the check—I raise the kolinsky, and back we all are, just as we were."

She smiled sourly—and produced the kolinsky.

But things did not go so deftly in Jimmy's home.

Mrs. Dexter, vowing that Padgate had lost her her boy, probably forever, warned him away from the house. He was miserable as Adam the day after the garden closed for the season. Jean, a quiet, brave little woman and bigger at heart than either of

the others, suffered and yearned in silence.

Christmas approached—the dreariest Christmas one could imagine.

Perhaps you've noticed Hagan as the good angel of this story. At any rate, he was a final blessing, for, believing he saw a familiar face under the cap of the boy who was sweeping out an all-night lunch counter, he investigated—and looked into the somewhat startled eyes of Jimmy Dexter.

"Hello, kid," he began, cheerfully. "How's tricks?"

"Right enough, I guess. How's things with you?" Jimmy expected irons about his wrists the next minute.

"Kid," continued Hagan, laying a hand more fatherly than legal upon Jimmy's shoulder, "you're making an awful mess of things. There's a great little mother and a great little somebody else waiting to fill your stocking back home. Got the car-fare? If you haven't, I have. Yes—that other matter's all right."

And Here's the Way They Shot This Story



Jack Pickford and Vivian Martin, principals of "The Girl at Home," receiving director Neilan's instructions on location, while the cameraman, in the foreground, gets ready to shoot.

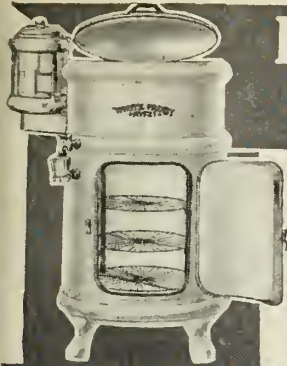
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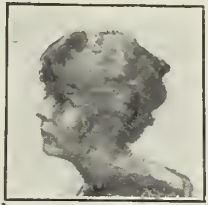
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- Valeska Suratt
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- Douglas Fairbanks
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- Mrs. Sidney Drew
- May Allison
- Marguerite Clark
- Edna Mayo
- Marguerite Snow
- Anita Stewart
- Norma Talmadge
- Fear White
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Mary Anderson of the Films

(Continued from Page 81)

but Tsura wouldn't look well in it—you couldn't imagine monks at all with Tsura about the place. No, I shall have to take the house with the Japanese tea-garden. And here's my poor Airedale pup needing a ranch terribly!"

► Pets, of course. Besides her ukelele, there are a canary bird and Bullets, the Airedale,—yes, the one you've seen with her in the motion pictures. The ukelele is second only to Bullets.

► Married? Quite incurably and contentedly married to a very nice young cameraman of the Vitagraph. It happened rather suddenly, too. Fact is, when Miss Anderson first came to California, whether it was the climate or the male specimens she saw or what she doesn't know, but she decided never to marry, and forthwith organized the Bachelor Maid's Club—you took the oath over your tea-cup and then broke the cup and everything solemn like that—and then she was the first to break the vows! But she says they're all married now, those bachelorettes, so there are no enmities.

Wholly sunny, friendly, wholesome, delightful, I hope you've guessed by this time. And democratic! Why, Miss Anderson even pals with the extra girls—and if you've ever seen many leading ladies at the studios, you know what *that* means!

And she has no greenery-yallery yearnings to play sob roles. For among the other things in life which Mary Anderson likes are her roles. She really does. Not that one blames her, they're very nice roles indeed; but what snub-nosed little ingenue in the world is there, besides Mary, who doesn't want to play heavy dramatic stuff?

"I'm sure I'm the only actress on earth who doesn't long to play vampires," exclaimed Miss Anderson. "Only once did I want to 'vamp.' That was after seeing Theda Bara play 'A Fool There Was.' The next time a certain nice young man called. I put on a long, slithery dress and did up my hair. He was surprised to see me that way. I guess, but I didn't say anything,—just tried to use my eyes the way Theda Bara does. He didn't know what was the matter with me—asked if I were ill and offered me a cough lozenge. Just then—it was afternoon—I caught sight of my dog down on the street—we lived in an up-

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stairs apartment—fighting with another dog. I forgot all about being a vampire and called out: 'Oh, come on out, there's going to be a bully fight! Beat you down the bannisters!' And then of course it was all off with my being a vampire."

At the back of one's head was lying always that question: Whence the name Mary Anderson? Yes, it seems it's her real maiden name, but acquired from the felicitous jointure of circumstances by which Miss Anderson's mother had met and greatly admired Mary Anderson (now de Navarro) and subsequently had met and married a man named Anderson.

"Mother danced for Mary Anderson de Navarro when she, mother, was a tiny girl in the convent where Mme. de Navarro visited; and Mme. de Navarro thought mother very lovely and sweet, and patted her on the head and said she should be trained for the stage. Mother never forgot that, and declares that when she was old enough to marry, she looked around for a man named Anderson, refusing all other suitors, in order that she might name her first daughter after the great actress and place her on the stage.

"And here I am—acting and everything! But not Juliet, oh, dear, no! I think Juliet is very out of date. And she didn't have half the nerve of a motion picture actress, that Juliet—else she'd have taken that poison at once instead of wasting energy raving about it, and then she'd have wakened up in time, and Mr. Shakespeare would have been short a tragedy!"

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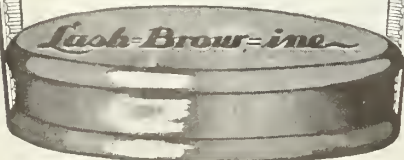
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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 147)

Julius Steger, he made a grave mistake. The mistake shows up in "The Law of Compensation," a whiny, lugubrious story in which Miss Talmadge herself is the only saving grace, and in which the misdirection includes such unaccountable lapses as present styles, or nearly, many years ago. Norma Talmadge is such a superb player, however, that in situation after situation she bursts the bonds of her environment—and shines, a very human star.

"THE Heart of Texas Ryan." Until Bill Hart came upon the screen, we should have considered this an incomparable type of Western feature. As it is, it is speedy, vivid entertainment, dashingly acted by a really wonderful cast, including Tom Mix, Bessie Eyton, George Fawcett and Frank Campeau.

SAM MERWIN'S stories, "The Trufflers," have been screened by Essanay, Sidney Ainsworth playing Peter Ericson Manp, Mr. Merwin's finicky hero, while to Nell Craig is allotted that lovable child of Greenwich village, Sue Wilde. Dick Travers plays Henry Bates—remember him?—and Ernest Maupain, Harry Dunkinson. John Cossar and Pat Calhoun are adeptly distributed among Mr. Merwin's personalities. To me, "The Trufflers" did not make a convincing photoplay.

"MARY LAWSON'S Secret." Lugging in a coffin, and pulling a close-up on its contents, seems to me a bald, crude way of suggesting death, or any dramatic denouement that may accompany it. You never saw Griffith doing this, and he has dealt with the end of life more powerfully than any man who ever told a camera where to look. Nevertheless, this play is a rather interesting weave of plot and action, featuring Charlotte Walker.

"May Blossom." Pearl White in a five-reeler! It may seem impossible for the serial queen, but here she is in a really charming story in Pathecolor. The exquisite Southern locations, the support of Hal Forde and Fuller Mellish, and careful direction—as well as the charm and histrionic surety of Miss White—make this a delightful though very conventional offering.

"Pots-and-Pans Peggy." A clatteringly

merry little story, quite impossible, but pretty and pleasing, centering about Gladys Hulette—who, if we were running the world's biggest poultry show, would be the prize chicken.

"Told at Twilight." The title fails to suggest that this is a stellar vehicle for little Mary Sunshine; perhaps the last in which her former director and artistic papa, Henry King, will assist her.

"THE Black Stork." Jack Lait, stand up. Do you know of any reason why sentence should not be passed upon a bright young man—like yourself—who writes a photoplay so slimy that it reminds us of nothing save the residue of a capital operation? All right, you're sentenced.

LOIS WEBER, with her love of allegory and naked flesh, flashes forth as the very dramatic director of an uninspired procession of passions and purposes called "Even As You and I." The persons who are supposed to be the counterparts of Mr. and Mrs. Us are an artist and his wife, and their happiness, unhappiness—and again, happiness, are shown in the symbolic manner which began with "Everywoman" and reached its highest popularity in "Experience." The abode of the eternal horned gentleman is shown redly, and we are interested to learn that there are girl demons who are much, much more attractive than the boy demons. Harry Carter is sufficiently Mephistophelian as Saturniska, the spirit of evil; and Maud George is alternately dressed and undressed, hideous and attractive, as Cleo, who gets along quite well in two worlds.

"Polly Redhead." This Bluebird photoplay has a common-sense plot and several characters who have no common-sense. In other words, the author arrives at his conclusion in an orderly, natural and probable fashion, but his minor characters deport themselves as no human ever did or ever will. Ella Hall plays Polly.

"The Pulse of Life." Simply a thriller.

"Susan's Gentleman." A Mersereau, reminiscent of the old-fashioned English "play of high life."

"The Girl in the Checked Coat." Another proof that Dorothy Phillips is a melodramatist possessing not only power and beauty, but resource and originality.

"The Clock." A grand advertisement for Big Ben, or a silly little photoplay. Whichever.



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(Continued from page 136)

J. F. DORCHESTER, MASS.—Dan Crimmins, the vaudeville actor, has written and produced several comedy films for Kleine.

FLORENCE M., NEW ORLEANS.—All Europe has about one-third as many picture houses at present as the United States, although actual figures are not attainable. Each studio has its own rules. At some the stars only appear when they are engaged in actual work and at others they must show up every day. Business efficiency has secured such a hold in the motion picture industry that at some studios the players check in and out just as do the girls in a cannery.

PAT, ORION, MICH.—Theda Bara celebrates her natal day on July 20. Miss Bara would certainly get anything you sent her and she is in the habit of answering all her correspondence.

CANADIAN GIRL, WINNIPEG, CAN.—Charlie Chaplin may be reached by mail at Hollywood, California. You show great discrimination in picking your favorites.

K. M., PROCTORVILLE, O.—Charles Ray and Louise Glaum are at Culver City, California. Louise Peters at Hollywood, California, and Theda Bara at Fort Lee, New Jersey.

J. H. T., NEW YORK CITY.—Ella Hall is not married. So is Theda Bara. The Fairbanks twins are somewhere around sweet sixteen and are now in "The Century Girl."

J. Z., OGDEN, UTAH.—What do we think about Essanay's "Is Marriage Sacred?" We've always been taught to believe so.

MARIE, TIPTON, CAL.—Marie Walcamp was the star in "Liberty." Francis Ford is about 34. Most of "Hulda from Holland" was filmed on Long Island.

S. A., COLUMBUS, O.—Blanche Payson is the tallest movie actress. She reaches up about six feet, four inches. Marie Doro is about five feet, one inch. Some exhibitors have raised the price for the Pickford films because of the increased cost to them. Wish we could induce you to forget your dream of being a movie star. So far as we know, there isn't one who is five feet, eight inches, your height, and those who approach that stature must of necessity be very talented in order to be successful.

F. S., CUDAHY, WIS.—Mary Miles Minter is a blonde and entirely unmarried, inasmuch as she is only 15 years old. Of course she'd write to you. Her address is Santa Barbara, California.

V. A. MANISTEE, MICH.—Just address Charlie Chaplin in California. He'll get it, but if you want to be more particular, send the letter to Hollywood or Los Angeles.

FICKLE FIEND, KANSAS CITY, KAN.—What did Wallie Reid's mother call him when he was a baby? Well, that's one question that has the merit of originality. After an exhaustive investigation, we learn that she called him "Baby." Henry King had the role opposite Lillian Lorraine in "Should a Wife Forgive." There is nothing to indicate that Gene Gauntier plans to re-enter the camera fold.

GERTRUDE H., GADSDEN, ALA.—How could the answer man be a woman? Montagu Love played the leading male part in "Bought and Paid For." Geraldine Farrar has no children. Haven't seen Robert Cain in a picture for a long time. Think he is single.

DOROTHY, WACO, TEX.—William Russell is an American, but not an Indian. Warren Kerrigan does not plan to begin his first picture for his new company until late in the summer. We have been told confidentially that he is not in love with Louise Lovely. He hasn't selected a leading lady as yet, so write early. Francis Bushman's hair is not red and Anita Stewart is to play again with Earle Williams. Henry Walthall is playing regularly in Essanay films. Benjamin Christie played the lead in "Blind Justice" and Katherine Saunders was the wife. The doctor is not given in the cast. Don't think Mr. Bushman was hurt in that film fight. Stars are usually immune from injury in those affairs.

B. L., POPLAR BLUFF, MO.—Thanks so much for the poetical tribute. No greater proof of undying friendship than this. As for a description of the place you mention, we can only say that our idea of Hades is a place where nobody would ask any questions about movie stars.

I. G., MERIDEN, CONN.—The scenario contest closed December 31 last, and the judges are now trying to decide who wrote the best ones.

A. C. E., LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Reine Davis is Mrs. George Lederer in private life and is not in the films, as she prefers vaudeville. Write June Caprice care Fox, Fort Lee, New Jersey. No need for apology, as your spelling is fully as good as your orthography.

CAROLYN, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Mary Miles Minter was fifteen on the first day of April, according to her official biographer, and if you know she is eighteen, you have it on us. Lillian and Dorothy Gish are now in New York and you may address Clara Kimball Young, care Louis J. Selznick, New York.

BILLY BLUE GUM, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.—You are quite a discriminating critic and a good judge of heroes. Also glad to learn that we are so popular in Australia. Write Tyrone Powers, care The Mission Play, San Gabriel, California; Howard Estabrook, care Morosco, Los Angeles. Betty Nansen is in Denmark.

PETE, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—Sometimes we have the same hunch you have, that the Shadow Stage expert omits criticising certain photoplays because of a charitable impulse. Nance O'Neil has been playing in Mutual photodramas, but it is said that she quit recently because of a dispute over her husband's participation in the aforementioned photodramas. Mildred Harris has been playing in Fine Arts pictures for about a year. Marion Leonard has retired from the films.

A. CORNSTALK, WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.—Wheeler Oakman, Paul Capellani and Tom Forman are unmarried, we believe. Not acquainted with any Nellie Brookes. Tom Holding is married and 37 years old. Yes, Mrs. Drew has been known as Jane Morrow. Al and Charley Ray are not related. Robert Leonard is directing for Lasky. Mahlon Hamilton and James O'Neil are two separate and distinct persons.

R. F., MINNEAPOLIS.—Frank Bennett was opposite Lillian Gish in "Sold for Marriage," Thomas Carrigan with Mary Miles Minter in "Lovely Mary."

J. M., OSWEGO, N. Y.—Wish we could tell you why the stars didn't answer your letters, but we can't. Maybe they needed the stamps for other letters. *Quien sabe?*

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T. R., WANGANUM, NEW ZEALAND.—Mahlon Hamilton was Paul in "Three Weeks." "The Web" is indefinite, as there are so many of them. Give us the full name of the play you want to know about.

GERTRUDE, ST. LOUIS, MO.—So you are going to test our cleverness? Well, well! There are fifteen episodes in the "Patria" serial. The filming required about six months. Miss Young's "The Foolish Virgin" has been on exhibition for several months. The exteriors for "The Slave Market" were taken in Havana, Cuba. Yep, we're awful clever.

LILY, GRAND FORKS, N. D.—You may acquire valuable information regarding scenario writing by reading "Hints on Photoplay Writing" by Captain Peacocke, published by us and on sale for fifty cents.

MAYO ADMIRER, BRONX, NEW YORK.—Edna Mayo has blue eyes and light hair; her favorite sports are tennis, shooting (doesn't state what), swimming, horseback riding. A letter addressed to her at Essanay, Chicago, will undoubtedly be forwarded to Miss Mayo.

M. E., WARREN, ARK.—Creighton Hale will be 25 if he lives until May 24. He measures five feet ten inches perpendicularly and is a pronounced blond.

R. J., ST. PAUL, MINN.—Write Miss Minter at Santa Barbara, California. She answers letters and sends pictures to her friends.

KATHLEEN, TORONTO, CANADA.—Robert Edeson is a very good actor, as you say. He is over forty, is married and has a child not yet of school age. His wife is not a professional.

PICKFORD MAE, SNYDER, TEXAS.—Think we have heard from you before. However, Edgar Jones is now a director for Balboa, Justina Huff was last with Lubin and Bessie Learn did her last film work for Edison. "A Welsh Singer" was filmed by Florence Turner in England.

B. L. T., DETROIT, MICH.—True Boardman was the man in "The Girl from Frisco" and Marin Sais the girl. We have only the initials of Mr. Lawrence.

VIRGINIA, LINCOLN, ILL.—Yes, Jack Holt was the villain in "Saving the Family Name." Harold Lockwood's birthday fell on April 12. He was twenty-nine.

W. D., NEW BRITAIN, CONN.—We suppose that Mr. Bushman would give you advice about going into the movies if you wrote him. Nearly anyone would. Just the answers to the puzzles suffice.

SUNNY JIM, CHELSEA, MASS.—We cannot see how in the world an actor cheapens himself by giving away his photographs. Thanouser films are manufactured by that company and released through the Pathe exchange. Miss Tincher has not answered you probably because she has been ill.

P. S., NEVADA, MO.—Just as a guess, we should say that the pictures you want identified are those of Ann Murdock and Shirley Mason. Miss Murdock is 26, a native of New York City and the possessor of red hair and a stage career in Frohman productions before adopting a camera career. She has appeared in Essanay, Edison and McClure pictures.

LOUISE, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—Harry Hilliard's birthday is October 24. Write again.

S. G., EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL.—Copyrighting a script is a wise precaution, but not always effective in preventing theft, although some of our scenario experts insist that there is no such animal as a scenario thief.

SWIFT, BALTIMORE, MD.—If May Allison is to be a June bride, she has succeeded in keeping it a deep secret from us. We have no record of Al Foote.

DESMOND ADMIRERS, MAHANAY CITY, PA.—To the best of our information, Mr. Desmond is a married man, but we haven't the slightest doubt that Bill would alter his matrimonial status if he had any idea that three beautiful Pennsylvania maidens would sustain broken hearts because of the aforementioned status. Jack Sherrill was not divorced. The suit was to annul his marriage because he is under age. No, we do not believe in divorces but in capital punishment.

A. E., MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.—Thomas Meighan was on the stage before entering the film field a little more than two years ago. He was born in Pittsburg, has blue eyes and a wife who is known on the stage as Frances Ring.

S. G. D., PITTSBURGH, PA.—There is only one photoplay entitled "The Common Law" and in it Clara Kimball Young plays the part of an artist's model. There is no district attorney.

MAGGIE, WESTERN AUSTRALIA.—Back numbers containing photos of Pearl White and Creighton Hale will be provided you upon request. Probably new pictures of them soon.

L. D., NAPA, CAL.—Address Marguerite Clark care Famous Players, New York City.

H. A. R., CAZENOVIA, N. Y.—Gee, where have you been all these years? Francis Ford and Grace Cunard are married, but not to each other. Margaret Shelby is a sister of Mary Miles Minter, but Gertrude isn't.

D. F. W., SAN FRANCISCO.—Here is the cast of "His Sweetheart:" Joe, George Beban; Mamma Mia, Sarah Kernan; Irma, Helen Eddy; Godfrey Kelland, Harry Devere; Mrs. Kelland, Kathleen Kirkham.

INQUISITIVE, OAKLAND, CAL.—Eugene O'Brien is not married. Ethelmary Oakland was Dorothy in "Always in the Way."

Hope, NEW YORK CITY.—Alfred Rabock played the part of Hoffman, the secret service man, in "The Girl Philippa."

BLANCHE, BROCKTON, MASS.—If you mean the Ince-Photoplay Scenario Contest, the winners have not as yet been announced. Gertrude Berkeley was the mother in "War Brides" and Richard Barthelmess was Arno, the youngest son.

WILLIAM, WEST CARROLLTON, O.—Your suggestion that the real names of our questioners be printed is very, very punk. The big fellow in the "Ham and Bud" comedies is a native son of California. Yes, you can get a copy of the January, 1916, PHOTOPLAY by separating yourself from fifteen cents.

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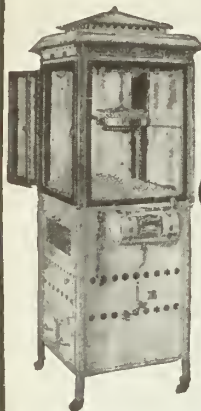
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CHRISTIE FILM CORP., Main and Washington, Los Angeles, Cal.

CONSOLIDATED FILM CO., 1482 Broadway, New York City.

EDISON, THOMAS, INC., 2826 Decatur Ave., New York City. (*) (s).

ESSANAY FILM MFG. CO., 1333 Argyle St., Chicago. (*) (s).

FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM CO., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 128 W. 56th St., New York City.

PINE ARTS, 4500 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.

FOX FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City (*) ; 1401 Western Ave., Los Angeles (*) (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

FROHMAN AMUSEMENT CORP., 140 Amity St., Flushing, L. I.; 18 E. 41st St., New York City.

GAUMONT CO., 110 W. Fortieth St., New York City; Flushing, N. Y. (s); Jacksonville, Fla. (s).

GOLDWYN FILM CORP., 16 E. 42nd St., New York City; Ft. Lee, N. J. (s).

HORSLEY STUDIO, Main and Washington, Los Angeles, Cal.

TIOS. H. INCE (Kay-Bee Triangle), Culver City, Cal.

KALEM CO., 235 W. 23d St., New York City (*) ; 251 W. 19th St., New York City (s); 1425 Fleming St., Hollywood, Cal. (s); Tallyrand Ave., Jacksonville, Fla. (s); Glendale, Cal. (s).

KEYSTONE FILM CO., 1712 Albesandro St., Los Angeles, Cal.

KLEINE, GEORGE, 166 N. State St., Chicago.

LASKY FEATURE PLAY CO., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 6284 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

LONE STAR FILM CORP. (Chaplin), 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Cal.

METRO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway, New York (*) (all manuscripts for the following studios go to Metro's Broadway address.); Rolfe Photoplay Co. and Columbia Pictures Corp., 3 W. 61st St., New York City (s); Popular Plays and Players, Fort Lee, N. J. (s); Quality Pictures Corp., Metro office; Yorke Film Co., Hollywood, Cal. (s).

MOROSCO PHOTOPLAY CO., 222 W. 42d St., New York City (*) ; 201 Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

MOSS, B. S., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

MUTUAL FILM CORP., Consumers Bldg., Chicago.

MABEL NORMAND FILM CORP., Hollywood, Cal.

PALLAS PICTURES, 220 W. 42d St., New York City; 205 N. Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.

PATHE EXCHANGE, 25 W. 45th St., New York City; Jersey City, N. J. (s).

POWELL, FRANK, PRODUCTION CO., Times Bldg., New York City.

SELIG POLYSCOPE CO., Garland Bldg., Chicago (*) ; Western and Irving Park Blvd., Chicago (s); 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

LEWIS SELZNICK ENTERPRISES (Clara Kimball Young Film Corp.), (Norma Talmadge Film Corp.), (s); 126 W. 46th St., New York City (*) (s).

SIGNAL FILM CORP., 4560 Pasadena Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (*) (s).

THANHOUSER FILM CORP., New Rochelle, N. Y. (*) (s); Jacksonville, Fla. (s).

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. CO., 1600 Broadway, New York City; Universal City, Cal.

VIM COMEDY CO., Providence, R. I.

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

VOGUE COMEDY CO., Gower St. and Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

WHARTON INC., Ithaca, N. Y.

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

W. K. PUYALLUP, WASH.—Edna Mayo is in her early twenties and is not married. As you say, she “acts cute.”

R. L., BROOKTON, N. Y.—Mr. Griffith has about a dozen “Intolerance” companies on the road and in the large cities. It will probably reach Ithaca in due time. Mrs. Castle is no longer in that city with Wharton.

L., MONTREAL, CANADA.—You misjudge us woefully if you think we could squeeze a laugh out of your letter. We are proud to learn that this department has been of some real service in showing at least one girl the folly and the futility of allowing some person unknown to her, except when playing a part, to become the most important factor in her life, even to the extent of causing her to go without proper food in order to keep up a correspondence that probably never reached the object of her misplaced affections. There is so much sunshine in life that people are foolish to ignore it for shadows—and only reflected shadows at that.

R. P., FREDERICKSBURG, TEX.—We haven’t “The Iron Claw” in book form and doubt if it has been published. Ask your newsdealer to find out.

O. M., MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.—Thomas Meighan played opposite Valeska Suratt in “The Immigrant.” Here is “The Law Decides” cast: *John Wharton*, Donald Hall; *Florence Wharton*, Dorothy Kelly; *John Lorenz*, Harry Morey; *Bobby Wharton*, Bobby Connelly; *Mrs. Wharton*, Louise Blaudet; *Beatrice, her daughter*, Adele Kelly; *Maid*, Bonnie Taylor.

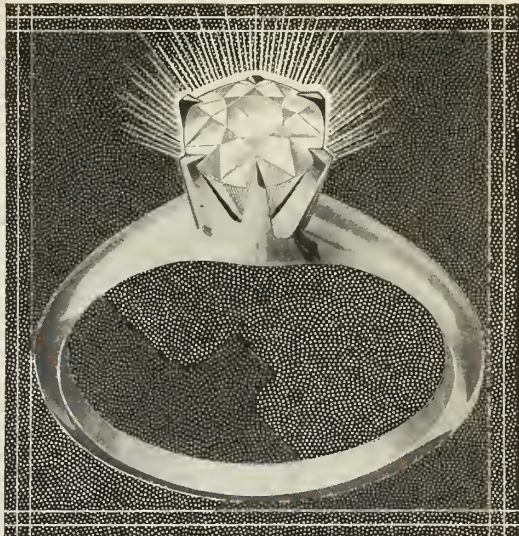
JUNE AND POLLY, PLEASANT HILL, ILL.—Enjoyed your epistolary visit immensely, but surely you didn’t pick up all that slang in geometry class! Neva Gerber was the girl in “Green Apples” and Webster Campbell the doctor. Mabel Normand played in a number of the Chaplin films made at Keystone. Lorraine Huling was the girl in “Getting the Gardener’s Goat.” Lois Alexander was the little girl in “An Artistic Interference.” Margaret and Helen Gibson are not related. Jane Cowl and Gerda Holmes are two separate and distinct personages. Marguerite Courtot is with Arrow, Pearl White with Pathe and the Ford-Cunard combination with Universal. Hasn’t the cost of white paper increased in your town yet?

THELMA, MT. VERNON, N. Y.—It’s all the same to us whether you want to believe that Mr. Walthall is married, or not. You pays your money and you takes your choice. So you think you resemble Edgar Allen Poe? Quite remarkable. We are indebted to you for that word “knowledgeable.” Claire Whitney was *Venetia* grown up in “Under Two Flags.”

E. B., BROOKLYN.—Norma Talmadge is with Selznick; Edna Purviance at the Chaplin studio and June Caprice with Fox. Norma Talmadge is Mrs. Joseph Schenck in real life.

MARJORIE, JERSEY CITY, N. J.—The girl in the background of the upper left hand corner picture on page 120 of April PHOTOPLAY is a Miss Beverly Bayne who is associated with Mr. Francis X. Bushman in the making of photodramas.

MODERN EVE, SARNIA, ONT., CANADA.—We also have missed the Costello children and have often wondered whether they would return to the screen. It is several years since they last appeared on the shadow stage.



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PATT, LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Many thanks for the information you sent us. Not being sure of our facts, we always give the defendant the benefit of the doubt. The photos of your favorites will appear in an early issue of PHOTOPLAY.

H. T., MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.—Your letter was of great interest, especially what you had to say about the prices of admission to local theaters. Apparently you see the big feature pictures for less money than we in the States. Your exhibitors can get all of the scenics they want by applying to their exchanges.

TUMBLE IN, CROTON, N. Y.—Who do we think the best looking actor and actress? Roscoe Arbuckle for his size and Baby Marie Osborn for her size.

MOVIE MAD, TENINO, WASH.—So you are going to run away and be a movie actress? Well, the juvenile home in Los Angeles is just full of girls who had the same idea, but perhaps they'd make room for another. Just because of that silly threat, you must do without answers to your questions. Wish you were near enough to be spanked.

MARION, NEW YORK CITY.—Welcome to our family! Charley Ray would be very proud to learn that he had such a staunch admirer. Blanche Sweet is no longer a Laskyite. Write again.

BICKIE, KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Just what do you mean by taking a "fatherly" interest? There was a story about Creighton Hale recently and there will be one about Ralph Kellard in a future issue of PHOTOPLAY.

M. H., SAN FRANCISCO.—Billie Burke was married about four years ago. Her adopted daughter is a young lady now and her name is Cherry. The baby was born on October 23 last.

ERIN, LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Jack Pickford is about 21 and he is unmarried. Louise Huff is in her early twenties and is a five-footer. Marie Doro is about 35 years old, Charlie Chaplin five feet, four inches tall. The Pickford family name was Smith.

G. B., EAST HARTFORD, CONN.—Many talented actors are kept in the background for various reasons. The successful player is the one who has both talent and the ability to "sell" himself. Salesmanship is a big factor in the film game and players who lack that quality usually engage someone to "sell" them. We have no data on the player you inquire about.

L. W., SAN QUENTIN, CAL.—Digby Bell hasn't done anything since "Father and the Boys" for the films, we believe. Glad to hear you're improving.

JEANNETTE, CHICAGO.—Dorothy Phillips is about 25 and is married. Violet Mersereau is not.

LILLIAN, READING, PA.—Mail addressed to Miss Sweet, care Lasky's, will be forwarded.

G. K., BUFFALO, N. Y.—You must have been mistaken. So far as we know, this magazine has never said that Madame Petrova had a company of her own. Address her care Lasky's.

A. W., SCHENECTADY, N. Y.—Miss Minter will write you even if you don't send her the paper and stamps. So you are crazy to be a movie actor. Well, that's the right word.

BETH, HOUSTON, TEX.—Yes, Beth, they do write and really ask those questions. "Has Charles Ray that poor abused come-and-pet-me look in his face or is it all just acting?" Just acting.

AGNES, WASHINGTON, D. C.—Enjoyed your poem very much. Write Maurice Costello at Screen Club, New York City, and William Desmond at Culver City, California.

MARGERY, PENSACOLA, FLA.—Florence Marten was the girl you wanted to know about in "Miss George Washington." Henry Walthall is still with Essanay and Owen Moore with Famous Players. Hope you will always think so well of us.

V. S., DANVILLE, VA.—Never heard of the man you describe. What has he played in?

MARJORIE, DOVER, N. H.—Forrest Stanley has been married, but is not at present. He is now on the stage, whence he came. Florence Reed hasn't departed this vale of tears. Bruce McRae played opposite Bessie Barriscale in "The Green Swamp" and Niles Welch was the man in "Miss George Washington."

TOMMY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—It is our impression that "Ivanhoe" was filmed by one of the pioneer film producers, but we have no record of the cast. Creighton Hale will send you a photo.

COLLEGE MAIDS, SALT LAKE CITY.—Pauline Frederick was married to an architect named Frank Andrews. The Blue Book gives Fannie Ward's age as 42. Conway Tearle has played in "Helene of the North," "Seven Sisters," "The Common Law," "The Foolish Virgin."

W. S., JOPLIN, Mo.—In the advertising section of each issue of this magazine is a directory of film producers. Chaplin's address is 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, California.

J. R., HARRISBURG, ILL.—Anna Mae Walthall is a sister of H. B. Carlyle Blackwell is with World Film. Only Lillian Gish played in "The Birth of a Nation." Alice Howell has been playing opposite Billie Ritchie.

JANICE, MANKATO, MINN.—The right name of Little Mary Sunshine is Helen Marie Osborn. We liked "Poor Little Rich Girl" better than anything Mary Pickford has done for a long time, but our opinion isn't worth any more than yours.

I. O. N., MONTCLAIR, N. J.—Creighton Hale is 25 and wifeless, so you are both wrong. He is again with Pathe.

K. H., GREENSBORO, N. C.—"Snow White" was filmed the latter part of 1916 and the story had never been pictured before. Miss Clark played it on the stage, however, several years ago. All of the photoplays you mention were filmed in New York and vicinity. Pronounce it *Na-tsih-mo-rah*.

R. S., SILVERTON, COLO.—Gowns and dress suits which are subjected to onslaughts of soup and custard pies, etc., are usually provided by the studio wardrobe. Likewise all period costumes.

INDIANA, ROCHESTER, IND.—You will have to write to the Selznick company, New York, for any of the Young posters. Grace, not Maud, George is the wife of William A. Brady. You're always welcome at the old fireside.

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An Announcement of Significance

THE May issue of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE will mark the beginning of a somewhat radical change in policy and method. It will cast off from the moorings of conventional magazine making, and set itself to work to produce and print the things that are interesting and useful without regard to their magazine flavor.

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"PURPLE MASK" ADMIRER, TORONTO, CANADA.—Grace Cunard is married to Joe Moore, brother of Owen, Matt and Tom and brother-in-law of Mary. Jack Pickford is twenty-one, Antonio Moreno twenty-nine and Francis Bushman thirty-two. Oh, there are lots of producing companies releasing through Universal, such as Bluebird, Red Feather, etc. Billie Rhodes is with Christie. Ever hear of International Coupons? They're a substitute for stamps when you wish to send a return envelope to a foreign country. Just let us put you straight on any other points of international law that you're hazy about.

L. B., LOWELL, MASS.—George Larkin is twenty-seven years old and I daresay he'd send you his photograph if you'd send him a quarter.

BUSTER, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Arthur Ashley has played in "The Crucible of Fate," "An Officer and a Gentleman," "The Prince of Vanity," "The Speed King," "The Million Bid," "The Juggernaut," "When a Woman Loves," "Sealed Lips," "Tangled Fates" and "Miss Petticoats." "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "The Clarion," "The Shadow of Doubt" and "His Brother's Wife" have been some of Carlyle Blackwell's screen vehicles.

B. C., CHICAGO.—Ralph Kellard, who was born in 1887, is with Pathe, Leon Barry with Astra-Pathe and Grace Darmond with Technicolor. Can't seem to recall whether or not they're married. They're not very explicit on that point themselves.

E. T., KENNEWICK, WASH.—Cast of "Graustark": Grenfall Lorry, Francis X. Bushman; Princess Yettee, Beverly Bayne; Countess Dagmar, Edna Mayo; Uncle Caspar, Thomas Commerford; Aunt Yvonne, Helen Dunbar; Harry Anguish, Albert Roscoe; Prince Gabriel, Lester Cuneo; Prince Lorenz, Bryant Washburn; Prince Balaroz, Ernest Maupain. Yes, Thelma Salter played in "An Alien"; she was Dorothy Griswold, the little rich girl.

ELSIE, DALLAS, TEX.—The leading parts in "The Goddess," which was released about two years ago, were taken by Earle Williams and Anita Stewart. Billie Burke has made no pictures since completing "Gloria's Romance" and is now back on the stage. "The Evil Eye," "Those Without Sin" and "The Tides of Barneget" were the last pictures made by Blanche Sweet before the termination of her contract with Lasky.

HELEN, '18, YONKERS, N. Y.—No, John Costello, who is not related to Maurice, didn't play in "The Price of Fame." Marc MacDermott assumed a dual role in that picture. Mary Pickford has "Less Than the Dust," "The Lass of Killean," "The Poor Little Rich Girl" and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" to her credit since organizing her own company.

EARLE, HAVERSTRAW, N. Y.—We never heard of "The Silent Darkness." Earle, but with our usual keen and almost uncanny powers of deduction, we conclude that you refer to Clara Kimball Young's "Dark Silence," in which Edward T. Langford played opposite her. And we're no clairvoyant either. George Fisher was Charles Ray's college friend in "Honor Thy Name." H. B. Warner was born in London on the 26th of October, 1876, and educated at the Bedford Grammar School. Mr. Warner went on the stage in 1883, appearing in New York in 1896. He first appeared on the screen under Ince direction and is now with the Frohman Amusement Company.

(Continued on page 168)



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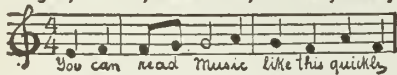
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(June)

(Continued from page 165)

G. E. G., DETROIT, MICH.—Mme. Nazimova is a Russian, at least she was born in the Crimea.

C. F., PORT CLINTON, OHIO.—Rockcliffe Fellows, was born in Ottawa, Canada, thirty-three years ago. He has been on the stage with Ethel Barrymore and with Cyril Scott in "Within the Law" and "Under Cover." On the screen, he has done "Regeneration" and "Where Love Leads." Oh, a mere trifle; don't mention it.

M., D., A. AND R., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—The Young Ladies' Tuesday Evening Bible Study Class will please come to order. The expression, "the writing on the wall," from which the title of Vitagraph's play was taken, occurs in the Book of Daniel, somewhere in the fifth chapter.

JOLLY EVA, FREMONT, OHIO.—No, no reason on earth why you shouldn't be a movie actress—if you can get a job. And that, as Cereberus—or was it Eurystheus—told Hercules, is dead easy. If you will persist in ignoring our oft-repeated advice, why go to it and good luck, but we can't be responsible. Chester Barnett is with Lasky and Tom Moore with Lasky.

D. M., NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.—Constance Collier, Forrest Stanley, Herbert Standing, Lamar Johnstone, Elizabeth Burbridge and Helen Eddy played in "Tongues of Men." Charles Ray has no children, but he has a small niece of whom he is very fond.

P. G., OAKLAND, CAL.—Patricia, we'll try to do something for George Le Guere very soon, and in the meantime permit us to express our appreciation of your letter. It was thoroughly delightful. Oh, yes, we're very susceptible.

J. M., MONTREAL, CANADA.—No, no, Josephine, that wasn't a picture of Mary Pickford at all. You amaze us.

SWEETNESS, EVANSVILLE, IND.—Frances Ring is the wife of Tom Meighan (pronounced *Mee-an*). Tom Forman is twenty-four years old. Sure, we think he's grand. Cast of "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie": *Helena*, Ethel Barrymore; *Lloyd Pryor*, Robert Cummings; *Benjamin Wright*, Frank Montgomery; *Dr. Lavendar*, J. A. Furey; *Little David*, Maury Steuart; *Sam Wright*, Hassan Mussalli; *Deacon Wright*, William Williams; *Frederick Ritchie*, Robert Whittier; *Dr. King*, Charles Goodrich; *Mrs. King*, Hattie Delaro; *Mrs. Wright*, Mary Asquith.

R. K. K., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Address Doris Kenyon care of Wharton's, Jersey City, New Jersey. "The Victoria Cross," in which Cleo Ridgely appeared in support of Lou Tellegen, is the last picture of hers on record. She has been obliged to retire from the screen—temporarily, at least—on account of ill health.

G. A. R., CHICAGO.—Richard Travers was born on Hudson Bay and his real name is Richard Tibbs, but we haven't the date of his birth.

PEGGY 17, PASADENA, CAL.—At the time you read it, Mary Pickford was in the east, as she reached Los Angeles on February 13, the day before you wrote your letter. David Powell is not playing with her now. It's Ralph Kellard and not Earle Foxe who is playing with Pearl White in "Pearl of the Army."

H. M., MONTREAL, CANADA.—There is nothing in the wide world to prevent you from writing photoplays in French, but your chances of disposing of them would be very limited.

THE GIRLS, WIGGINS, TEX.—Girls, girls, can't you see why we must keep ourselves shrouded in mystery, as it were? Supposing we told you the truth about our having a wooden leg and toeing in and wearing bow ties and being fond of pickled herring—how would that look in print? Alan Forrest is with Fox, on the coast. Mary Miles Minter is with American.

J. S., TORONTO, CANADA.—Clara Kimball Young acquired the last of that trio of names by marrying James Young, her maiden name having been Clara Kimball. She is in her early twenties.

SIXTEEN, ALTON, ILL.—There is no law prohibiting the submission of a scenario to a producing company after another has rejected it. We have no record of an actor named Mack Wright.

P. A., WINNIPEG, CANADA.—Write to Helen Holmes, 4560 Pasadena Avenue, Los Angeles, California. Florence Holmes is her sister. Bessie Learn is not engaged with any company at present.

M. H., MIAMI, FLA.—Bessie Love's right name is Bessie Horton and she is a native daughter of the Lone Star State. She is nineteen this year and not married.

LOUISE, MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Douglas Fairbanks' eyes are blue. Gladden James flits in and out of the films and so does Jimmie Cruze. The latter just left Fox for Lasky.

D. H., BISBEE, ARIZ.—Lillian Walker, General Film, New York City; Pearl White, Pathe, Jersey City, New Jersey; Earle Foxe, Dramatic Mirror, New York City; Creighton Hale, Pathe; William Farnum, Fox, Los Angeles; Theda Bara, Fox, New York; and Mae Murray, Famous Players, New York.

H. D., BANGOR, ME.—Mrs. Castle's maiden name was Irene Foote and she has danced with no one since her husband went to war. She was born in New Rochelle, New York. There was a picture of her in a recent issue of PHOTOPLAY.

G. B., CHICAGO.—Marie Doro's address at present is Famous Players, New York City. Until a few weeks ago Miss Doro was at the Lasky Studio in Hollywood, California. Mary Pickford is with her own company.

E. B., KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Anna Held hasn't a contract with any company. She made one picture for Morosco called "Madame La President." Myrtle Stedman is married. House Peters was born in England.

L. W. H., WATERBURY CENTER, VT.—Virginia Pearson had the lead in "Hypocrisy." Vernon Castle is still alive, or was when this was written. But one can never tell when an aviator is going to have a funeral. Have told the editor what you want in the way of interviews and he said that, seeing as how it is you, he would order them.

K. K. T., DENVER, COLO.—The report that Miss Pickford has been married twice is due to the fact that she was twice married to Owen Moore, a civil ceremony in the East having been followed by a church wedding in California. You must ask Madame Petrova why she doesn't smile and we are likewise at sea regarding your Alice Brady question. Better write both. We only publish PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Should answer you in Spanish but some of the actors would think we were talking about them.



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VOL. XII

No. 2

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EDWIN M. COLVIN, Pres.

ROBERT M. EASTMAN, Sec.-Treas.

JAMES R. QUIRK, Vice-Pres. and Gen. Mgr.

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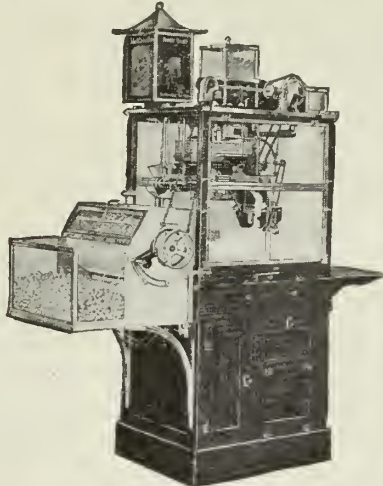
Entered at the Postoffice at Chicago, Ill., as Second-class mail matter

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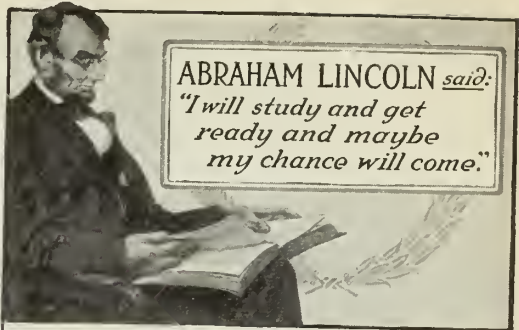
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Witzel photo

OLLIE KIRKBY

hails from staid Philadelphia. When Ollie went to Bryn Mawr, they little realized that a future screen star was in their midst. Most of Miss Kirkby's screen experience has been gained with Kalem. She has been in their "Girl Detective," "Social Pirates," "Stingaree" and "Grant, Police Reporter" series.



Photo by Campbell Studio

HARRY MOREY

has been a consistent Vitaphone since 1909. He drifted to the screen the year previous, after twelve seasons in the "legit." History shows that Morey supported Anna Held, Weber and Fields, and Montgomery and Stone. Love lyrics in the spotlight came easy to Harry in those days.



Photoplayers Studio photo

DOROTHY PHILLIPS

was a Baltimore belle when George Fawcett's stock company won her. Her stage career after that included Modesty in "Everywoman" and the title role in the New York production of "Pilate's Daughter." She became an Essanay player next and signed up with Universal in May, 1914.



Witzel photo

ELMER CLIFTON

says he isn't married and—what's more—that his favorite recreation is love-making. The line forms at the left, girls. The Triangle juvenile was born in Toronto in 1892, he has gray brown eyes, hazel brown hair, weighs 150 pounds and had a bright stage career before coming to D. W. Griffith.



Photo by Campbell Studio

DOROTHY KELLY

despite her Philadelphia Quaker antecedents, started out to be an artist. But the well-known High Cost of Living came along and "Dot" decided to be a film star. She selected the Vitagraph company—and got the job. Now Miss Kelly has several motor cars, which proves she had the right idea.



JACK MULHALL

was born and raised in New York. When his parents threatened to move to Brooklyn, Jack went on the stage. After six years behind the footlights, he joined the old Biograph company. That was in 1913. In April, 1916, he joined Universal and he is still playing romantic leads on the "U" lot.



Photo by Campbell Studio

MADGE KENNEDY

comes to Goldwyn fresh from the baby-blue-ribbon type of boudoir farce. Last in "Fair and Warmer." Miss Kennedy is a girl of the Golden West and she got her chance in amateur theatricals at a house party given by Digby Bell at Cape Cod. She played the Queen Mother in "Hamlet." Honest!



Photo by White

JUNE ELVIDGE

used to walk along the runway at the Winter Garden. That's before she thought of Fort Lee and Art. She made her debut with World and has steadily advanced to leads. June is a regular athlete, with scores of golf cups, sailing trophies and medals for horsemanship. St. Paul is proud of June.

PHOTOPLAY

MAGAZINE

July, 1917

Vol. XII, No. 2

The Girl Outside

Can the Pretty Girl Without Influence Break Into the Movies?
Most of the Experts Say "No!"

By Elizabeth Peltret

Drawings by R. F. James

WHAT chance has the girl on the outside to "break into the movies?"

It has become *the* question; life's chief interrogation point with hundreds of thousands of girls throughout the country — and everywhere else the shadow drama is thrown upon a screen.

There is only one answer: "No chance in the world" for the girl not on the scene — the girl in Iowa, or Alabama or Canada, far a way from the

places where most of the movies are made.

For the girl who is right on the ground, there is a diversity of opinion. Some experts say emphatically that the girl without experience hasn't the slightest chance.

Others who profess to know conditions, are equally positive that the girl without influence cannot get by the gate to screen success.

But both classes of experts will caution you not to say too much in discouragement of the ambitious



A beautiful young southern girl ran away from home, leaving a letter which said she would return only when she became a star and had an automobile of her own.

unknowns. They do not want to discourage those who have real ability and photographic possibilities, who may, by some chance or other, get that hoped-for chance. The stage cannot always provide stars for the increasing needs of the screen and our stars of today will not always be youthful and beautiful.

In the early days of the motion picture play, there was a dearth of material. The few directors were on the lookout constantly for anyone who possessed good looks and an attractive personality. The doors to the studio were wide open. The demand for players so far exceeded the supply that, if a pretty girl just photographed well, she had a good chance of becoming a star. Many of these who attained some degree of fame in the early days were rapidly eclipsed when beauty, backed by ability, entered the field.

There is a story told by the pioneers about a young woman who was so beautiful that several directors were bidding for her services. She was so beautiful that her success seemed assured from the start. There was only one thing against her—she couldn't act.

This girl had been at the studio about three weeks when her director, who, following the custom of the day, improvised his story as he went along, got her into a situation where it became necessary for her to emote. He wanted a close-up of her putting wrinkles in her face and otherwise showing deep

emotion. Close-ups were scarce, having just been discovered, but one was necessary for the play.

The director tried in every conceivable way to get what they call now an "emotional response," but there was nothing doing. She could not spill any emotion. The director shot his vocabulary—and many feet of film—at her in frantic efforts to make her hysterical. It was all in vain. She remained as calm as the rock on which she sat. Then a bright idea came to the distracted director. He went to New York City a few miles away, and offered a well-known actress a large sum of money, if she would go to his studio and double his leading lady. He approached her with masterly diplomacy, making it very clear that, should she consent, no one would ever know she had so far demeaned herself as to appear in the pictures. At last, he won her consent. After appearing in that one scene, she went back to New York and the regular leading lady finished the picture.

How different is the condition today. Instead of jobs seeking people, there is a multitude seeking every job.

Thousands of girls have come to Los Angeles from all over the country thinking that it is only necessary for them to be seen by a director and that work—though they do not think of it as work—will follow. They are like the tenderfoot who, in the "days of old, the days of gold, the days of '49," expected to find gold scattered over



She made enough to live on, but as time went on, her pretty clothes began to wear out.

the streets of San Francisco. He was a very disappointed man when he found that he had to dig for all the gold he was likely to get.

Once in a while a girl of this type stumbles over a "pocket," but, as every one knows, surface gold soon pans out.

In future years, people will speak of the movie rush to California just as today we speak of the gold rush. There is the same lure of gold and adventure, intensified by another greater lure that is a mirage—the lure of "easy won" success and fame.

Whenever a new business proves itself to be a big money-maker, a large number of parasites attach themselves to it. The moving pictures have been a prolific source of income for these men who live on the earnings of others. It is part of their business campaign to spread the belief that the movies are in need of people. Countless numbers have been made the victims of fake schools of motion picture acting (students "guaranteed" positions in stock com-



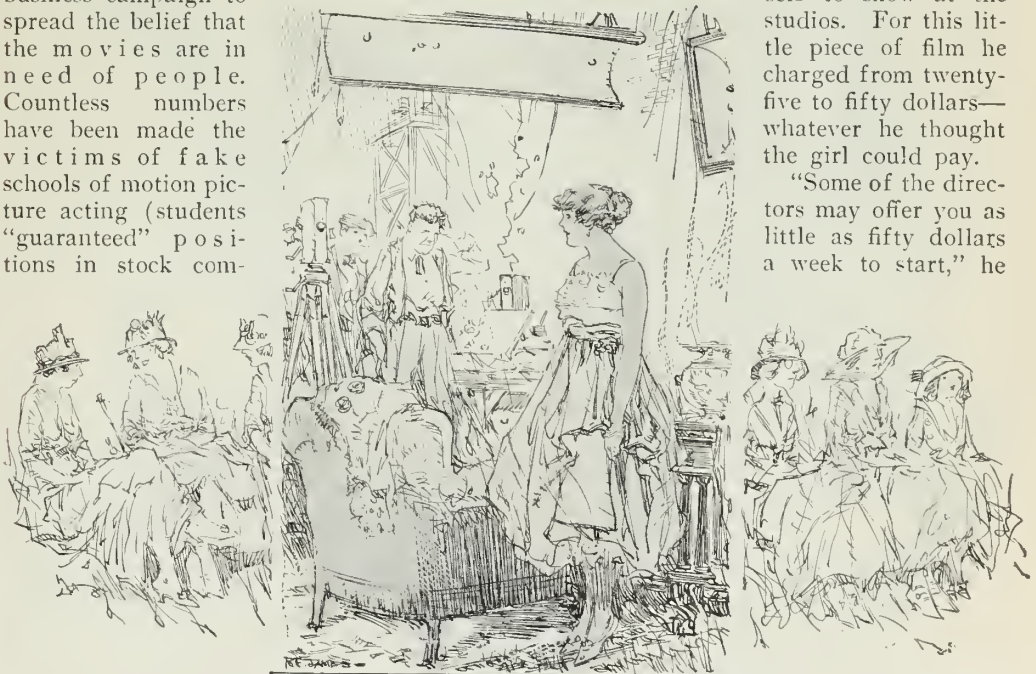
Mr. Griffith when Bessie Love rapped at the door. . . Two was on

was in consultation Love rapped at the minutes later she the pay roll.

panies) and of fraudulent advertisements. Many of them arrived in Los Angeles with only enough money to pay their expenses for a week or two, so roseate were their dreams.

When they arrived at the "studio," they were met by a young man who told each of them that she was just the type most needed by the directors. He explained that it would be necessary for her to have a "test" and a little piece of film of herself to show at the studios. For this little piece of film he charged from twenty-five to fifty dollars—whatever he thought the girl could pay.

"Some of the directors may offer you as little as fifty dollars a week to start," he



She was more beautiful than any star now on the screen.

told his victims. "If they do, you take it. Then you can demand more when you have had experience."

He could have had their money without this final touch of knavery; it served merely to increase the heartaches and misery which marked his trail.

These girls, each with her little bit of film, besieged the studios. The busy producers could not spare the time nor money necessary to project this film. It was worthless.

One of this man's dupes was a very pretty girl of her type, but photographically impossible. She sat on the benches, which the applicants frequent, and waited all day long, day after day, for five months and was never given work in a picture nor even allowed inside the lot.

"I told them all at home I was coming here to go in the movies," she said.

"In every letter I get, someone wants to know what picture I'm going to be in first, and how pictures are made. I know that extras seldom know anything about the pictures they work in. That makes one good excuse. I can't write the truth.

"I tell them about the different stars—as if I knew—and I always say that I am going to win out and get a good part soon.

"It must come out all right; I tell you, it must. I can't go home—I'd rather kill myself than go home now."

This girl was one of many who were returned to their homes by force.

Another victim

was a beautiful young southern girl who had been cared for and protected all her life. She, too, had always wanted to go in the movies. Her parents had objected, which only made it the more romantic. She had saved some money, and when she saw this ad it must have seemed that her great chance had come at last. She ran away from home, leaving a letter which said that she would return only when she became a star and had an automobile of her own.

She was just a romantic schoolgirl. The months of disillusionment and disappointment that followed can only be imagined. Everything in her training unfitted her for the long period of waiting around in front of the studios that breaking into the movies necessarily means. One day, a neighbor, suspicious of her long silence, broke into her room and found her dead. She left a letter requesting that her body be buried at sea. Romantic to the last, she ended her letter by quoting:

"Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,

Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;

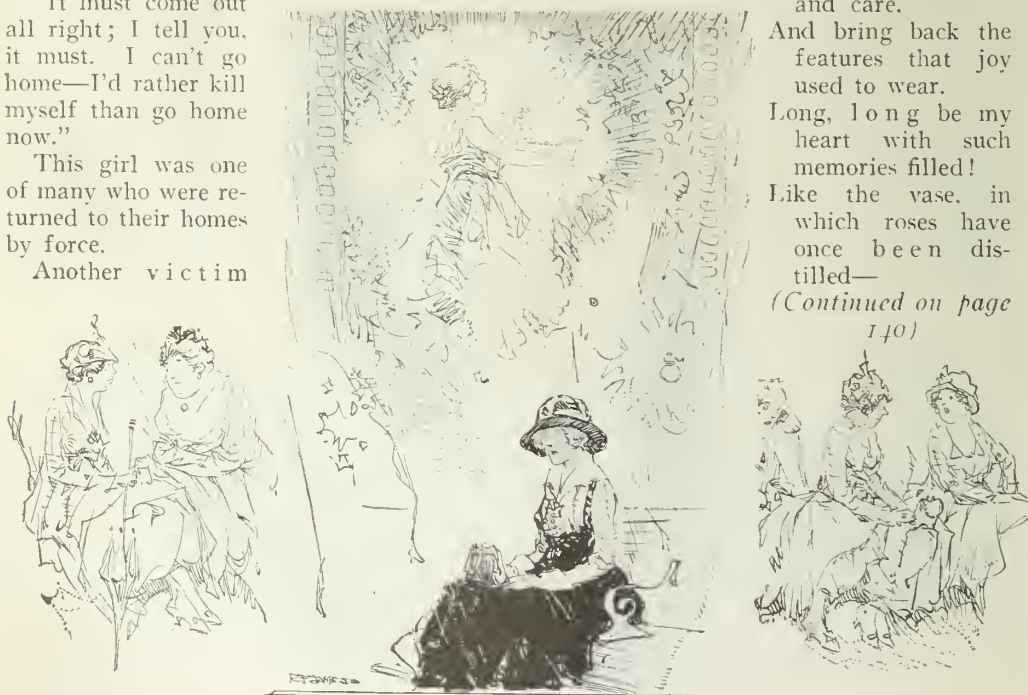
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care.

And bring back the features that joy used to wear.

Long, long be my heart with such memories filled!

Like the vase, in which roses have once been distilled—

(Continued on page 140)



"I told them all I was coming here to go into the movies. . . . I'd rather kill myself than go home now."

Baby's First Lesson in Making Up



Photo by Stag

No, it is not Miriam Cooper's—just her brother Gordon Cooper's five months' old daughter Margaret. When the press agent expressed the fear that readers of Photoplay might think this was Miss Cooper's baby, the Fox star retorted that she hoped so.

The Wandering

PETERS IS THE REST OF
THE NAME, AS YOU
PROBABLY IMAGINED

By
Allen
Corliss



Photo by Stage



I HAVE shelled more peas than any other actor in the world."

It was House Peters talking and he was engaged in the unromantic occupation of changing his shirt in one of the star dressing rooms at the Morosco studio. He was romping with a defective collar button, and between times assuring the assistant director that he would be ready in just a moment.

"This happened," he continued, "one time when I had come out of the bush in

Australia flat broke. I got a job on a vessel sailing from Freemantle for Sydney. I sat in a little alley back of the cook's galley for twelve days and did nothing but shell peas.

"I suppose if a person took his nationality from the country in which he was born, I should be Chinese, because I was born in Hong-Kong. My father was there in the British civil service with Sir Robert Hart. We moved to Australia and the first job I had was at a sheep station. Then I wan-

House

*House Peters and
Daisy Robinson
in "The
Happiness of
Three Women."*



dered all over China, India and Central Africa and was in New Zealand when the Boer War broke out. I was in the field about eighteen months when I was promoted to a lieutenantcy. In the battle of Spion Kop, I was shot through the leg and clouted over the head with the rear end of a gun. When it was discovered that I should be laid up for a few months, they stopped the war. I suppose if it had not been for that I should still be in the army.

"When I recovered, I returned to Austra-

lia. I joined a company playing the larger towns there, and my first appearance on the stage was in "Robbery Under Arms."

"What do I do when I am not working? When I am not working, I am getting ready to work again. I fool around the house with the chickens—feathered ones, I mean—wash the dog and do all the other chores of a man who has been married two and a half years and is completely acclimated. Mrs. Peters, who is a nonprofessional, does not care to wander very far from home."

Elevating Star Instead of Stage

VARIETY is not only the nutmeg on the ice cream soda of life, but the pep of the show business. Even so prominent a public benefactor and laborious cultivator of negligee as Cecil DeMille, field marshal in charge of the big push at Lasky's, herewith drops his consistent and persistent elevation of the shadow stage to hoist the shadow stage's head lady star, Mary Curles Pickford. Miss Pickford is all but hidden in one of those temples of tarlatan which, we suspect, effectively concealed not a few marythurmans in '49. Though her conveyance is no loftier than a burro's back, her voluminous skirts and complacently folded shawl forbid any personal gymnastics. Where a modern damsel would swing her le—limb over like a cavalryman, and be half a mile away before you might ask permission to assist, the maiden of the gold rush held up the whole procession.



The Soubrette of Satire

EXPOSING THE HARSH
PHILOSOPHY OF A LITTLE
HUMAN SUB-CAPTION



Photos by G. E. Mardock

By Julian Johnson

SATIRE, according to the old-style philosophers, was the one reflection of human life which women could never see; therefore it is quite fitting that the captain-satirist of the movies, a craft which has reversed all the rules, should be a woman.

I said a woman. Physically, I meant a split-pint soubrette; mentally, I meant fifty or forty large stern men, crouching down behind a little silk gown and a little soprano voice and a little pleading look.

Who is she? Summon the cornetist, the setter of banner type, the process-server and Douglas Fairbanks' presto agent that she may be proclaimed:

Anita Loos.

Neither a long name nor a long girl nor a long life, but already she has fought her way to a fortune and nearly as much fame as that grand woman, Lydia Pinkham. You need no prompting from me, Jacqueline, to whisper right out that she is the builder of Douglas Fairbanks' plays, but perhaps you ought to be reminded of her year or two of clever play-writing in Fine Arts studio before that time; of her work on the captions of "Intolerance," and of various other activities of this remarkable China doll.



It has been our custom, when writing personality stories for this Koran of Culture, to shoot the skyrockets first and wind up with the practical and ever-demanded biography. But as the little Loos is as like any other subject as a battle-cruiser is like an excursion steamer, we simply must tell who she is before we rack our cerebellum for side remarks.

Her father was a leader of French letters in San Francisco. He ran a paper there, and was altogether an editorial and critical figure of great importance on the Pacific Coast. But she is not all French. The family is a mixture of French, Scotch and English. I am not sure whether Anita was born in San Francisco or San Diego, but at any rate, it happened a little less than twenty-two years ago, and the most of her life was spent in and about San Diego. Coronado, the magic peninsula which makes San Diego's matchless bay, is her almost-isle of dreams, for which she always longs. (I think she's there right now.)

As a child she wanted to go on the stage, and she did. She was both dancer and actress. Her last engagement of importance was as Mary Jane, in a tour of "Mary Jane's Pa."

She wrote her first story for the New York Telegraph, and they took it. She wrote a first scenario, and that was accepted. She wrote a vaudeville sketch, and that went over. She has had the most amazing luck with "firsts." The first scenario she wrote was acted by Mary Pickford in her Biograph days. It was "The New York Hat."

She came to Los Angeles at the request of D. W. Griffith, who had been purchasing her goods and corresponding with her, in brusque fashion as if she were a spectacled antiquity. The sight of this milk-fed chicken, and his astonishment at finding such an author, is said to have spoiled a perfectly good day for the sunshine commander.

If the Cinderella thing were pulled off now, the tiny Loos would make Cinderella a selling-plater. She wears so small a shoe that it can't be bought; it has to be made. She has an enormous cascade of jet-black hair which she can only control by winding it around and around her head, like an Indian turban. She has one of those ohboy mouths, and the complexion of an ivory fan.

With these perfectly unintelligent hindrances to a literary career,
(Continued on page 148)

It's terrible to have to spend an evening with a creature who talks like the brightest real man you know, at the same time looking like a combination of Elsie Ferguson and Anna Pennington, flavored with vanilla. There ought to be a law against such things.



Photo by G. E. Murdock

An Interview in Great Danish

By Harry C. Carr



Oh, joy!



*"Who's your friend, Teddy?"
"Woof, wuff, wuff!"
(Translation) "Gloria
Swanson."*

MOTION picture animals fill a sad destiny: most of them are the support of a lot of lazy bums.

Teddy, the Keystone dog, is the only one I ever saw who wasn't a poor, cowering, spiritless, terrorized imitation of an animal.

Teddy always makes me think of a Scandinavian; you know how cool and detached most of them are, and how carefully polite.

I interviewed Teddy, biographically, and he responded in Great Danish. Translated, his remarks were as follows: "I am two years old, and I am from a distinguished family of noble antecedents, although I have a hazy idea that my father and mother were divorced, as I never remember seeing the old man. They began training me when I was a few weeks old.

The first thing they taught me was to lie down; the second, to keep out of fights. I was given the latter lesson by having an ammonia gun shot off under my nose while engaged in a rough-and-tumble scrap. Since then they have taught me about everything a dog can learn to do."





This collection of buildings, in the aristocratic town of Hollywood, between Los Angeles and the sea, will be historic when the full story of the motion picture is told.



Photo by Stagg

Discussing the last scene in "Madam Bo-Peep," an O. Henry adaptation which was the final Fine Arts play. Left to right: Cameraman Abel, Director Withey, Frank E. Woods, Seena Owen.



Photo by Stagg

The Empire Theatre of the Screen

FINE ARTS STUDIO, AN ARTISTIC TEMPLE,
CLASSIC THOUGH YOUNG, WHICH
HAS JUST PASSED INTO HISTORY

By Alfred A. Cohn

FOR nearly a generation, Charles Frohman, through his Empire Theatre, was the great dominating influence on the American stage. It was here that American plays became more than a promise. It was here that the theatre got most of its greatest players of today. It was here that the star system—a prolific source of contention—was born.

What the Empire did for the stage, Fine Arts studio did for the screen.

Perhaps one is incurring the displeasure of that rapidly dwindling coterie which looks upon the photoplay as the expression of a pseudo art, in making such a comparison; perhaps also, certain film persons may criticise it. But there should be no deep resentment on their part at this time, for it is customary to speak well of the dead, whether or not the words are a deserved tribute to



*D. W. Griffith,
the man behind.*

the decedent. And Fine Arts has definitely passed into film history, with its former name Reliance-Majestic and the great Griffith organization that made it a landmark in screen annals.

It was at this studio, now deserted save for a lonely watchman, that the photoplay reached what may be called its initial perfection as an art expression. Here were educated a host of those who stand today among the most finished directors of film plays. From this collection of frame shacks emerged many of today's great screen stars. But most important of all, here was developed not only an individuality in film story telling, but also a mechanical technique that has left its mark in every motion picture studio.

And the remarkable feature of it all was that these things happened within such a brief period. The late Charles Frohman

ruled in his Empire Theatre for more than two decades, giving to the stage such stars as John Drew and Henry Miller. Maude Adams and Margaret Anglin and Billie Burke, with many, many lesser luminaries in between. In less than half a decade, there emerged from Fine Arts such stars as Henry Walthall, Mae Marsh, Blanche Sweet, Wallace Reid, Norma Talmadge, the Gish sisters, Lillian and Dorothy, Bessie Love, Robert Harron, Miriam Cooper, George Walsh, and a long list of others. It was here that Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree and DeWolf Hopper made their initial bows as film players and Douglas Fairbanks received his first lessons in camera acting.

The old Reliance-Majestic studio was the star-factory of the films just as the Empire was the star-factory of the stage. And it was the college of film technique just as the old Empire stock companies developed a new American dramatic technique. From it graduated a long list of players and directors who have carried away for use elsewhere the ideas which they had gained in their association with Griffith and his "faculty."

Among the successful directors of today who received their education on the old "lot" at Sunset and Hollywood Boulevards may be mentioned Christy Cabanne, now with Metro;

The huge open-air stage whercon was staged the ball-room scene of "Intolerance," and others of its great interiors. In the circle, a portrait of Frank E. Woods.





Photo by Stagg



"Epping Avenue," the courtyard of Fine Arts; Seena Owen enters her dressing room. In the rectangle, Constance Talmadge, Mary H. O'Connor and Paul Powell discuss a play.

John Emerson, director for Douglas Fairbanks; Raoul Walsh, John Adolphi, Paul Powell and the Franklin brothers; Chester and Sydney, with William Fox; Donald Crisp, of Morosco; Jack Conway, Blue Bird; and Jack O'Brien and Francis Grandon, who went to Famous Players. This list would not be complete without the names of Allan Dwan and James Kirkwood, who were successful directors before joining the Griffith organization.

Then there was Eddie Dillon, upon whose shoulders fell the comedy burden. He will be remembered for the comedies

featuring Fay Tincher and for his direction later of DeWolf Hopper. Dillon directed the first film play made at the Reliance-Majestic, a short comedy, and Chester Withey, who received his directoral degree a year or so ago, directed the last feature made at Fine Arts, a picturization of O. Henry's story, "Madam Bo-Peep." In the list of early Reliance-Majestic directors may also be found the names of "Sheriff" Arthur Mackley, Courtenay Foote and George Seigmann, who later became Griffith's chief lieutenant

(Continued on page 136)

BELSHAZZAR GRIFFITH'S BABYLON—TODAY



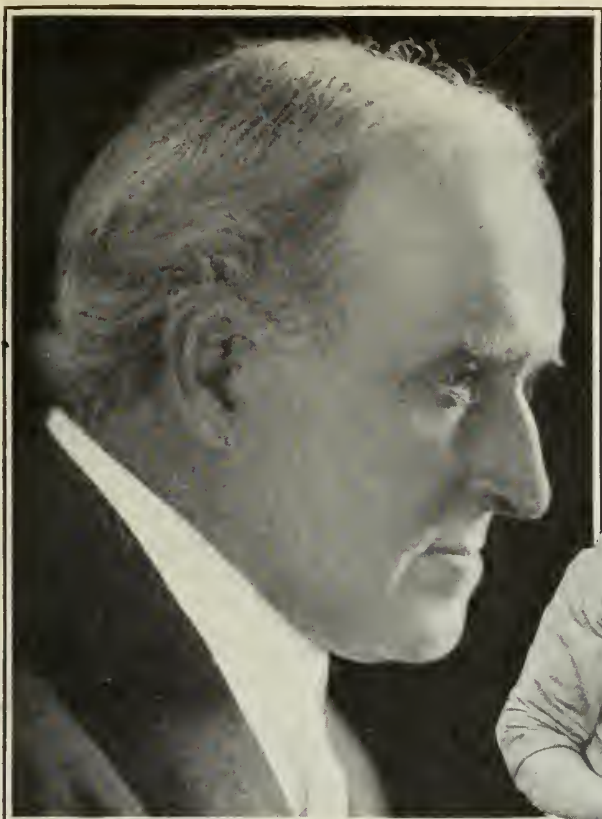
They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank
deep. . .

The Palace that to Heaven his pillars threw
And Kings the forehead on his threshold drew—
I saw the solitary Ringdove there
And "Coo, coo, coo," she cried; and "Coo, coo, coo."
[*The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam: XIX, XX.*]

Photographed on the "Intolerance" "lot" at Hollywood
by Stagg exclusively for
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Busting the Hair Trust

THEODORE ROBERTS GROWS HIS OWN FOLIAGE, AND HAS NEVER BEEN BALD OUT FOR A POOR CROP



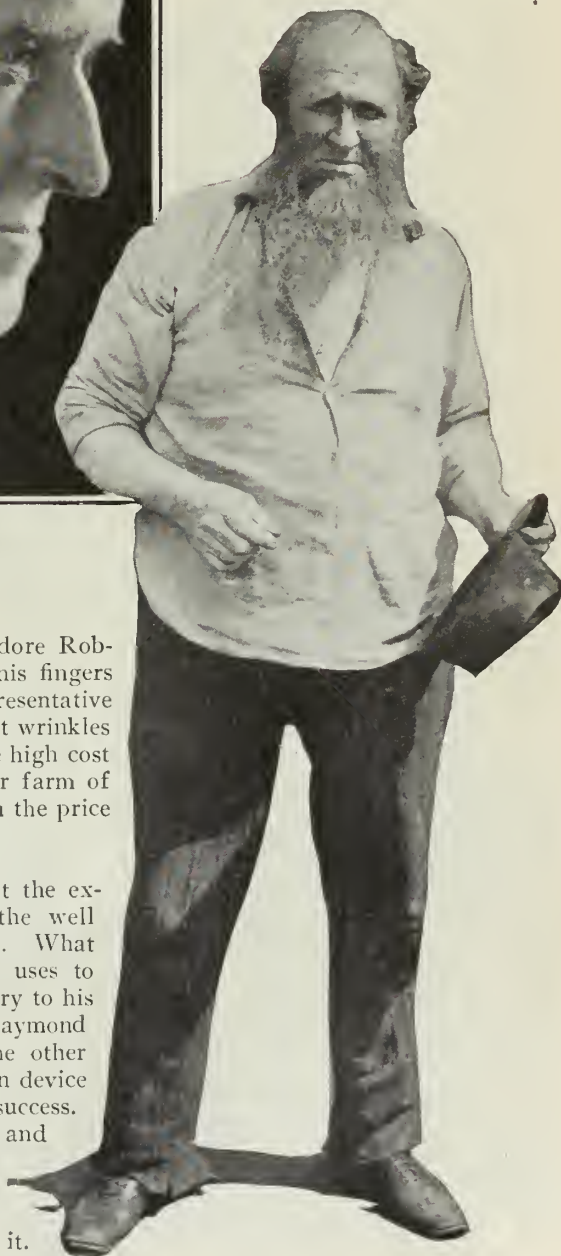
Copyright photo by Hartsook

By Kenneth McGaffey

"POOH-POOH!" exclaimed Theodore Roberts—just like that—snapping his fingers in front of the beazer of the representative of the Crepe Hair Trust. "I should get wrinkles in my alabaster brow worrying over the high cost of make-up. I have a little crepe hair farm of my own, so I care not for your boost in the price of false facial facades."

And he has.

The Roberts hair farm is located at the extreme north and extreme south of the well known and ever popular Roberts face. What method of intensive farming Roberts uses to grow his make-up is a deep-dyed mystery to his fellow players at the Lasky studio. Raymond Hatton, Horace B. Carpenter and the other character artists have tried every known device to discover the trick, but without success. They have followed him around days and watched him at slumber nights, but the secret still remains locked in the Roberts bosom or sprouting from the Roberts chin—as you choose to look at it.



The first of the week, director-general Cecil de Mille will say: "Theodore, in this next picture you wear a full beard, and we start to work on Saturday." On Saturday the wonderful Theodore will appear in a full beard that defies all the jerks and pulls of the suspicious. Vandykes, sideburns and moustaches are mere bags-of-shells that can be grown practically over night.

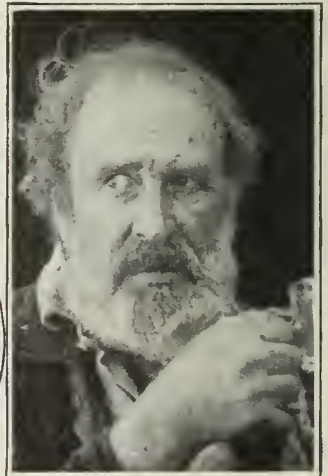
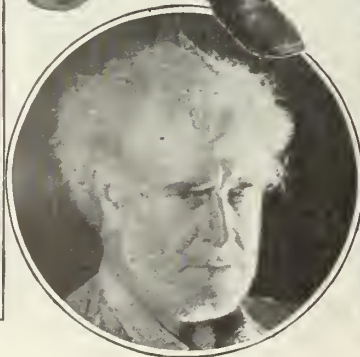
In "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," Roberts wore a short stubble which grew as the picture advanced. Along toward the last, it was discovered that one of the earlier scenes with the shorter beard would have to be retaken. Finding he would not be needed for two days, Roberts shaved smooth and, by the time the scene was ready to be done over, there was the original stubble. In "The Dream Girl," he

Some noble recent examples of Mr. Roberts' responsive follicles. However, we refuse to believe the splendid portieres at the left, representing Mr. Roberts as an interesting though insanitary Boer in "The Plow Girl." Nature does not often contrive such luxuriance, and when she does, she takes years and years.

had a full beard, but in his latest picture, "The Cost of Hatred," he switched to a Vandyke.

Color is nothing in Roberts' life, either. He can grow any color hair desired. His favorite color, however, is brick red. In prowling around the edifice which houses the man who paints the scenery, Roberts came across the mixture of paints that particularly attracted his artistic eye. Upon investigation, he found that it photographed a particularly soft black, in spite of its hectic hue. Now, when dark hair is necessary, the star disappears into the paint room, to pop forth resembling one of the justly famous and frequently described California sunsets.

However, the members of the Lasky Company are planning a joke on Mr. Roberts that will be perpetrated before this is printed. They are going to induce Mr. de Mille to tell the actor that he has to appear as one of the Seven Sutherland Sisters and they feel confident that, when his crepe hair farm hears this, it will give up the ghost without a struggle.



The Call of Her People

HER HUSBAND, HER CHILDREN, AND THE
OPEN ROAD — THESE CONSTITUTED
HER HEAVEN, AND THESE WERE HERS

By Janet Priest

DEEP in the heart of the forest, the Southern moss drooped from the ancient oaks, touching the shoulders of the old gypsy crone, as she imparted the secrets of Romany lore to Egypt, the tribe's pride and darling.

"Now your lover will remain true to you," said Mother Komello. "Though seas divide, though mountains separate you, he will find a way to reach you. For the charm cannot fail."

But no charm was needed to bind the love of Egypt and Young Faro, son of the gypsy chief. Greater than the love of the open road, greater than a gypsy's love for his tribe or his scorn of the "Gorgios" alien to his tribe, was the passionate devotion of these two children of the Romany race. But Faro Black had other plans for his son, and it seemed as though, in spite of Mother Komello's prophecy, their love could never be consummated by marriage.

For the first time in many years, the gypsies were encamped on the outskirts of the little Georgia town where Gordon Lindsay, the million-

She was bound by a cross which Faro had traced upon her forehead in his own blood.



aire, lived in lonely magnificence. The members of the clan thought the return only one of the accidents of the road, but Faro Black had come with cunning purpose. Lindsay had married a gypsy girl, the light of the Romany chief's life, and had taken her away to his gloomy home. After the birth of her child, the young bride, unable to bear the stifling ways of civilization, had crept back to the tribe to die, and the child had died soon after. The gypsy chief nursed black hate in his heart, and over the body of his lost love he had sworn revenge. Now the time was ripe and he would not suffer even the love of a Romany chie for a Romany chi to stand in his way.

While Faro Black stood glowering at the mansion of Lindsay, back in the gypsy encampment hurried preparations for a wedding were going forward. "Oh, his anger will be heavy upon us," wailed old Mother Komello, even while she brought the girde of the bride, which was to be burned in the ceremonial fire, and the white wreath typifying the bride's purity.

"Let my father's anger lie where it chooses," said Young Faro. "It is time for me to claim my bride."

Egypt herself said nothing, in response to the aged crone's warnings, but looked with eyes of love and longing at her chosen mate.

The sacred ceremony was begun in the sight of the whole clan, uniting gypsy man with gypsy maid. All the ancient rites, more binding than a so-called civilized ceremony, were complied with, and finally the mystic mark that made the twain one was placed upon Egypt's forehead. Piercing his own breast, Young Faro traced upon the brow of his bride a cross in his own blood. "Now she is bound to him," said Mother Komello, wailing and rocking herself from side to side. "For weal or for woe, she is his—but oh! the way is dark."

Before the final words of the ceremony could be spoken there was a frightened movement on the edge of the group, and the chief, Faro Black, strode into their midst, a threatening scowl on his face.

"What does this mean?" he stormed.

"It means that Egypt is my bride," answered his son.

"Well for you that the ceremony is not completed," said his father, coldly, "for your bride is leaving the tribe." He turned to the gypsy crone. "Take her and prepare her for a journey. I know how to deal with mutiny in my own household."

He motioned to some of the gypsy men to seize and hold Young Faro, and the youth was dragged into the forest and

lashed to a tree. The gypsy chief grasped his great whip, and made ready to strike. But Mother Komello had followed.

"Stop, Faro Black," she commanded. "If you draw the blood of your son with this lash, the blood of your children's children shall curse you until the last Romany follows the pattern left by his kinsmen to guide his

path. I, the oldest woman of your tribe, forbid you." And Faro Black, with the Romany's deep-rooted respect for old age, dropped his whip to the ground.

"Keep him prisoner," he said to the men who held his son. And until the day when death closed Faro Black's eyes, the chief's son never again enjoyed his freedom.

Egypt was taken to Gordon Lindsay's great house, given over to the rich man in exchange for \$1,000, paid in hand, for her living since a child in the gypsy camp. For Faro Black represented to Lindsay that this was his daughter, the child his bride had brought back to the camp of her own people, before she died. He planned that a gypsy should dwell in the great house, and when the old man died, inherit all his lands. And Young Faro should marry as he dictated.

Locked in her room in the stately mansion, Egypt spent a wakeful night wondering at this strange trick of fate that the old woman, with all her "dukkerin" at the cards, had never foretold. She knew that, with the first streaks of dawn, the gypsy caravan would be up and away, for Faro Black would not run the risk of her escaping and returning. The sun rose. With streaming eyes, Egypt watched the men of

THE CALL OF HER PEOPLE

NARRATED from the photoplay of the same name, which, in turn, was adapted from Edward Sheldon's play, "Egypt." "The Call of Her People" was produced by Metro Pictures Corporation with the following cast: *Egypt*.....Ethel Barrymore
Young Faro.....Robert Whittier
Nicholas Van Kleet.....
.....William B. Davidson
Faro Black...Frank Montgomery
Gordon Lindsay Wm. Mandeville
Mother Komello. Mrs. A. Walker
Mary Van Kleet...Helen Arnold
Sheriff.....Hugh Jeffrey

the tribe riding away on horseback, with Faro Black at their head; then the wagons containing the women and children, the tents and the simple cooking utensils. Egypt stretched out her arms in mute appeal and, as the last wagon jogged stolidly out of sight, she threw herself on the floor and gave way to a flood of tears.

She was sure that Young Faro would come to rescue her, but as the hours wore into days, and the days into weeks, and she was still virtually a prisoner in the lonely house, despair took the place of hope, and love itself almost turned to hate. "The roads of the earth shall lead us together." She quoted Faro's words in the bridal ceremony. "But the roads of the earth have led us apart," she said sadly, "and I do not see how they can meet again."

It was then young Nicholas Van Kleet, Lindsay's friend, who had been fascinated by her wild beauty from the first, saw and pressed his advantage. There were times when Van Kleet seemed the only friend she had in the world. He never troubled her to learn all those unnecessary, foolish ways of the Gorgios, what to wear and when to wear it, when to call on those tiresome society women and when to leave those silly bits of paper with her new name printed on them. There were times when her desire for the life of the open road became as a burning flame to Egypt, and

then she would break out in some mad prank that would bring shame and sorrow to the old aristocrat who called himself her father.

Heretofore Egypt had always gathered flowers wherever she had seen them—from beside the highroad, from woodland fields, or from the gardens of the Gorgios as the caravan passed by. Roses, she supposed, were like the sunshine, free to anybody. She saw roses, great heavy-headed ones, the prize flowers of a neighboring connoisseur, gleaming through a greenhouse window. She could not find the door by which to reach them, and she knew the flowers were lonely; imprisoned, like herself. So, taking a stone, she shattered a great window into bits and, stepping inside, filled her arms with the gorgeous blossoms. She called upon Lindsay to admire her booty, and without a word he went to offer the humblest of apologies and try to pay with money for the damage done.

At such times as these it was Van Kleet alone who understood her or tried to comfort her, and soon she began to acknowledge him as her friend, and as the weary months passed without Young Faro's returning, she did not even discourage him as her lover.

"Marry me, Egypt," pleaded Van Kleet. "I'll do my best to make you happy. Marry me and you shall have all the freedom I can give you." Lindsay added his en-



"Well for you that the ceremony is not completed," said his father, coldly, "for your bride is leaving the tribe."

treaties to those of his young friend, and Egypt promised. Now Faro should see that she need not go through life unloved, even though he did not hasten to her rescue.

"Take off your love-charm," implored Van Kleet. "Take off that great tourmaline your gypsy sweetheart gave you." But Egypt grasped it firmly. "No, I was sealed to my gypsy bridegroom by the charm and the cross on my forehead. I will not take it off until I am actually your wife."

The Lindsay mansion buzzed with activity in preparation for the wedding. Egypt fought against wearing a white bridal gown, already having worn the white wreath in her woodland bridal ceremony, but on this point Lindsay was obdurate. His daughter should be married as became her station and wealth, regardless of the pack of ragamuffins among whom she had spent her childhood. So all the elaborate preparations continued, up to the very eve of the wedding.

But Egypt was troubled. The yearning came upon her, even at the risk of incurring Lindsay's displeasure, to peer into the future for herself, as she had so often done for others. The meaning of the cards was clear—great suffering and black clouds all around her, and the coming of the King of Hearts. Egypt waited in fear and trembling, as the day for her wedding with Van Kleet drew nearer.

Faro Black had died and Young Faro, son of the gypsy chief, now ruled in his stead. The first act of his reign had been to turn the caravan back toward the little Georgia town, and he had been traveling steadily ever since. Once more on the outskirts of the village, so full of tender memories of

the past for the new ruler of the tribe, he went at nightfall and placed a certain sign on the doorposts of the Lindsay mansion.

"Egypt will see and know," he said, "and she will come."

But Egypt did not come. Resenting Young Faro's tardy arrival and believing that his love had grown cold, she made up her mind that she would not be at his beck and call.

"Bring her here." Faro commanded old Mother Komello. "It may be they are holding her prisoner and preventing her."



"I've come to tell your fortunes, sweet ladies,"

Egypt was giving a tea for her bridesmaids when the aged crone's face appeared at the window. The girl dropped the dainty cup she was holding and Mother Komello entered unbidden.

"I've come to tell your fortunes, sweet ladies," she said. "Just cross my palm with silver and you'll all have handsome husbands. But this lady's fortune I must tell alone."

When they had gone. "Why are ye delayin'?" asked Mother Komello. "Why don't you come to your promised husband?"

"Faro has no rights over me," stormed Egypt, her eyes flashing. "He has taken his own good time in coming. I suppose some gypsy girl has won his fickle heart. Besides, I'm only half gypsy. I have a Gorgio father. He wants me to marry a handsome Gorgio husband, and my wedding day is set. Tell Young Faro that!"

"Think shame to ye, girl," said Mother Komello. "Young Faro was tied hand and foot. He couldn't come to ye till the old chief died. He has made the cross on your forehead, and he is your rightful hus-



said Mother Komello, "but this lady's fortune I must tell alone."

band. It is death to both of you if you break your vows."

"Tell him to come for me himself, if he wants me so much," said the impetuous beauty. "But tell him it will be useless, because I am going to be married tomorrow." The old woman was obliged to go with her mission unfulfilled.

Flowers from Van Kleet greeted Egypt when she opened her eyes on her wedding day; exquisite raiment was laid out before her, but the girl's soul was in shadow. She could not shake off the gloom that enveloped her like a cloud.

Over in the village, Young Faro was in dire straits. Hearing some discussion among the townspeople about the approaching wedding, he had listened intently. When one of the loungers in the group referred slightingly to Egypt as a half-breed gypsy girl who would injure Van Kleet's social position, he leaped upon him and bore him to the ground. The bystanders sprang to the man's assistance. In the melee knives were drawn and, before he knew it, Faro had stabbed his antagonist to the heart. In a second he was up and away. His one thought was to reach Egypt and take her with him before these slow-limbed villagers could overtake them.

Egypt was in the Lindsay stables bidding goodbye to her beloved horse when Faro dashed in. "Come, Egypt, come at once," he panted. "The sheriff and his men will be following me. For your sake, I've had to fight."

"You need not fight for me," said Egypt, proudly, "since you did not come to claim me until my wedding day was set. And you may go alone. I will not run away like a thief in the night."

He pleaded until they heard the sheriff's men approaching. "I shall return for you, Egypt," said Faro. "This is my token, which I give you with all my love." He thrust a richly embroidered handkerchief into her hand and vanished.

The men entered, with Lindsay at their head. "Where is the gypsy?" he asked Egypt, sternly.

The girl stood proudly, with head held high. "I have seen no gypsy," was her answer.

"Oh, come now, miss," the sheriff expostulated. "He had to come this way. He was seen here coming into the stables."

"Search, if you like," said Egypt, contemptuously, and started to turn away.

But Lindsay noticed in her hand the handkerchief, which she had not had time to hide. He snatched it from her.

"Here is a clue," he said. "My daughter is too soft-hearted to wish to injure even a gypsy, but this will help."

"Tom, get the hounds," said the sheriff to his deputy.

Egypt shuddered. They were going to have the bloodhounds track Young Faro. She almost fainted as she thought of what that might mean.

"We are wasting time here," said Lindsay. "My daughter, you must dress for your wedding." And with Faro's fate hanging in the balance, the girl was obliged to go to her room, where ministering hands arrayed her dark loveliness in the shimmering robes and the long white veil of her bridal costume.

Outside a storm was gathering. Egypt stood at the window and watched the lightning flashes throw the broad lawn alternately into brightness and shadow. A figure was moving below behind the hedge and now came clambering up the vines to Egypt's balcony. It was Faro. The hounds were baying in the distance, and were coming closer as he vaulted over the railing and entered by the window.

"How dare you?" breathed Egypt.

"I told you I would come for you," he said, quietly. "When they have called their dogs off, we will escape."

"There is no escape for me," said Egypt. "I shall not go."

A gentle tapping was heard at the door and Van Kleet entered. "Forgive me for this intrusion, my dear, but the sheriff is below and says the gypsy is in the house."

"He is not here," said Egypt, white-faced and trembling. But Van Kleet saw a movement behind the curtains, where Faro was hiding, and, striding over to him, drew the draperies aside.

"Yes, I am here," said Faro, stepping forward. "I have come to claim my promised bride."

"Your promised bride, as you call her," said Van Kleet, "will be my lawfully wedded wife in a few minutes."

"That shall never be," answered Faro. "Here and now, she must choose between us!"

Egypt spoke quietly. "I have already

given my answer. I shall marry Nicholas Van Kleet."

Van Kleet turned to Faro. "I trust you are satisfied. Now be off with you."

"You forget those pet lapdogs waiting below," sneered Faro.

"They shall be tied up until you can get away. I shall report that I have found no one here." He went out, leaving the two together.

"Egypt!" pleaded the gypsy. "Have you forgotten our betrothal ceremony in the forest? Have you forgotten the sign by which I sealed you mine and the love-charm I gave you? No, by Heaven! for you are wearing that charm now, even on your wedding dress!" He pointed to the great tourmaline, which Egypt had refused to

remove until the actual moment of the ceremony.

"I love you, Faro," said Egypt, sadly. "I have always loved you. But my father is a Gorgio, and I must take a Gorgio husband."

"But he is not your father! Faro Black lied! He confessed it on his deathbed. You are not the Gorgio's daughter. She died with her mother, who could not stand the stifling life of the people who live in houses. You are the child of the old chief's sister, and a gypsy born and bred. You can never be happy away from us. A Romany cannot mate with a Gorgio."

At such times as these it was Van Kleet alone who understood her, or tried to comfort her, and she did not even discourage him as her lover.



Egypt heard his statement in amazement.

"Then my very presence here has been a lie," she said, slowly. "I have no right to all these fine clothes."

"You have no right to be penned up in a house," flashed Faro. "You belong among your own people."

"Go," said Egypt. "I will follow you." Faro looked at her questioningly, but she reassured him. "You have my word. You are right—I belong to my own people. Go, my love."

And pausing only long enough to kiss the hem of her gown, Faro stepped outside to the balcony, and went the way he had come, while Egypt waited to write a note of explanation and regret for all the trouble she had unwittingly caused in the house of the rich Gorgio.

But Faro's departure from the house had been noted and, regardless of the wedding ceremony for which the guests were anxiously waiting, the dogs were again let loose and sent in pursuit of their prey. They soon closed in upon him. A group of the villagers saved him from their fangs, for they did not want the dogs to cheat them out of this revenge upon their marauder. Egypt, when she heard the alarm and knew that Faro was in danger, ran to the stables, dressed in her wedding gown as she was, and leaped upon her horse.

"We won't part yet, my beauty," she cried, lashing the animal into a furious gallop. She arrived before the sheriff's men could reach the spot on foot, and called to the angry mob to release the prisoner.

"Stop!" she cried. "You have the wrong man! This is not the gypsy you are looking for. I know them, the whole pack of them. Your man has gone that way!"

Her wild manner and her gestures, more



"How dare you?" breathed Egypt. "I told you I would come for you."

than her words, swept them off their feet, and before they knew it they were running in the direction toward which she pointed.

"Quick! Behind me!" said Egypt, and Young Faro vaulted lightly upon the horse. The two sped away and were soon lost to sight in the slowly gathering gloom.

Years after, Nicholas Van Kleet, on a jaunt in his touring-car, encountered some mechanical difficulty and sat beside the road while his chauffeur repaired the damage. A gypsy caravan came joggling along.

man," she said. "Just cross my palm with silver." Then, as he came nearer, "Nicholas!" she cried.

"Egypt! Are you well, and happy?"

"I am well, as you can see," she answered. "And as for being happy, there is my man, and here are my children. What more could I ask?"

And truly, in the eyes of this Romany woman there glowed a deep and abiding joy. Her husband, her children, and the open road—these constituted her heaven, and these were hers. Egypt had wisely heeded the call of her people.

When she had gone her way, Nicholas fell to wondering, and his reverie was at first regretful. How much of color seemed to have gone out of his life with the departure of this Romany woman! How much of life itself had been bound up in her dark, vivacious beauty, in the electric circle of personality which encompassed her! Truly, his life since had been bound in shallows, without great joys and without great sorrows, for one emotion does not come without the other as its fellow.

Had he married her?

Nicholas' heart gave a great leap — her vivid days might always have been vivid days for him; those sturdy children might have called him father; they might have left a hybrid heir whose gypsy blood and Amer-

ican solidity could have done mighty things for his people.

On the other hand—

Had she become his bride, she would have pined away like a creature in a cage.

Nicholas, by force of circumstances, had wisely heeded the call of *his* people.



and Faro, quietly. "When they have called their dogs off, we will escape."

Young Faro rode at its head and the first of the wagons contained Egypt and some gypsy children. One tugged at her skirts and another lay in her arms. She ordered the driver to stop the wagon, scenting an opportunity for the "dukkerin."

"I'll tell your fortune, my fine gentle-

The Lady of the Names

BUT LOUISE LOVELY FINALLY FOUND ONE THAT NO ONE COULD CRITICISE AND IT REMAINED



This turkey business isn't on a set; it's at home!

Photographs by Slagg



By K. Owen

IF there weren't anything in a name—a subject discussed with more or less acumen by the late Mr. Shakespeare—there would be no Louise Lovely. That is, there would be a Louise, but she wouldn't be Lovely. No, not just that, either. She'd be lovely just the same, but she wouldn't be Lovely. Now, that fixes it, the idea being to indicate that Miss Lovely owes her pulchritudinous cognomen to other than an accident of birth. Perhaps it was the inspiration of a publicity writer—or the hunch of an astute producer with a psychological tendency. At any rate, she who was once known otherwise now answers when messengers at Universal City page "Miss Lovely."

It is doubtful whether any actress of screen note has had more names than this same Miss Lovely. Three of them in the course of a year is quite some record.

When this curly blonde came from the Antipodes—a sort of pet name for Australia—she bore the somewhat stagey name of Louise Carbasse. It was a good enough name and had the additional merit of being her correct, christened name, but her first director was a German and he couldn't pronounce it. He suggested that some more simple surname be adopted and, willing to accommodate, Miss Carbasse adopted the Celtic name of Welch.

This name also had a peculiar merit in being one to which our



heroine was entitled by law. You see, she had married a man named Welch, so she was really and truly Mrs. Welch.

At about this time there was a name-changing epidemic at Universal City. Welch didn't sound classy enough to somebody or other, and as a result, the subject of this verbal close-up became Louise Lovely.

The most important fact in connection with Miss Carbasse-Welch-Lovely's life history is that it began in Sydney, Australia. It was here that she went on the stage at the age of nine years. She is of French-Australian parentage and was born on February 28, 1895. This makes her 22.

Miss Lovely made her screen debut in Australia with the Australian Biograph company. She was with that company for more than two years and then came east—

or west, whichever way they figure there—and landed on the shores of Universal City, of which she has been a citizeness ever since.

Of course no story is complete without something about the favorite recreation of the story's subject, and Miss Lovely says that hers is snow-shoeing, which she learned in Switzerland, where she received her education.

Miss Lovely has appeared in a number of Blue-Bird photoplays, which are the best product of Universal, her favorite among them being "Bettina Loved a Soldier." One of her more recent plays is "The Gift Girl." If Louise enlisted, an official once-over would show that she was two inches over five feet tall, weighs 125 pounds and has Civil War-ish eyes—blue-grey.

T E L L E G E N T E L L I N G ' E M



Not satisfied with being Alcalde of the Only-Their-Husbands Club, and an actor of international celebrity as well, Low-Tellegen, the same that led Geraldine Farrar to a marriage license, is now a Lasky director. He is seen here in a "lot" conferece with studio-manager Milton Hoffman (at his left) and art-director Wilfred Buckland.

CHAPLIN LINES UP A SCENE FOR HIMSELF



Photo by Stagg

A recent study of the director-comedian in his Los Angeles studio, preparing for the beginning of a new picture.

COME with Henry C. Rowland on his charming journey through the green glistening isles of the Pacific where romance flourishes as unhampered as the warm trades that continually blow over their coral shores.

Listen to him while he spins this extraordinary yarn, "Pearls of Desire," an epic romance of the South Seas to which all men yearn to go.

Jack Kavanagh's longing then was not unusual. He had tired of the States and their humdrum existence and the unrest that was his took him down to Kailu in the South Pacific, there to take charge of a pearl concession with Harris as superintendent.

Life on Kailu for Kavanagh and Harris was life primitive except for the few reminders of back home civilization that they kept with them. They ate when hungry and they drank when dry and their manners and clothes they let go to the devil—almost.

And then one day Captain Bill Connor's old schooner *Favorite* dropped her mud hook in the lagoon, and life on Kailu picked up—Captain Billy's passengers were a Massachusetts bishop, his sister, Mrs. Alice Stormsby, and last and most proper, her niece Enid Weare, as beautiful as she was prudish, and not, so her aunt said, "the marrying sort", in fact rather a man hater.

The visitors accepted Kavanagh's hospitality and after a few days the bishop surprised him with a request that he and the two women be allowed to accompany him in his expedition down to Trocadero island to look over a new pearl concession—and Kavanagh gave permission. Almost anyone would with Mrs. Stormsby's warm eyes upon him and the lovely proportions of Enid constantly before his eyes.

The expedition set out in Kavanagh's ancient schooner *Circe*, which he intended replacing with a new one purchased in Samoa as soon as he could reach the latter group. On board, besides the visitors, were Charley Dollar, a Kanaka overseer, and the pearling crew; and one and all they agreed that Enid Weare was the "prissiest" girl they had ever encountered. The first days on Kailu had indicated that; even the sight of the half-clad natives aroused her to a sort of shame, and she flew into a sudden anger if anyone looked at her ankles, which were distinctly worth looking at.

After ten years of the free and easy life of the Pacific, it is rather vexing to be continually on one's guard for fear of offending the silly sensibility of a prudish schoolgirl. The slightest casual reference to anything not of a strictly censored

conventionality was enough to tighten the corners of her prim lips (which from their contour certainly looked to be fashioned for kisses rather than criticism) and to draw a fine line down the middle of her smooth, wide forehead. The second day out, she had mistaken the time and come on deck half an hour too early, to find Kavanagh in pajamas, brushing his teeth, and from her behavior for the next several hours, one might have thought that she had burst inadvertently upon a saturnalia. He felt like boxing her small, pink ears, with a good shake to follow, and had much ado to be polite.

Even that man of God, the fatuous bishop, got on her bad books at times. He held himself a bit of a dog and had a repertoire of what he was pleased to consider risqué stories (save the mark) older than the schooner and which might have been told with discretion in any girl's sem-

inary. One which he narrated with many sly chuckles when primed with port had to do with the lady who "slipped on something and came down" (Charley Dollar's grandfather had probably heard the tale) and at its conclusion Miss Enid must needs rise in her wrath with a face like a thunder squall, dark with lurid edges, and slam into her stateroom with a vehemence which threatened the door. When seated on the breezy deck, let the spill of the mainsail or any wanton eddy raise the hem of her skirt to reveal an inch or two of ankle and she would spring to her feet with a sudden flush of anger on her boyish face and a quick glance of intolerance at whatever man was nearest, as though he were responsible for this elemental disrespect. When Charley Dollar passed her, the neck

of his blouse open to reveal a fragment of the tattooing which covered his great, bronzed chest, she would avert her eyes with an involuntary contraction of her features which seemed to increase the upward rake of her slightly tilted nose.

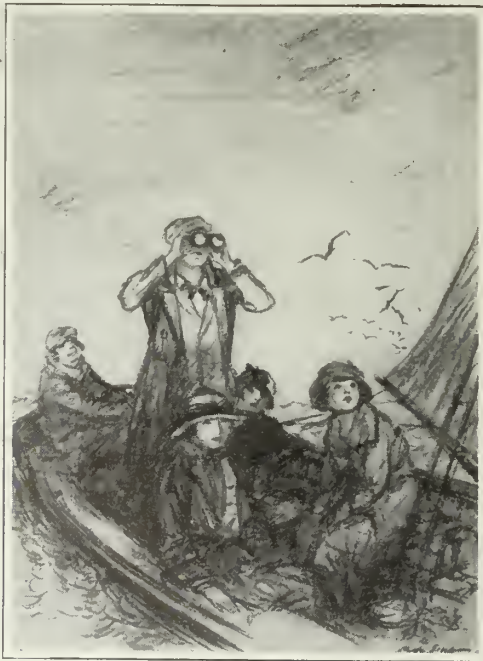
Twenty-five miles from Trocadero, a howling South Sea squall spanked the *Circe* on the quarter, twisted and bent her and finally drove her on a reef. In the chaos that followed Kavanagh and Enid necessarily were thrown closer together than before—and she became more of an enigma.

All hands turned to load the boats with equipment and stores and set out for Trocadero, where they arrived safely. Here was a desert isle, here was the primitive and here two men and two women, and one of them "too nice for words," must live until the boat crew which had been dispatched for help could

return with another vessel—possibly ten days.

In the midst of this predicament hard luck took a hand; pirate hordes from a neighboring group raided the island.

PRECEDING CHAPTERS OF Pearls of Desire



Pearls of Desire

A Twentieth-Century Romance of the South
Seas—the most remarkable story of the year.

By Henry C. Rowland

Illustrations by Henry Raleigh

CHAPTER V

ALONG the beach I went, half mad, mumbling and biting at my knuckles in the impotence of grief and rage. I rounded the little rock promontory behind which was the small bight where lay our camp and then as the bungalows came in view I fetched up with a sort of incoherent whimper and both hands flew up to shield my eyes. There was the flash of a moving object in the doorway of the ladies' bungalow; a pale-blue object, and as the cry of relief was wrenched out of me the bishop bareheaded and in his silk pajamas appeared against the black interior and stood for an instant staring in my direction. Then, with a cry he started towards me on a run; a ridiculous bobbing run as his short, corpulent figure was put into this unaccustomed motion. He had almost reached me when another figure draped in shimmering white appeared for a moment framed in the doorway of the bungalow, then vanished. I burst into a sob of relief.

But there was no emotion of thankfulness and prayer expressed on the bishop's crimson face as he pulled up in front of me and stood panting, too winded to speak. And then, catching his breath there poured out of his reverend mouth such a torrent of profane objurgation as would have got him unfrocked in the first two words could they have been heard by a synod of his fellow ecclesiastics. Not to give evidence injurious to a guest in holy orders I shall exercise a censorship on his immediate remarks. In his heat and wrath, with his bulbous figure ill-concealed beneath his diaphanous sleeping garments, he looked like an enraged Gaminus.

"Curse those —— black devils!" he roared. "They've gone and stripped us clean. They haven't left us a —— shoe-

string beyond what you see. Where were you, sir? I say, where were you? Do you call this a way to protect your defenseless guests? Why were you not here? I expected every moment to hear the crack of your rifle from the cliffs and see one of their damned crew sent to Hades! They sneaked upon us in our sleep. There was not so much as a chance to grab up a stick or stone. I have never felt such a fool in all my life!"

I could only stand and goggle at him. The revulsion of feeling swept away all power of speech or action. I had expected to come upon almost anything horrible or ghastly and here was the bishop pivoting and gesticulating, swaying on his short pedicles like a captive balloon in a gust of wind. His face was purple; the perspiration had glued his thin pajamas to his rotund form like wet tissue paper and his spherical paunch shook convulsively like that of Santa Claus in "The Night Before Christmas," though not from merriment. And then, as the reaction enveloped me I became the silly victim of irrepressible mirth. An hysterical bleat that was half a sob wrenched loose from me; my legs buckled and let me down on the sand in a fit of insane and riotous laughter. This so incensed the bishop as to deprive him utterly of speech and then, being a good old soul at heart, the humor of the situation suddenly thrust back his flood of wrath and he broke into an asthmatic cackle.

"And the ladies?" I gasped presently, wiping my eyes.

"They are even worse off than ourselves," he sputtered. "Dammit sir, they haven't a stitch but their silk nighties which are about as much protection as mosquito netting. The only wonder is that the black bandits left them those. They have stripped us clean of every blessed thing but what we have on. The first I

knew of their presence was a poke in the brisket and I awoke to see a horrible black mushroom-eared devil prodding at me with the butt of a spear. Then came some screams from the ladies' bungalow and we were hauled out and flung down in the midst of a nightmarish rabble that mowed and gibbered at us like a band of demons from the pit. Two of them stood guard over us with their spears while the others looted the premises. They took our clothes, our bedding, curtains, the sails with all of our household goods and chattels, even to the cooking utensils. They would have taken the stove if it had not been so heavy. That I believe is the only article they left, and one can't wear the stove. What the devil *can* we wear?"

I stared at him aghast, then asked feebly how the ladies had stood the ordeal.

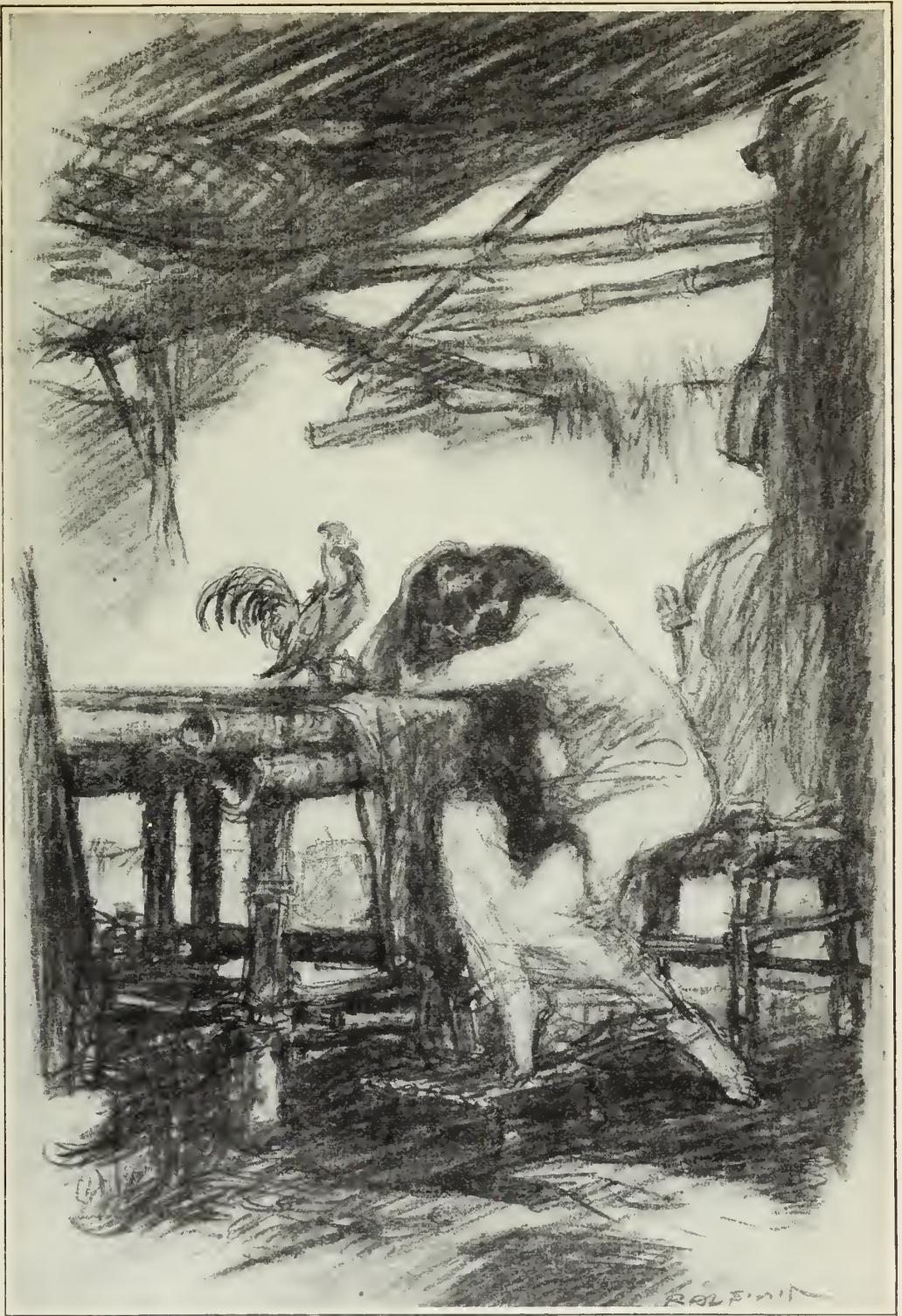
"Like Spartan women. They were more furious than afraid—especially Enid. I was afraid that they would get themselves knocked in the head or speared. An emaciated old horror tugged at Enid's gown to rip it off and she fetched him a rap that keeled him over. The others seemed to take it as a joke and grimaced and chattered like a band of apes. Yet they seemed rather awed at the ladies and did not offer any further violence, appearing to consider that they had made a good enough haul. It is a lucky thing for us that you stowed the guns and those stores in the cave for they took every bit of food about the place and left us a tub of filthy stinking dried fish in exchange. But what are we going to do for clothes? There is not a stitch of textile in the whole damn place. I suppose it scarcely becomes my cloth to express myself in this way, but as I have no cursed cloth beside what you see I don't care a damn if it doesn't! What is there as a makeshift? We have got to find some blasted thing to cover us, and quick, as Enid is having a regular fit. She is like a crazy girl, what with her outraged modesty and the prospect of nothing to put on."

I pondered the problem. Our stores contained no cloth of any kind nor were they themselves any too abundant as for convenience we had placed much of the canned goods and flour and beans and other staples in the bungalow. But the question of clothing was most pressing, for comfort's as well as modesty's sake. The nights

can be chilly even on the equator. So the situation, while ridiculous in a way, had its very serious aspect, and for the life of me I could see no immediate solution to the problem. The vegetable growth of the island was dry, brittle and impossible to weave. Thinking of bodily covering naturally suggested animal integuments and that in turn proposed the possibility of birdskins as a medium for our protection against changes of temperature, but that entailed the shooting and skinning of a good many wild-fowls, to say nothing of tanning and stitching together. I was considering the feasibility of this when the bishop said: "Here comes Alice. Perhaps she may be able to suggest something. She's got a good head, has Alice."

GLANCING at Alice as she approached us I agreed with him, and a little more. "Merely her walk proclaimed her a goddess," I translated in my mind, and felt suddenly abashed and unworthy. I was convinced that I could have prevented all of this mess if I had only been on the spot at the time instead of washing my clothes and catching little fish. I could have prevented it not by potting these aborigines from the cliffs, which would probably have led to immediate retaliation and the massacre of my guests, but by talking to the raiders and managing to convince them that it would be well worth their while not only to leave us in peace but to serve us to the best of their considerable ability in advertising our predicament throughout adjacent islands where traders occasionally called on the off chance of a little business. I was by that time fairly well-known throughout that wide-flung area of sea and scattered islands, not only in trade circles but as a sort of self-instituted police official who had undertaken the suppression of certain forms of lawlessness, not only as regarded aborigines, but their abusers, notably one Captain Drake, a well-bred scoundrel whom I had twice jacked up before a Pacific tribunal only to have him escape through lack of courageous witnessses of his misdeeds.

Returning to Alice Stormsby and clothes (or the lack of them), I felt curiously embarrassed at her approach and repressed with some difficulty a strong



Here was Enid . . . her dark wavy hair tumbled over her bare shoulders, making little gasping sobs.

desire to decamp. But this passed immediately upon my glancing at her calm, but worried face, and finding there not the slightest hint of self-consciousness. She walked straight to where we were standing and she might have been clad in the latest tailor-made model so far as concerned any perceptible shrinking in her manner.

"This is a nice mess, Jack," said she. "Has your ingenuity anything to suggest?"

I tried to tell her how much I deplored the catastrophe, but she cut me short. "You are not to blame," said she, "and, anyhow, that is not the point. Enid is having the most awful tantrum and absolutely refuses to be reasonable. She says that she will not stir from the bungalow unless you and Geoffrey move your quarters to the other side of the beach and agree not to come within sight of this place."

"But that is absurd," the bishop expostulated. "We can't leave you here to shift for yourselves, and think how dreary it would be."

I asked irritably if the girl took us for a couple of satyrs and added that she would have to be sensible and make the best of it until I could manage to get some bird skins, when it would be possible to construct some sort of garment. The bishop endorsed my remarks. "After all," said he, "there is nothing to be ashamed of. It is God that made us and not we ourselves and perhaps this experience may be intended as a lesson to us not to dwell too greatly on the importance of vain things nor to shrink at the innocent exposure of our earthly tenements. Where there is no lewd suggestion there can be no disgrace. Go tell her to come out and get it over with and not play the silly little prude. The situation is difficult enough without any further complications."

To these sensible words Mrs. Stormsby shook her head. Enid was utterly impossible, she said, and furiously declined to listen to any argument on the subject. The mere suggestion that we should mingle thus lightly clad seemed to arouse her almost to the point of hysteria. And there we were.

Turning the situation in my mind I decided to take a drastic step and put an

end to this foolishness. It might be days before we should be able to fabricate bird-skin garments and in the meantime we could not think of isolating the ladies, nor could Enid be permitted to stick to the sanctuary of the bungalow. Such a measure would be bad for her nerves and might endanger her health. I pointed this out to the others and finished by stating that in my opinion it would be merely the first exposure which would upset her and that thereafter she would quickly accustom herself to the situation. An artist's model no doubt finds the first denouement very trying and subsequently becomes indifferent to the business. What I therefore proposed was that we utterly ignore Enid's insistence on seclusion, treating it as the caprice of a petulant child and obliging her to make the best of it and accept what she could not help.

At this practically brutal suggestion the bishop looked rather scared while Alice Stormsby appeared dubious. "She would loathe you for the rest of her life, Jack," was her cheerful assurance, "and I am not sure but that the shock to her feelings would produce a nervous crisis or something of the sort. Might it not be better to give her a little time to adapt herself to the situation by degrees?"

"No," I answered. "That would simply mean letting her mope in the cabin and brood over what she would fancy our disregard for her feelings. Let's go in there right now and tell her that she has just got to forget her false modesty and continue to do her share in our daily routine. It is going to be hard enough for the four of us without any superfluous annoyances such as catering to the whim of a spoiled child. We have lost the bulk of our stores and we shall have to help out our larder by fishing and fowling and some truck gardening. To-morrow I shall clear a patch and plant some corn and potatoes on the off chance of there being any hitch in our rescue. Now let us go in and talk to the young lady."

But the craven bishop hung back. He had once or twice seen his niece in one of her fits of anger and held her personality in a considerable amount of awe. Alice Stormsby also offered some feeble demur, muttering something about being afraid that Enid would never speak to her again were she to assist in forcing her



I had shortened her lead and though scarcely able to see for the blood and pain in my eyes, managed to scramble up and nearly overtake her.

hand, so with a shrug of impatience I turned and started for the bungalow.

ENID was surely taking the whole thing pretty badly because on drawing near I heard her low, choking sobs. Perhaps that should have given me pause, but on the contrary, I felt more than ever convinced that this sort of thing should not be allowed to continue, for danger of the girl's working herself into a shockingly nervous state. After all, a fit of anger is more salutary than brooding over outraged sensibilities, so I slipped inside precisely as I would have done under ordinary circumstances.

A peculiar tableau presented itself. Here was Enid sitting with her elbows on the dining table, her face in her hands and her dark, wavy hair tumbled over her bare shoulders, making little gasping sobs, and at the same time instinctively protecting her ear from the inquisitive and sympathetic pecks of a diminutive bantam cock who had apparently installed himself as her knight errant. I had taken this little warrior aboard on our sailing from Kialu because Enid and he had developed a friendship and I thought he might amuse her *en voyage*. Our poultry was Shanghai stock and there was a gangly cockerel of this breed in the selected stock aboard. Little Dicky (the bantam), whose head came about even with the big Shanghai's spur had lost no time in establishing his moral supremacy, and bullied that big rooster to the point where he thought twice before starting to crow!

Enid, by some peculiar grace of hers, had made Dicky accept himself seriously as her devoted champion. He did not like me because I sometimes teased him, scuffling a foot in his direction at the risk of a jab in the leg from his long, curved, needle-pointed spurs. So now, as the doorway framed me he cocked his head in my direction, filled his small chest, and gave vent to a challenging crow.

Enid roused herself a little, pushed the hair back from her shoulders, and thinking, apparently, that it was Alice Stormsby who had entered, asked in a stifled voice and without looking up: "Well, have you sent them away?"

"See here, Enid," I answered, "this won't do. We are all in the same boat and you'll have to turn to and lend a hand."

And then the magazine exploded. I doubt that she had heard what I said, because at the first sound of my voice she seemed to become galvanized. She sprang up, capsizing the stool on which she was sitting and turned to me a face which was white to the lips.

"You—!" she cried, chokingly, and grabbed at the neck of her *robe de nuit*. "How dare you! Get out of here . . . !"

"Don't be silly," I answered. "This is no time for such performances. We have been stripped of all our gear and we've got to keep our heads and study ways and means if we don't want to suffer real privation. . . ."

I might as well have talked to the ignited fuse of a stick of dynamite, requesting it not to blow up. My words said nothing to her. She surged against the table . . . and Dicky teetered on its rim like a performing fowl. No profaned modesty was now evident in Enid. She was in a white rage which took no heed of anything beyond the shame of my presence there.

"Will you go?" she gasped, and then as I did not move she whipped suddenly about in her tracks and swinging down gripped the stool by one leg. I saw her amiable intention, and having no wish to receive that piece of furniture in the face, took a stride forward and gripped her wrists.

"Stop it," I said. "Haven't you any sense? Behave yourself and be reasonable. Here we are stripped clean. Most of our stores are gone. I want you to help me set the seine. Your aunt is laid up with her ankle and the bishop and I can't manage it alone. . . ."

She tore herself out of my grasp with a strength which was amazing for so exquisitely formed a girl. Then, seeing that she was launched on some attempt of violence, whether to herself or me, I seized her by the shoulders. She fought like a fury and while I was trying to control her there came a flutter of feathers in my face and I felt a piercing, agonizing pain just under my left eye. Enid was panting and snarling like a trapped lynx, I trying to restrain her for the good of us both, and in the scrimmage here came Dicky again and planted his wicked little spur so that I felt it grit against my cheekbone. Then

he fell off the table, but quite undaunted, stabbed me in the patellar ligament, just above the knee-cap.

IS it possible to imagine anything more shamefully ridiculous? Here was I struggling to hold this furious girl in her flimsy silk nightgown, and to do so without undue violence, while an absurd little bantam was punching my hide full of holes. In fact, I was sure that he had got one eye to his score for it became immediately suffused with blood and hurt intolerably. The pain of it and the curiosity to discover whether it was still in working order led me to shift my hold on Enid's shoulders, and the next instant she had wrenched herself free and darted through the door. Then, as I plunged gropingly after her I collided with the table and here was that little feathered fury in my face again, after the other eye, and nearly getting it, too, for he gashed the brow so that it hung down over the lid. Dicky's fighting methods were those of a jiu-jitsu wrestler whom I once saw in a bout with a German twice his size and weight. He went after that Teuton's joints and ligaments in their order of importance and with conscientious thoroughness, managing to sprain them in succession until his big antagonist lay crippled and helpless.

So it was with Dicky, who no doubt reasoned that while his spur might not be deep enough to reach a vital point, yet it would serve to blind me and thus render me innocuous. He nearly managed it, too. I caught him in one hand as I staggered through the door and have always been proud of the fact that I did not squeeze his little body to a pulp as I felt like doing, but merely tossed him behind me. His triumphant crow followed me as I started in pursuit of Enid, who had already a good start, and was running swiftly down the beach toward the rocky promontory about two hundred yards away, her transparent nightdress fluttering in the breeze.

The bishop, his eyes like blue china saucers, shouted something after me and Alice gave a little scream at sight of my face. She thought that Enid had been doing a tidy bit of gouging. And so this absurd and shocking chase became a hue and cry, for Alice fell in after me and the

bishop puffed along in her wake at a discreet distance. It makes me blush to recall the beastly business and even as I lumped along, half-seeing, I was cursing myself for an infatuated idiot ever to have imagined that I had any of the requisite qualities for the taming of a shrew.

It seems incredible that a healthy girl of sound mind should prefer drowning herself than to live and move and have her being in a pink silk nightgown before the eyes of a recent male acquaintance, who was yet a man of honor, withal, and she duly chaperoned by a fat bishop and a widowed aunt in similar tenue. But at that particular moment she was not of sound mind, having just passed through an ordeal which was enough to destroy the mental equilibrium of any woman, first in awakening to find herself in the hands of naked savages, and then in having her privacy so crudely invaded by a rough-spoken person in pajamas and of the hated sex. She was outraged, furious and frenzied and for the moment preferred death to further indignity, and this choice became immediately obvious to me, for she sprang lightly up on the whale-backed rock which jutted out into the lagoon and started to run to its extremity. But I had shortened her lead and though scarcely able to see for the blood and pain in my eyes managed to scramble up and nearly overtake her when she flung herself into the deep, green water. It was a sharky-looking place under the ledge, but there was no help for it, so I took a running dive and grabbed her about a fathom down and dragged her to the surface.

Then for a moment I had my hands full, for she was strong and more athletic than one would have imagined from her full, rounded figure. If there were any sharks about they must have started their engines, put their helms down and stood out to sea with all possible despatch, for we made more rumpus than a stern-wheeled steamboat, lashing about in the water like a turbine. But the agony of the bitter brine in my eyes gave me an unnatural strength, and presently she went limp in my clutch and I drew her to the ledge and delivered her into the trembling hands of her relatives. It was all that I could do to crawl out myself and what



Her robe de nuit was torn away from her shoulders, on the round softness of which I caught



sight of the livid prints left by my fingers.

with the effort and the shock of recent events and the unendurable pain of my eyes, everything turned black and I lost consciousness. It must be remembered that I was but recently convalescent from such an attack of fever as might easily have done for one less tough of fiber and had not yet regained a third of my normal force. The last thing I remember was the bishop's tremulous voice as he gasped in horror: "My God . . . what's happened to his eyes?"

CHAPTER VI

THE very intensity of the pain which had caused me to faint may have had some effect in restoring my senses, for presently I opened my lids only to shut them again with a groan. But in that brief second I discovered that I was not totally blind, as yet, at least, and also that Enid had apparently got suddenly sane. My glimpse revealed her sitting at my elbow, leaning over me and staring at my face with an expression of terrified dismay. It was evident that she had dismissed all thought of herself, for her *robe de nuit* was torn away from her shoulders, on the soft roundness of which I caught sight of the livid prints left by my fingers.

Alice was supporting my head. She asked me gently how I felt.

"Like a fool," I answered. "However, that is quite natural and serves me right. I imagine that Enid need have no more fear of my gazing on her scant attire."

"What do you mean?" Enid asked in a trembling voice. "Can't you see?"

"Not very well," I said, "besides, it hurts too much to try. I rather imagine I'm destined to share the fate of the peeping Tom who spied on Lady Godiva. Have I any eyes left?" And I tried to open them.

"The left one is rather badly torn," said Alice, "but the damage to the right does not appear to have injured the eyeball so far as one can see." Her rather low-pitched voice vibrated with anger. "How could you have done such a thing, Enid?"

"But I tell you I didn't!" she protested. "I have no idea how it happened."

"Enid is not to blame," I said. "It was

that infernal little Dicky. He flew into my face and spurred me."

"Well, upon my word!" gasped the bishop. "That silly little rooster gouge you up like that? As if we had not our share of misfortune already. And those horrible black brutes have not left us as much as a pinch of tobacco or a drop of stimulant. What would we better do for you, my dear Jack?"

I told him as good a treatment as any which I could think of would be to rip off the sleeve of my pajamas, wring it out in sea water and put a compress over my eyes. The brine stung bitterly, but I had an idea that it might prove cleansing. This was accordingly done and we sought the shelter of the camp, Alice and Enid, the latter strangely docile, guiding my steps. In the cool darkness of the bungalow we held a council of war. As the first prime necessity seemed to be that of bodily covering I suggested getting the shotgun and ammunition from the cave in the cliffs and proceeding to slaughter sea-birds with all possible despatch. There would be no difficulty about this as the wild-fowl scarcely took the trouble to get out of one's way and it would not require many of the big gull-albatross that thronged on Trocadero to make a proper garment. I could skin these birds blindfolded as well as with the use of my eyes and after being roughly tanned they could be stitched together with strands of fish-line. The surgical kit was with our other supplies in the cavern and contained some curved Hagedorn needles which would prove just the trick for this sort of dress-making. So the bishop departed to carry out my advice, albeit with many misgivings as to scaling the cliff.

FOR the next five or six days the women must have suffered considerably, though with never an audible complaint. They collected dried seaweed for beds and went up to the lake to fish in the early hours of the morning. The bishop also succeeded excellently well in his fowling and never lost his cheerful optimism, though at first the climbing and other physical effort must have hit him pretty hard. For my part, I was obliged to remain in the bungalow with bandaged eyes, as the slightest degree of light was insupportable. However, I was able to prepare the

bird-skins and do sundry little jobs through the sense of touch. Thanks to clean tissues, my eyes mended speedily and at the end of five days I was able to dispense with the bandages in the shade.

Oddly enough, or perhaps naturally enough, Enid, having once been brought to her senses and the responsibilities of the situation, shed all her silly scruples and accepted the necessities of the case with uncomplaining philosophy. There may have been some truth in my theories about getting used to things, because even after the removal of my bandages she seemed utterly indifferent to the scantiness of her attire, even in my presence. After all, a return to nature is far less difficult than one might imagine. The principles of nature are basic ones and not to be hampered by artificial conventions—especially when the latter are out of reach.

In fact, we all became amazingly accustomed to our condition and soon lost sight of its outrageous aspects, becoming reconciled to mere physical comfort apart from all idea of luxury. The feature which undoubtedly helped us the most was that of necessary occupation, often fatiguing, and the fact that we began to feel so fit. Nature was surely and swiftly effacing the effects of self-indulgence in each of us. We ate less, but with ravenous appetites, slept less, but more refreshingly and worked hard to make our position as comfortable as possible against the change of season which we might presently expect. The result of this regime soon became apparent in our physical economies. The bishop from resembling a Bacchus or Gambrinus began to assume the proportions of a Vulcan. The outlines of his heavy muscles became evident through their waning superficial layer of adipose tissue; his complexion cleared and tanned and his full jowls contracted to show the strong, firm bony structures beneath. His eyes cleared from a rheumy blue to a bright alertness and the very workings of his mind showed the regeneration of latent mental faculties.

Similar changes were also apparent in Alice and Enid. The latter particularly lost much of her plump roundness and showed bone and muscle, while not becoming actually thin. Her step and carriage and physical exertions suggested a dancer in the pink of condition. Alice, always

svelte and supple, became more than ever like a lioness or tigress, and seemed utterly tireless. Neither woman seemed to burn nor tan, despite the exposure to the sun, but their skins acquired a rich, ivory tone and texture.

As for myself, I put on weight instead of taking it off, probably because my former routine had entailed very little muscular effort and my tissues may have suffered from lack of work and its ensuing tonicity of fiber. My eyes were not long in healing, the damage being mostly to the conjunctivae, more from Dicky's talons than his spurs, and not involving the cornea. In fact, the stab over the knee proved to be more serious, as being a punctured wound from the little devil's spur it got infected and required incision, laming me for nearly three weeks. However, that too, eventually healed.

EVEN before we were able to avail ourselves of the feathered tunics we had ceased to feel any particular need of clothes, morally as well as physically. We moved about with the calm dignity of Olympians, and we felt an Olympian life and vigor and the rush of clean, strong blood in our veins. It seemed almost as though we were absorbing Nature's vital elixirs through our nearly naked skins, breathing with them as it were, inhaling strong etheric principles and exhaling those waste products which serve to clog and hamper free metabolism. Also we became indifferent to thermic changes. The sudden alterations of heat and cold which had at first distressed us now became refreshing and stimulating with no sense of disagreeable shock. The hot scorch of the sun was pleasant when not too extreme, and so was the fresh draught of the trades which had at first contained a chill. Our skin surfaces were being put through a course of calisthenics which trained them to react immediately and to maintain an equilibrium of temperature.

During this period of change Enid proved an interesting human study to me. The combination of things appeared to have done something to her nature, developing it along different lines. It almost seemed as if the shock to her properties had left them paralyzed to a great extent while at the same time liberating a certain recklessness of manner which

sometimes swung, I thought, to the other extreme. She reminded me of a shy, reserved and oversensitive boy, who, from being tied to his mother's apron-strings, is sent off to a big boarding school and comes home after his first term with a bit of a swagger and a package of cigarettes concealed about his person. This self-contained and prudish maiden, now that the props of polite society had been knocked from under her, seemed to be relapsing to the pure and simple pagan. It was as though she had been bereft of her conventional ideas with the loss of their proper setting, and did not regret them.

For my part I liked her better in this new phase. She was gayer and more companionable, though sometimes with a certain contemptuous cut to her careless comments on topics which formerly she could not have been brought to discuss; matters pertaining to sentiment and romance and friendship and even love. For all these abstract qualities she professed a mocking disregard and her profession of this was not always polite. I observed also a certain change in her manner to us others; not precisely a lessened respect, but something approaching it. She joked the bishop on his increasing symmetry of form, assuring him that a few more months of island life might make him quite a decent figure of a man and a possible candidate for athletic honors. From the day of our encounter she called me "Jack" and, the danger to my eyes a thing of the past, she sometimes poked fun at me for having been put *hors de combat* by a bantam rooster. As to her state of *deshabille*, from the time of her outburst she appeared to give it never a thought, but this condition was soon remedied; it did not take us long to make very serviceable and picturesque tunics from our bird-skin material, and when my bandage was discarded I found both her and Alice clad in feathery tunics reaching a little below the knee and held at the waist by withes of bark. Arms and ankles were bare, and developing some skill as a cobbler. I soon shod them with bark sandals. We also plaited conical hats from split palm leaves, and thus costumed, the women presented very curious but charming figures. The bishop and I fashioned ourselves kilts from the same integuments, though ours were

devoid of plumage and tanned into a hide resembling fine kid. There was no lack of this supply nor was it necessary to exhaust our ammunition in procuring it, as the fowl could be taken easily at night with the aid of a stick and a lantern.

I think that Alice and the bishop were rather worried at this peculiar *volte face* of Enid, and I sometimes caught the eyes of the former resting on her niece with an expression of curious anxiety. For my part it was as I have said—a thoroughly welcome change, and one which seemed not unnatural and justifying my theories. Four people of normal intelligence cast away upon a desert island, then stripped of their goods and forced to the exercise of their ingenuity, could hardly be expected to observe their former habits of mind in regard to social intercourse. Enid's position was not dissimilar to that of a nurse in time of war, who, after her first shock at the brutal stripping of superficialities, reorganizes her peace-time ethics, rolls up her sleeves and turns to with the determination to do her bit.

DAYS passed; weeks passed, and still no sign of a sail on the horizon. I began to feel a certain anxiety about the boats, though I could not see how any ill might have befallen them, for they were ably manned, staunch and sound, amply provisioned and the weather had remained fixed fair. It seemed to me most probable that they had arrived at their destinations, but that no vessel was immediately available for our relief. Nevertheless the stores were running low in spite of the strictest economy, and I was getting worried. I had set the seine in the ruffle behind the bar, hauling it every morning so that we had an abundance of sea food, but one cannot live indefinitely on fish.

Things were getting to this pass when one late afternoon Alice and I climbed to the top of Trocadero's higher tower to search the horizon for a sail. This time we found it at the very first glance over the brim of the cliff; a rosy little speck against the streaming color behind. Here was no question of doubt. This schooner was coming to our relief. There was nothing else to bring a vessel to Trocadero.

"Your period of exile is over," I said

to Alice, and then, as she did not answer, I asked her: "Aren't you glad?"

She shrugged. "Oh, yes, I suppose so. Let's go back, if you don't mind."

"What is the hurry?" I asked. "We have plenty of time to pack. That schooner is flat becalmed about fifteen miles away and can't possibly get here before noon to-morrow. You don't need to start pruning your feathers for another twelve hours."

She passed her fingers through the plumage which covered her breast and looked at me with a peculiar smile.

"I rather like my feathers, Jack," she said.

"They become you," I answered. "This whole place is a perfect setting for you," and I spoke the truth. She was splendid as she strode along the summit of the wild and desolate island. Her thick, ruddy hair was twisted snugly about her regal head, which was beautifully poised with a vigorous sweep of neck and throat, and the full, proud bosom beneath. Her long, round arms were bare to the shoulder, ivory-tanned with dimpled elbows, and they swung freely as she walked. The breeze rippled a tunic of downy seabird plumage, snow-white running into a delicate pearl gray, gathered at the waist by a belt and spreading almost jauntily over the hips to descend a little below her round knees. She wore bark sandals, the withes which held them crossing over the leg and fastened just about the calf. She carried a light spear which I had manufactured for spearing the larger fish sometimes taken in our net.

Feeling my eyes upon her she turned her head and looked at me questioningly for an instant, when the color crept into her face.

"**B**E good, Jack," said she. "You have been such a dear all this time."

"You have been under my care," I answered, "but now that we are about to be rescued my responsibility is over."

She laughed. "Is that a threat? I'm not afraid. You are such a lofty-principled, chivalrous, pedantic old dear. I don't believe you ever kissed a woman in your life."

"I have, though," I retorted, rather nettled at her charge of pedantry, which

(Continued on page 167)

C L O S E - U P S

EDITORIAL EXPRESSION AND TIMELY COMMENT

Brady, the Imperturbable.

SENATOR HARVEY HINMAN, while arguing for the New York State tax on picture manufacturers—the Wheeler bill—was interrupted by William A. Brady, who asked, in his steel-file voice: “Why don’t you tax the theatres and all forms of amusement?”

“Excellent idea!” returned Senator Hinman, laconically. He continued.

“Why don’t you tax some of the high-salaried stars?” cut in Brady again, not thinking of anyone in the World corporation. Hinman was forewarned, now, and as a certain revolver ad asserts: “Forewarned is forearmed.” Without changing the pitch of his voice, he said:

“I am told that Mr. Brady’s daughter Alice receives such a large salary that her father takes away half of it and banks it for her.”

“Good father!” shouted the undismayed Mr. Brady.

The New Trek to California.

DURING the last thirty days New York film manufacturers have done more westwardhoing than in the whole previous history of the industry. The fact that you may not have heard the new cry is partly explained by the noisy avalanche of war; partly by the fact that all things save holocausts have ceased to be matters of general news in the kaleidoscopic moving picture business.

Vitagraph, it is said, is arranging an early and complete departure to Los Angeles. Other companies are planning to do likewise.

For one thing, Eastern light is hopelessly independable. Once in a while, crystalline skies and arc-like sunshine, à la Hollywood; depend on it, and you get a gray drizzle. The agitation of the Wheeler tax bill has also been a prying lever for dislodgment.

Only a year ago there were suave statements that Los Angeles’ high tide was subsiding; that in a pair of years at most the greatest filmeries of the world would line the Hudson and make Long Island transparent.

A Lowden Come to Judgment.

THE complacent legislature of Illinois reviewed a bill introduced by a colored member and designed to make all pictures such as “The Birth of a Nation” impossible in the future. Pretending to stop exhibitions tending to class or race hatred, it was really a political lever which might be used to stop anything. They passed the bill.

But Governor Lowden, the punchful gentleman-farmer, vetoed it with such decision that he set both houses by the ears.

There is hope in high places for freedom of expression.

Fine Arts—
Salve Atque
Vale—.

HAIL and farewell, Fine Arts! If Biograph was the cradle, you have been the kindergarten of the movies. Nor is this said in disrespect to the discerning directors and the excellent actors and the brilliant stories which have been beyond your walls. You have held quality, and have been exceptional in quantity. You have poured forth simple, throbbing tales of human life. You have taken boys and girls and made them world-renowned. You have conquered the supremely necessary art of the subtitle as no one else has conquered it. You have held to sincerity, naturalness, fidelity, always. You have made fewer melodramas than most, but you have thrust deeper at our hearts and intellects. You will always be a chief foundation-stone in the great temple of sun-limned art just rising. We do not mourn your end, for your renown is durable as a diamond, and your splendid people, your inspirations, your beliefs, have gone into every corner of the reflection world.



Persuasive
Preparedness.

A SALESMAN for a well-known but expensive brand of motion picture projector, in St. Louis, was endeavoring to dispose of his machine to a somewhat unsophisticated exhibitor from Arkansas. The exhibitor, who had yet to sling his first thousand feet over the heads of his audience, was sure of just two things: that he was being charged too much, and that for his deep converted store he needed a luminary vehicle of long-distance powers.

As a clincher the salesman confessed: "Say, if you turned this machine o' mine loose it'd throw the picture so far they wouldn't be no use walkin' after it to gather it up; it'd be a lot cheaper to make a new one!"



Open
Booking
at Last.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is not a trade journal and does not concern itself with topics peculiarly pertinent to exhibitors and no others. But here is an exhibitor's topic which is also of chief interest to every man and woman who patronizes photoplays: the triumph of the Open Market.

Just what is the "Open Market?" The motion picture industry was originally organized, and has always been conducted, on what is known as the program basis. In other words, the exhibitor signed up for a regular allotment of a concern's product—or as much of it as he could handle. He had Big Six Photoplays—let us assume—not only on January 14th, but he had them on the 10th of May, the 9th of August and all the rest of the year. Latterly, the great distributors, one distributor perhaps releasing for a large group of commonly-controlled studios, handled the exchanges. At first the exhibitor had no right of refusal at all. After awhile he won this, much as the English won Magna Charta, but still he had to stick within his program—or lose everything. He might change to another program, but he was still program-bound. And your common sense tells you that when a firm has contracted, in advance, for the profitable display of fifty or a hundred photoplays a year, through various channels, not every one of those fifty will be a work of inspiration. Scarcely one in the fifty!

The "Open Market" is a recognition of the exhibitor's right to attend pre-release showings and pick his material, regardless of program, as he finds the demand of his people. Whether Mr. Selznick was the first manufacturer openly to sponsor this system we do not know, but at any rate he made the first avowal.

The thing that made the open market eventual and sure everywhere was Paramount's signification of its willingness to do the same thing, last month. Paramount includes Famous, Lasky, Artcraft and Morosco.



**But Lewis
is Still at it.**

EVIDENTLY unwilling to have the thunder of innovation pilfered from him like that, Mr. Selznick fires back that on his future productions he will abandon that—until now—indispensable fixture, the "release date." Picture plays are like magazines—"published" on a certain fixed day in all parts of the country. Mr.

Selznick proposes, when his artisans assert that prints from a new negative are in commercial condition, at once to tell the trade that so-and-so is ready. The exhibitor will pick the picture when he wills; the Louisville man may show it to you next Monday; the Pittsburgh man, with a big line of screen drama ahead, may reach it next month.

This plan does not have the very apparent phase of direct public benefit that the open market system has. It is an affair of exhibitor's interest.



**Next,
Triangle's
Bit.**

TRIANGLE'S bit in this gallery of quick-change performance is the abandonment of the "exhibitor deposit" system. Here is a thing which indirectly reacts upon those who go to the photoplays. The exhibitor deposits were, in the beginning, taken not without reason.

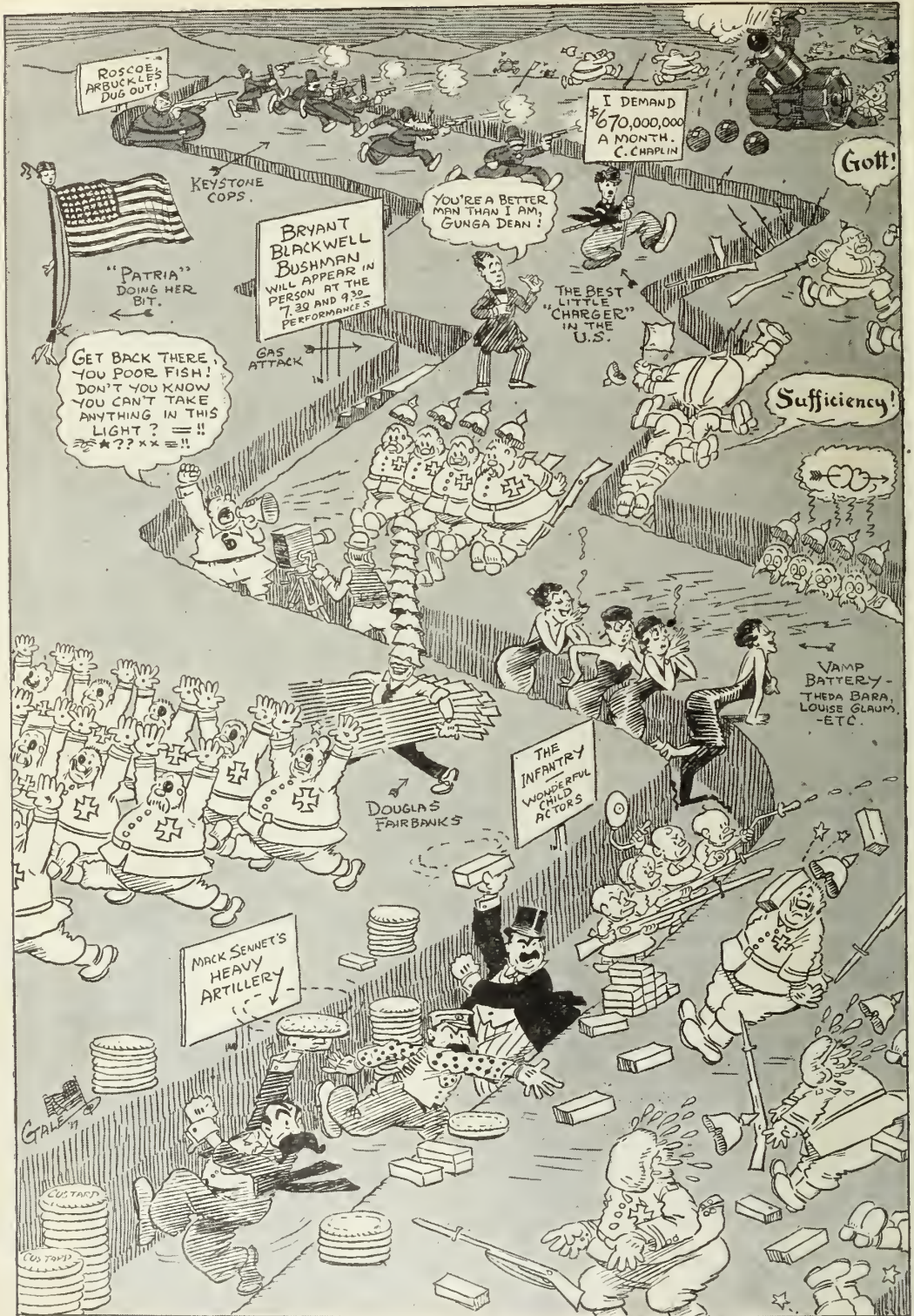
They were an exaction, in advance, of film rental for a month or some similar period. This was to hold the exhibitor—who in the early days was too often a scatterbrained individual liable to fold his tent like the Arab and even more silently steal away. But as the business grew, and as reputable men became exhibitors, and as these advance, non-returnable deposits—contracts were cancelled by their forfeiture—increased in amount, the totals became prodigious and unbelievable. One eminent film manufacturer of brief name is alleged to have conducted his entire screen operations on loans made by banks wherein he had deposited a total of \$600,000 in exhibitors' money! Triangle's abandonment of the deposit system is really a tribute to its audiences, for it gives its exhibitors a freer hand by releasing a vast quantity of cash.



**The Ultimate
Intoxication.**

WE agree with the editorial writer of the *New York Sun*, who says: "The most pickled person we ever saw was waiting outside a movie show to take the film star to supper."

WHEN THE HUNS MEET AMERICAN "CURTAIN" FIRE



Or, Heaven help invaders if they ever reach the first trench of the Hopping Picture Division!

Walter the Wicked

HE EXPIATES HIS SCREEN CRIMES BY
TAKING UP ARMS FOR THE U. S. A.

PERHAPS no actor in screendom has been asked to play more despicable roles than those allotted to Walter Long. He is worse than a mere "heavy." Many screen villains would rise in revolt if called upon to play some of the parts assigned by the casting director to Walter.

Long was the *Gus* of "The Birth of a Nation," one of the worst roles ever screened. In the next Griffith masterpiece, "Intolerance," he played the *Musketeer*



Directly above, Mr. Long in real life, right now, a second lieutenant in a battery of Pacific Coast Artillery. The middle figure is his unforgettable portrait of Gus, the monster in "The Birth of a Nation." The Villa villain adjoining is from a recent Lasky release; and below, as the executioner in "Joan," he is about to give Geraldine Farrar a hot time.



As the Musketeer of the Slums, in "Intolerance." Probably cursing out his half-world business property, Miriam Cooper. In the cumbersome togs of the eighteenth century he played a comedy villain in "The Winning of Sally Temple," in which the world was astounded to see him knocked down by Jack Dean.



already undergoing the training which precedes active service.

Nor is Long one of the charming patriots who swagger in a uniform when the enemy is afar; and, when he approaches, develop mysterious complaints, absences or duties elsewhere. Walter Long's one hope is that he gets a chance to see actual service behind the firing line in France. He says he has joined the artillery because it appeals to his imagination as the one service, excepting air

duty, in which there is no limit to the things a man may learn, or the efficiency he may attain. For many weeks he has been spending his nights poring over triangulations, conic sections, and other abstruse and pensively scholastic mathematics.

of the Slums, a role almost as loathsome as Gus.

Walter also villained in scores of other Griffith photoplays and then Cecil DeMille corralled him to play the executioner in "Joan the Woman." Since then he has played other roles that would have been turned down by almost any self-respecting villain.

But all his celluloid crimes have been expiated, for Walter has joined the colors. He is a second lieutenant in the coast artillery company which is composed largely of moving picture actors, and is

Desiring to get himself up as a villain who would outwit any he ever simulated, Mr. Long went into a period of fasting and meditation, for guidance—and emerged as a Prussian officer.



Copyright photo by Hartssook



Ince Studio photo

Stars of the Screen and Their Stars in the Sky

By Ellen Woods

FROM the earliest times, "the heavens have told." The astral influence was believed in before Babylon. The astrologers of Persia, the oracles of Greece and the soothsayers of Rome took great stock in planetary augury, and star-readings have persisted in every century of the Christian era.

Whether you believe in starry signs or not, the careers of successful men and women today follow their set and unchangeable indications with the most amazing accuracy. The study is more than interesting; it's positively fascinating.

Nativity of Blanche Sweet, Born June 18

ALTHOUGH this horiscope gives unusually strong indications of histrionic ability—Mars in aspect to Venus—Scorpio, on the eastern horizon with Mars, lord thereof, in conjunction with the degree just rising, in strong aspect with Saturn, gives testimony that Miss Sweet would have been a great surgeon, as she has the most powerful and steady nerves of any nativity I have cast.

The Sun in good aspect to Uranus renders her attractive to both sexes. Jupiter, the divine, in the lower mind house, indicates a sweet, gentle disposition, unless strongly provoked. The warrior Mars in the ascendant tends to hasten the temper to quick action, but, although she is quick to anger, she is just as quick to cool down again.

Mercury, the mental planet, in strong aspect to Jupiter gives her good judgment, while Mercury and Neptune in conjunction give her imagination, inspiration and ability to impersonate.

There are indications in Miss Sweet's nativity of unexpected good fortune under strange and peculiar circumstances, but I would advise her never to look for this in a foreign country and to avoid overwork and worry. However, because Jupiter and the Sun are so well placed and configured, she will never want for money and her name will always be prominent.

Nativity of William S. Hart, Born December 6

THE millions who have seen and loved William S. Hart on the screen will scarcely believe that he is by nature reserved—almost bashful—and yet this is so, judging from his nativity.

At his birth, Aquarius was rising with Saturn in conjunction, with ascending degree. This position of Saturn gives him a cautious, timid and bashful tendency, but the extremely fortunate aspects of the Sun, Jupiter, Venus, Mercury, Moon, and Uranus to Saturn, combined, give him those important qualities which make for lasting success.

Mr. Hart would have been a man of distinction in any walk of life, if his nativity had not especially influenced him to take up his present career. He is wonderfully magnetic and would have been a great legislator. I predict that, some time, he will hold public office and win great popularity.

Those born with the Sun in Sagittarius are fond of outdoor life, especially horses; they are also wonderful shots; all of which gives us the key to Mr. Hart's choice of picture stories. His nativity indicates one of the purest minds it has ever been my good fortune to study. He reveres women, is charitable to all and is truthful to an extreme.

Though generally so fortunate, yet I would advise him to avoid long journeys on water.

The 1917-Model Bathing Girl

IF what we saw in our grandma's *Godey's Lady's Book* is dependable information, American young ladies began to invade the beach breakers about 1864.

Oh shades of carronades and wooden ships and yard-arm fighting, against torpedoes, floating flat-irons and shooting over the horizon! Look at some of the pictures of the Kellermanns of that period, if you can find any.

We saw six, and in one of them, we are ready to swear in any language save profanity, we discerned positive traces of a woman. Not that you could actually see the woman, but there were suspicious circumstances pointing to her presence.

They didn't wear bathing-suits, in those days. They went in as armored tanks to scare the fishes. We endeavored to take an inventory of the most *risque* costume that *Godey's* dared make a woodcut of, and as far as our list of materials goes it in-

cluded: fifty-six yards flannel; seven yards bombazine; fourteen square feet crinoline; nine pounds structural steel for hoops; two pounds rubber elastic to keep the pa— bloomers pulled down as far as the heel; two and one-quarter miles ornamental ribbon; one-half gross various buttons; ten square feet sheet roofing for hat; one pair brogans for feet; four dozen, nine pounds, eighteen pair assorted knick-knacks, notions and what-nots.

Yes indeed, the chickens of the Reconstruction period must have led the gay life at their over-dressed Ostends.

Let us consider the precise moment in which the nowadays *poulette* makes up her mind to hit the Big Brine.

She commences to prepare by shedding her organdie, or charmeuse, or whatever.

Being patriotic, she hums the "Star-Spangled Banner."

When she gets to "—twilight's last



A dog, an ocean, and their proprietor: Mary MacLaren.

Stagg Photo

gleaming" the only difference between her and Lady Godiva is one silk stocking.

Yet, when she reaches "the home of the brave"—snap, click: she is completely garbed for the salt suds; and though you see a lot more of her than anyone ever saw of her *grandmere*, she is just as modest and infinitely more beautiful.

The motion picture girls are all swimmers, and we fancy that if anyone had imposed the armor of '64 on one of them she would have walked miles and miles to desolation, and then would have taken it *all* off!

This lobster's name is John. Observe how expert Juanita Hansen is in the handling of lobsters. In fact the John Lobsters know no month on her calendar which hasn't an "r" in it.

Anna Pennington, we understand, is to have a singing role in the new Follies. But why should she wish to sing?





Marie Wayne, about to dive into an inch and a half of water

Bessie Love, plus the cute bathing suit, draws a little free transportation.



Clara Williams, reclining, and a great game of crack-the-whip on the Inceville beach.



Jerrie Deen, of Lasky's, even more alluring in negligee than the DeMille boys.



Bill, the horseman, becomes a horse for Olive Thomas.

No. 1

No. 2



Model by Lichtenstein

Studies of Miss Wehlen posed exclusively for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE by the Campbell Studio, New York.

WHAT YOU SEE ON THE GIRL ON THE COVER

By Lillian Howard

WHEN Emmy Wehlen graciously consented to leave her large daily emotional tasks at the Metro studio and accompany me first to those shops along Fifth Avenue where fashion resorts and to which the dames and damsels of the far provinces make pilgrimages, I resolved that I would improve my rare opportunity of a perfect model and a perfectly obliging celebrity at the same time by posing her only in swim-suits applicable and accessible to any young woman in any American community.

Miss Wehlen is showing you the accepted water-frocks of 1917.

They are all correct—even to the chic and daring little one-piece suit at the bottom of the opposite page. Some cities—notably Chicago—legalized the one-piece suit for women last summer, and every husky swimming girl agrees that skirts are a dreadful nuisance when she's kicking the aqua behind her at steamboat speed. However, you may not be a swimmer, and besides you may not believe in being so philanthropic with your charms. Very well; here are surf draperies much more ample, and still chic and comfortable.

You should be able to procure such models as these in your own town, or through mail order systems now accessible everywhere. But if you are not, write me, care PHOTOPLAY, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope, and I shall be glad to tell you just where you can buy these things, and how much they will cost you.

Miss Wehlen's swimming togs:

No. 1. A 1917 Jersey cloth model in gray, with rose taffeta pipings.

No. 2. Suit of navy blue mohair; bloomers on the riding breeches model, piped on the outer side with white cording; skirt ornamented with white hand-embroidered rose; navy blue cape lined with white mohair.

No. 3. An interesting variation of the current style, showing the extreme to which the "coat form" may be carried. The short embroidered knickerbockers are of a material lighter in color.

No. 4. A costume of brown taffeta, with crash trimming, embroidered pockets and the new "stole" sash.

No. 5. Black Jersey swimming-suit with Roman-striped borders.

The one-piece creation came in with a bound last season and Annette Kellermans and all who fancied themselves so apporportioned, brought in the vogue of the modern sea nymph. The prowess of the film actresses in the long-distance swim provoked a host of sisters to follow suit and made diving apparel *comme il faut*.

For those who prefer to seek the waves bedecked in full feminine accoutrement, the designers have launched skirted costumes slashed waist-high in apron-effect, or divided front and back in riding skirt style, thus doing away with the shackling of the old, unbroken hem.

No. 3



No. 4



Model by Lichtenstein

No. 5

Model by Abercrombie and Fitch





A little human wheelbarrowing on the beach at Inceville.



Is this the medicine ball that made Mary Thurman wonderful? If so, it should be preserved for posterity.

The ball was enjoyed by all present, including Margaret Thompson and William S. Hart.

Louise Fazenda may be fishing for anything—except compliments.





Betty Compson, who is our idea of a perfectly divine ho-siery model, heads a Keystone line.



Bessie Love, and the cutest swim-suit in captivity.



When Marie Prevost wishes to do a little driving she puts a bit in the old surf-board's mouth.

Only in Los Angeles Could This Happen

HOW THE CHIEF EXECUTIVE
OF SCREENLAND'S CAPITAL
BECAME A FILM ACTOR

A YEAR ago Charles E. Sebastian was the chief executive of Los Angeles, one of the ten biggest cities in the United States and the largest in area and population in the West.

Now in the same city he may be seen daily with make-up on his face and his hair reddened to give it the proper shade on the screen.

Whether he will remain in the movies will depend largely on the reception accorded his first actorial effort, which is described as a picturized history of his public career as policeman, chief of police and mayor.

The film is entitled "The Downfall of a Mayor" and it is qualified with such sub-captions as "Exposing Chemically Pure Los Angeles" and "The Invisible Government." Sebastian was really ousted as mayor a few months ago, although his resignation was ascribed to ill health.

According to the advance notices, Hero Sebastian has plenty of opportunities to hero in the seven or eight reels comprising the film. He saves beautiful maidens from Chinese dens and white slave rings and other well-known birds of prey, who finally get together and put the intrepid cop out of business after he has matriculated to the mayor's chair.

*Charles E. Sebastian, recent Mayor of Los Angeles.
Below, Sebastian in two scenes from his first picture play.*



Who's Married to Who

THE pranks of Cupid in the art-world are perennially fascinating. Why is it that the matinee-girl—and perhaps all her family—first dreads the day when the heroine or the hero goes into partnership; and then, finding that the step has been taken, simply cracks with curiosity until she finds out who the partner is? But it's safe to say that no charmer's husband ever pleased the boys who secretly worship her picture, while, if Venus were the leading man's wife, she would of course be considered perfectly impossible by his vast chicken congregation.



Francis X. Bushman and Mrs. Bushman, automobiling. Where? We don't know—perhaps in Maryland, where Mr. Bushman's home is located. This is possibly the only photograph of Mrs. Bushman with Mr. Bushman in existence.



Moffett Photo



Underwood & Underwood



Apeda Photo



Betty Scott, now Mrs. Earle Foxe, was among the most beautiful of the New York Winter Garden's actresses.

Genevieve Hamper, who married Robert Mantell, was a few years ago ingenue in his Shakesporean company.



Matzene Photo



Witzel Photo



White Photo



Photo by Bach

H. B. Warner and his wife, Rita Stanwood. Miss Stanwood was a distinguished actress of the stage.

Phillips Smalley and his talented wife, Lois Weber, whose directoral fame has eclipsed his.

WELL, WHY DON'T YOU TAKE THE ORANGE?



Photo by Stagg

It's Lottie Pickford's husky daughter that's offering it to you, and her mother's backing her up, too. Only her name isn't all Pickford; it's Mary Pickford Rupp.

The Shadow Stage



A
Department
of
Photoplay
Review

By
Julian
Johnson

Douglas Fairbanks and Arline Pretty, in Mr. Fairbanks' first Artcraft photoplay, "In Again — Out Again."

WHEN General Selznick's staff began turning Eugene Walter's "Easiest Way" from script to celluloid, they were confronted by one of the great strategic opportunities of the film business. "The Easiest Way" is a transcript of real life. Would they continue this transcript of life and its genuine people, thereby weaving an enduring tapestry for the library of transparencies, or would they heroize and villainize and heroine Mr. Walter's remarkable trio—thereby turning a great play into an old-fashioned moving picture?

They did the latter. "The Easiest Way" is a "fillum" full of glycerin tears and caramel virtues and coal-tar wickedness.

Were it merely a matter of chronicling this disappointment over such a reduction of a once-great play, we should scarcely

devote this space to it. Here's the problem: Were the Selznick people compelled to do this in order to get the play across at all? Could they have escaped the censors had they shown Eugene Walter's play instead of the smug conversion? We doubt it. And in a day wherein the whole world has gone to war for democracy and freedom, this is damnable.

Now, no less of the trappings of vice, no fewer gibes at virtue, no more swift shots at transgression could be included in a real version than in the screening that exists. There are not, and would not be, subtitles in "The Easiest Way" even approaching one or two startlers in "The Price She Paid."

The real "Easiest Way" is impossible because it knocks into a cocked hat the

primary, all-essential moving picture notion about woman: that she is, under every circumstance, not a human being, but an angel, and never sins except under cruel pressure from a male villain. If a second reason were needed, it is because the play shows a thoroughly on-the-level relation existing between Laura Murdock's keeper and the man who wants to be her husband; tricking both of them, Laura loses them both. And if a third reason is demanded, Laura of the play does not die, but enters the supremest of grim tragedies, a life of hope flung away, existence self-poisoned.

The drama as Eugene Walter had it stands as perhaps the best American play yet written, for it is a telescopic vision of hectic twentieth-century life. Its plot

possesses the merit of extreme brevity and simplicity. Laura Murdock, a rather inefficient stock actress, is the "friend" of Willard Brockton, and goes to Denver to play a summer season. While there she falls in love with John Madison, a reporter sent to interview her. As she and Madison are making their turtle-dove plans, Brockton arrives from New York to take his bright bird back to her gilded cage, which she has gladly occupied. But a new light has come into her soul—purity, real love, domesticity. She tells all this to Brockton, and Brockton, a pretty big guy at heart, wishes her happy days. But he warns Madison, who is meanwhile aching to knock him down, that it is going to be a long fight and a dangerous one to overcome Laura's innate love of ease and luxury. Laura has signified her intention of going back to begin alone, while Madison makes the stake he promises. Brockton, still lov-

ing her, will stand off while she wants to battle on for Madison and their home, but if she flashes him a distress signal — he warns Madison — he is going to be there with the limousine and the key to the big front door. Meanwhile, Laura agrees to play fair with both men. She says, openly, it's Madison, and Brockton agrees to stay off; but if, back in New York, she decides to resume the

*Fannie Ward
and Jack
Dean, in
"The School
for
Husbands."*



Brockton affair, she must write Madison, and break clean. She does neither. She fights awhile, gives up, doesn't tell either man the truth, and Brockton is presently outraged by Madison's arrival—completely uninformed. Both of them pass from the scene, and Laura, cursing fate instead of herself, as is the eternal way with weaklings, prepares to start a rapid career through the half-world.

But in the picture there is little of this honesty, this pitiless revelation of the minds of men and of women's souls. Brockton becomes a persecuting pest. He lies, he cheats, he traps, he tricks—he's disgusting. Laura slides to Tophet wearing the look of a Madonna, and at length dies a glucose death in her proper lover's pure arms.

As far as the direction of this distortion is concerned, I have only praise. Capellani's job has been marvelous in its adroitness and surety. The settings are as lavish as the star's costuming, and that is the last word. The best of the cast, despite his thrice-murdered part, is Joseph Kilgour as Brockton, a role of which he was the incomparable creator. Clara Kimball Young is good as Laura, the angel who has mud on her wings, and Rockcliffe Fellowes, ordinary but acceptable as Madison.

IT is one thing to sit down with a typewriter and tell how the truths of life ought to be represented in the silences; quite another thing to get those truths over, and not only over, but madly enjoyed. The hypnotists actually doing this today are that Artcraft trio: Loos, Fairbanks and Emerson. I think Miss Loos'

adroit characterizations are the cleverest, slyest bits of humanity in pictures. Doug is perforce her hero, but has he any of the usual hero attributes? Not one. Are her heroines of the classic type? Or her villains? Loos is the Barnum of scenarioists; she is hocus-pocusing her public into laughing at itself, and while O. Henry was able to do this in his books, we have so far had no O. Henry for the screen—unless Miss Loos proves an O. Henrietta.



Pauline Frederick and John Sainpolis, in the recent release, "Sleeping Fires."

Mr. Fairbanks is sprung into Artcraft by a timely device called "In Again—Out Again." The subject of the satire is pacifism, and we iris in on a baby-food factory canning shrapnel, a wheat shreddery loading high explosive, and—oh joy—a pill foundry making mines. Mr. Fairbanks, as Teddy Rutherford, is refused by his pacifist fiancée because of his belief in preparedness. Hence his adventures, including a perfectly lovely jail made into a cozy corner by the jailer's daughter. His pathetic endeavors to break into this jail again and again, give the story

its title. When sentenced for thirty days, he leaps upon the bench and kisses the judge, and it is the rival in his new love who not only has him pardoned, but evicted from durance by force. The head pacifist is uncovered as the maker of munitions explosions, and in a series of characteristic Fairbanks stunts smothered in tumult, the slick little farcelet caroms to a close.

"In Again—Out Again" is two flashing reels for the intelligent, and it is among the month's best entertainments, but it does not quite rank with one or two of the combination's previous diversions. The penalty of speed is that you have to maintain it.

FRANK LLOYD brings proof that he has more than one arrow for his bow. Arrow No. 2 is "American Methods," the somewhat square-cornered but very descriptive title Mr. Lloyd has given his own free adaptation of Georges Ohnet's novel, "The Ironmaster." Mr. Lloyd is not only the Fox public's good-fortune, but William Farnum's as well. Since he left Colin Campbell, Farnum has been in search of a man who could properly deploy his peculiar and varied talents; he has found him in Lloyd. In "American Methods," Mr. Farnum plays William Armstrong, American of French ancestry, who returns to the Gallic village of his forefathers, and there re-establishes not only the decaying town, but wins an aristocratic bride. Lloyd shows the real director's gift in making his types wonderfully true. Bertram Grassby is perfect as the Duc de Bligny, a bit of outworn aristocracy; Alan Forrest delightful as de Beaulieu, a young French gentleman; Mortimer Jaffe, a great bit of comedy interpolation as an American chauffeur; and Willard Louis, despite certain excesses of manner, really very entertaining as the bourgeois, Moulinet. But it is to Jewel Carmen, as Claire de Beaulieu, that Lloyd seems to have given the full sweep of his rugged emotional force. In this photoplay, Jewel Carmen depicts a voluptuous though bitterly repressed young woman whose power and passion, loosed at last, ravage like a flood. The screen does not often reflect such a dynamic performance, at once burning with sex and almost virginally chaste. Florence Vidor, the girl of the wonderful bit in the death-cart with Farnum in "A Tale of Two Cities," improves all her opportunities in a sweet little part. Farnum is his modern frank self.

"The Derelict" is a serious attempt to give Stuart Holmes a strong, sensible story of the seamy side of life. In its extract, the plot is good. Brant, a good-fellow at all bars, drifts down and completely out, and his wife marries the better man, who, in the fashion of such stories, has been

*Earle Williams
and Ethel Grey
Terry, in
"Apartment
29."*



always waiting for her. Brant becomes a suit-case carrier and depot "grifter"; and, unwittingly, marches his own daughter toward ruin—then gives his life to save her. The story is rather tawdry and at moments dull in its working out, but Holmes is legitimate and sincere, and a girl named Wanda Petit is delightful.

Those who like Valeska Suratt and still dip into Rider Haggard will find intense delight in the Fox version of "She," a very well filmed imaginative thriller.

"Her Temptation:" a true-to-form melodrama which glued us to our divan because it contained Gladys Brockwell. But perhaps Gladys is one of our weaknesses.

BESSIE LOVE is growing up. The child of innocent, plaintive eyes, last year, has given place to the young woman of the present, with roguish, merry eyes that find it hard to wink back all their laughter. "Cheerful Givers," an adroit comedy of plain folks and dull lives, could not have been interpreted by the Bessie Love of a year ago. Now it is perfectly done by a Fine Arts cast which Miss Love heads. Bessie plays Deborah, oldest daughter of the Rev. John Deady, a gently improvident country minister, who, when the funds of the orphan asylum fail, takes seven of the children into his own slender

commissary. The plot of the drama concerns Bessie's assault upon Harriet Gray, the miserly ruler of many destinies, including her father's. The excellence of the satire consists in the immediate collapse of the girl's plot—her scheme to impersonate a boy—in Harriet Gray's house. According to the usual motion picture tenet, this is being gotten away with in at least half the homes along your street, but it only promotes laughter in the house of Harriet Gray. The only jarring note in this perfectly lifelike sketch is the long-distance crusade of the seven kids—a quite unlikely progress. Miss Love, Kenneth Harlan, Josephine Crowell, Spottiswoode Aitken, Pauline Starke, Winifred Westover, Loyola O'Connor and Bessie Buskirk help the author perfect this simple little story of real existence.

"An Old-Fashioned Young Man" is a typical Frank E. Woods story, cleverly told, acted and produced, featuring Robert Harron.

"Hands Up." The only excuse for this unbelievable melodrama is the always-intelligent acting of Wilfred Lucas, and the presentation of Colleen Moore, who, in her naive ingenuousness, comes nearer to being a genuine child than any other screeness in her 'teens. When, as the naughty and frightened little eloper, she is locked in the bandits' attic, and, in a paroxysm of babyish terror, beats upon the barred door, wailing "Daddy! Daddy!" the simulation of a child in trouble is so sincere that it's painful. Watch this pretty little girl.



Bessie Love and Josephine Crowell, in "Cheerful Givers."

THE fortunes of war and a limited route among picture shops this month have permitted me to see but one of the new, or comparatively new, keystones. This speedy pastime was "Villa of the Movies," in which Senor Sennett has a most marvelous replica of the gentleman who is the Big Hate in Columbus, New Mexico. Miss Marie Prevost, the decoration, proves as charming a flower as any in the Edendale garden. The Sennettters have the faculty, some way, of giving a tinge of credibility to anything they burlesque, so their burlesque on war, and the manana spirit of the Grand Army of Mexico, is a grand little comicality. A fast-moving study of the ludicrous, plus the usual touch of Keystone girliness, recommended especially to gentlemen reversed in fortune.

I DIDN'T see Chaplin in "The Cure" last month in time to put my rubber stamp on it for this ledger of excellencies, but, like the soul of John Brown, "The Cure" has been marching on, regardless. Now, any rehash of the incidents in this farcelet would be as newsy as an announcement that Joffre has visited America. As long as Chaplin continues to make photoplays as close to human nature as "The Cure," which is full of the international humor that every man laughs at, whatever his language, so long will Chaplin's place as First Clown of the World be undisputed.

"THE PINCH HITTER" is a great big two-fisted story of youthful awkwardness and honesty. It was bottled by Ince,

the receipt was written by C. Gardner Sullivan, it was prepared by Victor Schertzinger, and the chief ingredient is Charles Ray. Mr. Ray, as he has done before, plays a bashful gawk in a freshwater college. As there is much more snobbery in any Middle West "seminary" than there is at Yale or Harvard, poor Joel Parker (Ray) suffers accordingly. Not even his father believes in him. He sent him to college because of a promise to mother, and mother is dead. Joel is renowned as a boob, and accepts himself as one. The college baseball team take him on, but he doesn't know why; in reality, the manager "figgered" that such a complete gawk should be a grand mascot, and he is annexed as the big leaguers have been known to annex goats, half-portion Ethiopians and mangy dogs. But the young lady proprietor of the ice-cream parlor feels sorry for the lonely unfortunate, takes him up, and what she pities at first she at length embraces. Then, on a day so full of fate that it spills over the edges, there is a series of grand flukes on the team, and the comical mascot is actually called to bat. He lines out a home run, and wins. But the best thing about his victory was that it gave him nerve enough to propose.

A scene from "A Magdalene of the Hills," starring Mabel Taliaferro.



"The Desert Man," though as like William S. Hart's other Western plays as one bullet is like another, is distinguished for at least one or two exceedingly dramatic moments, and some of the most marvelous photography ever pickled in celluloid. Genuine thrill stuff is Hart's entrance into the road-house at One-Mile, the redlight district of Believinville. How to get the drop on at least fifty gun-men: that's the problem. He does it by rolling a keg down an incline and sending it crashing through a side window. As every shooting iron whirls involuntarily toward the startling noise, Hart kicks in the front door—and he has the drop! Marjorie Wilson is the chief feminine interest.

In "The Snarl" we have such double photography that it is arresting even in these days of astounding double-photography tricks, wasted on a vapid, impossible, silly story. It is a Bessie Barriscale vehicle.

"Paddy O'Hara." Stories of the Balkans, having been started a generation ago, can't be killed even by monster romances of Western war. This one has a newspaper

tinge, and features William Desmond.

Charles T. Dazey, who turned from many years of stage authorship to write agreeable and refreshing stories for the movies, provided William S. Hart with a good vehicle of love and sacrifice, hate and expiation, put up in the accepted manner, in "Wolf Lowry."

IT is doubtful if any performer in the transparencies has experienced greater changes of artistic calibre than Marguerite

Clark, in the year past. These shifts in professional value have been accompanied by an almost right-about-face for Miss Clark's photoplay attitude. In truth, probably the new sincerity which has come over her, her growing conviction that the screen is an opportunity to be proclaimed, instead of a financial expedient to be excused, is responsible for the warmth, sympathy and sweetness which a once cold and snippy little girl first brought to us in startling degree in "Snow White." Miss Clark's work has always possessed daintiness and charm, but where that charm was once the lure of a wax flower under glass, it is now the fragrance of a big rose-bush blowing in a June wind. "The Valentine Girl," her latest expression, has not only tenderness and a bit of romance, but surprising depths of feeling. As Marian Morgan, Miss Clark depicts a lonesome

child, somehow misplaced though welcome in a home of wealth, and reaching maturity and beauty together beneath a sense of impending disaster. Frank Losee magnificent work as her chief support, and the direction is by J. Searle Dawley.

Hugh Ford's most energetic recent direction is "Sleeping Fires," in which Pauline Frederick is the principal glowing ember. In its main idea, this play, by George Middleton, is not unlike a celebrated Spanish drama,



William Russell in his lively new melocomedy, "The Frame-Up."

popular here a few years ago, in which the wife is virtually driven to the arms of the man wrongly accused of being her lover. In this instance Miss Frederick is the unappreciated wife of Edward Bryce, played by John Sainpolis. Bryce is enamored of his stenographer, as men often are in fiction and seldom are in real life. In defending a girl worker arrested during a strike of her husband's employees Mrs. Bryce meets lawyer David Gray (Thomas Meighan) and this acquaintance is used as a basis for Bryce's future framing. Forced from her home, Mrs. Bryce steals her boy, and he is in turn stolen from her by a private detective. Bryce is shot, and through the gentleness of the detective's sister, to whom the little prisoner was given for safe-keeping, and through the break-down of the detective's carefully-planned perjury on the stand, the trial of his alienated wife for murder ends in a mighty "Not Guilty!" Rather human and appealing throughout, and excellently played by all its principals.

LASKY'S month has not been notable, at the time I write.

The best of the pictures I have seen, at least, is "The Tides of Barnegat," a very faithful and beautiful solar transcription of the story by F. Hopkinson Smith. With the true perspective of a man who thought in terms of a brush or a drawing pen, Smith's stories were never swayed by any great emotional theme, but were always saturated with atmosphere, color and distinctive beauty. Here, if you will remember, Jane Cogden flies with her sister to Paris, and in a moment of self-sacrifice assumes that sister's maternal responsibility, although the trouble that ensues from this well-intentioned lie threatens to need



Wilfred Lucas, in "Hands Up."

eight reels in the straightening, instead of five. Blanche Sweet, as Jane, gives one of the best performances of her recent months; Norma Nichols plays Lucy, maternity's truant; Elliott Dexter is the lover of Jane, and Tom Forman and Harrison Ford are the first and second mates of Lucy's craft of love. The play is well done, throughout.

"The Silent Partner." A revision of the old story in which the loving and faithful office girl saves her employer, downs his dubious partner, and wins love and riches. Featuring Blanche Sweet and Thomas Meighan.

Fannie Ward and Jack Dean, in "A School for Husbands," come back to the excellencies which were noted

about Miss Ward a year ago, and which her late crop of plays has sorely missed. This is a brilliant modern comedy, with Fannie Ward, perhaps one of the subtlest, surest and most graceful comedienues who ever slipped into the shadows, at her best. The scenario is an excellent and resultful adaptation of Stanislaus Stange's drama.

"Those Without Sin." Who let this ridiculous cat out of the Lasky bag? An absurd story of the Civil War, evidently made for a Southern "somewhere" so utterly unreconstructed that they still have slave-sales. The Northerners are villains; the Southerners, all Bayardish heroes. In a time when the brave men of Alabama are going to France side by side with their comrades from Maine, this insufferable clap-trap will be resented in Birmingham

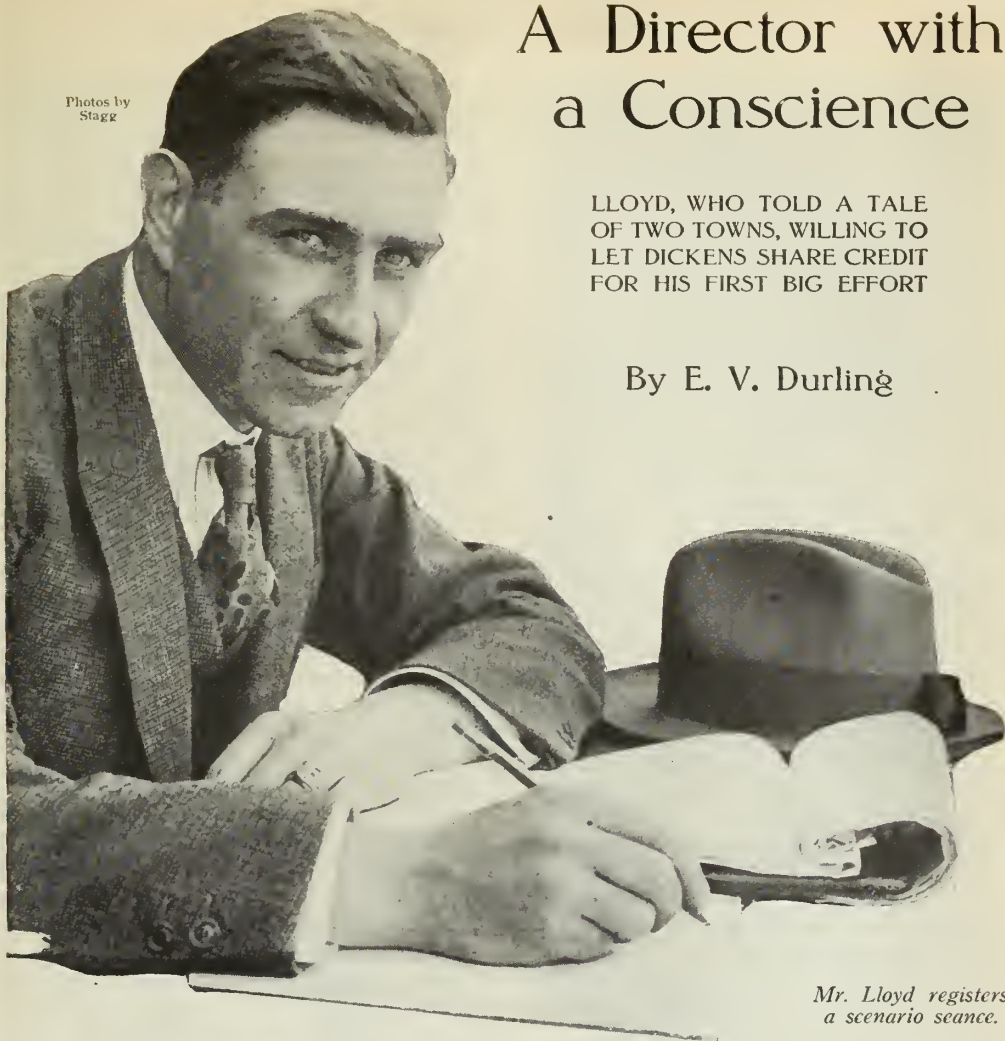
(Continued on page 134)

Photos by
Stagg

A Director with a Conscience

LLOYD, WHO TOLD A TALE
OF TWO TOWNS, WILLING TO
LET DICKENS SHARE CREDIT
FOR HIS FIRST BIG EFFORT

By E. V. Durling



*Mr. Lloyd registers
a scenario seance.*

FRANK LLOYD has never made the mistake of taking himself too seriously. and the man who can pass through the various stages of advancement from an ordinary actor to a director assigned to make one of the biggest motion pictures of the day with one of the really brilliant American actors, and still remain unchanged in this respect, deserves to be enrolled among the truly big fellows.

Upon first glimpse it would seem that Frank Lloyd never took anything seriously. The day I visited him at the Fox Studio, I saw him stop the action of the picture three or four times to tell William Farnum something that must have been very, very funny, to judge from the resulting laughter. But this care-free manner is merely a mark of the really efficient executive, providing, of course, it is

varied with properly-timed serious moments. As a matter of fact, there are few directors who have given their profession the serious consideration Frank Lloyd has.

In congratulating him upon the unanimity of the critics' praise of his production, "A Tale of Two Cities," I ventured to say that they all seemed to agree he had accomplished the impossible for a motion picture director; that is, he had subordinated himself to the author.

"Yes," replied the director, "and it was very hard for me to do it. When I was assigned to make 'A Tale of Two Cities' with William Farnum as my star, I felt that at last my opportunity had come. I was face to face with the realization of every motion picture director's dream; a chance to make a 'big picture.' I began to imagine all sorts of wonderful scenes, the

interpolation of pet ideas fostered all during my career, and in fact, I hardly gave the story itself or the author consideration at all in the beginning."

"What made you change your mind?"

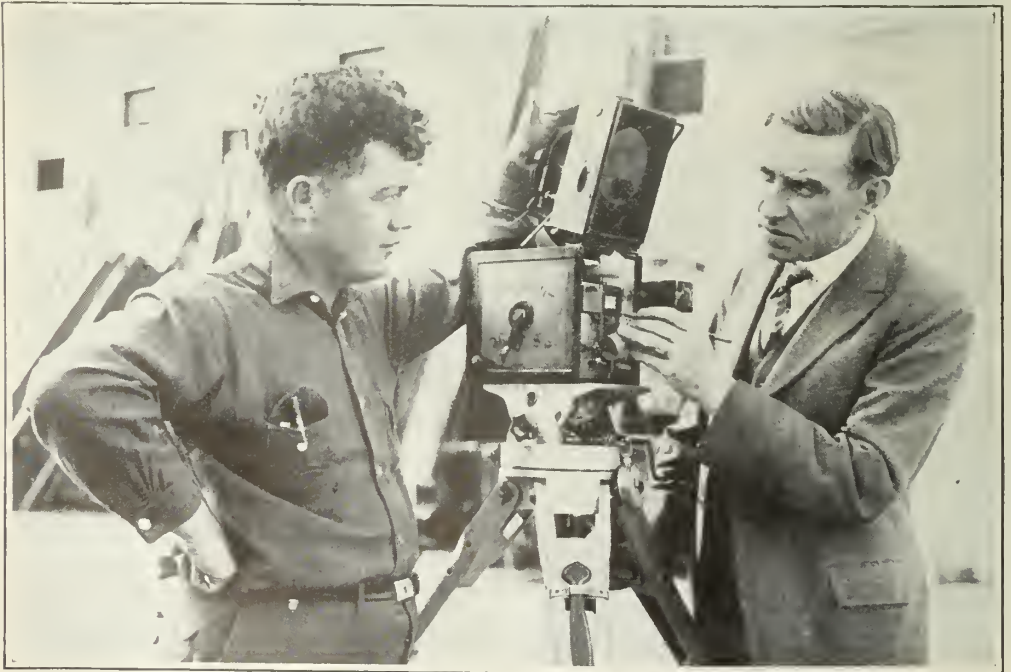
"Well, I think this originated in a chance remark made by a friend. I was over at the public library one evening looking up some data on the period of 'A Tale of Two Cities.' I met there a neighbor of ours, a school teacher. I told him of my assignment to make the Dickens picture. He was very much impressed."

"What a marvelous opportunity!" he said. "I think it a privilege to bring the works of Dickens before sixty people and here you have the chance to bring them before sixty million."

"I thought of this latter phrase, I think, all during the making of the picture. I decided it would be more discreet to bring the work of Charles Dickens before—possibly—many million people, than the work of Lloyd. For that reason I followed as closely as possible the story of the book. Every historical detail was absolutely correct, all the settings were the result of careful, patient research and the characterizations and theme of the story were transferred to the screen in such a manner as to accurately follow the author's ideas.

In William Farnum's opinion, Frank Lloyd is the best director in the whole world. Speaking of his direction of "A Tale of Two Cities," the actor said, "I know of no other man who could have accomplished the same results with the story as Frank did. He placed himself absolutely in the background. He grasped the various points of the story with a marvelous appreciation of their dramatic and educational value. Time and time again he withstood the temptation to be spectacular in order to be correct and keep within the spirit of the story."

Frank Lloyd is a Scotchman. He was born in Glasgow and has been connected with the stage in one way or the other all his life. His first motion picture experience was with Universal, acting the deep-dyed villain parts, and then directing one- and two-reel pictures. He was then engaged by the Morosco-Pallas company to direct Dustin Farnum. Booth Tarkington's "Gentleman from Indiana," "Davy Crockett" and "David Garrick" were some of the results of this combination. Leaving the Morosco Company, he joined the Fox organization and has now been assigned to direct all the William Farnum pictures. At present he is at work on photoplays adapted from the stories of Zane Grey.



Lloyd and Billy Foster, his camera-man, go over their double exposures.

Roland Reed's Daughter— Florence

FLORENCE REED and her mother came to New York in 1904. Through the fact that the manager of the Fifth Avenue Theatre had been an intimate friend of her father, the late Roland Reed, the comedian, she was given a trial in stock, in spite of her sixteen years.

"Imagine, we did a new play each week, and we gave twelve performances every week," exclaimed Miss Reed.

E. H. Sothern found Florence Reed playing in Providence, as leading woman of a very fine stock company managed by Malcolm Williams. He offered her the leading role in his forthcoming revival of "If I Were King," and in this she made her real New York debut in 1909. Following this engagement she appeared in "The Typhoon," "The Yellow Ticket," "A Celebrated Case," "The Painted Woman," "The Master of the House," and she originated the leading feminine role in "Under Cover."

Then Daniel Frohman of the Famous Players engaged her as the star of "The Dancing Girl." Other pictures which she has done in the past three or four years are "At Bay," "New York," "The Cowardly Way" and "The Woman's Law."

The early part of last winter was spent in Florida with the Selznick forces, taking the Herbert Brenon picture, "The Eternal Sin." Off-stage she is Mrs. Malcolm Williams.



*A recent portrait
by Sarony.*



Photo by
White

*Florence Reed as Tisha, the Theda Bara
of ancient Jerusalem, in "The Wanderer,"
a great spectacle now under way at New
York's Manhattan Opera House.*

“FEE FI FO FUM”—YOU’RE RIGHT! FINISH IT!



Yes, this is the giant whose goat was completely gotten by Jack, the little white hope of fairy days. However, removing the unplucked calf-skin and the cypress curtains, and the pirate boots, and the Peter Pan buckle, and the Franklin boys, we find J. G. Tarver, the Arizona obelisk who is doing “Jack and the Beanstalk” in Los Angeles for William Fox, under Franklinian direction.

“ALAS!” she cried, “it is my fate. I might have expected it. All my life things have gone wrong with me. Luck has always been against me. I must have been born under an evil star.”

“My dear,” her friend asked, “what has happened? Why are you so depressed?”

“I have practiced eighteen months to become able to shed tears at will, and now that I’ve got it, I can’t get a job in the movies.”—*Judge*.

Montagu Encounters a Capulet

By Randolph Bartlett

IT is not easy to believe this story of what happened a few weeks ago to the something more than six feet of manhood (other dimensions in perfect proportion) that is known to the world and the screen as Montagu Love. But when this was written, there was positive proof in the form of Montagu's left arm, bound in splints.

At the World-Peerless studio, they were making a picture called "The Brand of Satan," with Mr. Love as the star. Playing opposite him was Allan Hart, who suddenly and unintentionally adopted the rôle of Capulet to our Montagu. The two men were called upon to stage an altercation at the top of a staircase, the debate ending by Hart's smiting Montagu a hearty jab and knocking him down stairs. The scene was played twice, Hart being careful to aim his blow so that it would hit Montagu below the back of the jaw, where it would do no harm to a man of our hero's

architecture. The director decided to take the scene a third time, to be sure he had a perfect reproduction. The third time, Capulet's aim veered slightly and his fist came in contact with that portion of the Montagu jaw where the sleep nerve is located. Montagu promptly did a Keystone the full length of the staircase.

"Great!" shouted the director. "Immense!"

Montagu still lay at the foot of the stairs. He was "absent" for ten minutes, and when he returned it was discovered that his left wrist was fractured.

"Later in the picture," he mused grimly, as he told the story, "the scenario contains a scene in which it says 'They engage in a terrific fight.'"

If we were Allan Hart, we should try to find an understudy before the left arm of Montagu is healed.

Love is the one actor whom I should like to see as D'Artagnan. The hearty bigness of the man, the



way he tells a story, the sincerity of his unflinching smile betokening the best of relations with himself and the world at large, his frank friendliness toward food and drink, but most of all, his status among men—these traits are the same which Dumas must have had in mind when he created his epic soldier.

Love has been a soldier too. He was born in Calcutta in 1877 and educated in England. When the Boer War broke out, he enlisted and fought through the campaign which culminated at Johannesburg. Being a clever artist with pen, pencil and brush, he acted as war correspondent for a London illustrated paper. And because South Africa fascinates him more than any

other part of the world—and he has seen most of it—he went back as an actor.

His stage career has been extensive and successful, under such managements as Belasco, Brooks, the Shuberts, Brady and Cyril Maude. He drifted into pictures through visiting a projection room where a friend's "test film" was being shown to a director. The friend nearly lost the engagement when the director saw Love, who immediately appealed to him as screen material and was taken into the World Film camp for as long a term as he would stay. He has played in such pictures as "Hearts in Exile," "The Face in the Moonlight," "Husband and Wife," "The Devil's Toy," "The Greater Will," and many others.

The Fan's Prayer

From Bushman's amethyst ring and from Theda Bara's comedy; from the studied nonchalance of the DeMille Bros.; from Rolfe subtitles and from Pacifists; from Christy Cabanne's hopeless moustache; from Anita Stewart in a bathing suit and from Mary Thurman in garb of any other kind; from Petrova's icicle emotions; from Frank Powell problem plays; from J. P. McGowan's interiors; from World plots; from the professional sorrows of Alice Brady; from Marguerite Clark in long skirts; from all fat boys except Roscoe; from "Enlighten Thy Daughter," and from "The Black Stork;" from Henry Walthall's drammers and from "The Eternal Sin;" from most two-reelers; from the ruins of Virginia Pearson; from press-agents who bleed the dictionary to interview a pretty baby; from sissy chats with lovely men; from Crane Wilbur's photographs; from "Patria," and from the acting of Irene Castle; from "The Secret Kingdom," and from "The Great Secret;" from the plays of June Caprice; from advice by actresses; from reminiscences; from Universal society; from all censors; from mush finishes and from saints; from time-fuse repentances; from the gun-in-the-drawer and from proper-moment deaths; from church weddings; from the rewards of virtue and from the wages of sin; from village streets; from Russia in Fort Lee and from Broadway in Santa Barbara; from "Poor Butterfly" in the orchestra and from smooth dimes at the window; from foreign photography; from these solemn interviews with Mack Sennett; from clubs and from college boys; from all men servants, and from all maids except the cuties; from close-ups of Carl Laemmle; from Douglas Fairbanks being wilfully funny; from movie ministers; from the opinions of stars and from most re-issues, and from Mr. Arbuckle's brown derby—from all these evils, kind Providence, deliver us!

The Devil's Little Daughter

By BETTY SHANNON

BILLIE RHODES will "do anything once." Dainty and little, she is game from the fluffs of her hair to the soles of her tiny feet. Her roguish eyes fairly dance at the mere suggestion of a lark. She is the sort of girl who would much rather have the motor stall on an automobile trip than have it run smoothly; and she would sooner have ants crawl into the picnic lunch than have the picnic go off just as it was planned.

Her director doesn't have to think up devilish things for Billie Rhodes to do in the Strand comedies she is producing for Mutual (Adv.). She thinks up more than enough to keep him busy. And she doesn't stage them all before the camera. She is strictly not a practical joker, but she possesses a very happy faculty of making a joke out of it when things do go all wrong.

Successful before the camera. She is just five feet tall and weighs 106 pounds. She is fond of swimming and motoring and plays tennis and golf and loves to go on long tramps through the woods. Picnic parties are the delight of her life — with or without ants.



Billie Rhodes has big brown eyes and was born in San Francisco, to get down to statistics. She played successfully in vaudeville, more successfully in musical comedy and is most suc-



*Whose dog are you, Fido?
Betty Shannon doesn't seem to
know. Neither do we.*

JOE KNIGHT TRAINS A SUBSTITUTE



Thelma Salter is the determined young idea who wishes to learn how to shoot before the best of the Ince gunmen—like Joe—are called to the great roundup on the Somme.

Sato was not only the executor of her father's estate, without bonds, but the guardian of Mildred. Together they had to spend much time in the great house.



Sato Finds the Way

IT IS THE ULTIMATE LOVE WHICH
SACRIFICES; SOMETIMES IT IS ONLY
THE SELFISH LOVE WHICH CLAIMS

By Clarie Marchand

“AND so, father, I’ve often wondered why Sato has never made love to me. . . .”

It was sunset on the northern shore of San Francisco Bay. The yellow light made the eternal Gate golden indeed, and the stacks and masts of the innumerable vessels dotting the vast harbor seemed flaming pencils drawing on a molten surface. James Thornton sat in a deep wicker chair on the terrace facing his great house. Mildred, his daughter, sat on the arm of the chair.

“Do you think Sato should make love to you?” asked the man, somewhat sharply.

“Why, no—but when men are so kind—well, you know, father, it’s not all kindness.”

“Nonsense! Sato is my best friend. Besides, he has too much sense to make love to

you. Sato feels very keenly the unthinking attitude toward Japanese in this country, and he would not put himself in an unwanted position, even if I were out of the way.”

Mildred did not answer.

“Tell me. Are you in love with Sato?”

“Why, of course not, papa!” came the somewhat indignant response. “It just seemed funny to me—he’s always so sweet, so gentle, so thoughtful, yet he’s never so much as held my hand.”

“Sato was brought up in a country where boys are not called kids—a country where being courteous and being fresh aren’t exactly synonymous.”

And so the subject changed, and as it happened, the heart of Sato was never discussed again by this father and daughter.

Thornton was perhaps the wealthiest importer of Japanese porcelains, lacquers, silks and ivories in California. He "bought on the inside," complained his bitter and lagging competitors. They spoke truly. He unlocked Nippon with a Nipponesque key, and that key was Sato of Kobe: Berkeley graduate, son of a Baron in the Tokyo House of Lords, and commercially taught in the biggest Japanese bank in San Francisco.

Though he had years of successful business experience behind him, Sato was only twenty-six years old. He was Thornton's partner, and the only associate Thornton had ever trusted.

Woman's intuition, un-failing, prompted that question of Mildred's. Sato did love her, very deeply, and she felt it, and could not understand why he did not at least ask her to be his wife.

No woman is ever displeased at any man's declaration of affection: hers is the choice; his mere expression is a compliment more or less due her.

But Sato had made up his mind never to ask Mildred. He felt the pride of race and of ancestry with true aristocratic keenness. He had chosen, that he might become a millionaire, to live in a state where jingo race hatred was ever bitter. The American wife of a Japanese in California is an outcast. Sato elected just to stay near Mildred, and protect her, if need be, against any evil that might come.

While Mildred felt hurt and neglected, in that Sato had never so much as written her a tender note, she was ardently and girlishly in love with an American boy, and one feeling did not in the slightest interfere with the luxuriant growth of the other.

Harry Maxwell was not only typically a youth; he was typically American. When we say that the American has been the apostle of *unpreparedness* we do not say just what we mean. If we used the word *thoughtlessness* we should come much nearer the truth. The mature American, until now, has devoted scarcely a thought to the security of country. The family man too often thinks not at all of his life insurance. The young man—the happy,

lovable, well-meaning boy of Harry Maxwell's type—gives little heed to the obligations of affection, to the duties as well as the pleasures of love. Harry Maxwell was probably as much in love with Mildred as she with him, yet he had never stopped to think about it! When it occurred to him, driving home of a moonlight night, he hugged and kissed her ardently—and, because she was what is known in our clumsy parlance as a "good" girl, he only thought of her at other times as someone he might

possibly marry some day; never as a sensitive creature whose soul he had awakened, and who needed his thoughts, his tenderness, his remembrances and little acts of devotion.

In just this way came the parting which almost broke Mildred's heart. For a long time he had been seeking a position in the American Embassy in

Mexico City. When it came it was a clerkship, and with the appointment was a peremptory order for immediate departure from San Francisco. Harry gave himself but half an hour with Mildred. He arrived at the house while they were at dinner, and though the distraught girl wirelessly frantically for him to lead the way from the dining-room, he sat like a country war-settler on a cracker-box, telling her father, over and over again, what he proposed to do to any anti-American conspirators he might find. Suddenly he looked at his watch—he hadn't a moment more!

He dashed through the drawing-room, Mildred after him in a series of despairing little gasps. She caught him on the terrace. Turning, he gave her the most perfunctory little peck on the chin.

"Goo-bye—write you from San Diego, where we put in—write me care Embassy—luck girlie—s'long!"

Then it was four weeks before she got so much as a postcard.

Dark eyes flashing in Harry's had totally eclipsed the gray eyes of Mildred.

Benita Ramirez came to Mexico City from Chihuahua in the first days of Carranza's ascendancy. As a matter of fact, Benita left no particular reputation in Chihuahua. She was a camp-follower of

"SATO FINDS THE WAY"

NARRATED from the photoplay, "Forbidden Paths," which was produced by the Lasky Feature Play Company with the following cast:

Mildred Thornton.....Vivian Martin
Sato.....Sessue Hayakawa
Harry Maxwell.....Tom Forman
James Thornton.....James Neill
Benita Ramirez.....Carmen Phillips
Louis Valdez.....Paul Weigel
The American Ambassador.....
 Ernest Joy

fortune, and fortune seemed camping in the capital. Passing herself for Castilian Spanish, she had no Spanish blood at all. She was Portuguese and Indian, and both races showed in her face. She was adroit and scheming, and though she could feign the most torrid hours, her heart was polar.

The nearest she ever came to love was her fancy for the American boy. She analyzed her sentiments quite clearly, and was greatly pleased to discover that she still cared for him, disassociated from the money he spent upon her, and the rather rosy prestige his favor reflected. Really, she did not love him; he was young and he was decent, and into the hearts of the worst women in the world there comes eventually a great longing for young companionship, for the touch of ideals that are not shattered, for a cloak of respectability to wrap about their chilling naked shoulders.

It happened in the Cafe Benito Juarez: the night was warm, such money as had been yanked from the starving peons by bloody bandits was being spent by the bandits themselves; and from chinking mandolins not too distant "La Golondrina" and other founts of national ear-inspiration were pouring forth. Harry, under a panama and in white duck and yellow wine, was being played by Benita as beautifully as rich old gentlemen play the agile tuna off Catalina. Benita affected to drink as Harry noisily quaffed his champagne.

"Tell me, dear—where you came from. You never told me!" Very reproachfully.

"Why, beloved, I thought I had . . . there's so little to tell . . . and it's not pleasant."

"Now you gotta tell me."

"Very well, dear. I have been . . . married. My husband and I had lived but a month on our rancho in Sonora, when the Yaquis . . ." Benita was too overcome to continue for fully half a minute . . . "the Yaquis killed our cattle, burned our house, destroyed our grain, cut down our fruit trees—and they killed him—murdered him! I came here. I had just a little money, and I have done sewing and tutored little children. Now—I don't know what to do!"



Benita was experienced enough to hold any points she made, and even to advance a little. So, within a fortnight, she and Harry were married. . . . She analyzed her sentiments quite clearly and was pleased to discover that she cared for him apart from the prestige his favor reflected.



"Aren't you glad to see me?" she pouted, after his rather nervous and formal greeting.

The poor girl looked away. Her struggle to hide her woe was vain.

"Poor li'l girl!" sighed Mr. Maxwell. "Poor li'l girl!" He petted her arm, and as he stared into space, the volunteer pity of the inebriate sprang wetly to his eyes.

Benita was experienced enough to hold any points she made, and even to advance a little. So, within a fortnight, she and Harry were married.

In the meantime, all had not been mere waiting in San Francisco. One of the sudden illnesses which young men throw off in a day, but which kill old men in but little more time, seized James Thornton, and eternity gathered him in.

Mildred was so stunned by the furious suddenness of her father's death that the catastrophe itself was anaesthetized for her. Her nerves began to wake to an excruciating ache, in her ensuing, intolerable days of loneliness.

Sato, upon the reading of Thornton's

will, discovered himself not only the sole executor of the estate, without bonds, but the guardian of Mildred. Together they had to spend much time in the great house, and in the grounds, and as they wandered about the girl thrust her little black-clad arm through the sinewy crooked elbow so close—once Sato ran out of a purple twilight with seven devils clutching at his mind and soul. They had stood in the garden, and as Sato spoke of her father's favorite flowers she had started to cry. Her little wet face looked up into his, her yellow head inclined toward his breast. It was mere instinct which made him put out his arms and gather her in; and she clung to him, her face in his coat, while his lips rested in her hair. No words had been spoken between them—none needed to be. Presently Sato led her to the

house, strangely comforted, and as he left her, smiling, he went home and knelt with his face toward the tombs of his ancestors, asking them not to permit him to wreck the life of this American girl.

By a sort of satanic coincidence, this happened the very day that Harry married Benita. The wedding had an epilogue which neither party had anticipated.

The American Ambassador, who had called the boy there out of regard for his father more than for any other reason, felt almost a parent's responsibility concerning him. Like other alert men who had been a long time in Mexico City, he knew something of its half-world life; and he knew of Benita, because she had been the special vampire of an American military attache the year before. The Ambassador's servant, a tall, mulatto-colored peon, told his superior of the marriage.

As fast as a motor car, his feet and an acquaintance with indolent traffic officials

permitted, the Ambassador made for the cathedral. He reached it as Benita, the unrepentant Magdalene, was emerging—Mrs. Maxwell.

"Permit me to present my wife, Mr. —" Harry got no further.

"Maxwell! Do you know what you've done? You've given your father's honest name to a public woman who—"

"Silence! This lady is my wife and I'll spend a life in any jail you name rather than permit her to be—"

"Rot! Ask her why Pablo Valdez, the coffee merchant, killed himself last December? Ask her why I myself sent Lieut. Pericord back to Washington? Ask her

what she did with the money she pilfered from your friend Talamantes?"

"Benita mia—tell this fellow he lies." Instead, Benita pulled woman's one unvarying piece of bad strategy: she began to whimper instead of bluffing it out. Men admire a fighter of either sex, but the coward they run from.

"I was alone, and helpless—starving, almost!" sobbed the new Mrs. Maxwell. "What was I to do? I thought those men were only my friends, but if they chose to love me and make fools of themselves because I could not love them—oh, Harry!"

"You . . . you really knew these men, then? My friend speaks the truth?"

"But, Harry—"

"But nothing! Why did you

"That is the way with you painted lillies!" she almost shouted. "Go out into the world as I did, cheap little doll—perhaps you'll learn some very necessary lessons!"





"How much does this man mean to you?" asked Sato. "The whole world," answered Mildred.

tell me you were just in from Sonora? Why did you conceal all these things? Why have you lied, and lied?"

"I was afraid you wouldn't love me."

"Now I'm sure I don't love you. I gave you everything I had—my family, my name, and I was going to give you my life. You gave me—rotten falsehoods!"

Benita's eyes narrowed ominously.

"We had a proper license, and we were married by a priest of the Catholic Church. I assure you I haven't committed bigamy. You'll find that marriage holds."

And as he looked at her, Harry believed in a personal hell. His horrible marriage was hell, and his wife was its chief demon.

Harry went to stay at the Ambassador's house, while Benita moved her things to the Hotel Nationale, and registered as "Mrs. Harry Maxwell"—and that there might be no mistaking her for any other Maxwell: "U. S. Embassy."

In a few days, through the Ambassador, Harry tendered her a formal offer of \$50,000 to annul the marriage. She refused, but her manner lost its harshness. She cultivated everywhere the symptoms of a broken heart, and wrote her unrelenting husband, each day, tender, pleading letters.

Thinking that he might have a freer hand with Harry away, the Ambassador sent him to San Francisco. Failing in offers and open negotiations, he had resolved not to be above strategy or a gas attack.

Principally through governmental influence, this mesalliance had never been telegraphed out of the country by the correspondents. The newspaper boys stood with the American representative in the Embassy on most things, and when he asked for the seal of silence on this, he got it.

So Mildred, and Sato, were quite uninformed of the thing they would have read the morning following its happening, had it not been for the hard heel of Uncle Sam.

Harry might have been described by the authors of detective stories as weighed down by terrible guilt. As a matter of fact, his mercurial disposition permitted him to be weighed down by nothing; the thing was over, as far as he was concerned — past, gone, never to return. It had given him a bad ten days, and he had lost flesh and color. Mildred attributed these losses to some fearful danger, coupled with tremendous exertion. Sato grimly believed that for the first time in his life Harry might have done some real work.

But of the three, Harry



was in the most troubled situation. He was not really bad. He was thoughtlessness and carelessness raised to the *n*th power, but he had a heart, and underneath his superficial surface, he had great sincerity. It was his heart which spoke, telling him that he loved Mildred as he could not possibly love the half-caste wanton across the border. And it was the truth in him that made him feel his duplicity in leading Mildred on; it was very plain that she loved him.

Harry's first movement in the continued campaign for freedom was the sending of a rather desperate wire to the Ambassador, acquainting him with all the facts. And the Ambassador went promptly to work to find Benita in the cheaper and more obscure quarters to which she moved after the Hotel Nationale understood that she alone was responsible for her bills. He found her—but he overplayed his hand. She was bit-

ter and desperately in need of money, and had he merely repeated the fifty-thousand offer, with a "take it or leave it" shrug, she would have taken it. But when he raised this offer to \$75,000, Benita, who was appraising the whole affair commercially now, divined the reason. There was another woman, and freedom would be worth half the Maxwell fortune. She made an appointment to see the Ambassador on Tuesday, and arranged to sail for San Diego on Monday.

Meanwhile, Harry had kept away from Mildred. She did not understand this, and, with the familiarity of school-days, went to see him. She found him, alone of a bright afternoon, in a little summer-house on the grounds of his father's home.

"Aren't you glad to see me?" she pouted, after his rather nervous and formal greeting.

"Then why don't you tell me so?" she protested. "I'm gladder to see you than anybody else in the world. I thought when



Sato's first notion of a way to save Mildred was robbing Benita, the robber, of her heart.

you came home . . . Harry, I'm so lonely now."

Her bright little face, lifted to him, was full of trouble. Her wee hands implored him, and her eyes were full of tears.

Without a word, Harry gathered her in, comforting her with little meaningless petting words, stroking her bright hair, and holding her closer and closer. Presently her arms stole about his neck, and she kissed him as innocently and ardently as a little child.

Then, though the heavens had fallen, he must tell her that he loved her.

"I knew it," she cooed. "We don't need to bother even to ask each other. I was always yours—and Harry, I know you've always been mine; just mine, and nobody else's."

And the sweetness of the hour was fanged by the memory of Benita, the snake in his Eden. The sun grew red and low. Suddenly Mildred, with her hair tumbled and her face flushed, darted away.

"Aren't we terrible!" she giggled, guiltily. "Come to dinner with me, Harry!" She rushed back for his hand.

"I can't tonight," he answered. And he pleaded the old excuse of another engagement. He wanted to be alone with his damning conscience—rather, he was afraid to take it to a party.

But Mildred found Sato waiting her. He had brought some papers requiring her signature across the bay. *He* must be the dinner guest. He was told to tarry and hear the great secret.

" . . . and I guess we'll be married next month!" she finished, merrily.

It had come! Like the sun of execution morning, the condemned man was perhaps gladder to see it than otherwise. It was good to have an end to hopes that could not be. Sato was at least glad that Mildred's property was in his hands until she was of age; he would conserve it for her. Then Harry, too, would be past the silly age. So Sato congratulated her with Samurai gravity, and lingered in polite torture until ten.

This evening was Thursday's. Harry really went to San José, to avoid meeting his innocently bigamous fiancée—and turned directly homeward to confess. Why not fight his folly in the open? Mildred must know all about it some day, anyway.

And as he dragged himself to her house, on Saturday afternoon, Benita rang the bell of his own home.

Fortune favored her, in a way. No one was there save Harry's Japanese servant, and to him she confided the imperious message: "Tell him *his wife* has arrived, and must see him at once!"

The servant, being human, rolled this delectable morsel of scandal under a tongue that found small opportunity to chatter, and proceeded on his way to the Thornton estate. And he found the chance to unburden himself in meeting Sato. He told the story between smirks and obsequious bows.

From the flame of rage against Maxwell that leaped in Sato's soul there emerged piercing wild hope—this fool had damned himself; where should she turn now but to Sato, who had always loved her? In a moment this feeling gave way to a calmer one. Mildred must be protected. He told Harry's servant to go any place but to the Thornton home: meanwhile, he walked rapidly back to the *casa* Maxwell, where he was told Benita was waiting.

Could the Japanese have known the great hit he made with Benita he would not have been flattered, but he would have felt surer of the end of his game. He informed her, politely, that he had intercepted her message, but that Mr. Maxwell was out of town for the afternoon, and would not return until evening. He very seldom spent the night at his home, preferring his club on Ellis street, in town. Sato would arrange for an apartment for Mrs. Maxwell at the St. Francis? Anything, he felt, to get her across the bay from Mildred! She poisoned the very air. In the presence of his hypnotism Bonita consented to everything Sato suggested.

When he had seen her on the ferry, and had telephoned for rooms, Sato hastened to Thornton house. He must stand as a bulwark between Mildred and the terrible revelation.

Maxwell was in the drawing-room. And Sato noticed the terribly funereal air that overcast the whole home. He advanced slowly, his eyes fixed balefully on Harry, who returned his look understandingly, yet without rancor.

"Harry has just told me," said Mildred simply.

She was facing the situation bravely.

Harry and Sato were spared the necessity of further speech. Harry bowed, took his hat, went silently away. Mildred, silent and dry-eyed, walked to a window, from which she stared with eyes that did not see.

"How much does this man mean to you" asked Sato thickly, behind her.

"The whole world," answered Mildred.

A long time passed, and the girl turned suddenly, half in fear lest she might be alone. Sato was seated on a big divan, his chin in the palm of his hands, intently studying the carpet.

"What shall I do?" Mildred was the appealing child again, and stretched toward him a child's hands.

"Wait," answered Sato, simply. "*I will find the way.*"

Sato's first notion of a way was robbing Benita, the robber, of her heart. He had only to see her twice to realize that he fascinated her, and that he might use this fascination to save the woman he really loved.

Benita, however, was once more thoroughly commercial. In her heart of hearts she proposed two things: first, to intimidate and blackmail the combined houses of Thornton and Maxwell to the ultimate penny; second, to play Sato as her reserve line. She was conceited enough to believe him desperately smitten with her. And she found him not unattractive and as she heard more and more of his standing among men,

and his business prowess, she thought he would be a very grand companion to depart with, or even to linger with, after the conclusion of her mining operations. But no hint of her real thought ever went out to Harry, or even to Sato. She told Sato, as she told Harry and everyone else who asked, that she was madly in love with her husband.

Harry, in despair, determined to leave not only San Francisco, but America. He would fling himself into the far tropics—he would go to war—he would go to Alaska. He bade Mildred au revoir, intending it for an adieu.

Benita, who spent as much time as possible at the Maxwell house, was watching the windows of the Thornton home. She had seen him enter, and as minute after minute went by, her anger, which she mistook for jealousy, grew. At length he emerged, dejected. Benita resolved to face the white doll of whom she had heard so exasperatingly much. Perhaps it would bring things to a climax, and the climax was dragging dreadfully, thought Benita.

"Harry," she faltered, "Sato has found the way."



"You are Harry's wife?" murmured Mildred, softly, a few minutes later, appraising the hectic intruder as she might have glimpsed a kiln in which some strange pottery were burning.

"I am his wife," affirmed Benita, "and I have come to ask you how much longer this disgraceful affair must continue?"

"I think the disgrace began and

(Continued on page 146)

A Queen of Blondes

JEWEL CARMEN, THE GIRL
WHO "PHOTOGRAPHS
LIKE A MILLION DOLLARS"

By Cal York

SHE first flashed on the celluloid horizon as something more than a bit of atmosphere when Douglas Fairbanks discovered her playing minor nameless parts at Fine Arts studio.

Then she blossomed out as a radiant screen personality, a dazzling queen of blondes with a ravishing pair of eyes and—

"Jewel Carmen?" exclaimed one of her early directors. "Why,



*Is the enterprise shown
above a matter of tea or
teasing?*

Photograph by Stagg

that girl photographs like a million dollars!"

Miss Carmen came to Fine Arts as an extra girl with experience at Pathe and Keystone. She had, like many other Los Angeles schoolgirls, been getting her pin money at the studios with no serious thought of ever reaching stardom.

Then, as before related, came the Fairbanks comedies, and the screen wiseacres began asking each other, "Who is Jewel Carmen?" If you saw her in "American Aristocracy" or "Flirting with Fate," or a couple of other pictures in which she played opposite the ebullient Douglas, you may remember something of the sensation.

Miss Carmen, however, did not get her great chance until she was chosen to play opposite William Farnum in "A Tale of Two Cities." This melodrama of history stamped her a finished actress.

Jewel Carmen is a native of Kentucky. She was born in the town of Danville nearly twenty years ago, and her parents brought her to Los Angeles just after she had completed grammar school. In that city she attended a convent and was studying there when induced to apply for a position in a moving picture studio about four years ago.

The slightly interested gentleman reclining in the chair is the Fox studio doorkeeper, who has conversed familiarly with such pippins as Marie Antoinette, and all her court.



Plays and Players

FACTS AND NEAR-FACTS ABOUT THE
GREAT AND NEAR-GREAT OF FILMLAND

By Cal York

ONCE upon a time, actors of repute on the legitimate stage ran away from movie men bearing gifts in the shape of offers as though from a pestilence. It's different now. They fight to get into the "pictures," figuratively, of course. As an illustration, take the case of George Arliss, of stage fame. He recently brought suit against Herbert Brenon for a large sum of money because the producer, he alleges, failed to put him in the movies according to an agreement between them.

AT this writing there is doubt as to whether Max Linder, the famous French cinema comedian, will ever play again before the camera. After two comedies in Chicago, Essanay sent Linder to Los Angeles for the remainder of his pictures under his first American contract, in the hope that the milder climate of the Coast would restore his failing health. One comedy was completed in Los Angeles, and another just begun, when Linder was compelled to cease work. Two years on the firing line with the French army had done its work. A shrapnel wound in the lungs, added to the exposure which he underwent, undermined his health, never very robust. According to his physicians, both lungs are affected, but it is hoped by them that the actor may recover, in a measure at least, by a long stay in Arizona.

MELBOURNE McDOWELL, whose name is familiar to the playgoers of two generations, is getting his initial camera experience at the Culver City studio of Thomas H. Ince. McDowell was, in his day, one of the foremost exponents of the romantic drama.

WILLIAM FARNUM is again a denizen of the effete East, as the Westerners love to call it. After nearly two years of continuous camera work in the interests of William Fox in and about

Hollywood, Mr. Farnum has returned to the Fort Lee studio, where he will make some more photoplays under the direction of Frank Lloyd. Brother Dustin will remain to guard the Farnum possessions on the Pacific from the encroachment of alien, and other, enemies. William thinks very well of California. He declares that nearly anything will grow out there and cites his salary as a fair instance.

When he left New York he was laboring for a meager stipend of \$50,000 a year. In little less than a year, it had grown to something like \$100,000 without irrigation, fertilization or crop rotation.

FANNY WARD has decided to remain with Paramount. When her contract expired recently, she attached her Jane Hancock, so to say, to another one prepared by Jesse Lasky, so she'll continue to be a citizen of Hollywood. Mae Murray, another Laskyite, also signed a new contract for a period of two years.

OLIVE THOMAS is the third "Follies" star to quit the so-called vocal stage for the reflections. This famous Ziegfeld beauty, following the lead of Ann Pennington and Mae Murray, has become a film star and her cinematic endeavors will be presented under the auspices of Mr. Ince of Triangle.

PARADOX NOTE: "Ed Laurie," relates the Mutual press bureaucrat, "the rotund funmaker of Mutual-Vogue Company, has deserted the chicken business to go on the stage in musical comedy."

CHARLOTTE BURTON, well-known to the film-seers as an American heroine and heavy, recently filed suit against Essanay for \$28,200. Miss Burton alleges that the Chicago concern took her from her happy home in Santa Barbara, California, brought her to Chicago and then failed to live up to its contract.



White Photo

Eileen Percy. This delectable portrait of Douglas Fairbanks' new leading woman is a photographic representation of a mural painting of her, by Raphael Kirchner.

DIRECTOR GENERAL CUPID has been quite busy in the Western film colony. One of the first of the spring weddings was that of Doris Pawn, Fox leading woman, and Rex Ingram, Universal director. It was an elopement, staged just prior to Mr. Ingram's departure for New York to become director for Violet Mersereau. The couple motored to Santa Ana, the Gretna Green of Los Angeles, where the mythical knot was tied. You may provide your own pun on the names of the principals.

THEN there was the international romance in which Betty Schade, late of Berlin and now a Universal star, threw in her lot with that of Ernie Shields, a well-known screen idol. They were married on Easter Sunday at the Church of the Angels in Los Angeles, and a week or so later Ernie was called out with the coast artillery in which he is a sergeant. The folk at Universal City presented Betty with a big silver loving cup the day after the wedding.

NEXT in order came the wedding of Florence Dagmar, who will be remembered as a Laskyite. Her last picture for that company was "The Clown," opposite Victor Moore. Miss Dagmar married Roy Somers, auditor of a picture company, whom she first met when he was at the window of a Hollywood bank. It was a double wedding, the groom's brother marrying at the same time.

SUBTITLE—"While across the continent"—Jean Sothern, erstwhile star of International and Art Drama photoplays, was being wooed and won by another "non-professional," as the Answer Man says. Jean will be remembered best as Myra in "The Mysteries of Myra" and for her earlier work



White Photo

Jane Lee, doing her bit as a recruiting office patrol.



This picture is printed merely to prove that not all pies in California are used for throwing. Some are eaten—this pie, for instance, is having the time of its death in being eaten by Harold Lockwood.

in Fox plays, notably "The Two Orphans." Oh, the other party? Well, his name is Beverly S. Chew and he is a reserve officer in the army. The couple spent their honeymoon at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, where the reserve officers were in training. Mrs. Chew will quit the screen, it is said.

OFFSET note: Andrew Arbuckle, brother of Maclyn and no relative of Roscoe, was recently cast as a Los Angeles divorce court defendant. Although Arbuckle is a character comedian, his wife alleged that he was a heavy in his home life.

WHENEVER news is scarce around the studios, the press agents tell about the culinary ability of their leading actresses. Vivian Martin was featured recently in a story by one of those writing mercenaries who declared that she fried an egg on the wrong side. And no one was able to figure out whether the scrivener was guilty of ignorance or wit.

FRANK "FATTY" VOSS, L-Ko comedian, died suddenly in Los Angeles recently. He was twenty-eight years old and had just been married a few months. His home was in Chicago.

TYRONE POWER is to be featured in a big stage revival of "Shenandoah," which is to be produced in Los Angeles by W. H. Clune, film producer and theatre owner of that city. Mr. Power played the chief role in "The Mission Play" until that historic production closed recently. He played before the camera during the same period in a picturization of "The Planter," a well-known novel.

RUTH ROLAND is to continue as a Pathe star, although under a new producing company. She is

to have the chief role in a serial to be made at the Horsley studio in Los Angeles.

FRITZI BRUNETTE is no longer a Seligite. She has been engaged by the Lasky company to play opposite Sessue Hayakawa in the next feature of the Japanese star. However, Sessue will not be a Japanese in this photoplay, but a Mexican villain of the Villa type.

THESE are parlous days for the peace plays. "Civilization" was the first to get the censorial axe in Pennsylvania and others expected to come under the ban were "War Brides," "The Battle Cry of Peace," "Womanhood" and "Patria." A Pittsburgh theatre owner was arrested on a charge of high misdemeanor while passing handbills advertising "The Battle Cry of Peace." He was running a gauntlet of enraged citizenry and was the center of an excited mob when "rescued" by the police, who held him on the complaint that he was endeavoring to stop enlistments.

MEAN TIME, numerous producers are jumping into the war bandwagon, as it were, with film plays designed to arouse patriotic fervor and induce the young men of the nation to rally 'round the flag. Thomas H. Ince recently turned out a two-reeler depicting actual life in the navy which will be used throughout the country in the task of meeting the requirements of that branch of the service.

ANOTHER concern in Los Angeles just completed a so-called patriotic film at a considerable expense, in which Revolutionary days are recalled. It has a weakness, however, in a technical way, according to those who have seen it, in that the minute men charge with breech loading rifles over asphalt streets after British troops who dodge behind telegraph poles as they scurry across railroad tracks. Yet, what are a few technical inaccuracies between friends?

ANTONIO MORENO is back among the alleged white lights after camping out in California throughout the winter. At least, it was Senor Moreno's impression that he would have to camp out if he went to Hollywood, but he developed into a regular "Million-Population-for-Los Angeles-in-1920" booster before he got ready to quit the scraphic city

for the more sophisticated center of art and letters. Before leaving, Mr. Moreno again took occasion to deny that he was married, or engaged to be married to Edith Storey.

PHILANTHROPIC item: Crane Wilbur, we are informed by his erudite eulogist, sends autographed photographs to any and all who apply, without expense to the applicant.

MRS. VERNON CASTLE is not to quit the screen. Pathe has obtained her name to a long term contract and she will be starred in both features and serials.

A MODERN JOAN OF ARC is to end the present war. It's as good as ended, because Theda Bara, relates her press person, has had a dream in which this result occurs. "She is convinced that her dream is prophetic," we read, "and believes implicitly that a woman will be the one to stop the slaughter in Europe." We learn also that the sufferings

of the French have so affected Miss Bara "that at times she has appeared to lose her personality and to be swayed by an inexplicable influence" and also that "her Oriental nature has been greatly disturbed by the war." Verily, war is all that General Sherman said of it.



Witzel Photo

The Next Griffith Wonder-Child?? Her name is Colleen Moore, and she made her debut in "Hands Up." She is seventeen, was educated in a convent in Tampa, and practiced weeping going to and from school until she could weep at will. Then Mr. Griffith found her, and sent her to Fine Arts to await the beginning of his own Artcraft pictures, in which he proposes to utilize her extensively.

TWO former Famous Players directors are now producing film plays for the Mutual. They are Del Henderson, who is Ann Murdock's studio boss, and John B. O'Brien, who will direct the camera activities of Edna Goodrich.

RENA ROGERS, whose blondeness lighted up many a brief comedy of a year or two ago, has come back to the "game," which she decided to give up when she married Frank Borzage. She is playing opposite Paddy McGuire, in Vogue funnies.

AFTER an absence of two years from the legitimate stage, Mabel Taliaferro is back among the footlights in a dramatization of Hall Caine's novel, "The Woman Thou Gavest Me." Miss Taliaferro is not neglecting her screen work, however, as she puts in all of her spare time before Metro cameras. Her last previous appearance on the stage was in the all-star production of "The New Henrietta," with William H. Crane, Amelia Bingham, Thomas Ross and Maelyn Arbuckle.

SO successful was the first McClure producing venture, "The Seven Deadly Sins," that another series of photoplays is to be made with Shirley Mason occupying one of the stellar roles. Frederick L. Collins, president of the company, recently paid a visit to Los Angeles, where he obtained a studio to house the McClure film workers.

BARRETT O'HARA, former lieutenant-governor of Illinois, is now a full-fledged motion picture magnate. He was largely responsible for "The Little Girl Next Door," and the success of that bit of underworld pictorial animation inspired him to do another picture along the same lines. This was recently completed by George Siegmann, formerly a Griffith lieutenant, who has begun work on a third. All of the O'Hara ventures are based on the celebrated report of the Illinois Vice Commission, which has proved to be a veritable mine of thrills. Both the Siegmann-directed pictures get their respective themes from recommendations of the Vice Commission. The leading part is taken by Norbert Myles.



Jack Puckford and his chow dog; a recent portrait in California.

A NEW use for the "extra," or "mob" artist has been found in New York. When Broadway managers wish to create the impression of prosperity and the air of success, the "mob" is called to form a line at the box office. At least, one company is reported to have inaugurated this scheme of baiting the prowling theatre-goer, paying the pseudo-goers \$1 each to stand in line for a while in the evening.

WILFRED LUCAS, pioneer player of the Griffith plant, said his farewell to Fine Arts when the big shakeup occurred, packed his household effects and departed for New York. He will appear in the Triangle photoplays which are to be directed by Allan Dwan.



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Regina Badet, perhaps the foremost of the French motion picture players William A. Brady will present to America through World Film.

GERALDINE FARRAR has become a permanent resident of Hollywood, where Mr. Far—we mean, Mr. Lou-Tellegen, is now employed as a director for the Lasky company. The Lou-Tellegens are building a home in the film suburb of Los Angeles where they expect to spend most of their time. Miss Farrar is to take part in another spectacular film production, work on which is to begin the middle of the summer.

MYRTLE STEDMAN is no longer a member of the Morosco company. Miss Stedman's contract expired in April and she did not renew it. She had been with the company ever since its beginning as Bosworth, Inc., and her last photoplay with the Paramount concern was "The World Apart," in which she is costarred with Wallace Reid.

ESSANAY has re-opened its Niles, California, studio, which has been closed ever since the "Broncho Billy" films went out of circulation. Western features will be produced there in the near future, with Jack Gardner as the star.

H. B. WARNER—by the way, his middle name is Byron—has signed up with Colonel Selig, for a series of photoplays, the first of which is "The Danger Trail" by James Oliver Curwood. Violet Heming plays opposite. Most of the scenes of "The Danger Trail" were filmed in Chicago and Eastern locations.

RALPH AND JOHN INCE, brothers of Thomas H. Ince, have embarked into a partnership and their photoplays are to be advertised as "Ince Productions."

"TODAY," the Broadhurst play, was recently transferred to the celluloid strips, with Florence Reed and Frank Mills in the

leading roles. Other players in "Today" are Leonore Harris, Alice Gale, Gus Weinburg and Kate Lester.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS is now "at home" on the Lasky lot in Hollywood, which is also the scene of present Pickfordian activities, as well as those of numerous other Lasky-Famous Players-Paramount stars. Upon the arrival of Fairbanks, Studio Manager Milton Hoffman ordered new supports for all fences on the lot, owing to the epidemic of vaulting which ensued. Even the sedate Theodore Roberts was caught practicing at a six-foot fence the day after Fairbanks and his retinue arrived, and the venerable Tully Marshall had to apply for treatment for two badly skinned shins.

VITAGRAPH is to picturize the famous Wolfville stories from the pen of the late Alfred Henry Lewis. They will be made in varying lengths, according to the requirements of each individual story in the series.

INA CLAIRE, "Follies" star, isn't exactly a screen queen, but the film folk can lay some claim to her because of her camera work two years ago when she played with Carlyle Blackwell in "The Puppet Crown" for Lasky. All of which is preliminary to the announcement that Miss Claire is to marry Lieutenant Lawrence Townsend, Jr., United States Navy, now attached to the battleship Missouri. Lieut. Townsend's father was minister to Belgium and later minister to Portugal.

LEO WHITE, formerly the French Count in the Chaplin comedies, is now a member of the Florida film colony at Jacksonville. He has joined the King Bee company headed by Billy West.

FILM people in New York danced for the Red Cross at a "Movie Charity Ball" early in April, which was attended by about five thousand people. The grand march was led by Roscoe Arbuckle with Virginia Pearson and Earl Williams with Leah Baird.

AFTER "doing" two pictures for Lasky, Margaret Illington has returned to New York, satisfied with the experiment, it is said.

JUST before sailing for Europe, D. W. Griffith wired his chief camera man, G. W. Bitzer, requesting that he accompany him to Europe, but suggesting that he change his name first, for certain reasons which may appear obvious. "Billy" had a good look into a mirror before answering the message. Then he wired: "Willing to change my name, but how about my face?" He might as well have taken the chance, however, as the state department declined to permit Griffith to take a camera man with him.

EARLE FOXE is supporting Pearl White in her new Pathe serial, and Warner Oland, the portrayer of *Baron Huroki* in "Patria" has the heavy part.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN is now a millionaire, according to those who are in a position to know, including the little English comedian himself. Not that such an announcement will be received with bated breath, but he was only twenty-eight on his last birthday.



Max Linder, outside the sanitarium in Hollywood, to which he was driven by a renewed attack of the lung trouble originally caused by a shell-wound.

WINIFRED ALLEN is to be made a Triangle Star. Miss Allen will be remembered favorably by those who had the pleasure of witnessing Famous Players' "Seventeen," in which Jack Pickford and Louise Huff were starred. Winifred was the little girl who finally won Jack. Her first Triangle photoplay will be "The Man Who Made Good."

HENRY HALLAM, well-known to the light opera stage, is Viola Dana's new leading man and will appear in a number of forthcoming Metro releases.

MARGUERITE CLAYTON, we learn from the usual

sources, recently went away for a rest to some "unknown watering place, where she could be free from the interruptions of her director and the publicity man," following the conclusion of her series, "Is Marriage Sacred?" at the Essanay studios. If there's one thing that actresses—and actors, too—just abhor, it is the efforts of the publicity man to get them into print.

EDOUARD LUMIERE, said to be the first man to exhibit a film in Europe, was killed in an aeroplane accident in France recently. He was one of the brothers of that name who were pioneers of cinema invention.

Peggy had the impressionable Drew under her thumb, and had Fanshawe not been a married man



The Jungle Knights

This is the fifth adventure of Peggy Roche, of Stamford, Conn., in the colossal theatre of war. Intrepid Peggy—you see—has a sweet-heart, one Jim Byrne, who manufactures war supplies while she hits the red trail of conflict to sell them; all to the end that the dawn of peace may be accompanied by an eight-room bungalow, with garage, on Long Island. Of course, even Peggy's good looks are not going to avail if she tries to outflank the Morgan crowd in its own fields on Jim's shoestring; to do business, she must hit the spots the munitions kings forgot, in ways they never dreamed of.

By Victor Rousseau

Illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell

MAJOR ALFRED FANSHAW, formerly of the Egyptian Intelligence Department, but now attached to a native regiment operating in East Africa against the German forces, sat on a camp stool outside his tent, which was pitched in a cleared space at the edge

of a tropical jungle. He was reading a letter which had just arrived by runner from the coast. As he read, his face wrinkled with amusement. Finally he put it down and laughed outright.

"Drew! Oh, Drew!" he called.

Captain Drew, his first aide, came out

of the tent, his face half covered with lather, a razor in his hand.

"Drew, do you remember that little American girl, Miss Roche, whom we rescued from Biskra?" he asked, still laughing.

"I'll never forget her, never," answered Drew. "The sight of her face when we took away her contraband auto and truck, and the cash the Turks had paid her, haunts me in my dreams."

"Well, she's turned up again," said Major Fanshawe. Here's a letter from her, written in Zanzibar. She's still trying to sell war supplies. Odd how these Americans search out every nook and corner of the world, isn't it? What do you think she wants to sell?"

"Armored pianos? Bullet-proof blacking-brushes?"

"Be serious, Drew. You know, I feel somewhat friendly toward her, apart from our adventures together, because of her pluck. She's representing a little firm in a place called Connecticut. Ever hear of it?"

Drew checked off the American names he knew upon his fingers. "New York, San Francisco, Washington, Florida, Philadelphia," he murmured. "You're sure it isn't Niagara, Fanshawe?"

"No, it's Connecticut. Probably a manufacturing suburb of New York. Anyway, it seems that the big firms have combined to oust the Jim Byrne firm, and she has to live on the gleanings, like Ruth. Well, she wants to sell suits of armor."

"Good Lord!" said Drew.

"Harveyized steel, three-eighths of an inch thick, warranted to turn bullets or shrapnel," read Fanshawe from the letter. "They turned her down in London, but she pestered the Cairo people until they gave her a letter to me. It says I have authority to buy them if I want them. Of course, if I did such a mad thing, I'd get raked over the coals. However, she came on to Zanzibar, and she has six dozen suits, complete, and she's bringing up two by porters, for samples, and she wants five hundred pounds apiece for them. How shall we get rid of her?"

"Get her kidnaped and condemned to death unless she marries one of the native chiefs," suggested Drew.

"That's a good idea," answered Major Fanshawe, thoughtfully. "Only we did

that before, you know, and it didn't work."

"Seriously," said Drew, "I've had this armor bee for quite a while. I feel sure we shall revert to it some day. Now, take our case. Here we are, with two thousand well-drilled natives, and held up by Major Schwartz and his eight hundred natives across the river. Why? Because they have maxims and shrapnel. You can't stop a determined infantry attack with common shell, simply because it isn't possible to fire enough of it from any number of guns. But with shrapnel and machine guns you can stop twenty times your number. Now, suppose we did have six dozen men in armor, each carrying a Lewis automatic rifle, firing three hundred rounds a minute. Send them to the attack. Suppose a dozen are blown away with shell, which is a liberal estimate, if they keep open order. The shrapnel and rifle bullets are turned by the armor. Very well! Those men are invincible. Why, they can walk through any army, win the battle and finish the war."

Fanshawe looked at Drew quizzically. "That's just what she says," he replied. "Drew, I hope you aren't going to back her in this crazy enterprise?"

"We'd better see the armor first," answered the other.

The native orderly came running toward them and saluted. "Sahib," he gasped, "scouts report enemy moving down from Lake Tanganyika."

"Eh?" inquired Fanshawe; and at that moment the sound of scattering rifle fire broke out.

PEGGY ROCHE had reached Zanzibar bent on selling Jim's suits of armor. She had tried practically all allied Europe, only to meet rebuffs from every nation at war. Sometimes an official from the War Office consented to look at a sample suit. His inspection generally threw him into hysterics. Peggy's armor became an international joke.

For Jim Byrne had been thorough in his undertaking. The inventive genius of the Yankee seemed to have found its proper field. Since the market for the sale of war supplies was practically monopolized, Jim had of necessity been compelled to put his wits to work. The armor was the result.

The great feature of Jim's invention

was that it was a single piece. Possibly Jim had been influenced by seeing the pictorial advertisements of a certain brand of gents' undergarments. At any rate, he made a strong feature of this.

You put on the knee pieces, which connected with the thigh pieces by patent fasteners. You put on the arm pieces which connected, by patent fasteners, with the breast and back pieces. Thus attired, you resembled a disjointed lobster. But you reached round to your back and turned a little screw. The joints began to tighten up. You screwed until—but that is giving Jim's process away. Suffice it to say that nobody wanted the armor anywhere in Europe.

Then Peggy remembered Captain Fanshawe, of the Egyptian Intelligence Department. Fanshawe had saved her life at Biskra, but he had also relieved her of a contraband auto and motor truck and a good supply of gasoline, and a Turkish check, practically valueless. What galled her most was his confiscation of a thousand pounds in good Bank of England notes. However, he had been very kind and Peggy clung to the final hope that she could get her armor tried in Egypt. When she arrived, however, she learned that Captain Fanshawe, now Major, was commanding a mobile column in East Africa, on the shores of Tanganyika.

This explained Peggy's presence there. Preceded by a dozen porters, who had carried the armor up from the coast, through a lion country, she burst upon the British camp just in time to see the unique spectacle of a battle.

The Germans held a blockhouse on the lake. Barbed wire surrounded it, and guns were belching forth destruction upon the force of natives that attacked it under the leadership of Fanshawe and Drew. From the hill on which Peggy was standing, the British guns were answering. The gunners did not fire at each other, but at the infantry of their opponents, out in the open. To Peggy's mind, they were having the loveliest time of anybody.

Peggy saw the British lines advance toward the barbed wire about the blockhouse. The crackling of the rifles was continuous. Away on her right a maxim was sputtering. The attacking force began to break into sections. A few men emerged out of the long grass, walking back toward

the camp. The battle was over. The British had been repulsed.

The Red Cross ambulance appeared, moving cautiously through the grass. The natives came slowly back, some with wounds, supported by comrades, some walking alone in dogged silence. At the tail of them appeared Fanshawe, shepherding the stragglers, and Drew with a blood-stained handkerchief about his wrist. He drew an empty revolver from his holster and flung it on the ground.

"Fanshawe, that's the fourth time," he said, angrily. "We'll never take those lines unless we import a 42-centimeter howitzer."

"That's where you're wrong," said Peggy, stepping briskly forward.

Fanshawe looked up. "Good Lord, Drew!" he exclaimed. "Here's that infernal woman!"

"It's all very well in theory, Miss Roche," said Fanshawe that evening, when he had recovered his spirits under the influence of a good dinner, "but it won't work out in practice. If it would, don't you suppose the war offices of Europe would have jumped at it? Don't you suppose they've had the same invention thrust under their blooming noses all the time?"

"Why not in practice?"

"I don't know. You have to practice before you can find out. But I should say the chief fault is that it robs a man of mobility. How much do you say it weighs? Fifty-four pounds? Well, there you are. A soldier with several pounds of overcoats, blankets, mess dishes and ammunition clanking about his body, and a heavy rifle to boot, can't stand for fifty-four pounds of armor casing. Suppose he could break the enemy's lines? He'd drop in his tracks exhausted. He couldn't follow up, and meanwhile the enemy would bring up reinforcements and take him prisoner, armor and all. That's about as I see it."

"Well, there may be something in that, so far as European warfare is concerned," admitted Peggy. "but that doesn't apply to a condition like this, where it is simply a case of capturing a single fort, and the enemy has no reinforcements to bring up. Fifty men in armor would simply walk through that barbed wire. They wouldn't need to cut it. They'd just charge it, and down it would go. Can't you see?"

Through her glasses Peggy saw Drew and Fanshawe leading the charge. She saw the whole line halt for an instant as it reached the line of barbed wire, and then surge forward, carrying the wire away.



"By Jove, Fanshawe, I believe there is something in the idea," said Drew.

"You do, do you?" said Major Fanshawe. "I must say, Drew, I don't think much of your interfering just when I've nerved myself to the point of sending Miss Roche away."

"Let's see the thing, anyway," said Drew. "There's nothing like trying."

Peggy did not need a second invitation. She hurried to her tent and soon had her porters carrying the pieces to headquarters. They laid them on the ground and Peggy began dexterously to fasten them together.

"You mean to say they fasten with string?" cried Fanshawe. "Why, no wonder the War Office rejected it."

"Manila hemp," said Peggy. "Once the pieces are screwed up, they fit together, and nothing short of an electric drill could make any impression on them."

"We'll try it on the Sergeant-Major," said Fanshawe. "Here, Hassan!"

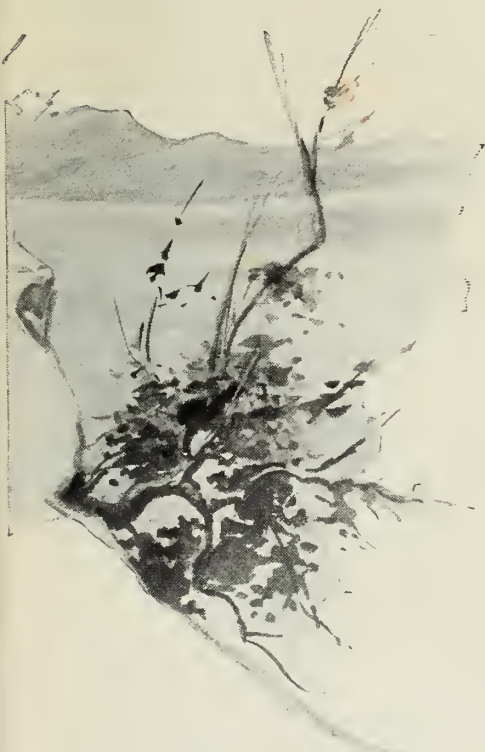
A stalwart Soudanese came forward on the run, drew himself up in front of his officers and saluted them.

"Hassan, we're going to put you into armor," said Major Fanshawe, laughingly.

Hassan eyed the pieces and grinned broadly. Peggy, without a word, began fitting them. She put on the leg pieces and the arm pieces, then the breastplate and backplate, and finally the helmet. Hassan presented an incongruous appearance, most of his body appearing between the various sections.

"Suppose a bullet hits him here," said Fanshawe, indicating an exposed part of the body of the great negro.

Peggy pointed to the little screw in the back. "Reach around, Hassan, and turn it to the right," she said.



Hassan's long fingers groped for and found the screw. As he turned it, the pieces began to come together.

And while Fanshawe and Drew watched in stupefaction, there was a click and Hassan stood before them, complete in armor-plate.

"It's wonderful!" exclaimed Drew, enthusiastically. "May I fire a bullet into it at twenty feet?"

"A dozen," answered Peggy.

She unfastened Hassan and laid the breastplate against a tree. Drew took a

rifle and fired. The bullet pinged against the armor and slid off into the grass.

"What do you think about it, Fanshawe?" asked Drew.

"Top-hole," said Fanshawe. "I'd like to take the lot. Drew, we could go through that fort like a knife through cheese."

"The War Office?" queried Drew.

"Would never sanction it," said Fanshawe. "You see, Miss Roche, I daren't make such an investment without permission. Six dozen suits at—five hundred, I think you said? That's thirty-six thousand pounds. I'd get hauled over the coals for it."

"Not if you took the fort."

"You don't know our War Office. But I tell you what I'll do," continued Fanshawe. "I'll send a wire to Zanzibar and requisition it, leaving our government to compensate you as it pleases."

"Not on your life!" cried Peggy, savagely.

"I hate doing it. But it's war," said Fanshawe. "And your government will back your claim. You'll get paid some time."

"But I have to be paid now!" exclaimed Peggy, almost breaking down. "Jim—that's the maker—has sunk all his capital in those suits, and it's six months since I was in London with them, and Jim's mortgage has to be paid next April."

"Too bad," said Fanshawe, sympathetically. "What in the world possessed you to bring them here, though? This is war, and we're out to win. Aren't we, Drew?"

"You're going to confiscate my armor?" demanded Peggy, her eyes blazing.

"I'm going to take it. I don't know anything about confiscating. I leave that to the legal sharks. Zanzibar, I think you said? Hassan, bring me a telegraph form."

It was Jim Byrne's way to plunge, stake all his winnings upon a single coup, and plunge again. Time and again Peggy had pulled the chestnuts out of a very hot fire, saved Jim from bankruptcy and enabled him to risk his earnings in another line. But now she saw no hope.

Some day, when the war was ended, the British government might feel in a sufficiently good humor to pay up, and she and Jim could retire to a certain eight-room bungalow, with a garage, on Long Island. But the seizure of the suits of armor meant the end of the war goods company. It was

all Jim's capital; he had sunk two hundred thousand dollars in all, and Peggy had been hawking them round the European capitals for half a year.

She saw at once that to go back to Zanzibar meant to ruin her chances beyond hope of recovery. And there was one chance. Fanshawe had admitted that he had the authority to make the purchase. There might be a way of overcoming his reluctance; in fact, the more Peggy thought about it, the higher grew her hopes. Therefore, it was with a smiling face that she asked permission that night to remain in camp until the suits arrived.

Fanshawe, who felt rather mean about his act, which, however, he justified under the name of military necessity, accorded her the leave she sought.

"It isn't according to the regulations, Miss Roche," he said. "But there won't be any objection, and we'll enjoy your company. Besides, you must help the men to put on the suits."

"I will," said Peggy, earnestly.

Fanshawe had selected a half-company of sixty men, or, rather, fifty-eight, together with himself and Drew, to lead the next assault.

EIGHT weeks later the armor arrived by a long train of bearers. Jim's mortgage would be due in less than a month now, but there would still be time to cable the money from Zanzibar. And Peggy's hopes were high. She had the impressionable Drew under her thumb and she suspected that, if Fanshawe had not been a married man, he would have attempted the same flirtations that Drew practiced. Peggy wrote penitent letters to Jim and laid them away, intending to send the whole when the hand was played.

Even Jim's armor was not guaranteed to fit everybody, and it was a comical sight when the selected fifty-eight tried on their suits. Some could not bring the pieces together, in spite of Peggy's pressure upon the screw; others rattled within their mail like dried peas in a pod. At length, however, the fits were made, and fifty-eight stalwart Nubians stood up, like armored knights, for inspection upon parade.

"Splendid!" cried Fanshawe. "Drew, I am becoming as much of an enthusiast as yourself."

The suits were laid aside and a council

of war was held. It was decided to make a fifth attempt to take the fort at dawn the following day. Peggy obtained permission to be a spectator from the hill.

"You'll have a triumph which will ring around the world," said Fanshawe. "And the government will undoubtedly give you a large order for the troops in Flanders."

"Thanks! I hope they'll pay cash," said Peggy, drily.

"You harp too much on that money," said Fanshawe, irritably. "Think of the reputation you'll gain! Why, your factory will overflow with orders."

"I don't care if it makes us millionaires," said Peggy. "I want the money for those suits, Major Fanshawe. Are you going to pay me?"

"I thought that was settled," said Fanshawe. "No! And if you persist in dunning me, I'll throw the blessed things back on your hands."

"You will?" cried Peggy.

"After to-morrow."

Peggy smiled confidently and Fanshawe was still more nettled. He went back into his tent.

The booming of the big guns at dawn announced the opening of hostilities. Peggy, standing on top of the hill, watched through Drew's binoculars. Perhaps never had such a scene been witnessed before. The rising sun shone on the fantastically arrayed sixty, drawn up in open order upon the plain. Fanshawe and Drew, at their head, marshalled the eager blacks, among whom the shells from the hostile ranks were already beginning to fall. The shrapnel scattered its deadly spray over them, bullets at long range began to buzz past. The troops moved off.

Peggy turned to her head porter. "We start for Zanzibar today," she said. "There will be only my personal baggage to carry. You may leave with the boys now and wait for me at the first station."

And, having seen her negroes start upon their journey, she turned to watch the battle.

The din of the big guns was furious, the German shells breaking freely through the valley. Among the unarmored followers, who were working round to cut off the enemy's retreat, several casualties had already occurred. But the solid sixty marched steadily upon their way. Peggy lost sight of them among the trees and brush.

The drumming of the maxims took up the song of the battle. The rifles sputtered along the front. The sixty appeared in the open, three hundred yards in front of the German trenches.

Through her glasses Peggy saw Drew and Fanshawe leading the charge. She saw the whole line halt for an instant, as it reached the line of barbed wire, and then surge forward, carrying the wire away. With yells that came faintly to the watchers' ears, the sixty charged point-blank upon the guns.

There was a melee. Bayonets glistened in the sunlight. Peggy could see nothing but those flashes of light. But she heard the German guns die down, as the English had died down when the infantry charged.

Then she saw the flag above the fort flutter earthward. And as the fugitives streamed out from the rear, toward the lake, she saw the intercepting column bar their way, and heard the dull rattle of the maxims again.

The half-hour battle was over. Peggy hugged herself upon her hill.

"Jim!" she cried. "Jim! If only you could have seen!"

Then the thought of the dead sobered her. She sat down on the grass and stared thoughtfully through the trees for the first sign of the returning column. The joy of Jim's success had suddenly faded; for the first time she realized the meaning of war. She saw it in the crawling Red Cross wagon, in the wounded men who had ascended the hill to witness their comrades' triumph, in the black specks that floated high in the air, scenting their prey, the vultures of Africa.

Peggy sat there until she saw, afar off, the victorious column begin to debouch from among the trees. She went down the hill with the camp guard, who uttered exultant cries and brandished their rifles wildly as they cheered.

Fanshawe and Drew were leading back their men. They moved as if on parade, but at about a mile and a half an hour. The hot noontide sun of Africa streamed down on them, and the sweat poured from their faces.

Peggy went to her tent and saddled her donkey—the only beast of burden that can pass through the fly belt of Africa. It was the only one left in Zanzibar, and she had paid an exorbitant price for it. She

had purposely kept it inactive in camp. It was almost as skittish as a stall-fed horse when she mounted it.

"Whoa, Fanshawe!" said Peggy. "You have a hard journey before you."

She rode leisurely toward the advancing column, reining in as she reached it.

"Hurrah, Miss Roche!" said Fanshawe, exultantly. "We've won, and not one of our men scratched. Lord, I'll be glad to get this armor off. I understand now how the knights used to feel, and the Bible fellows."

"I guess you will," said Peggy. "I congratulate you on your victory. Be kind to your prisoners. I'm off for Zanzibar."

Fanshawe saluted her, his hand creeping up very slowly to his helmet. Peggy spurred the donkey, who kicked out viciously, and rode away.

The first camping place was ten miles distant. Peggy, after a hot ride through the sun, arrived there, to find the porters taking things at their ease. Dinner was cooking. Peggy unsaddled, haltered the donkey and turned him to graze.

"Mambo!" she called to her chief man.

"Missee?"

"Take the men on to the next point immediately after you have had your meal. I shall wait here. Pitch a camp and look for me at sundown."

Mambo obeyed. Grumbling, the porters took up their loads and started on their way through the jungle.

There was a little eminence beside the river. After she had watched her followers depart, Peggy mounted it and sat looking along the road which she had taken.

An hour passed. She fell to dreaming of Jim again. That little bungalow—on the events of the next hour or two everything depended: Jim's future and hers, the life of ease that they had pictured, the automobile in which their wildest trips would be through the Long Island villages.

She was still dreaming when she saw, far away, a mail-clad column of men, headed by Drew and Fanshawe, picking its weary path along the trail. Peggy's heart leaped within her. And she did not know whether to laugh or cry.

The column sighted her as it came round the bend in the trail. It tried to run, but its only achievement was a pathetic shuffle. It was still a long, weary half-mile distant.

Peggy slipped down from the hillock, caught her donkey and saddled him. Then, mounting, she waited until the column came into sight again. Fanshawe's voice hailed her, and it was like a ghost's voice issuing from some cavern.

"Wait a moment! Wait!" he cried, staggering toward her. "Miss Roche, we—we can't get this damned armor off!"

"Dear me!" said Peggy, looking at him from the height of her saddle. "What are you going to do about it?"

"Miss Roche, what is the matter?"

"The matter? Why, the armor locks. Didn't I tell you? It makes it impossible for a foeman to strip a soldier of his armor if he gets him down. It was Jim's idea. He's patented it—"

"Damn Jim Byrne! Get us out of this!" cried Fanshawe.

Peggy looked from his face to Drew's, to the faces of the weary blacks. They sweated no longer, but they were drawn and pale and strangely haggard.

"I'm sorry you don't like Jim," said Peggy. "He patented it. You see, you can either snap the key or not. It acts like one of those door fasteners in flats. The first time one of your men put it on, I hadn't snapped the key. This time I did."

"Where is the key?" moaned Fanshawe.

"My head man has it. He's on the march to Zanzibar. I'll have to be going—"

"Miss Roche, you don't mean to leave us here to perish? We'll never make that ten miles back. We managed to make this because we were sure you would be camping here. Miss Roche—"

He made a spring toward her, if the word may be applied to a feeble jump, two inches in the air. Peggy spurred her donkey, which darted forward.

"Fanshawe is skittish," she called, reining in again further away.

"I'm what?"

"My donkey," explained Peggy. "He kicks. It's a pity you didn't confiscate the key as well as the suits of armor, Major."

"Miss Roche, we've got to have the key to get out of our cans!" wailed the Major. Ride on like a good girl and get it from your man. Haven't I always been nice to



you? Didn't I save your life at Biskra?"

"You did," admitted Peggy. "Also you relieved me of an auto, a truck, a quantity of gasoline, a worthless Turkish check, and a thousand pounds in good English bank notes."

"I didn't take them. It was my government."

"That's all right. You're the government now. And you must have thought me an easy mark—whoa, Fanshawe!—for you decided to try it again with the armor suits. I told you my first landlady was Irish, and you've got my Irish up now."

Fanshawe recoiled in terror. "You mean, Miss Roche, that you did this on purpose? And you're going to make us walk to the next camp? We can't. We'll die in our tracks."

Peggy looked at the exhausted blacks, lying prostrate. Her heart softened.

"We've got to have the key to get out of our cans!" wailed the Major. "Haven't I always been nice to you? Didn't I save your life at Biskra?" "You did," admitted Peggy, "also you relieved me of an auto, a truck, a quantity of gasoline and a thousand pounds in good English bank-notes."



"It isn't so bad as that," she said. "I have a duplicate key. How much?"

"Ten pounds," said Fanshawe.

"Now, don't be impudent," said Peggy, reprovingly. "A thousand pounds that you confiscated in Egypt—I'll set off the amount of that check against your saving my life. And thirty-six thousand for the armor."

"Miss Roche, you're mad."

"Yes, but there's method in it," said Peggy, grimly. "Thirty-seven thousand, please. You'd better pay now, because my price may go up at the next stopping-place."

She touched the donkey again, and Fanshawe stumbled forward, feebly protesting.

"Miss Roche, be sensible. You know there aren't any pockets in this suit. Besides, really, you don't suppose I take my checkbook into action with me?"

"Now you're talking sense," said Peggy. "Thirty-seven thousand?"

"Yes. Anything. Give me that key."

"You'll send me a check tonight by bearer to Zanzibar? Word of honor? An officer's word?"

"Yes. Word of honor. Drew, I'll never let you hear the last of it for inviting this confounded woman here."

"Take off your helmet," said Peggy, sweetly. "There's a key in each one—under the knob."

Some Recollections at the End

One baby refused to laugh, cry or perform any stunt whatsoever unless this instrument of torture was set roaring for him.



Broadway and the French Revolution meet at lunch.

Artist Van Buren studies a director's various physical expressions.



P. VAN BUREN
FORT LEE

of a Practically Peerless Day

Ever-present: mother and her 1917 model liliangish.

INFORMATION



Extras wondering how the star gets away with it.



The College of Cardinals puts out the Messenger Boys.



P. Van Buren
PEARL & STUDD
FOOT LEE

Why Do They Do It?

This is YOUR Department

Jump right in with your contribution. What have *you* seen, in the past month, which was stupid, unlikelike, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Your identity will be protected. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.

New York, N. Y.

DEAR PHOToplay:

Glad to note your "Why-Do-They-Do-It?" Department. I'm a "tired business man" (New York brand) and I like to drop into a film palace for a stray hour to see Doug Fairbanks or a few other stars. My kick is this—why do they have such long shows?

Suppose I drop in at two o'clock. The orchestra is vibrating through Liszt's *Lcs Preludes* or Rimsky Korsakow's *Capriccio Espagnol*, while the stage setting undergoes atmospheric phenomena, such as a sunrise and a parade of clouds followed by a thunder storm and another sunrise. After that, fifteen minutes of processions, close-ups of wrecked freight cars in Kankakee and silly cartoons. Then a dash of the classic dance in subnded lights. After that a one-reel visit to the Blinky Blink Islands with chatter by one of the explorers who found the place. Then a lofty soprano in something or other by Bach-Gounod or somebody else, followed by a fearful one-reel comedy. Next a violin solo by a gentleman just arrived from Petrograd via the Loew time. And last of all—it's now 4:30 o'clock—the feature I've been waiting to see. I've just time to glance at the title, grab my hat and make for the subway before the five o'clock rush. A whole afternoon gone and I haven't seen the feature, either.

T. B. M.

Binghamton, N. Y.

I DON'T think I'm alone in voicing an appeal, from the fan's viewpoint, for the shorter film. I know PHOToplay has expressed similar opinions.

Well do I remember the old days when a one-reel Biograph was a classic. Do you recall "The Mender of Nets," "The Battle" and all the rest? What a wallop lay in their condensed force! Other folks did pretty good one-reelers, too. Vitagraph, Edison, Lubin with Arthur Johnson, and those old Kalem with Alice Joyce and Gene Gauntier.

These new short adaptations of the O. Henry stories are a step toward the brief photoplay. How much better is this than the long-drawn-out drivel of the five-reel "feature." And deliver me from the all-evening picture! There's but one "Birth of a Nation," "Intolerance" and "Joan the Woman" to dozens of tedious— But why name them?

Possibly this isn't a why-do-they-do-it? It's more a why-don't-they-do-it? And why don't they?
OLD TIMER.

Washington, D. C.

YOU'VE started something with your "why-do-they-do-it's."

If the anvil avalanche doesn't crowd me out, let me have one good swing at the clinch finish. I'm so darned tired of seeing the heroine melt into the hero's arms just as a timely sunset happens along.

I'm not utterly unsentimental. Not by a long shot. But the saccharine climax is overdone. I feel like climbing up into the operator's booth and bribing him to cut off the last twenty-five feet just for the sake of novelty.

What say you?

K. D.

Dallas, Texas.

WE—that is, we girls of the Dallas Douglas Fairbanks Club—are so glad that you are taking up the cudgels against the faults of the movies.

In fact, we girls have voted to ask you to do something about the way leading men wear their hair. That is, we mean, how long they wear it. We all think it perfectly awful the way George Walsh wears his and why doesn't Henry B. Walthall do something about his? We watch the screen magazines carefully and can't understand why someone hasn't protested about this. Anyway, we hope you have the nerve to say something, or else we'll have to organize a society for the prevention of cruelty to barbers, and organize it right away.

GRACE T.

Chicago, Ill.

PERHAPS it's because even O'Sullivan's can't keep me from requiring a cane these spring days. Perhaps my viewpoint has grey hair—where it has any—and wears spectacles.

Anyway, I'm sick unto death of the ingenue screen drama. Is life just one darned pair of cupid's-bow lips after another? Or one maze of blond curls after another? Isn't there any way of giving the semblance of real life to the photodrama? Is there anything like the screen soubrette in reality?

I believe it was Griffith, master of the movie mob, who first injected the ingenue into the film play. Everyone has followed, so that life, if we may judge it by the films, is an eternal sweet sixteen.

W. H. J.

Original Photoplays—versus Adaptations

DID YOU EVER THINK OF SCENARIOIZING YOUR FAVORITE AUTHOR? OF COURSE YOU HAVE, IF YOU'VE THOUGHT OF SCREEN WRITING AT ALL! . . . READ THIS CHAPTER; IT WAS WRITTEN FOR YOU

By Captain Leslie T. Peacocke

AN original photoplay is one that is conceived entirely within the brain of the author. Film stories based directly on historical or Biblical events or on topical events, or on any published fiction work or stage play, cannot be classed as original photoplays, and writers only waste time in attempting them. All work of this sort is done by staff writers in salaried positions, whenever a film company decides to make any such production.

The film producers have, for the past two or three years, devoted a vast deal of their money and energy to the production of "adaptations," and in these past two or three years they have lost millions of dollars.

Millions were made formerly, before the era of "adaptations" set in, and I do not think anyone will contest my claim that it was the original photoplays, especially written for the screen, which served to put the moving picture industry on its feet.

Now, I am morally certain that there are, at this very moment, hundreds of good original photoplays lying buried in trunks and bureau drawers that will eventually be dug out and polished up, and which are destined to bring fat checks to authors who have grown discouraged at the scant recognition accorded them. The producers, the exhibitors and the public are crying aloud for original stories. This is not the baseless assertion of one who is vitally interested in scenario writing; it is actual fact.

Scenario editors and staff writers are generally being employed in making adaptations or in working the original stories of free-lance writers into continuity to meet the requirements of the various studios. In the old days—not so very long ago—the efforts of free-lance writers were

STARS like Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks have endeared themselves to us because they have been exploited in original photoplays of which their own personalities form the nucleus.

ruthlessly cast aside in most scenario departments, because the salaried writers realized that, if many stories were purchased from outsiders, their own positions would be jeopardized.

One cannot altogether blame the staff writers for jealously guarding their jobs. They have had to work hard enough, in all conscience, to maintain them, and their brains are sorely taxed to keep up the pace. Writers are, I think, every bit as jealous as actors!

This state of rivalry, however, does not exist to any such extent now as formerly. The staff writers are not required to turn out so many original stories per week. It was asking too much of them. Companies realize that a good scenario writer, who can work a story into pleasing continuity for the screen, giving it the little human touches that grip the heart strings, is well worth all that they can afford to pay him, and he is not expected to perform miracles. Not even the most prolific writer of fiction can consistently evolve several absolutely new stories every week, year in and year out, because the success of a photoplay depends mainly upon the originality of its plot. A novel or short story, on the other hand, can be negligible in plot but sustain interest by pleasing descriptive matter and clever dialogue. That is why there will shortly be an enormous demand for the efforts of free-lance writers. New and original ideas are wanted badly, and such can be had only by accepting the services of the free-lances.

This kind of article is interesting, I imagine, only to those who are aiming to find a market for their photoplays, and it is to such that I appeal carefully to estimate the story value of the original photoplay as against that of adaptation from novel or stage play. Which has con-

sistently made the better photoplay? Is there any comparison? I do not think there is. I think that the better class of original story, especially written for the screen, has surpassed the adaptation nearly every time.

Hark back to the big successes which have netted enormous sums to the producers: Hector Turnbull's "The Cheat"; has any book or stage play made a film production to compare with it for excellence? No. Then consider D. W. Griffith's "Intolerance"; Herbert Brenon's "Absinthe"; Thos. H. Ince's "Civilization"; Lois Weber's "Shoes"; Walter MacNamarra's "Traffic in Souls"; Cecil B. De Mille's "Joan the Woman"; and scores of others, including "Hypocrites" and "Cabiria"; all huge money makers and delightful stories. Besides these, the big serials have all been based on plots written especially for the screen.

And how many of the adaptations have proved veritable fizzles! Some, of course, have made good, paying productions; but how many plays and books, from which so much was expected, have turned out to be rank failures and heavy losers to their producers!

Now, this has often not been due to the plots embodied in the books or plays. The original authors of these works have not been to blame. They have mostly been made to suffer—and suffer badly. Few of the plays have been adapted in accordance with the ideas of their original authors.

There have been several reasons for this. Firstly, the senseless boards of censors, who are aiming to ruin the film industry. The majority of the works of fiction that warrant film production contain situations that the hypocritical goody-goodies consider unhealthy for the public—after they have seen and doubtless enjoyed the pictures themselves. So, what is the poor adapter to do? He is handicapped from the start. Secondly, the star does not want any character to stand out too prominently in a production, and so, many characters have to be eliminated altogether. Thirdly, the director will decide that the plot is too weak and will insist upon injecting some wonderful ideas of his own. Fourthly, the

adapter may consider that he should have some say in the matter and will insert some original touches of his own, which will very likely wreck the whole show; and when it sees the light of the screen the poor original author, nine times out of ten, will not recognize the child of his brain.

This should not be. It is not fair to authors and playwrights. To my mind, there has been, in many instances, good cause for legal redress and heavy damages. The reputations of several prominent authors and playwrights have been badly hurt by film adaptations of their most famous works. Their stories and plays have been twisted beyond recognition, and if they brought their cases to court, I don't believe there is a jury in the country but would award them a substantial solace for their wounded feelings.

Of course authors have themselves to blame, more or less, for not inquiring closely, when selling their works for film production,

what writer will make the adaptation; and they should insist upon supervising it to some extent themselves. If possible, an author should make his own film adaptation. Rex Beach is doing so now, and I am certain that he does not regret having undertaken the task. The result obtained from his story, "The Barrier," is a fair example of what a worth-while author can accomplish with his own books.

The producers have had to experiment all along the line. They have thought it expedient to give every form of literature a trial. In this they have been urged usually by play-brokers and literary agents, and some of the producers are finding out that they have been badly gulled into buying a mass of material that is absolutely worthless for film production.

Take a book, for instance, that has had a sale of half a million copies. The literary agent will advise the producer that the filming of this book will be a noteworthy event, and that all who have read the book will be keen to see a film production of it. That may sound logical, but is it? Are movie fans generally readers of fiction? We know that they are not. What attracts them to the moving picture houses? Nine times out of ten, it is the star. Then a

THE fact that original photoplays have made the film business what it is today ought to speak more strongly in favor of the free-lance writer than any other that can be advanced.

crisp, alluring title will have a big drawing power; and the posters do more to lure the transient crowd than most people suppose. An attractive poster will draw patrons to a picture theatre in far greater multitudes than will the announcement that the "feature" is an adaptation from a book, a magazine story or a mildewed stage play. Any exhibitor will tell you so.

We all know that the star is the chief drawing card; but a popular star will soon lose popularity if exploited in productions in which the story is weak. The mere fact that a certain photoplay is an adaptation from a well-known book or stage play does not apologize for the weakness of the production; in fact, it only serves to hurt the star and the producing firm.

Those who have read the original story will have preconceived ideas of the main characters, and are generally disappointed upon seeing their picturization on the screen. Stars have been pitchforked into roles that have not suited them at all. Middle-aged men and women have been asked to depict characters in fiction and in plays that we have learned to idealize as in their teens and early twenties, and the results have been terrible. You cannot fool the camera.

On the other hand, those of the most popular stars who have been exploited mainly in original photoplays have endeared themselves to us in vehicles suited in every way to their particular characteristics. I think I am safe in saying that the following stars have registered their finest film successes in original photoplays, of which their own personalities formed the nucleus: Mary Pickford, Fanny Ward, Annette Kellermann, Mabel Normand, Blanche Sweet, Lillian Gish, Mae Marsh, Mary MacLaren, Edith Storey, Theda Bara, Valeska Suratt, Jackie Saunders, Lillian Walker, Dorothy Phillips, Myrtle Gonzales, Grace Cunard, Helen Holmes, Alice Joyce, Louise Glaum, Pearl White, Anita Stewart, Irene Castle, Lois Weber, Ethel Grandin, Rosemary Theby, Fritzie Brunette, Ella Hall, William S. Hart, Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, J. Warren Kerrigan, Henry Walthall, House Peters,

Owen Moore, Wallace Reid, Eddie Polo and Maurice Costello.

Now, any of these stars is a sure drawing card. They do not need the additional advertising accruing from a book or stage play to give them weight. All that any of them needs is a suitable vehicle which will bring out vividly his or her individual talents and personality. Naturally, such can be more nearly found in an original photoplay written especially to suit the star. They have all proved it, so why prolong the issue?

It may appear on the surface that I am holding a brief for the free-lance writer.

So I am. But I am also dealing in actual facts. The history of the photoplay industry will bear me out. How have the producing firms fared that have relied mainly on the exploitation of adaptations? I think that a glance at their stocks listed on the curb will tell the tale more clearly than I dare to do. Do moving picture patrons care a picayune whether a production is evolved from a book or stage play? Does that fact carry any weight with the majority of the public? I say, no. The public doesn't care a rap from what source a story comes, provided it be a good story. For example, "The Cheat," and now, later, "Hell Morgan's Girl," a production made from an original scenario and which is packing the houses all over the country.

Some producing firms have paid enormous sums, ranging from \$500 to \$10,000, for the film rights to published fiction, the majority of which, when screened, has resulted in financial loss, and these same firms have begrudged paying \$100 a reel for original photoplays, admirably worked out in continuity by excellent scenario writers, and which undeniably have made fortunes for other companies. Original stories have made the film business what it is today and adaptations have, in the majority of cases, caused heavy financial losses. That fact ought to speak more strongly in favor of the free-lance writer and the staff writer than any other that can be advanced.

It has been a mystery to me why a great number of the stage plays and stories have

DON'T throw money away on the literary sharks who have no power to give the assistance which they advertise. Spend it at the theatres. Learn how by direct study of the screen.

been purchased for film production at all. In my own capacity as scenario editor, I have been forced to make adaptations from works in which the plots were so negligible that most scenario writers would be ashamed to submit them in synopsis form. In a great many cases, film rights have been purchased before the books or plays in question were read by competent authorities. They were merely handed over for scenario editors and staff writers to do the best they could with them. About as hopeless a proposition as handing a codfish to a chef and commanding him to make an Irish stew!

I know of one instance in which a prominent author was paid the healthy sum of \$40,000 for the film rights to all his works; and these works were undeniably worthy as regards descriptive matter and snappy dialogue, but woefully lacking in plot construction. And from the whole bunch of delightful reading material only one story was found that was in any way suitable for photoplay adaptation, and even this production proved an absolute failure. I learned later that the person who had made the unhappy purchase (a gentleman who held a very responsible position in the offices of the film company) split a fat commission fifty-fifty with the literary agent who was acting for the author. Needless to say, if these works had first been submitted to the scenario editor or the staff writers, the purchase would never have been made.

Of course, it is senseless to argue that there are not a number of works of fiction and stage plays with splendid plots suitable for film adaptation, because there are, and many of them have made wonderfully successful productions. But the question is, is any film firm justified in paying thousands of dollars for the film rights to such works, when, in addition, competent scenario writers must be paid for adapting them and whipping them into continuity? In these days of the "open market," I doubt it very much.

In fact, from now on I expect that great care will be exercised in the purchasing of photoplay material and that more conservative salaries will be paid all along the line. It really will be better for all concerned, because, otherwise, a number of producing

companies are bound to find themselves going to the wall and all those at present dependent on them will be in the position of passengers on sinking ships.

So, once again I urge free-lance writers not to grow discouraged. The film producing companies need you, and as time goes on, they will need you more and more. I do not advise any free-lance writer to submit a mere synopsis. It is not worth while. The sums paid for mere synopses are not sufficient to warrant writers in parting with original plots. Writers will receive at least \$25 a reel for photoplays worked into good continuity, and from that up to \$100 a reel, or even much higher, if their work is at all well-known, and they will get all the screen credit for their own work.

It is not possible here to attempt to give information as to the requirements of the various film companies, or to tell which, if any, of them are in the market for stories. Their requirements change so rapidly these days that, by the time this article will have reached its readers, much will have happened in the different scenario departments, and any information that I might give now would be misleading, and so give unnecessary work to the scenario editors and their staffs.

Writers must study the productions of the various companies and figure out for themselves those to whom their photoplays are most likely to appeal. All writers who have reached any sort of success have had to go through the mill. You must rely on yourself. No one can help you; so-called "scenario schools" and "photoplay agents" least of all. Submit your 'scripts directly to the scenario departments; that is, if your plots are original. I know of too many cases where writers have been robbed of their ideas by entrusting them to a third party. Do not rise to the bait laid for the suckers in the writing game. If you have money to spare, do not throw it away on literary sharks who have no power to give the assistance which they advertise, but spend it at the picture theatres and view on the screen all the productions that you possibly can. That will prove the biggest assistance in the world. And above all, do not become discouraged. The day of the free-lance writer is coming.

Next month, the concluding article of Captain Peacocke's present series:
"HOW TO SELL A PHOTOPLAY SCENARIO."



Seen and Heard at the Movies

Where millions of people gather daily many amusing and interesting things are bound to happen. We want our readers to contribute to this page. One dollar will be paid for each story printed. Contributions must not be longer than 100 words and must be written on only one side of the paper. Be sure to include your name and address. Send to: "Seen and Heard" Dept., Photoplay Magazine, Chicago. Owing to the large number of contributions to this department, it is impossible to return unavailable manuscripts to the authors. Therefore do not enclose postage or stamped envelopes, as contributions will not be returned.

"There's More Than One Way—"

A HUMANE society had secured a downtown picture house to show a picture of wild animals in their native haunts.

Along came this caption:

"We were skinned to provide a woman with fashionable furs."

From a little spectacled husband in the rear came a plaintive squeak:

"So was I."

*Ruth Helen Kohn, 10207 Parkgate Ave.,
Cleveland, O.*

Maybe She Meant Sampson

TWO talkative women were watching Wally Reid clean up the darkies in his search for Gus in "The Birth of a Nation."

"My," said one of them, "isn't he a regular Amazon?"

Edna Vaughan, Aurora, Ill.

An Up-To-Date Youngster

MOTHER (watching the animal pictures)—"Frederick, see the rhinoceros and his thick armored hide."

Little Frederick—"Oh, Mamma, what's that one?"

M.—"That, my child, is a giraffe."

L. F.—"Yes, and look at that periscope he's got."

*Louis Miller, 32 Morningside Ave.,
New York City.*

Bad Environment

LITTLE WILLIE had just returned from the movies, where he had seen Bushman and Bayne in "Romeo and Juliet," and began to quote some of the captions taken direct from Shakespeare's work.

"Willie," said his father in a reproving voice, "I wish you would quit that silly talk."

"Why, pa," replied the erudite Willie, "that's the way Shakespeare always talks."

"Well, you've gotta stop going around with that boy. He's not a fit companion if he talks that way."

M. Mara, 1645 Byron St., Chicago.

"Teaching the Young Idea—"

VISITING MINISTER—Well, my little man, what did you learn in school today?

Little Man—Aw, not so much. We hadda couple of two-reelers in history, a travelog in geography, and a split-reeler nature study. Teacher said she was going to put on the first reel of a serial on department next week.

J. C. Whitescarver, Box 724, Miami, Okla.

Maybe the Grapes Were Sour

I SAT behind two literary looking chaps at the Rialto in New York recently. This is what I heard:

First Literary Looking Chap: It's a wonder those bonehead scenario editors never hit on a good story even by accident.

Second L. L. C.—Why, do they send all yours back too?

Cora North, Franklin Depot, New York.

Problem in Algebra

A SMALL schoolboy became very much interested in the Exit signs in the theater. Finally his mother said, "Johnnie, did you come to see the pictures or to look around?"

"Yes, ma, but how much does E times IT make?"

D. Norman, Lawrence, Mass.

Keep the Change

SEVEN-YEAR-OLD BILLY saw a ticket in the paper for the show which read: "This ticket is worth a dime! When presented with 15c will admit you to the show, otherwise the admission will be 25c."

Billy cut out three coupons and started to the show. He handed them to the ticket taker and started to walk right in.

"Here, little boy, where's your 15c?" called the ticket taker.

"Well," said Billy innocently, "the ticket's worth a dime and I brought three, but you can keep the extra nickel."

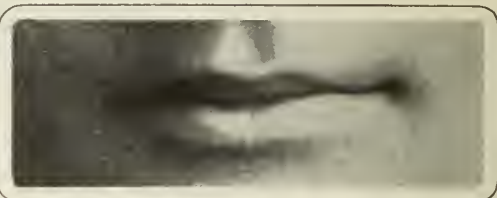
Louise Caillot, 2704 Ave F., Ensley, Ala.

Are You A Photoplay Lip-Reader?

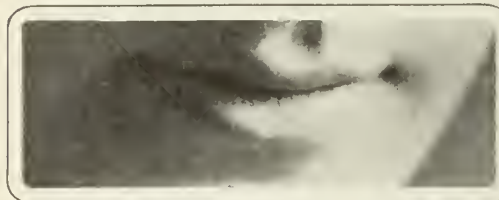
Mouths indicate general traits of character even more completely than do the eyes, for the lips are mobile; as the mouth, so is the face, and as the face, so is the person's individuality or lack of it.



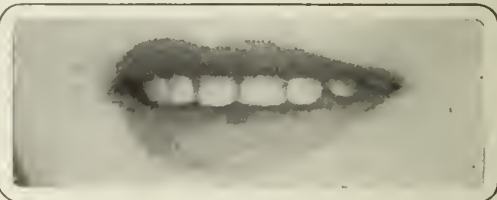
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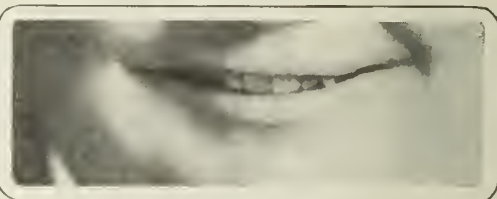
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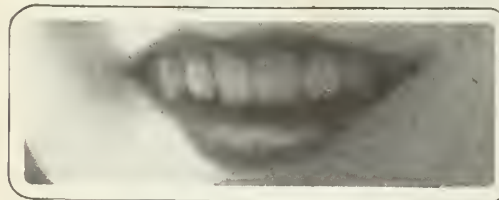
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No. 4



No. 9



No. 5



No. 10

Winners of the

Miss Fay Tracey,
Argenta, Arkansas.

Miss W. J. Sinderman,
Pueblo, Colorado.

Dorothy Whitelaw,
Chicago, Illinois.

Mrs. O. P. Lauderback,
Evansville, Indiana.

Miss Inea Ingram,
Monterey, California.

Miss Nano Parizeau,
Ottawa, Canada.

Miss Bernice Gray,
Dixon, Illinois.

Miss Frances Knickerbocher,
Oelwein, Iowa.

Miss Marjorie Garney,
Los Angeles, California.

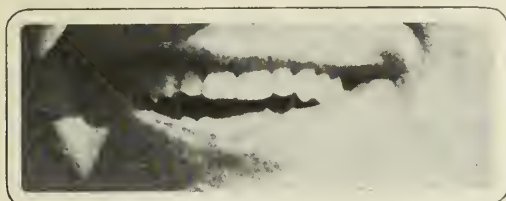
Miss Madeline Addison,
Atlanta, Georgia.

Mrs. E. C. Sharpe,
Evanston, Illinois.

Miss J. Mellen,
New Orleans, Louisiana.

Very Well; Whose Lips Are These?

Write the names of the owners of these lips, as you believe them to be, according to number, and send the numbered names to the Puzzle Editor. The winners will be published in August PHOTOPLAY.



No. 11



No. 16



No. 12



No. 17



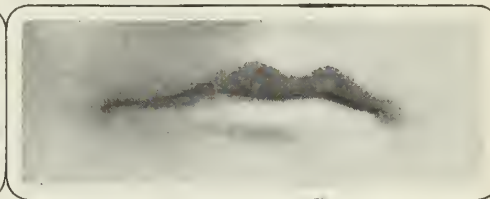
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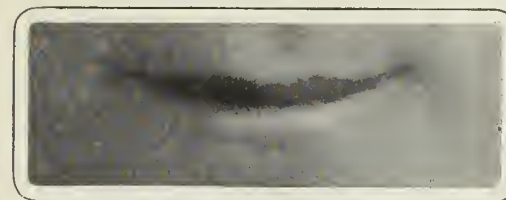
No. 18



No. 14



No. 19



No. 15



No. 20

May Eye Contest

- | | | | |
|---|---|---|--|
| Miss Florence Albright,
Spokane, Washington. | G. S. Wheeler,
Roxbury, Mass. | Miss Marzie White,
Albany, New York. | Miss Bessie A. Goldberg,
New York City. |
| Miss Lillian M. Ross,
Vinal Haven, Maine. | Miss Melba Henry,
Detroit, Michigan. | Miss Charlotte Singer,
Rutherford, New Jersey. | Mrs. J. C. Davis,
Lexington, N. Carolina. |
| Mr. Harry Buckner,
Baltimore, Maryland. | Miss Ruth Cornet,
St. Louis, Missouri. | Miss Lillian Jackson,
Rutherford, New Jersey. | Miss Edna Amrein,
Cincinnati, Ohio. |
| | | | Mr. Raymond Pepin,
East Toledo, Ohio. |

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 90)

as hotly as in Bangor. Where was the spiritual finesse of overseer DeMille, that he permitted such grotesquerie to escape from his studio?

Mae Murray appears in "The Primrose Ring," a sweet little story of a children's hospital. It has some humor, a good deal of tenderness and pathos, and very much of the quaintness of Miss Murray. Tom Moore is the leading man; Bob Leonard directed.

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE'S first explosion of personal manufacture, in the East, is "The Butcher Boy." In this procession of assaults and disasters, we follow Mr. Arbuckle from the Arctic suit in which he invades his shop refrigerator to a young ladies' seminary, which he enters, and very fetchingly, too, in a short frock and curls. I gained the impression of enormous and almost painful labor in this play. Mr. Arbuckle and his fellow-demons each appear in danger of apoplexy from overwork. Pies give way to a higher explosive: devastating paper bags of flour. Even Luke, the able and willing Arbuckle bull-dog, nearly runs his legs and teeth off. This piece needs more repose and less violence to make it really funny. Mr. Arbuckle's fellow *poilus* include Al St. John, Buster Keaton and Josephine Stevens.

ONE is rather up in the air about "The Hawk." Vitagraphed recently with Earle Williams and Ethel Grey Terry in the chief roles. A year or two ago "The Hawk," translated from the French of Francois de Crosset, admirably served William Faversham as a starring vehicle. The Vitagraph company has given us an amazingly close transcription of the stage play—probably the most complete parallel, scene by scene and situation by situation, that a stage play ever had. As a result, the screen version acquires a monotony, a sameness, which seems to indicate a lack of dramatic values. As a matter of fact, it has no such lack, but it does show conclusively, that we have become accustomed to many and rapidly changing pictorial values—no matter how strong the play, our picture sense, the charm of location, the rapid flashing of scene after scene, has acquired and retains a great cumulative force in putting a photoplay story across.

If we must choose between praise and condemnation for Vitagraph on this score, by all means make it praise. There is too much boneheaded "free adaptation," everywhere. It is rather admirable than otherwise, this tight sticking to the de Crosset manuscript, and shows a very intelligent and praiseworthy desire on the part of director Paul Scardon, and adaptor Garfield Thompson, to make a strong play comparable in dramatic values with the original. "The Hawk" tells the story of a brilliant, crooked Hungarian gambler in French society; of his wife's weak remonstrance; of her fascination for a man of society; of "The Hawk's" discovery of this, and of his disappearance; of his return, of their mutual repentance and reunion, and his new start in life under the patronage of an American. A truly magnificent cast is assembled under Mr. Scardon's direction, including, beside Mr. Williams and Miss Terry, Julia Swayne Gordon, Mario Majeroni and Denton Vane. "The Hawk" is a play which makes for the upbuilding of photodramatic art.

"Aladdin from Broadway." A nice little cup of Turkish coffee featuring Edith Storey and Antonio Moreno.

"Apartment 29." Would be a clever play if it were not so obviously mechanical. In it Ethel Grey Terry and numerous assistants frame a fake murder for the disillusionizing of a dramatic critic who has proclaimed a drama of similar plot totally impossible. Well acted, and thoroughly diverting until the creak of the machinery grows too loud to be muffled.

THE FRAME-UP" is the best play Bill Russell ever had. Three like this would rush him toward the Doug Fairbanks style of popularity so fast that both he and his managerial proprietor would be dizzy. The piece is merely another argument for authors instead of carpenters—and at that the arrival of Julius Grinnell Furthmann at Santa Barbara was probably accidental. Santa Barbara has never shown any special wisdom in its selection of authors. Mr. Furthmann writes his merry melodrama so easily, and in such natural surroundings, that one wonders his material has remained so long untouched: *Viz.*, the taxicab business of a big town. The taxicab trade has its own *argot*, its peculiar

heroes and novel villains, its mysteries and its dramatic situations. Russell is seen as the son of a rich man; a son not disinclined to work, but desirous of a "job with a kick in it." So he disappears, and, through a more or less romantic accident, annexes himself to the establishment of "Mother" Moir, a one-time underworld queen who turned to the right for her daughter's sake. "Mother" owns a taxicab line, and is making straight money for the first time in her life. But her old associates buzz around like hornets, and occasionally sting her; chiefly through intimidation. Pressure of that sort comes again, and she must harbor a trio of Canadian bank robbers. Young Claiborne (Russell) enters into plans for her deliverance from these annoyances with all the enthusiasm of a Canadian regiment *strafing* a *Boche* trench, and there are fast counterplots and battles which might have lifted the toupee even of Nicolievitch Carter. Furthmann shows his masterly grip on his drama by never letting his main actor become a main fighting interest, physical demon though he is. Claiborne is the alert and mirthful man behind; other men start the battles—he finishes them. In suspense and speed "The Frame-Up" is unflagging. The direction is unusually intelligent and shot full of humor. The captions are uniformly good. Russell is immense, and a great performance of Mother Moir is given by Lucille Ward. Francelia Billington, as the quaint Jane-Anne, is a pretty bit of romance.

"Hedda Gabler" will not, in all probability, be a vastly popular program offering, but it has been done with immense care and discernment by Nance O'Neill and the Frank Powell company; and those who are Ibsen devotees will do well not to miss it, even if only to see how much better it is than the Reliance-Majestic burst into Ibsen of a year or two ago, featuring Mary Alden and Henry Walthall. Miss O'Neill plays a Hedda overcast with brooding satire; there is an astounding portrait of the ivory-headed Tesman by Aubrey Beattie; Einar Linden is splendid as Eilert Lovborg; Alfred Hickman (who made the scenario) is a complete Judge Brack, and the minor assignments are adroitly matched up. There is so much of the spirit of Ibsen here that it seems as if Miss O'Neill, for many years an Ibsen student, had participated in more

than the mere acting of her own part.

"Whose Wife?" A very creditable play of triangle theme, featuring Gail Kane.

"The Wild Cat." A lively but quite familiar concoction of rough-house girl, civilization and a bit of love. Jackie Saunders is the little party.

No Bernard Shaw or Henry James has ever reaped the pecuniary reward attaching to that standard mush: the adoption of the poor little girl by the rich old lady, the old lady's ensuing departure to *ciel*, the leaving of the fabulous riches to the waif, and the truly romantic wifing of the waif in the last chapter—or reel, or what have you. This is just "Cinderella," in one form or other. So is "Annie-For-Spite," Mary Miles Minter's newest expression to her devotees. It is sweet, and charming, and innocent, and Mary herself really comes nearer acting than in any minterdrama I've ever seen. There is a very wonderful old-lady characterization by Gertrude Le Brandt.

"The Debt" reminds us, in the first place, of a story we once received in our editorial capacity in which the author expressed her notion of New York City by saying, "She hurried down to the depot so as to be there when No. 20 went through." Clara Beranger, who concocted "The Debt," has just that much idea of counts and things in Yurrupe. This is the most goshwallowing awful Yurrupean annal we ever experienced; but to the quality of the yarn must be added hideous lighting, comic misdirection, a stock opera chorus for a mob, a sideshow village street and a Pete Props palace. And yet there are buried in this heap of dramaturgic offal a fine actress and a fine actor: Marjorie Rambeau and Paul Everton.

MAX LINDER is very ill, we're told, so in consideration let's call his latest comedy, "Max in a Taxi," a sick man's attempt at expression. For that's about all it amounts to. It is heavy and laborious.

That ingratiating young Skinner couple, Bryant Washburn Skinner and Hazel Daly Skinner, are still with us. In "Skinner's Dress Suit," you saw the rise of Skinner to importance merely by the psychological effect of claw-hammer ownership. Here, Skinner moves to the city, and in the "Bubble" you behold the disasters, not the advantages, of grandeur.

(Continued from page 33)

on the field of action in the direction of "The Birth of a Nation" and "Intolerance." So much for the graduates of the little green schoolhouse at the convergence of Hollywood and Sunset Boulevards, Los Angeles.

More important in the organization, since its inception, though a stranger to the public, was Frank E. Woods, general manager of the studio and Griffith's right-hand man in film production. When Griffith became a "supervising director," the burden of actual production fell upon the shoulders of this pioneer in the film industry.

"Whatever good has come out of Fine Arts originated with Mr. Griffith," said this modest gentleman to the writer recently. "Whenever Fine Arts has fallen below the standard, it has usually been because the Griffith teachings were not followed." Which exhibits a trait characteristic of Griffith loyalty, although the producer himself was always quick to share credit with his helpers. And to the genius of Woods he has delivered many a sincere tribute. But more of him later.

A number of critics, essayists and scenario experts have written entertainingly and with more or less display of wisdom, for public consumption, of the Griffith technique. They have used up most of our best-known sesquipedalian words in so doing—and worse than that, they have coined a lot of new words that may have to go into the dictionaries. But one word, to the writer at least, is symbolic of the photoplays which have come out of Fine Arts—*intimate*.

A majority of them have been the stories of every day life, with the soft pedal on sex and only a trace of vampirism; nearly all of them have had an element of humor, and have been minus those qualities which bring joy to the heart of the professional censor.

The Griffith technique may perhaps be best described as the narrative school of picture expression, as distinguished from the dramatic, or stage style of production. It is not the purpose of the writer to enter into details of a controversial nature or to attempt a learned dissertation on screen technique, but to give the reader a bare outline of the varying methods of production.

The best example, perhaps, of "dra-

matic" or "stage" production is Cecil DeMille's "Joan the Woman," and the Lasky company over which he presides is regarded as the foremost exponent of the rival technique. Told in simple words, the one takes a story and tells it on the screen; the other takes a play and acts it.

To show the growth of the Griffith technique, a brief cutback to an earlier era of film production is ventured.

It was in the fall of 1913 that Mr. Griffith left Biograph and formed his first independent association, going into the Mutual organization as producing head of the Reliance and Majestic companies. The Hollywood studio, later named Fine Arts, is still the physical property of the Reliance company, while Majestic was the producing corporation. One- and two-reel pictures bearing both names were the initial product.

The first pictures were made in New York, and of these, one deserves especial mention. It was the first feature of a series of four directed personally by Griffith. It was originally called "The Single Standard" and the origin of the idea came from a brief synopsis written by Dr. D. C. Goodman. It was only the theme of the story, however, that was used, as the plot was changed so that a daughter was substituted for a son, the melodramatic action reduced and the title changed to "The Battle of the Sexes." The picture was a five-reeler and it was produced in seven days. There wasn't a single exterior.

Not only was it an instant hit, but it was the first motion picture to attract the attention of scholars and critics as well as journalists. It was discussed in pulpits and by the press at great length.

The cast comprised Donald Crisp as the father, Mary Alden as the mother, Fay Tincher as the siren woman, Owen Moore as her confederate and Lillian Gish and Robert Harron as the children.

While this picture was being produced, two others were in course of construction under Griffith supervision. One, called "The Great Leap," was directed by Christy Cabanne, with Mae Marsh and Robert Harron; the other, called "The Gangsters," was directed by James Kirkwood, with Henry Walthall.

Then followed "The Escape," with

Blanche Sweet, Donald Crisp, Owen Moore, Robert Harron and Mae Marsh in the cast. Miss Sweet was taken sick before the picture was completed and it was not finished until the company had moved to California and taken up its home in the Hollywood studio. "The Escape" was a picturization of the Armstrong play, but was elaborated by Griffith to illustrate the eugenic theory.

Several years previously the paths of Griffith and Frank E. Woods had converged, and the latter was installed as head of the scenario department when Griffith broke away from Biograph. As the latter's chief assistant, Mr. Woods naturally soon became the production manager of the studio. The first man engaged when Griffith went into business for himself, Woods was the last to leave. If for only these reasons, that gentleman is entitled to a goodly portion of this narration.

Mr. Woods came to the film business from journalism. While Griffith was making his first production at the old Biograph, Woods was trying to establish on the *Dramatic Mirror* a motion picture department. His criticisms, written under the name of "Spectator," were first a cause of much merriment, but very soon they obtained a strong influence.

Griffith was thinking along the same line with a vision even more magnified and the two men, being in harmony, quickly formed a friendship that has never ended. There was never a contract between them in their long association.

From reviewing pictures, it was but a step to authorship. Woods wrote two stories that were rejected by Biograph. Then he wrote three more, the acceptance of which by Griffith led to their first meeting.

One of these stories was the first picture drama ever produced with an attempt at natural, repressed acting, as distinguished from the gesticulatory melodrama of that period. When Griffith produced it, he was himself only on trial at Biograph and it is said that his job depended on the success of the picture. It went over successfully. Another of the trio of early Woods works was the first of the "Jones" series of farce comedies, in which the late John Thompson and Florence Lawrence played the leads.

Woods wrote thirty stories for Biograph during that year, and at the same time

made such a hit with his reviews in the *Mirror* that the trade and other dramatic papers promptly installed similar departments. He also started in the same publication what he called "Spectator's Comments," in which he discussed the theory of the motion picture art, advancing many ideas which have since become established principles in motion picture production. Incidentally, he was the first writer to attack censorship. In 1912 he left the *Mirror*, of which he had become the editor, and started directing pictures for the now defunct Kinemacolor company. Later, the scene of his directoral operations, strangely enough, became the Reliance-Majestic studio. He was a director for seven months. Then he went back to New York as scenario editor for Biograph, which he left to establish the scenario department for Mutual. From that time his hand was at the production helm of what was conceded, even by its rivals, to be the greatest of all motion picture plants in its day.

Perhaps in no respect has the influence of Fine Arts on the film industry been felt more palpably than in the matter of subtitles; that is, of course, aside from the Griffith technique, mechanically as well as directorally.

The first Majestic picture in which extraordinary attention was given the subtitles was a four-reel Mutual "Masterpicture" named "Her Shattered Idol." The story had been written by Mrs. Ellen Woods, the wife of the production manager, and was produced by Jack O'Brien, with Mae Marsh and Robert Harron in the leading roles. The story had a novel and interesting theme, but was not particularly strong as to plot. When it was run on the screen without titles, the author was very much disappointed because some of her pet ideas were omitted.

There was a conference, a sort of family affair, and Mr. Woods decided that the production could be elevated to the Griffith standard by the interpolation of elaborate subtitles. He set two writers to work on the titles and, not finding them satisfactory, rewrote them himself, later taking his staff into consultation, with the result that "Her Shattered Idol" attracted wide attention as the first successful attempt at humorous subtitles in a feature picture.

Mr. Woods frankly states that he first

(Continued on page 165)

PHOTOPLAY ACTORS

Find the Film Players'

THE PRIZES

1st Prize \$10.00 3rd Prize \$3.00
 2nd Prize 5.00 4th Prize 2.00
 Ten Prizes, Each \$1.00

These awards (all in cash, without any string to them) are for the correct, or nearest correct, sets of answers to the ten pictures here shown.

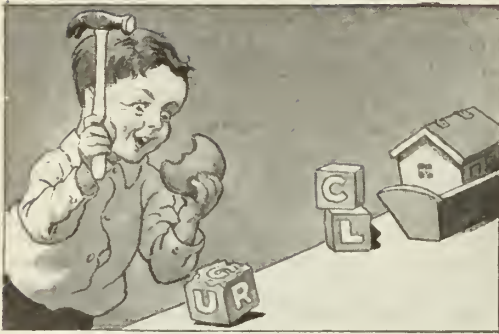
As the names of most of these movie people have appeared many, many times before the public, we feel sure you must know them.

This novel contest is a special feature department of Photoplay Magazine for the interest and benefit of its readers, at absolutely no cost to them—the Photoplay Magazine way.

The awards are all for this month's contest.

TRY IT

All answers to this set must be mailed before July, 1, 1917.



1



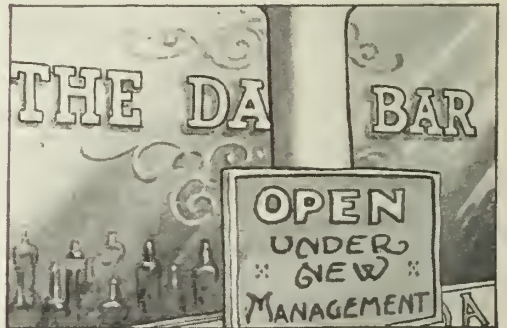
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4



3



5

WINNERS OF THE MAY PHOTO-

First Prize... \$10.00—Mrs. M. G. Fride, New York City, N. Y.

Second Prize.. 5.00—Mrs. R. L. Weber, Kansas City, Mo.

Third Prize... 3.00—Mrs. R. J. Stilwell, Columbus, Ind.

Fourth Prize.. 2.00—Miss Vesta Jarrett, Little Rock, Ark.

\$1.00 Prizes to

Miss Mazie Keppler, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mrs. H. M. Stack, Baker, Ore.

Miss Hortense Walter, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Melville Shaver, Los Angeles, Cal.

Miss Kathryn Coughlan, Chicago, Ill.

NAME PUZZLE

Names in These Pictures

DIRECTIONS

Each picture represents the name of a photoplay actor or actress. The actor's name is really a description of the picture that goes with it; for example—"Rose Stone" might be represented by a rose and a rock or stone, while a gawky appearing individual looking at a spider web could be "Web Jay."

For your convenience and avoidance of mistakes, we have left space under each picture on which you may write your answers. Remember to write your full name and address on the margin at the bottom of both pages. Cut out these pages and mail in, or you may send in your answers on a separate sheet of paper, but be sure they are numbered to correspond with the number of each picture. There are 10 answers.

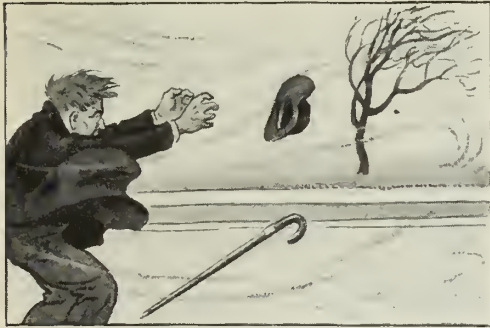
Address to Puzzle Editor, Photoplay Magazine, 350 North Clark Street, Chicago.

We have eliminated from this contest all red tape and expense to you, so please do not ask us questions. Only one set of answers allowed each contestant.

Awards for answers to this set will be published in Photoplay Magazine. Look for this contest each month.



8



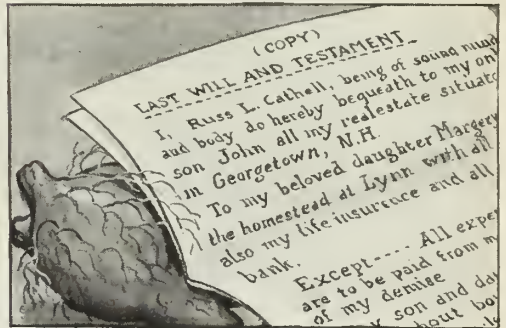
6



9



7



10

PLAY ACTORS NAME PUZZLE

\$1.00 Prizes to
(Continued)

- Mrs. J. C. King, Baltimore, Md.
- Mr. Judson W. Whitney, Concord, Mass.
- Miss Margaret Wrenn, Washington, D. C.
- Beryl Grant, Ottawa, Canada.
- Miss Grace Johnson, Tulsa, Okla.

CORRECT ANSWERS FOR MAY

- 1—H. B. Warner
- 2—Marguerite Snow
- 3—Bessie Eyton
- 4—Ford Sterling
- 5—William S. Hart
- 6—Holbrook Blinn
- 7—Sidney Drew
- 8—Ruth Stonehouse
- 9—Thomas Holding
- 10—Nat. C. Goodwin

The Girl Outside

(Continued from page 22)

You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will. But the scent of the roses will cling round it still."

No matter how impossible a girl is, the engaging directors will never tell her so.

"Why should we volunteer such information?" said one. "Very few of these girls would believe us if we did. Of course, there is always the chance that we may be mistaken. On several occasions I have thought a girl impossible only to have another company take her up and find her to be a very good type. Anyway, the impossible ones get tired of coming after a while."

Hiring extras is a business proposition. Imagine a young girl going to a very busy man and saying:

"A friend has just told me that you need a stenographer. Of course, there are plenty of girls out of work who understand shorthand and can use the typewriter. I don't know anything about either one, but I am a natural-born stenographer. I think you ought to employ me."

Here is a typical conversation between an engaging director and a green girl who has just asked for an important part in the picture he is casting:

"Why do you think you are fitted for this part?" the director asks. "Ever done any work in the pictures?"

"Well, I—no, sir."

"Any stage experience?"

"No sir. But everyone says I look like Mae Marsh and I know I am a natural-born actress."

Another girl thought she should be given work because, as she said, "I can ride horseback, and I know I could learn how to act."

An engaging director for a well-known company tells a story of a present-day girl very different from the one illustrative of the early days.

"I saw this girl, a few months ago, in the extras' waiting room," he said. "She was more beautiful than any star now on the screen. I knew that her golden hair, oval face and large, dark blue eyes would photograph exquisitely; so I put her in the next picture. The director tried every trick he could think of to make her show some emotion. Her face remained as

blank as that of a china doll. She was so beautiful that I wished her on every director on the lot, with the same result. We have a time limit on every picture. It will be impossible for us to do a thing with her."

This girl tried to break into the movies about ten years too late.

A well-known director tells of a girl who was exactly the type he needed for a part. Her inexperience did not worry him. He uses very few extras and all he requires of them is implicit obedience. Knowing that this girl's red hair would photograph a beautiful black, he engaged her at once. Unfortunately, she could not deliver the "implicit obedience." She meant well, but her lack of training made it impossible for her to put over his directions. She was beautiful, but the director could not waste time showing her how to do every little thing.

However, he had raised her hopes, so he felt obliged to "let her down easy."

He called her to him.

"Miss Blank," he said, "I selected you for this part because of your red hair. Now, my camera man tells me that your hair will photograph black; so, you see, I can't use you."

Very often, a girl fails through no fault of her own. One girl failed because her clothes wore out. Many of the girls who make the rounds of the studios ape some star. This girl first attracted attention because she was different. She had a number of pretty clothes that exactly suited her personality and she knew how to wear them. From the first, she showed ability and was given more work than is usual to a new-comer. She made enough to live on, but not enough to keep her wardrobe replenished. As time went on, her pretty clothes began to wear out. A director tells of how they tried to dress her in gowns from the company's wardrobe.

"Nothing suited her," he said. "She looked ridiculous—'all dressed up and no place to go.' I think that is the saddest case I have ever known."

Possessing, as she does, an unusual amount of intelligence and persistence, this girl will probably win out in the end.

A great many girls fail because they do not give their own individuality a chance to express itself. In any extras' waiting

room or on the benches outside, there are always at least five pretty girls, of entirely different types, trying to look exactly like Mary Pickford.

The extras make from a dollar and a half to five dollars a day. The work is very irregular. An estimate made for an insurance company gives the average earnings of these girls and women as seven dollars and a half a week. It is impossible for a girl to live and keep herself up in Los Angeles, if this is all she has to depend upon. The girls are buoyed up, like the mining prospectors, by the hope of a lucky strike.

Ask any extra girl what is needed to break into the movies—provided one has talent—and she will answer:

“Luck, just luck.”

One of them explained it in this way:

“In a mob of three thousand, there’ll probably be about five hundred who can act. Well, say one girl out of that five hundred happens to get in front of the camera and registers a good expression. The director is likely to remember her face and use her the next time he has something good.”

Chance, or fate, or perhaps it really is luck, is often a tremendous factor.

Take, as an instance, the case of little Bessie Love. In three studios the employment office turned her down flatly—wouldn’t even give her a job as “atmosphere.” Then she crossed the orbit of D. W. Griffith’s vision and became a star.

Here is the true story of the “discovery” of Miss Love, who by the way, adopted “Love” as a screen name. Her right name is Bessie Horton.

She was just seventeen and had finished high school. A neighbor, who insisted that Bessie was a good movie type, offered to take her around the studios. Bessie’s mother consented and the tour was begun. For several weeks they made the rounds, but there was nothing but a string of disappointments.

Finally, at the Griffith studio one day, Bessie and her “chaperon” got a peep at the great one—D. W.—entering the rehearsal room, a little frame shack adjacent to the Fine Arts studio offices. They decided to beard the “lion” in his den and when the watchman wasn’t looking, they edged up to the door and rapped.

Mr. Griffith was in consultation with

Frank Woods, his manager of production, when Bessie rapped at the door. Mr. Woods opened it to hear the timid request for an audience with Mr. Griffith. He told the girl that Mr. Griffith was very busy that day and started to tell her to come back some other day, when Griffith looked up and saw the girl’s face framed in the doorway. It was only open about four inches and he said afterward that all he saw were Bessie’s eyes.

“Tell her maybe we can give her a moment,” said Griffith to his lieutenant, and about two minutes later Bessie Love was on the Fine Arts payroll. She was a star almost from the start.

Here was a case of luck to begin with—luck in coming to the attention of a big producer under propitious conditions. But if Bessie could not have made good, she would not have climbed to fame as she has. She took advantage of her opportunity and employed a well-balanced brain to augment the possibilities of a face of excellent photographic potentialities.

Some of the producers, who are not subscribers to the belief that only those of stage experience are any good to the screen, are constantly on the watch for “finds.”

There are other instances of discoveries such as the Bessie Love case in which the discovery turned out to be “fool’s gold.” It had all the glitter of the real thing, but the acid test showed it up as base metal. Not all pretty girls have brains.

For purely atmospheric purposes, the not beautiful girl who can wear clothes has as good a chance of steady employment as the good-looking one. In some cases, she has a better chance. There is a studio in California which employs for leading parts only actors and actresses of stage renown. Several of these stars are not at all good-looking and when there are ball room or reception scenes, the casting director sees to it that no girls of decided beauty are in the picture to dim the luster of the star’s radiance. There can be no contrast which gives the star anything like a shade the worst of it.

Then there is the case of the girl who can’t stand prosperity. Each studio has its roster of the girls who have been plucked out of “mobs” or “atmosphere” as material for real roles and who have slipped on the banana peel of self-sufficiency—victims of what is generally known as

swellheadedness. Of course, if these girls had a lick of sense, they probably would have remained, and risen in the screen profession.

For some reason or other, a certain class of girl just *cannot* abide her less fortunate sister when she has risen a few steps above her former colleagues. Give her a role, or only a "bit," and she at once begins to speak of the "extra girl" with contempt and derision.

The road to the hades of failure is dotted with the forms of those who, in their brief moment of success, looked down upon their sisters "on the benches" as the lowest things on earth.

But these instances are becoming more isolated daily. The really successful screen actresses who have risen from the ranks, as a rule, are not like this.

Some misdirected girls try to "break in" by the so-called "easiest way." A great many have been encouraged to try this route by the gossip about success gained through the ultimate sacrifice and the published stories about moral conditions in the studios. Time was when unscrupulous directors preyed on the ignorant and innocent, but in nearly every case which ended in the juvenile court, it was disclosed that the offender was an assistant director—in those days the assistants did the hiring—or an extra man posing to his victim as a director. In all the big studios, all applicants for places or extra work must go to one person and, in most studios, all hiring of girls and women is done by a woman engaging director.

But the stories circulated widely in the early days are still bearing fruit and many a girl who could withstand the ordinary temptations of life has offered herself as a voluntary sacrifice, in the belief that it was the only way to assured success. She is willing to pay any price in order to gain fame. With not a single bad instinct, she literally hurls herself at whoever, to her, is symbolic of fame.

The question of studio immorality has been the one big problem of the producers in the past. It is doubtful if conditions are any worse in the average studio than in any commercial institution and, in some of the high-class places, it would be difficult for the most carping critic to find anything to criticise.

There is no "easiest way." That which

is so regarded by so many of our girls leads up a blind alley. The girl who tries it is certain to be thrown into the discard if she has no talent. But she will find it increasingly difficult to find a sponsor through this means of approach.

In order to make a permanent hit with the public, the ambitious girl who finally breaks in must have screen personality and back it up by the hardest kind of work.

"There is an extra girl here," said a prominent director the other day, "who has everything to go on. Brains, temperament, good looks—everything. I noticed it the first minute I laid eyes on her. So did two other directors. We are all watching her. She has been a long time getting the training she needs. However, when the time comes, she will get her chance. That is, if she doesn't get discouraged in the meantime."

This girl was "discovered" several months ago, but she will not know anything about it until she proves herself worthy.

To read the lives of famous people, one would imagine the road to success "long and dark and chilly" all the way to the summit. Long it often is; but dark and chilly only to the first turning point, where the traveler begins to work "just for the joy of the working." Then, the road is illuminated by the warm glow of enthusiasm.

"More than for anything else on earth, I am thankful for the hard knocks I have had," said Jeanie Macpherson, the young author-director who began as an extra girl and wrote, directed and acted in her own pictures at an age when most girls are still at school.

"If there were such a thing as easily won success," this happy little apostle of hard work went on, "it wouldn't be worth having.

"Every girl who wishes to be really successful should ask herself these questions: "How much discouragement can you stand?

"How long can you hang on in the face of obstacles?

"Have you the grit to try to do what others have failed to do?

"Have you the persistence to keep on trying after repeated failures?

"Can you go up against skepticism,

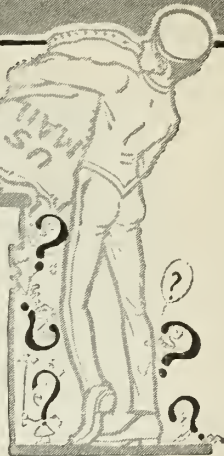
(Continued on page 165)

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

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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. There are hundreds of others "in line" with you at the Questions and Answers window, so be considerate. This will make it both practical and pleasant to serve you promptly and often. 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.



CILE, OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—"Is Henry Thalhall never, never going to have any more decent plays?" Sorry, to disappoint you but we can't even tell you when the war is going to end or when Bill Hart is going to get married. Blanche Sweet's last Lasky release is "The Silent Partner." Frank Bennett was the "perfectly adorable" gentleman who played opposite Dorothy Gish in "Stage Struck." The Lasky company is producing "Freckles" at this writing with Jack Pickford. "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," with Mary Pickford as *Rebecca* is another future treat for the Pickfordites.

E. C., TORONTO, CAN.—William Sorelle was the soldier of fortune in "The Prince and the Pauper" with Marguerite Clark. Your kind wishes are appreciated.

G. V. C., NEW YORK CITY.—We have heard that Jack Pickford was engaged to marry Olive Thomas who was taken by Producer Ince from Ziegfeld's Follies to be converted into a picture star, but we have no authentic word on the subject. It is not always necessary to send money for photographs of stars. Here is the cast of "The Confession of Madam Barastoff": *General Barastoff*, John Costello; *Constance, his wife*, Edna Holland; *Lieut. Kanwar*, Gladden James; *Capt. Peter Kanwar*, Claude James; *Gen. Scarpowa*, James Lewis; *Ivan*, Roland Osborne.

L. C., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—"Little Shoes" came before "Burning the Candle." Elmer Clifton ought to engage you as his publicity agent. We'll tell the editor about Elmer, anyhow.

HARRY, NEW HAVEN, CONN.—Never mind the sympathy, old top; we feel that it is a pleasure and a privilege, rather than a hardship, to conduct this department. Inasmuch as you have pictured us "surrounded by hundreds of silly letters, etc."—well, if we wanted to be mean, we'd say that the number of letters was increased or something like that, but it's Kindness to Animals Week, so we refrain. Of course, you are entitled to your opinion about the actors, but why in the world do you go to see them if they are what you say they are? Now don't get the idea that you have

our goat because in these high cost of living days we keep that animal chained to the piano.

J. C. P., PHILADELPHIA.—George Walsh is using his real name.

LANKY LIZ, CHICO, CAL.—Better can that "Old Answer Dad" stuff. It's bad enough to be old without being subjected to derision and disrespect from the Chicanos. Just for that we take great pleasure in assuring you that David Powell is married and happy. Marguerite Clark never played "Thelma."

J. L., CEDAR RAPIDS, IA.—Sorry, but your description is too meager and the right name of the lady is no help to us. She has probably assumed a screen name and her black hair may now be a glorious titian. If you have a picture of the young lady, we shall be glad to look her up.

L. M. S., EASTON, PA.—Too bad that you can't see Crane on the screen as often as you would like to. You have our deepest sympathy. It is a base slander that Francis Bushman has auburn hair. It never was.

J. O., ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Mabel Taliaferro has light hair and has just had a birthday. She was thirty on May 21. Edith Storey has no other name. Vola Vale is now with Balboa. She was with Lasky before that and also with American and Universal, having been known formerly as Vola Smith. She is married, her husband being a brother of Bill Russell of American.

FLORIAN, CUDAHY, WIS.—Mary MacLaren is about five feet, two inches in height and she answers her letters. Write her.

F. R., VANCOUVER, B. C.—Evert Overton has appeared in many Vitagraph productions. Paul T. Lawrence has played with Ethel Barrymore in Metro pictures and for other companies. Sorry you didn't win a prize.

MARY, PORT CLINTON, O.—Miss Bara will be twenty-seven years old July 20. Her picture was in the art section February, 1916, and there were several photographs in the issue of

May, this year. Her eyes are brown. As we get it, both Cincinnati, your state, and Egypt claim her birthplace. She sends her photographs to admirers.

ENVOIUS, SALISBURY, MD.—Yes, we missed you terribly. You must write oftener. Peggy Hyland is English, hazel eyes, brown hair and came to this country about a year ago. Helen and Gerda Holmes are not related. Now hop back to your *amo, amas, amat*.

M. H., JERSEY CITY, N. J.—The date of Mary Miles Minter's birth, as attested by herself and family, is April 1, 1902. Address Madame Petrova at Famous Players, New York. Betty Nansen is in Denmark. E. Forrest Taylor is not on the screen at present.

E. M., MIAMISBURG, O.—Elizabeth Burbridge played opposite Henry Walthall in "Blind Justice." Dorothy Dalton's hair is brown. Here's your "Quo Vadis" cast: *Vinitius*, M. Antony; *Petronius*, G. Serena; *Tigellinus*, C. Moltini; *Lygia*, Leah Giunchi; *Ennice*, Mrs. Cattaneo; *Nero*, C. Cattaneo; *Chilo*, A. Mastripietri; *Ursus*, B. Castellani; *Peter*, J. Gizzi; *Poppaea*, Mrs. Brandini. Know any of 'em?

A. L., PEORIA, ILL.—Enjoyed your delightful letter, but unable to tell you anything about that photoplay. Are you sure about the name? You guessed right. This is lots of fun. You'll see the photos of your favorites soon.

H. H., NEWBURGH, N. Y.—The fact that Bill Hart comes from your town makes your communication doubly interesting. But Bill didn't get famous by staying there, did he? And you knew Crane Wilbur when he lived there? My, how lucky some people are! We saw him once—he sat on the next stool in our favorite cafe—so you haven't got much on us. Sure, write often.

S. T., CARLISLE, WASH.—If the town in Colorado you refer to was Dillon, you were probably a schoolmate of Enid Markey's, as she attended school in that place. She is with the Corona Cinema Company and recently played the lead in "The Curse of Eve." Miss Markey was born in 1896.

S. G., JERSEY CITY, N. J.—The "Q" in Anna Q. Nilsson stands for *Querentia*, we are informed by a rather reliable authority. We previously thought it stood for *Cute*.

E. E., ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Herbert Heyes was *Bertie Cecil* in "Under Two Flags." Go ahead and flatter us; can't make us mad.

L., SAVANNAH, GA.—We have no record of the young lady you are so solicitous about. Perhaps she changed her name. We stand corrected on *David* in "Gloria's Romance." In the cast we saw William Roselle was omitted.

DORA, MINNEAPOLIS—It wasn't necessary for you to take such precautions as we would not have looked you up. It was Arthur Hoops, the same who played with Petrova, who died. It is not true that pictures are not shown of an artist after death. Rather liked that letter.

D. W., SAN JOSE, CAL.—Mabel Normand was in Los Angeles on St. Patrick's Day, we think. Jane Lee was the one in "A Modern Cinderella." Constance Talmadge played in several Fine Arts productions after "Intolerance." The last one was "The Girl of the Timber Claims." Yep, we know about Louise.

GLORY, MINNEAPOLIS.—William Russell was 31 on the twelfth day in April; he is two inches over six feet in height and is unmarried. Bill Farnum is still with Fox. You should see him in "A Tale of Two Cities." You are right about Chaplin. There's something wrong with people who can't see anything funny in him. At least, that's what both of us think, isn't it? Write often.

PEGGY, NEWARK, N. J.—Robert Elliott was born in Ireland. He played with Margaret Illington in "The Lie" and with Mansfield in "Julius Caesar." Mr. Langford has neglected to furnish us with his vital statistics.

HENRY, AMBOY, ILL.—The name of the instrument which you describe is pronounced *you kuh lay lee*. One who plays it is pronounced incurable. Mary Maclaren is no longer with Universal.

G. M. G., AUGUSTA, GA.—Yes, the count in "Civilization" was Howard Hickman. The rest of the cast: *King of Wredpryd*, Herschel Mayall; *Queen Eugenie*, Lola May; *Katheryn Halderman*, Enid Markey; *The Christ*, George Fisher; *Luther Rolfe*, the peace advocate, J. Frank Burke; *Prime Minister*, Chas. K. French; *the blacksmith*, J. Barney Sherry; *his son*, Jerome Storm; *his daughter*, Ethel Ullman; *the baby*, Lillian Reed.

VIOLETTE, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA—Lester Bernard was *Abe* in "Prince in a Pawnshop." Pearl White is with Pathe. Helen Holmes' husband is J. P. McGowan, who hails from your own little island. Clara Whipple is apparently unmarried. The Y. W. C. A. usually looks out for friendless girls in most of the large American cities.

A. N., PERTH AMBOY, N. J.—If you saw Mary Pickford in a two-reeler it was filmed more than three years ago. Mary Fuller recently appeared with Lou Tellegen in a Lasky photoplay. Anna Luther appeared with George Walsh only in "The Beast." Ask your book store about "The Broken Coin."

GENEVIEVE, NEW YORK CITY—Our latest information had Guy Coombs back on the legitimate stage.

C. S., CINCINNATI, O.—Ralph Kellard was in stock for several years. So were some of the best players on our stage and screen today. Mr. Kellard played opposite Pearl White in "Pearl of the Army." Thank you for your good wishes.

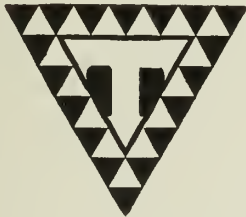
LILLIAN, ALTOONA, PA.—Robert Mantell has made several film plays, among them being "The Blindness of Devotion," "The Unfaithful Wife," and "The Green Eyed Monster," all produced under Fox auspices.

ADELE, NORTH ADAMS, MASS.—Here's your old "Battle of Life" cast: *Mary Boland*, Gladys Coburn; *Dave Karns*, Art Acord; *Jack Ellis*, William Sheer; *Tom Boland*, Frank Evans; *O'Leary*, Richard Neill; *Wentworth*, Alex Shannon; *Mary* (at 12), Violet de Biccari.

A. L. R., WASHINGTON, D. C.—Your complaint does not seem to be well founded. We can name you quite a bunch of "tall, willowy girls" on the screen.

Continued on page 150

The Finished Expression of the Dramatic Artist



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Sato Finds the Way

(Continued from page 107)

ended when he married you," replied Mildred, softly. In the last weeks her father's mantle of poise had fallen on her slender shoulders.

This soft, cool reply was a match to Benita's ever ready powder-magazine.

"That is the way with you painted lilies!" she almost shouted. "To be a real woman is a disgrace, eh? You steal men's hearts and give them nothing in return. What do you know of life? I am what you call bad, but I have lived. I know how to live as I know how to love. I tell you that you cannot hold or win this man until you win him as I won him. Love is sacrifice—what do you know of sacrifice? You're a doll in a room full of toys. Senorita, Harry Maxwell is not my first lover, but I am apt to be his last, for I have made men my business, and I can handle them as a desert driver handles an eight-horse team."

Benita laughed, a little rippling laugh, like a knife.

"Go out into the world as I did, cheap little doll—perhaps you'll learn some very necessary lessons!"

Mildred, helpless and swaying before this purple onslaught, was startled as she saw a convulsive clutch on the portieres at the back of the room.

Sato!

Instantly her poise returned, and, like a queen, she bowed the triumphant Benita away.

But it was a different Mildred who confronted Sato—it was a Mildred swept by a typhoon of sobs and a hurricane of anger.

"I will not give Harry up! I will not give him up!" she stormed. "I am going to run away with him! Ours is a marriage of hearts in the sight of God—this brazen woman and her piece of paper, like an awful deed, or a bill of sale, or a judgment—oh, it's dreadful!"

"Will you give me one more chance to right this thing?" asked Sato, gravely.

"Yes," she assented, as unreasoningly but as trustingly as always.

Then he did something he had never ventured. Taking her face in his hands, he drew her toward him, and kissed her

solemnly on the forehead. That kiss thrilled Mildred strangely. It was like a holy seal of farewell.

Though she had promised Sato to wait for his ultimate attempt, Mildred pinned very little faith to his efforts. What could he do?

So, as Harry was making plans for that departure to the *somewhere* away from both women, Mildred telephoned him. And, partially because he had rigorously promised himself never to see her again, he hurried over. She told him what she had told Sato. She wanted to run away. But Harry, mad for Mildred and mad for the happiness of both, had resolved to be a small-time adventurer no longer. He refused to compromise Mildred by an illicit, bigamous elopement. But he did agree to stay and fight, and fight, and fight.

As for Sato and Benita, they began what promised to be a delightful row in the outer bay. Still, it seemed to Benita that in their small boat Sato was rowing straight to sea with more purpose than he had revealed.

"Turn around!" she complained. "We're not going anywhere."

"But we are going somewhere," corrected Sato, quickly.

"Shall I like it?" she asked, coquetishly.

"Senorita," he answered, "a great many people have gone where you and I are going—a great many people go there every day, and not a word of complaint is ever heard from them."

At six Sato's servant brought Mildred a note. She read it to Harry.

"When you read this"—it was very brief—"you will not have loved in vain. . . . Sato."

A curious shudder, akin to a thrill, ran over the girl.

"Harry," she faltered, "Sato has found the way!" She began to cry. He took her in his arms.

A fishing schooner picked up hats that were identified as Sato's and Benita's.

His boat came ashore, many miles down the coast, days afterward. Both plugs had been removed from the bottom.

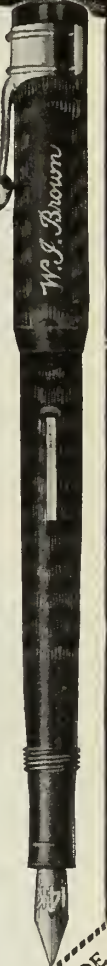
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The Soubrette of Satire

(Continued from page 28)

it must seem funny to you that men don't make love to her.

No secret: they do. Next to Mary Pickford, Edna Purviance and Neysa McMein's cuties, Anita Loos ranks right along as a leading cause of heart disease. You know it's terrible to have to spend an evening with a creature who talks like the brightest real man you know, at the same time looking like a combination of Elsie Ferguson and Anna Pennington, flavored with vanilla. There ought to be a law against such things.

But all this blood is shed to no purpose, for the Loos heart is still tight.

In fact, she regards her even pulse ominously. Says that her inability to feel great emotions will bar her, she knows, from being a great writer. That she sees only a laugh, or a smile, in every phase of human effort, while the big thrills on simple tones, playing which geniuses become immortal, are not for her.

Which is an absurd thing to say, for is she not the author of "The Little Liar"? Here was a really profound tragedy of primitive power, all based on a poor little girl's dwarfed, down-thrust imagination. Having proved *her* a little liar, let us shoot the next set.

The most important service that Anita Loos has so far rendered the screen is the elevation of the subcaption, first to sanity, then to dignity and brilliance combined.

We who have seen her plays, month after month, have credited their superiority to the thought in the plot and the sanity in the direction. But have we considered that the subcaptions have been to these photoplays what voice is to an orator? They have illuminated everything. Usually, they have swept us along on a whirlwind of laughter, and in our amusement we have forgotten their adroit necessity.

Only a really great dramatist, say the theatre wisecracs, can deceive his audience in safety. Only a genius among caption-writers, we should add, can tap the million and one outlanders on the mouth with a meaningless and unpronounceable jumble of letters as a proper name, then adding in pure deviltry: "To those of you who read titles aloud: You can't pronounce the Count's name. You can only *think* it."

Remember the distiller's wife, in "American Aristocracy," who was quite above converse with the brewer's wife—because her husband purveyed a lower form of spirits? Here was a true satire, rivalling Fitch at his best. Remember the frantic confession Miss Loos put in the mouth of a heart-sick swain: "I love you so much I feel rotten!"

Some of the Loos plays have been written and acted in deadly seriousness, as dramas, and have been turned into double-you-up farces merely by the kidding subtitles.

Anita Loos is the most omnivorous reader among women. Having devoured every English book in the home library, she taught herself French and German that she might march through those literatures. And it was one of her translations from Voltaire, used as a subcaption for "Intolerance," which ran afoul of the censors.

"You might say that I know life only as it's found in books," she interposes, "but if you did I should interpose that I have always chosen only those books which show life as it is. So I haven't seen a distorted picture of life. My own existence has been restricted, in a way—yet I have really seen the whole panorama of existence through a window!"

Miss Loos' philosophy of life is the one thing proving her sex. It's illogical and incompatible with her accomplishments. She believes that man is the little Kaiser of creation, and, despising suffrage, avers that domesticity is the only plane of female existence; that a woman's first duty is to be loveable, her second to be loved, and that when she has made herself unlovely and unloveable she should be dead.

Anita Loos is earning nearly a hundred thousand a year now—but she says she is going to hold this pace but a short time. She promises to "ease out," and be feminine and forgotten.

Once upon a time D. W. Griffith and I were carrying on a rapid-fire conversation. Miss Loos' name crept into the talk. As he heard it he paused. Then he said:

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(Continued from page 144)

F. B., LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Why pick on us because you didn't agree with Mr. Johnson's critique of "Her New York?" Haven't we enough troubles of our own? Your letter has been referred to the distinguished author of "The Shadow Stage."

E. T., WARRENTON, VA.—Marguerite Clark admits that she was thirty years old on Washington's Birthday. And of course you know that people who are born on that day have a terrific weakness for the truth. Creighton Hale was born in Cork, Ireland, and his hair is light, naturally. Hope this doesn't go over your head. We think it's real clever. Mary Pickford has been married about six or seven years.

CECILE, NEW YORK CITY.—Address Miss Clayton, care the World Film Corporation, Fort Lee, New Jersey. She will send you a photograph.

H. D., JEFFERSONVILLE, IND.—Boys of your age are not in any great demand for the moving pictures, so it would be futile perhaps, to go to any trouble in your efforts to "break in." We do not sell or give away photographs. Write to your favorites.

ELSIE, DOTHAN, ALA.—Conway Tearle is about 37 and he has been playing in the movies about two years. He is a native of New York City. Glad you liked the Mary MacLaren cover. Everyone did. Shall see if we can get the pictures you want to see in the magazine.

TRINIE, HALIFAX, N. S.—So you were disappointed because Mary Pickford has golden hair instead of dark brown hair? Well, we'll see if we can get Mary to change it. She's such an accommodating little thing. Harrison Ford can be reached at Universal City and we are sure he will send you a photograph.

DOODLE, RICHMOND HILL, L. I.—Teddy Sampson is now in New York with her husband, Ford Sterling, but at this writing neither is engaged. Jean Sothern was not in "Carmen." So far as we know, Ty Cobb is doing his only movie on the ball field. Thanks for the compliments.

L. C., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Henry Walthall, Lillian Gish and Mae Marsh in "Home Sweet Home." Miriam Cooper played the leading feminine role in "The Honor System." Glad to get the correction on the Gish birthdays.

D. F., PASADENA, CAL.—Charles Ray played *Colin*—the role that you describe—in "Peggy."

R. H. F., NEW ZEALAND.—Glad to have heard from you again and we appreciate your appreciation of PHOTOPLAY. Distance adds warmth to friendship, not the contrary. At 15,000 miles off, your friends can't borrow money from you, thus jeopardizing friendship. Ever think of that? Your request about the cover has been passed on to the editor, but your other request is somewhat irregular. Sorry, but it's against the rules.

MARY, NEW YORK CITY.—Your thoughtfulness in using a typewriter is very touching. However, it is not required. You are perfectly right about this being the best department in the magazine. (We hope that the editor sees this, too. My, but he'll be jealous.) Don't hesitate about writing Wallie Reid for a photograph. He'd be delighted to send one to such a warm admirer.

BABE, TACOMA, WASH.—Viola Dana is not a character actress. She's an ingenue, if that is what you mean.

ISABEL, CHICAGO.—Your favorite, Mr. Moreno, may be reached at present at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, that city. Both he and Miss Storey deny that they are married and surely they ought to know. Falling in love with an actor you don't know is not indicative of "backwardness," so you must have diagnosed your case incorrectly.

DOT, LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Many, many thanks. We hope your belief in our pulchritudinous supremacy will never be shattered by any photographic revelation.

MRS. C., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.—Your chances of seeing Willard Mack and Marjorie Rambeau on the screen together do not seem very bright. Frank Borzage is his right name and he hails from your city. Don't know who the cowboy is in that old picture we printed. Warren Kerrigan's brother does not act—that is, in the movies. Think "The Picture of Dorian Grey" has been filmed, but our library has no record of any such photoplay.

DOLLY, DENVER, COL.—The clipping is wrong with respect to Miss Clark. She is not married. Miss Sweet, also, is still enjoying single blessedness. Nothing in that divorce rumor.

VARIETY, SOUTH AUSTRALIA.—The only way for you to obtain autographed photographs of your favorites is to write to them directly. Some are accustomed to sending them without a mailing fee and others not. Usually the fee is a shilling, your money, and you must use an international coupon. William Russell and Miss Burton are not married. Los Angeles is something over 3,000 miles from New York. Hollywood is within the corporate limits of Los Angeles, but has a separate postoffice.

ANNA R., SYRACUSE, N. Y.—The only Robert Ellis on record in our files is connected with the Kalem company, but we have no biographical data concerning him.

M. C., PEORIA, ILL.—Miriam Cooper was not the *Wild Girl* of "Intolerance." She was *The Friendless One*. Constance Talmadge was the untamed one. Sorry, but we cannot provide you with the name and address of the correspondent you mention. Against the constitution and by-laws of this organization.

RIENE, ST. LOUIS.—You've got us pegged wrong if you think for a minute we'd intentionally hurt anyone's feelings; not even folks who write us roasts, or roast us right. That's their prerogative, you know. (We just love to use that word.) Enjoyed your poetic interrogation immensely, but you didn't expect it to be answered, did you? Write again.

MAUD, CANTON, ILL.—We knew something awful would happen if we went away and left the office boy in charge. Of course Warren and Wallace Kerrigan are twin brothers and Jackie Saunders is the wife of E. D. Horkheimer but Vivian Martin is not the wife of L. V. Jefferson. William Jefferson is her husband. Yes, Francis Ford is again married to Mrs. Ford. Just watch us and let us know when we stray from the path of veracity and rectitude.

C. B., SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.—As a rule, actors and actresses are not consulted about the personnel of their respective companies and quite often players who are not at all friendly have appeared together. Usually prominent players are given an opportunity to pass upon those engaged to take part in their productions. Write Creighton Hale, care Pathe.

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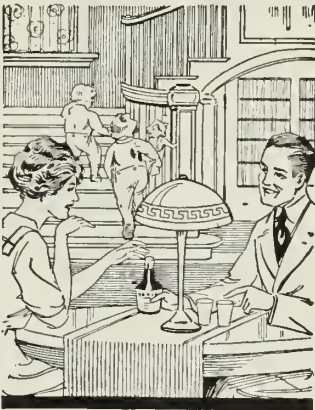
be due to pain, fever or cerebral excitement. It may be brought on by illness, by some exceptional nervous strain, by long-continued worry or by sheer overwork.

In sleep the vessels of the brain contract and cause the blood to leave

the brain automatically, but when the brain is active a plentiful supply of blood is required. If the activity is carried to great excess the mechanism of the brain does not act, its vessels become engorged with blood and sleep is banished.

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PERSONALITY STORIES

Which Have Appeared in PHOTOPLAY During the Past Twelve Months

THE list given below includes only articles about the personalities of screen celebrities, and not the hundreds of photographs which have appeared in the magazine. Some issues of Photoplay for 1916 are out of print. Articles in those issues are not listed. Copies of back numbers of Photoplay will be sent upon receipt of 15c per copy in the U. S.; its dependencies, Mexico and Cuba; 20c to Canada; 25c to foreign countries.

Send remittances—United States stamps, checks, money orders or international coupons—to Photoplay Magazine, Dept. C, 350 North Clark Street, Chicago.

ALDEN, MARY	May, 1917	KELLY, DOROTHY	November, 1916
ANDERSON, MARY	June, 1917	KENYON, DORIS	October, 1916
ARBUCKLE, ROSCOE.....	August, 1916	KING, ANITA	August, 1916
BARA, THEDA	May, 1917	LA BADIE, FLORENCE....	December, 1916
BAYNE, BEVERLY	March, 1917	LAWRENCE, PAUL	November, 1916
BENNETT, RICHARD	April, 1917	LEE, JENNIE	April, 1917
BERNARD, DOROTHY	August, 1916	LEGUERE, GEORGE	May, 1917
BRADY, ALICE	September, 1916	LINDER, MAX	February, 1917
BROCKWELL, GLADYS	April, 1917, and June, 1917	LITTLE, ANN	May, 1917
BRUNETTE, FRITZI	May, 1917	LOSEE, FRANK	May, 1917
BURTON, CHARLOTTE	December, 1916	LOVE, BESSIE	August, 1916
BUSHMAN, FRANCIS X.	April, 1917	LYTTON, ROGER	April, 1917
CAPELLANI, ALBERT	January, 1917	MARSH, MAE. March, 1917, and June, 1917	1917
CHAPLIN, CHARLES	June, 1917	MASON, SHIRLEY	March, 1917
CHILDERS, NAOMI	January, 1917	MINTER, MARY MILES....	January, 1917
CLARK, MARGUERITE	December, 1916	MIX, TOM	September, 1916
CLAYTON, ETHEL	August, 1916, and April, 1917	MORAN, POLLY	September, 1916
COBURN, GLADYS	May, 1917	MURRAY, MAE	October, 1916, and March, 1917
COHAN, GEORGE M.	March, 1917	McGOWAN, DOROTHY	June, 1917
CONNELLY, EDWARD	June, 1917	McGOWAN, J. P.	October, 1916
CONNELLY, ROBERT	February, 1917	MacLAREN, MARY	February, 1917
COSTELLO, MAURICE	January, 1917	MacPHERSON, JEANIE	October, 1916
CRISP, DONALD	January, 1917	NELSON, FRANCES	May, 1917
DANA, VIOLA	February, 1917	O'NEIL, NANCE	April, 1917
DAWN, HAZEL	October, 1916	OSBORNE, HELEN	April, 1917
DORO, MARIE	December, 1916	PALEY, "DADDY"	March, 1917
DREW, S. RANKIN	April, 1917	PENNINGTON, ANN	October, 1916
DURFEE, MINTA	August, 1916	PETERS, HOUSE	August, 1916
DWAN, ALLAN	May, 1917	PETROVA, OLGA	October, 1916, and June, 1917
EMERSON, JOHN	November, 1916	PHILLIP, DOROTHY	May, 1917
FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS	May, 1917, and June, 1917	PICKFORD, MARY	March, 1917
FARRAR, GERALDINE.....	May, 1916, and January, 1917	POWELL, DAVID	June, 1917
FAWCETT, GEORGE	April, 1917	PRETTY, ARLINE	June, 1917
FISCHER, MARGARITA	February, 1917	PURVIANCE, EDNA	September, 1916
FOXE, EARLE	December, 1916	READ, LILLIAN	November, 1916
FREDERICK, PAULINE	June, 1917	REED, VIVIAN	February, 1917
FULLER, MARY	Nov., 1916, and May, 1917	REUBEN, ALMA	April, 1917
GISH, DOROTHY and LILLIAN	May, 1917	RICH, VIVIAN	December, 1916
GRANDIN, ETHEL	January, 1917	SAIS, MARIN	March, 1917
GREY, OLGA	February, 1917	SANTSCHI, TOM	August, 1916
GRIFFITH, DAVID WARK	August, 1916, to November, 1916, inclusive	SMITH, C. AUBREY	February, 1917
HALE, CREIGHTON	November, 1916	SNYDER, MATT	December, 1916
HAM AND BUD	August, 1916	STANDING, HERBERT	November, 1916
HAMILTON, MAHLON	May, 1917	TALMADGE, CONSTANCE	May, 1917
HARLAN, MACEY	May, 1917	TALMADGE, NORMA	February, 1917
HART, WILLIAM	May, 1917	TEARE, ETHEL	June, 1917
HATTON, RAYMOND	November, 1916	THEBY, ROSEMARY	December, 1916
HAYES, FRANK	January, 1917	TURNBULL, HECTOR	December, 1916
HOLMES, GERDA	March, 1917	VALKYRIEN	September, 1916
HOLMES, HELEN	March, 1917	WALCAMP, MARIE	November, 1916
HOLMES, STUART	December, 1916	WARDE, FREDERICK	January, 1917
HULETTE, GLADYS	November, 1916	WARWICK, ROBERT	March, 1917
KEENAN, FRANK	May, 1917	WHITNEY, CLAIRE	December, 1916
KELLERMANN, ANNETTE	April, 1917	WILSON, MARGERY	October, 1916
KELLY, ANTHONY	April, 1917	WORTMANN, FRANK HUCK	February, 1917

M. S., DENVER, COLO.—My, but you must have been a proud young person to have been given the opportunity of shaking hands with Douglas Fairbanks! The last time we shook hands with Doug, we couldn't write for a week. James Cruze is with Lasky now. No record of the others you ask about.

RUBY, ST. PAUL, MINN.—Mary Miles Minter's sure-enough name is Juliet Shelby. Margaret Shelby, her sister, is two years older than Mary and, knowing Mary's age, you can easily figure out that of Margaret. Mary Pickford has just reached her twenty-fourth birthday.

ROSE, HAMILTON, CAN.—Of course that's the truth about the Bushman Club in Roanoke, Virginia. D'ye think we'd bunk our readers? But why blush with shame? The best people we know write to this department regularly and you should be proud of the company into which you have butted.

RUTH, SIOUX FALLS, S. D.—"The Pride of the Clan" was filmed on the Massachusetts coast and not in Scotland. Anita Stewart was "The Girl Philippa." Earle Williams is about 37. His wife is not an actress. He has no wife. Strange that you should have an ambition to be a movie actress, but you have company.

ROY, HICKORY, N. C.—Just write Mabel Normand, care Mabel Normand Film Company, Los Angeles, California.

LONELY, DENVER, COL.—Write to Mr. Lockwood, care Yorke Film Company, Hollywood, and he'll send you a photograph of your movie hero.

MAXINE, LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Write Earle Fox care Dramatic Mirror, New York City, and Herbert Heyes, care Willat Studios, Fort Lee, New Jersey.

M., POTOMAC, ILL.—Constance Talmadge was eighteen years old on April 19. Her hair is light brown. Florence LaBadie was born in 1894. James Cruze was *Jim Norton* in "The Million Dollar Mystery."

A. W., DEWITT, N. Y.—"The Black Fear" is the only film play among our records in which Grace Elliston played. We have no data concerning her.

K. M., MT. STERLING, KY.—Evert Overton is with Vitagraph and we agree with you that he is a capable player. We have asked the editor to print something about him.

FANNIE, PHILADELPHIA.—So you think Bill Hart "too good a player to tie himself to a pair of apron strings?" Well, we're neutral. No, you needn't use a typewriter if you have to borrow one. Takes worse writing than yours to bluff us. Come as often as you like.

S. G., EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL.—Anthony P. Kelly may be reached at the Screen Club, New York City.

JEANETTE, WASHINGTON, D. C.—Comparisons and distinctions are made only in our review department, "The Shadow Stage." We endeavor to show no favoritism in this department and any effort to get yours truly involved in a discussion as to the relative merits of Marguerite Clark and Mary Pickford will prove futile. Isn't it remarkable that, although Miss Clark is older than Miss Pickford, the latter is the taller of the two?

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MIDGET, NORFOLK, VA.—Jane Grey was born in Middlebury, Vermont, in 1883, and she has appeared in the following photoplays: "Little Grey Lady," "Let Katy Do It," "Man and His Angel" and others.

J. V., AMARILLO, TEX.—So far as we know, there is no way in the wide world that you can take a correspondence course in movie acting that will do you any good. And even if we knew of any concern that promised to teach acting by mail, we wouldn't send the address to you. Gee, ain't we got a mean disposition?

H. B., ANSONIA, CONN.—Donald Brian is a native of St. Johns, Newfoundland. Carlyle Blackwell is married. Mary Anderson ditto. Frederick Warde played the name part in "Silas Marner." Antonio Moreno was born in 1888 in Spain. Anita Stewart's hair is quite naturally curly. Olga Petrova's is auburn. Broncho Billy Anderson is in New York City.

ERNESTINE, KANSAS CITY, MO.—No, dearie, Marguerite Clark is still with us.

WAG, HUNTINGSBURG, IND.—Are you sure about "Rupert of Hentzau?" We haven't the cast you want.

B. L. S., COLUMBUS, O.—Sorry you didn't like the criticism of Mr. Fellows, but that's not in our department. We have already asked the editor to treat the readers of PHOTOPLAY to a story about Mr. Fellows and he has agreed to do so in the near future.

E. K., ATLANTA, GA.—After reading over your poem very carefully, we have arrived at the solemn conclusion that you should stick to stenography. However, we have forwarded the poem to Mr. Hart, who will undoubtedly appreciate it very much. Mr. Hart was born in 1874. Fannie Ward is married. Also Clara Kimball Young and Norma Talmadge. You guessed right; we are madly in love with all three, but what's the use—they'd pinch us in a minute for pulling any Bill Hart stuff in the way of exterminating a trio of husbands. Pretty tough old life, isn't it?

G. P., FLEMINGTON, N. J.—We have no record of Florence Allen. Sorry we can't take advantage of your invitation to visit Flemington. Must be *some* burg.

L. G., GAINESVILLE, TEX.—Walter Long played Gus in "The Birth of a Nation" and *The Musketeer* in "Intolerance," as you surmised. He is now with Lasky. He played the governor of Burgundy in "Joan the Woman" with Geraldine Farrar.

E. S., TORONTO, CAN.—Victor Sutherland was born at Paducah, Kentucky, in 1889, and has appeared in Universal, Lubin and Fox plays, his last for the latter having been "Dare Devil Kate." He is now back on the stage.

H. W., BAIRD, TEXAS.—Charlie Chaplin is 28 this year. He weighs about 120 pounds. Theda Bara played last in "Heart and Soul."

SEENA, W. K., CHICAGO.—Charles Ray was born in 1891 and is a half inch over six feet in height. He has no children but owns a red automobile.

M. B., KANSAS CITY, MO.—Vivian Rich last appeared in "Beware of Strangers." Address her care Selig's, Los Angeles. She hasn't told us anything about her age.

L. B., ELBERTON, GA.—Marguerite Clark was born in Cincinnati on February 22, 1887, which would make her thirty years old. Cleo Ridgely has been married. You spelled her name incorrectly. If Harold Lockwood and May Allison are engaged, it will be news to lots of people, but they're not.

EDNA, TULSA, OKLA.—Terrible relief to get your letter. Thought for a while you had forgotten us. Ruth Stonehouse has an adopted child. Her husband is a writer of photoplays and his name is Joseph Roach. No, we don't eat onions any more. Cost too much.

A. E., PERTH, WESTERN AUSTRALIA.—Gladys Hulette is with Thanhouser at New Rochelle, New York. She usually answers letters. James Cruze, Flo LaBadie, Marguerite Snow and Sidney Bracey had the leading parts in "The Million Dollar Mystery." Earle Foxe is married to Betty Scott. You have company, as we received ten letters from Australia in the same mail.

IMA NUTT, BOUND BROOK, N. J.—Hobart Bosworth had the leading part in "The Sea Wolf." Did it just reach your town? Yes, water makes some people fat and others clean. Yes, we are for suffrage or anything else they want. Are we married or single? Yes.

LEONORE, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.—Delighted with your very sensible letter. You are surely a pioneer film fan, even if you do live way down under. We are sure that Mr. Hart will send his photograph to you. You have our deepest sympathy in your loss at the front.

K. K., SYDNEY, N. S. W., AUSTRALIA.—Write Norma Talmadge, care Selznick Studios, New York City. We're sure she'll send you a photo. Mabel Normand is soon to appear in her first comedy drama feature picture, as she has forsaken Keystone comedies for good.

T. M., BATON ROUGE, LA.—Most of the important companies prefer to have stories submitted to them as stories and not in scenario form, as they like to have their own continuity writers whip them into shape for production.

WINNIE, BROCKTON, MASS.—Mae Murray's "opposite" was Harry Browne in "The Big Sister," Thomas Holding was opposite Marie Doro in "The White Pearl" and Jack Clark was Valentine Grant's brother in "The Innocent Lie." Mary Anderson's married name is Goodfriend and Sullivan is Annette Kellermann's.

DOROTHY, EMPORIA, KAN.—Yes, you spelled it right, but curiosity is pretty much the same no matter how it's spelled. Write Irving Cummings, care of Fox, Fort Lee, New Jersey. He's married and is a brunette. Blanche Sweet isn't married. You deserve a great deal of credit for such a nice letter—not a misspelled word in it.

D. R., WATERTOWN, S. D.—Frank Keenan is a native of Dubuque, Iowa, and is something over fifty—old enough to be a grandfather, at any rate. He has two children and one grandchild and has been on the stage for 36 years. At present he is devoting his efforts to the vocal stage.

M. F. LONSDALE, R. I.—We cannot provide a list of the plays in which Edward Arnold has appeared. Quite a bunch, though. Colin Chase was *Kirk Drummond* with Vivian Martin in "The Right Direction." Always glad to renew old acquaintances.

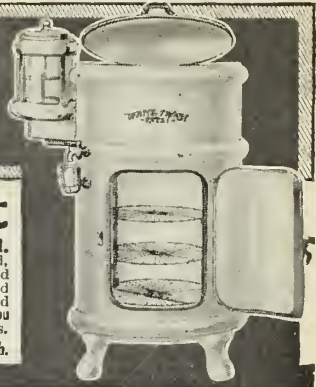


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AMERICAN FILM MFG. Co., 6227 Broadway, Chicago; Santa Barbara, Cal. (*) (s).

ARTCHAFT PICTURES CORP. (Mary Pickford), 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

BALBOA AMUSEMENT PRODUCING Co., Long Beach, Cal. (*) (s).

CALIFORNIA MOTION PICTURE Co., San Rafael, Cal. (*) (s).

CHRISTIE FILM CORP., Main and Washington, Los Angeles, Cal.

ROTHACKER FILM MFG. Co., 1539 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.

EDISON, THOMAS, INC., 2826 Decatur Ave., New York City. (*) (s).

ESSANAY FILM MFG. Co., 1333 Argyle St., Chicago. (*) (s).

FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM Co., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 128 W. 56th St., New York City.

FINE ARTS, 4500 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.

FOX FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City (*) ; 1401 Western Ave., Los Angeles (*) (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

FROHMAN AMUSEMENT CORP., 140 Amity St., Flushing, L. I.; 18 E. 41st St., New York City.

GAUMONT Co., 110 W. Fortieth St., New York City; Flushing, N. Y. (s); Jacksonville, Fla. (s).

GOLDWYN FILM CORP., 16 E. 42nd St., New York City; Ft. Lee, N. J. (s).

HORSLEY STUDIO, Main and Washington, Los Angeles, Cal.

THOS. H. INCE (Kay-Bee Triangle), Culver City, Cal.

KALEM Co., 235 W. 23d St., New York City (*) ; 251 W. 19th St., New York City (s); 1425 Fleming St., Hollywood, Cal. (s); Tallyrand Ave., Jacksonville, Fla. (s); Glendale, Cal. (s).

KEYSTONE FILM Co., 1712 Altesandro St., Los Angeles, Cal.

KLEINE, GEORGE, 166 N. State St., Chicago.

LASKY FEATURE PLAY Co., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 6284 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

LONE STAR FILM CORP. (Chaplin), 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Cal.

METRO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway, New York (*) (all manuscripts for the following studios go to Metro's Broadway address.); Rolfe Photoplay Co. and Columbia Pictures Corp., 3 W. 61st St., New York City (s); Popular Plays and Players, Fort Lee, N. J. (s); Quality Pictures Corp., Metro office; Yorke Film Co., Hollywood, Cal. (s).

MOROSCO PHOTOPLAY Co., 222 W. 42d St., New York City (*) ; 201 Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

MOSS, B. S., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

MUTUAL FILM CORP., Consumers Bldg., Chicago.

MABEL NORMAND FILM CORP., Hollywood, Cal.

PALLAS PICTURES, 220 W. 42d St., New York City; 205 N. Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.

PATHE EXCHANGE, 25 W. 45th St., New York City; Jersey City, N. J. (s).

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

L. R., NEW YORK CITY.—“Helene of the North,” we think, was filmed in the Adirondacks. Conway Tearle was Captain Ralph Conley.

ROSE OF THE WEST, COLORADO SPRINGS, COL.—Some motion picture plays we have seen were very hard on the eyes while others were easy to look at. Myrtle Stedman uses her married name. Her birth year is given as 1891. Harold Lockwood was born in Brooklyn, Dorothy Davenport in Boston and Wallie Reid in St. Louis. Yes, we are very fond of the players, but of some we are fonder than others.

E. K. J., POMONA, CAL.—You are mistaken in your assumption. We did not state that Mr. Lockwood was single as a downright fact, but that he was not married, as we had his word for it, or words to that effect. Even when we have authentic advice to the contrary, we are bound to take a gentleman’s word for it when he says that he is not enjoying wedded bliss or single blessedness. But that’s all controversial and nothing can be gained by entering into a dispute over such a trivial matter.

JOHN, LAWRENCE, MASS.—Alma Reuben is a newcomer among stellar actresses, but she is all you say she is. You will see her next in an Ince play. Don’t know in what sort of play you will see House Peters next, as he recently had a disagreement with the Paramount people.

BABBETTE, CHICAGO.—Yes, yes, you are quite a learned person in the lore of the movies. We stand corrected except with reference to the Youngs. They are not divorced. Even the best of us make mistakes sometimes. Wouldn’t it be a gruesome world if everyone was always right about everything?

G. H., GUTHRIE, OKLA.—Broncho Billy is alive but not acting. He is a manager now. Max Linder talks very little English as yet, but is learning rapidly.

MARJORIE, COLUMBUS, O.—Miss Young’s business address will have to suffice, as it is not customary to make public the private addresses of the players. Write her care Selznick Studios and you will receive a reply.

BETTY, DOVER, N. J.—Edward Earle, not George Fisher, played with Viola Dana in “The Innocence of Ruth.” Henry Walthall’s wife was formerly Isabel Fenton, a stage actress at one time. Think Miss Young will answer your letter.

S. W., NEGAUNEE, MICH.—Lots of magazines with Pearl White’s picture. Copies will be mailed you upon receipt of 15 cents each.

M. A. T., ST. LOUIS, MO.—Mary Pickford’s sure-enough name was originally Gladys Smith. Muriel Ostriche can be reached through World, Kathlyn Williams, Morosco, and Pauline Frederick, Famous Players.

KARL, NEW YORK CITY.—A glance at the rules governing this department will indicate that the advice you ask about marketing your scripts cannot be given. You will have to write the companies and find out for yourself their needs, as conditions are changing continually.

M. L., RACINE, WIS.—Write Earle Williams, care Vitagraph at Brooklyn. None of those you mentioned has appeared on PHOTOPLAY covers and it is impossible for us to tell you who will be there in the future. You’ll just have to curb your impatience and wait.

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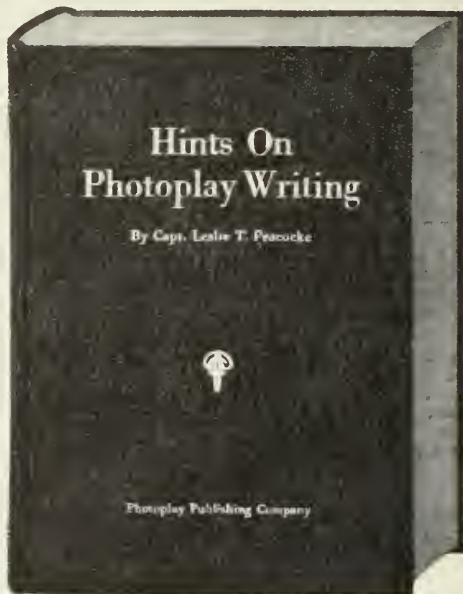
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GRACE, BOSTON.—Mr. Reid probably mislaid your letter and the money you enclosed for the photographs. Write him again and we are sure that he will kick in. We oughtn't to have put it that way, as there is a lady in Portland, Oregon, who thinks we are frightfully slangy.

L. C. AND E. V., BINGHAM, UTAH.—Lottie Pickford is Mrs. Rupp in private life and she has a baby daughter just a little more than a year old who answers to the name of Mary Charlotte Pickford Rupp. But she's a husky kid and won't have any trouble packing that name around. Harold Lockwood has been an actor for about seven years.

PRINCESS ZIM-ZAM, CHICAGO.—Tom Forman was 24 years old on Washington's birthday. Edith Taliaferro played with him in "Young Romance" and Edith Wynne Mathison was the woman in "The Governor's Lady."

D. R., FT. MONROE, VA.—Address Billie Burke, care of Flo Ziegfeld, Century Theater, New York City.

E. K., ST. LOUIS.—Better consult an oculist if you haven't seen any pictures of Pearl White in PHOTOPLAY in two years. But there'll be more later.

A. A., LETHBRIDGE, ALTA., CAN.—Warren Kerrigan is not married and John Bowers is non-committal on the subject.

E. R., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Without entering into the merits of the case you mention, perhaps it would be well to explain that a certain class of actors believe that widespread knowledge of their marriage would seriously impair their popularity. Of course sensible people like you and us don't see things that way, but undoubtedly there are people who like to cherish the belief that their favorites are still attainable. Funny old thing, human nature, isn't it?

A. B. G., COMMERCE, TEX.—Fannie Ward has a daughter, as you surmise, "in her teens." You have our assurance that Miss Ward really is more than 23. Earle Foxe is with Pathe. Thanks for your good wishes.

V., HELENA, MONT.—Modesty alone precludes publication of your poetic eulogy. You see, if we printed it a lotta folks would think we wrote it ourself and were just trying to hurl a few corsages at us. But we sure did enjoy it and that zippy letter too. Another like that and we'd almost be persuaded to tell you our middle name.

P. M., SNYDER, TEXAS.—Something familiar about the name of that town. Margaret Nichols is the wife of Hal Roach, of *Lonesome Luke* fame.

R. B., STURGIS, MICH.—Richard Stanton has not appeared on the screen for a long time as he is now a director. At present he is directing Dustin Farnum for Fox. Rose Tapley was the real wife of *Lennox* in "My Official Wife."

SLATS, BROCKWAYVILLE, PA.—Sure, quite a cute name. Pearl White is a mixture of Irish and Italian. Ruth Roland is not married. Grace Cunard married Joe Moore; Francis Ford married Mrs. Francis Ford. Blanche Sweet is a blonde. Her right name is Blanche Alexander. Creighton Hale, didn't quit the movies. He is 25 years old. No, we do not play the movies; we prefer drop-the-handkerchief.



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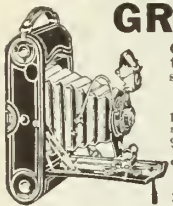
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350 N. Clark St., CHICAGO, ILL.

J. H. PROVIDENCE, R. I.—So far as we know Wally Reid was never in Providence. He was born in St. Louis, dances well and is generally regarded as quite some lad. As we recall it, his machine is one of those Hibernian makes, McSorley, or McFarland, or something like that. You'll probably see him if you go to California.

D. E. H., SANDUSKY, O.—Florence Rockwell was the wife in "He Fell in Love with His Wife." Owen Moore was in "The Escape" with Blanche Sweet. Edward Jose played opposite Theda in "A Fool There Was." Clifford Bruce officiated likewise in "Lady Audley's Secret," William Davidson with Ethel Barrymore in "The White Raven" and in "Damaged Goods," Adrienne Morrison played opposite her husband, Richard Bennett. Cast of "The Uplift": Jim Gordon, Jr., Lionel Barrymore; Joan Madison, Marguerite Skirvin; Jim Gordon, Sr., Franklin Hanna; Sidney Benson, Paul T. Lawrence; Benj. Waters, John Smiley; Henry Madison, Edgar Davenport; Alec, James Malaidy; Myles McCool, Howard Truesdell; Jerome Hendricks, George Stevens; Frank Wagner, Frank Lyons; Liza Poke, Myra Brooks.

E. M., HECTOR, MINN.—Write to the National Board of Review in New York City for the literature on children and the motion pictures. The board has a department devoted to that phase of the industry.

ALMARCONMA, PHILADELPHIA—Alma Reuben is now with Ince, playing opposite William Hart. She sends her photographs. The man you admire in "The Girl Philippa" is probably Frank Morgan. Constance Talmadge is no longer with Triangle.

WALLY'S ALWAYS, MEDFORD, MASS.—Another Wally-nut apparently. Well, Dorothy Davenport and May Allison are each 5-5 in height. Frank Beamish is 36 and married. Paul Willis just had his seventeenth birthday. He made his first hit in "The Fall of a Nation." Alice Brady played a dual role in "The Dancer's Peril." She is about five feet, four inches in height. Wallace Reid has no children—at this writing. Not acquainted with Helen Lorraine, just Lillian. Yes, all actresses have naturally curly hair and many of them are prettier off the screen than on.

E. S., ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Edith Storey is no longer with Vitagraph. She has brown hair and hazel eyes and is almost five and a half feet high. She has never appeared on the cover of this magazine.

E. M., PHILADELPHIA—Can't tell you anything definite about another Ford-Cunard story. Here's the "Purple Mask" cast: Patricia Montez, Grace Cunard; Phil Kelly, Francis Ford; Eleanor Van Nuy, Jean Hathaway; Pete Bartlett, Pete Gerald; Bull Sanderson, Jerry Ash; Silk Donahue, John Duffy; Stephen Dupont, John Featherstone; Jacques, Mario Bianuche.

KENTUCKY BELLE, LOUISVILLE, KY.—Most of your questions cannot be answered as we need all of our space to reply to queries concerning the people of the movies. Bill Hart does not speak with "a slight drawl" so go ahead and show your disappointment by throwing the cat out the window. Warren Kerrigan was born in Louisville before moving to New Albany, Indiana.

T. M., FRANKLIN, TENN.—We have no record of Kate Barker. The National Film Company is not actively producing at present, we believe.

WALLY WORSHIPER, PASADENA, CAL.—Glad you liked the Jack Lait story in the May issue. So did we. Seena Owen played opposite Doug Fairbanks in "The Lamb" and Jewel Carmen in "Flirting with Fate." Flora Zabelle played opposite John Barrymore in "The Red Widow." Cast of "The Girl Philippa"; *Philippa*, Anita Stewart; Warner, S. Rankin Drew; *Halkett*, Frank Morgan; *Sister Eila*, Miss Curley; *the Countess*, Billie Billings; *Gen. DeLisle*, Capt. Eyerman; *Gray*, Ned Hay; *Schmidt*, Stanley Dunne; *Hoffman*, Alfred Rabock; *Asticot*, Jules Cowles; *Wildresse*, Anders Randolph; *Esser*, L. S. Johnson; *Madame Arlone*, Betty Young.

C. S. W., TORONTO, CANADA—Fanny Ward, we regret to state, is no longer in her teens. In fact, documents connected with the theater indicate that she is somewhere around 42. Marguerite Clark has had her thirtieth birthday. Holbrook Blinn's latest screen work was with McClure Pictures.

L. B., CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND.—"Do you have to do anything before you become a star?" Yes, girlie; a lotta things, but if we printed them here there would be such a crop of stars that the government would have to adopt some means of eliminating the overproduction—drowning, or something like that.

S. A. M., SAN FRANCISCO—The June issue answered your Pauline Frederick query—satisfactorily, we hope. She is 33 years old and has no present intention of visiting your city. Exteriors for "The Slave Market" were taken in Havana, Cuba. She usually answers her letters. Ditto Anita Stewart, who is still with Vitagraph.

LITTLE MISS FIXIT, BOSTON—Crossed wires somewhere. Wm. S. Hart is not married and never has been. Why just the other day he told us—but that would be a betrayal of confidence. Anyhow, accept our assurance that Bill is entirely unincumbered. Someone must have been kidding your local paper oracle. We concur in your opinion of Mary Pickford. She's a wonderful child! Your message duly delivered to Cal York. Would like to hear from you again.

JACK, PAWTUCKET, R. I.—William Hart is an inch over six feet and his hair is dark brown. He was born in 1874.

L. S., PORTLAND, ORE.—Mary Pickford's latest picture was first named "Jennic, the Unexpected" and changed before release to "A Romance of the Redwoods." Her next one is a modern story with scenes laid in America and wartime Belgium. Douglas Fairbanks, at this writing, is working on his second Arcraft picture, which is to bear the name of "A Regular Guy." The scenes in "Twenty Thousand Leagues," which are purported to have been taken under water, were really taken on the ocean floor in the West Indies.

TOOTSIE QUIZZIE, LOWELL, MASS.—Richard Travers' wife's maiden name was Lillian Cattell. Creighton Hale has no wife. William Courtleigh, Jr., was "Neal of the Navy." George Larkin is about 27 years old.

L. W., JACKSONVILLE, ILL.—It is such letters as yours that make this the most delightful job we've had since Horace Greeley fired us for getting a few inaccuracies in our report of the Battle of Shiloh. If you don't write again soon we'll be terribly put out. Your modest request is already granted.

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J. R., KOKOMO, IND.—David Powell was the leading man in "Less Than the Dust," and Jack Dean played opposite his wife, Fanny Ward, in "Each Pearl a Tear."

JACQUELINE, NEW YORK CITY—So we never say anything about your favorite? Well, Antonio Moreno is one of the nicest chaps we ever met, a good actor and a gentleman. There!

CLUTCHING HAND, ST. JOHNS, NEWFOUNDLAND—Winifred Kingston was Sally in "The Call of the Cumberlands." Grace in "One Million Dollars" was Charlotte DeFelice. William Clifford played opposite Margaret Gibson in "The Hidden Law." Kate Bruce was last with Fine Arts. Cast of "The Clarion": Harrington Surtain, Carlyle Blackwell; Dr. Surtaine, Howard Hall; Esme Elliott, Marion Dentler; Dr. Mark Elliott, Chas. Mason; Norman Hake, George Soule Spencer; Milly Beal, Rosemary Dean; Mar Veltman, Philip Hahn.

H. A., SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—We have the address of no Correspondence Club.

J. D., HORNELL, N. Y.—Nicholas Dunaew is the name of the Russian actor who played with Dorothy Kelly in "My Lost One." He is now in Los Angeles. He is also a writer and poet and has been in this country about three years. Mary Alden is still in the movies. Chaplin is still making pictures for Mutual although his contract has expired. Dorothy West played with Fairbanks in "The Habit of Happiness." Owen Moore is with Famous, Moreno with Vitagraph and Fairbanks with Artcraft.

GEORGE, TRANSCONA, MAN., CANADA.—Charlie Chaplin went into the movies from the vaudeville stage. His father was a well known English comedian, also Charles Chaplin. Billie Ritchie is with the Fox Company in Los Angeles. Francis Ford and Grace Cunard were never married. Visitors are allowed daily at the Universal studio, Universal City, California.

E. M., DAYTON, KY.—Send your scenario to any of the companies in the studio directory. You're just as liable to sell it one place as another.

BETTY, PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Couldn't say for sure who is Pauline Frederick's, but pretty sure she is a dressmaker in New York. Clara and Earl Williams are not even acquainted, to say nothing of being related.

READER, MURRAY, VT.—Your red cheeks would photograph black so you aren't so well qualified for a screen career as you thought. Tom Chatterton's right name is Thomas Chatterton Schell. Write Miss Minter at Santa Barbara, California.

D. M., MARYLANDS, WEST AUSTRALIA—Dorothy Kelly has no children. Aubrey Smith played the same part in "Daddy Long Legs" in London. Harry Mestayer, Grace Darmond and Effingham Pinto played the chief parts in "The House of a Thousand Candles."

INTERESTED, GRANTS PASS, ORE.—Wallace Reid's hair is light brown. How would you like to see him with a moustache? Well just be patient. Forrest Stanley is back on the stage. We have no record of any "Sapho" except that recently transferred to the celluloid by Pauline Frederick. Anita Stewart is single.

MARY, RACINE, WIS.—Paul Willis was May Allison's brother in "The Promise."

ALMA, ST. JOHN, N. B.—We haven't solved the identity of the *Silent Menace* in "Pearl of the Army," but shall drop you a line as soon as we do. Write Theda Bara at Ft. Lee, N. J.

EVADNE, WEST PERTH, W. AUSTRALIA—Jean Sothern is now married and living at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Write Vivian Martin, care Lasky, Los Angeles. Ethel Clayton will send you a photo. She has been with World for nearly two years.

CHARLOTTE, NEW YORK CITY—Viola Dana's birthday, June 28; Anita Stewart's, February 17. Write Viola, care of Metro; Gish sisters, Los Angeles.

VIOLET, WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND—Stuart Holmes did not take the name of Robert Cain in "The Eternal Grind" because Robert Cain is an entirely different person than Stuart. George Fisher was the young German in "Somewhere in France." Edna Flugrath is a sister of Viola Dana and Shirley Mason. Shirley, we are informed, is 16 years old, and Viola two years her senior.

J. J., OAKLAND, CAL.—Blanche Sweet once lived in Berkeley—when she was in her early teens. She played in "Oil and Water." Don't think Martha Hedman ever played for the screen in anything except "The Cub."

MARY, RACINE, WIS.—"The Whirl of Life" was not founded on the life of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle.

LEO, TORONTO, CANADA—What would be a suitable present for a motion picture actress? Oh, any little thing like a touring car or a diamond necklace would be regarded by the recipient as an acceptable gift. But it all depends on the size of your pile and the taste of the girl.

LIZETTE, SEDALIA, MO.—Your query concerning the matrimonial status of Mr. Bushman has been answered in every one of the last fifteen issues of PHOTOPLAY. Send \$2.25 and each and every one will be sent to your address.

G. W., KOKOMO, IND.—Pearl White's hair is kinda red. Charlotte Walker was last with McClure's.

G. W. B., DETROIT, MICH.—Conway Tearle's wife is not an actress. He is on the stage at present. Frank Andrews, an architect, was Pauline Frederick's husband. Max Linder is with Essanay but is not working now owing to bad health.

MARJORIE, TORONTO, CANADA—"Snow White," printed in the February issue of PHOTOPLAY, was taken from the film story in which Marguerite Clark starred. You seem to have selected a group of players not known to us. Here's "God's Country and the Woman": Philip Weyman, William Duncan; Josephine Adare, Nell Shipman; Arnold Lang, George Holt; John Adare, William Bainbridge; Miriam Adare, Nell Clark; Jean Croisset, Edgar Kellar; Thoreau, George Kunkel.

CLARA, AKRON, O.—So you thought you'd write to us because it was raining and there was nothing else to do? Well, Clara, we feel deeply honored. Ethel Clayton has no children. Yes, she is a very charming young person. Julia Swayne Gordon is with Vitagraph. Weren't you mistaken about seeing Fatty Arbuckle at Miami, Florida, last winter? We're sure he was in Los Angeles all that time.

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H. W., DECATUR, ILL.—Arnold Daly is not a brother of Hazel Daly of Essanay.

ZAZA, PASADENA, CAL.—Frank Mills has been with a number of companies during the last year and is now with Fox.

PHOTOPLAY ADMIRER, NEWPORT NEWS, VA.—Dorothy Gish's birthday is March 11, and Lillian's October 14. This is official.

STENOGRAPHER, INDIANAPOLIS—Delighted to meet you. It never was called to our attention before but Mme. Petrova perhaps wears a wrist watch with evening dress so she'll be sure and not miss dinner. Thomas Chatterton informs us that he is not married. We have no record of Mr. Arvine's whereabouts at the present moment of time, as Philo Gubb would say. Glad to hear from you often.

T. B., EUGENE, ORE.—The only way to get autographed photos of your favorites is to write them direct in care of the company by which they are employed. The 25 cents is supposed to cover the mailing expenses. Don't write a player that she is your favorite unless she really is. Most of the players want the truth.

J. E., VALLEJO, CAL.—Comedy ideas are difficult to sell at long range. Write Chaplin and Sennett, Los Angeles; Arbuckle, care Paramount, New York.

REGINA, ERIE, PA.—Herbert Rawlinson's wife is Roberta Arnold of the legitimate stage. Olga Petrova was born in Warsaw, Poland, and Camille Astor in Hungary.

GEORGE, BUFFALO, N. Y.—Yes, college dramatic experience would be of value in the movies. Ought to help you dodge a few custard pies. Gwendolyn got married and quit the screen. Norma Talmadge is now with Selznick.

MARY A., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—Henry Walthall has no children. Anna May Walthall, his sister, is with Essanay in Chicago. Harry Hilliard is with Fox.

G. W., COLUMBUS, O.—Your letter has been turned over to the Bushman Club of Roanoke, so you'd better beat it quick! Vivian Martin's husband is William, not Joseph, Jefferson, who is with the Roscoe Arbuckle company.

BESS, BON AIR, VA.—Are Harold Lockwood and Francis Bushman married, respectively, to May Allison and Beverly Bayne? Good gracious, where has been all these years, or has Bon Air been cut off from magazinic communication?

DANA, NORFOLK, VA.—Who do we think is the most popular, Douglas Fairbanks, Wallace Reid or House Peters? Most assuredly we do. We have always thought so. Yes, Mr. Reid employs his correct cognomen. Bessie Barriscale has a young son, not a grown daughter.

FLORENCE, ALBION, CAL.—Your wish has been granted as Earle and Anita are already playing together again. We aim to please our patrons. Blanche Sweet, being unemployed, has no leading man or director, at this time. Marguerite Clark is not engaged—except by Famous Players. Write Valeska Suratt, care Fox; Thomas Meigham, Famous Players; Charles Ray, Culver City, California.

ESTELLE, SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—We have no information concerning the companies you mention.

The Empire Theatre of the Screen

(Continued from page 137)

realized the possibilities which lie in subtitles after seeing the single-reel picturizations of George Ade's fables by Essanay.

The experiment proved so successful that Mr. Griffith suggested that the staff concentrate on captions for the Triangle productions, which at about that time were given the name of Fine Arts pictures.

The first of these, "The Lamb," with Douglas Fairbanks making his screen debut, carried out the new idea in subtitles and they proved a sensation. Mr. Woods then called in Miss Anita Loos to assist in conference with this work and from that time this brilliant little woman participated in the subtitling of nearly all the Fine Arts pictures. Miss Loos also wrote a number of the Fairbanks film plays and, when that popular player went out "on his own," he took Miss Loos along as his scenario and subtitle writer.

In the preparation of stories for production, also, the conference idea was strictly followed. Miss Mary H. O'Connor, for two years scenario editor and herself author of many successful photoplays, sat at the right of Mr. Woods, as she did also in the subtitle conferences. The director also assisted in both conferences and Mr. Woods frequently attended the rehearsals prior to each production. It was the Griffith scenario staff, also, that was first systematically to purchase stories from successful writers.

The Girl Outside

(Continued from page 142)

ridicule, friendly advice to quit, without flinching?

"Can you keep your mind steadily on the single object you are pursuing, resisting all temptations to divide your attention?"

"Are you strong at the finish as well as quick at the start?"

"Success is sold in the open market. You can buy it—I can buy it—any one can buy it who is willing to pay the price for it."

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| Mary Pickford | Lillian Walker |
| Blanche Sweet | Clara Kimball Young |
| William Farnham | Harold Lockwood |
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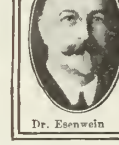
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Pearls of Desire

(Continued from page 62)

devoted my life to reading and study in leisure hours, and living much alone it had no doubt colored my forms of expression. "I have kissed several, and if you take my good behavior too much for granted their number may be increased."

She looked at me speculatively for a moment, then flushed.

"Such talk is strictly taboo," said she. "Aren't you ashamed to get flirtatious at the eleventh hour?"

"I'm not flirtatious." I answered, and then yielding to a sudden impulse which had long tempted me, but which my duty as protector had forbade. I dropped my hands upon her bare upper arms and held her in front of me. "Look here, Alice," I asked, "will you marry me when we get back?"

The pupils of her amber eyes dilated but they looked steadily into mine and she did not attempt to free herself. Her face grew rather pale under its soft, ivory tropic tan. The downy plumage over her breast rose and fell like the breast of a captive bird.

"No, my dear."

"Why not?" I asked.

"For a number of reasons. It wouldn't do. For one thing I am two years your senior. I lied a little about my age. Besides, I have to go back to my life and you to yours. We might be happy for a little while, but after that?"

"Why not after that?" I asked.

"Because you couldn't stand the sort of life I wish to lead, nor I yours. If we both had lots of money it might be different."

"But I am not so badly off," I protested.

"Not as long as you stay out here and look after your affairs. And I have nothing but expensive tastes. Perhaps I ought to be ashamed to admit it, but money is a prime necessity for me, Jack. I have been doing a lot of thinking since we have been here and I have about decided to go home and marry my 'piggy man,' as you call him."

"Oh, he be hanged." I said roughly, for the idea of this gorgeous creature the property of such a person was unendurable. "See here, Alice, if you'll marry me I'll sell out and go live wherever you like. Couldn't we manage on ten thousand dollars a year?"



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(July)

She tilted back her head, looked into my face and laughed. She was very alluring when she laughed, with her wide, red-lipped mouth, short but delicate nose, and tawny eyes, half-closed and gleaming through their double fringe of long, black lashes.

"Not possibly, my dear. If we were both ten years younger we might. But not now. We could scarcely live decently for that in the *milieu* which we should wish to frequent. Things at home are different from what they were when you came out here. We couldn't keep the stable and garage on that . . . and think of the gowns and servants and things. Ten thousand would not last us four months."

"Do you think all those things matter such an awful lot?" I asked, and let fall my hands. A little ripple ran through her.

"They do to me," she answered. "You see, I have formed the habit of them. I don't say that we mightn't get along without for a while, but in time we should want them again. No, Jack dear, it's not to be thought of."

"How can I help it?" I muttered. Looking back I do not believe that even at that moment I was very much in love with Alice, but I could not bear the thought of her belonging to her piggy man. I took her by the wrists and again the ripple ran through her and she seemed to sway toward me as though drawn by some invisible force.

"Do you think that you could love me, dear?" I asked.

She nodded.

"And do you think that I really love you?" I asked.

She shook her head. "No," she whispered. "I think that it is just the . . . well, the man and woman of it . . . and the surroundings. Kiss me if you like and let me go, Jack. The ice is rather thin here on the equator. You ought to understand. We are not precisely boy and girl. You don't want me to break through, do you Jack?"

"I want you to marry me," I said. "What if I were to make a big killing? A lot of money. Would you marry me, then?"

"Gladly. But that's a big 'if' and we are getting on."

"Will you give me six months to try?"

I asked, "before closing your contract with the piggy man?"

She appeared to reflect. "Yes," she answered.

"Very well," said I, "then it's a bargain. I drew her closer but she put her hand upon my chest and resisted slightly.

"It mustn't be by gambling or taking any risk which might ruin you," she protested.

"That's my lookout," I answered. "You have only to keep your compact if I succeed and declare it null and void if I fail. In the latter event you needn't be afraid of my coming around to cry-baby and declare myself an abandoned bankrupt for love of you and making things generally unpleasant about the premises. Now let's go back and report the sail."

So back we went and announced our prospective deliverance, the news of which was received with less joyful noise than one might have expected. In fact, the cheery bishop protested that he could easily have done with another month to complete his "cure," as he was pleased to call our exile. "Talk about Carlsbad and Evian . . ." quoth he, "if any self-indulgent old fool, or young one either, comes to me complaining about his heart or kidneys or liver or any other dimmed lights in his surfeited body, I'll just tell him to pass eight or ten weeks in his pajamas on Trocadero Island, spearing mutton fish and drinking Adam's ale. . . . I must say that I have enjoyed my glass at times . . . but I enjoy my good feelings at this moment a great deal better, my dear Jack . . ." and he taunted the muscles of his big, brown arms and chuckled.

Enid was less expansive. She seemed to resume her early inscrutable reserve and was strangely silent on learning that our deliverance was at hand. But I noticed a curious intensity in the expression of her eyes as they examined Alice and myself.

(To be continued)

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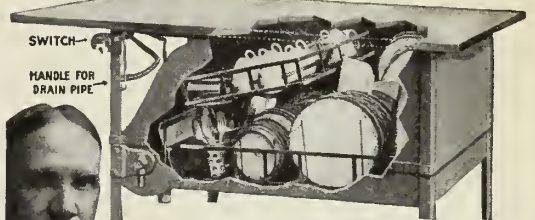
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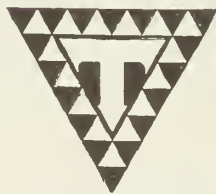
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VOL. XII

No. 3

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Published monthly by the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING CO., 350 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

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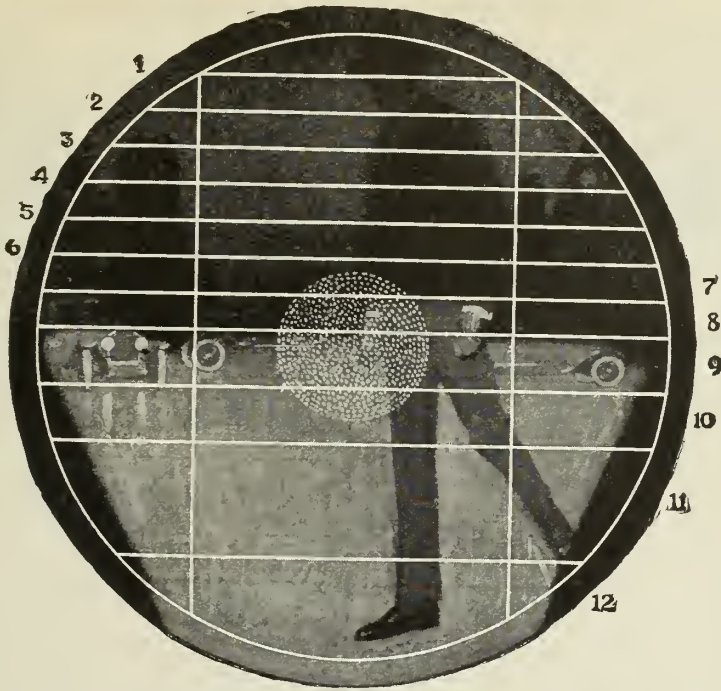
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If You Could See Your Skin As Others See It

Too often we stand back from our mirrors, give our complexions a touch or two of the mysterious art that lies in our powder boxes and then think our skins are passing fair

If you could only see your skin as others see it, you would not feel so contented. You would realize just how much lovelier it could be.

Go to your mirror now and examine your skin closely.

Are there little rough places in it that make it look scaly when you powder? Is it sallow, colorless, coarse-textured or oily? Is it marred by disfiguring black-heads?

Whatever the trouble is, it can be changed. Your skin, like the rest of your body, is continually and rapidly changing. As old skin dies, new forms. You can make this new skin just what you would love to have it.

To correct an oily skin and shiny nose

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If you are bothered with an oily skin and shiny nose, make this lather treatment a daily habit.

plus moisture but leave the skin slightly damp. Now work up a heavy warm water lather of Woodbury's in your hands.

Apply it to your face and rub it into your pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion of the finger tips. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

Make this treatment a nightly habit and before long you will gain complete relief from the embarrassment of an oily, shiny skin.

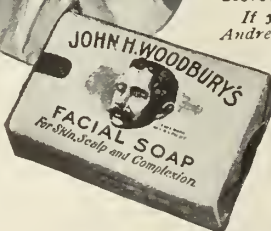
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CORINNE GRIFFITH

decided early in life to be a Southern girl, and as much Southern as she could; so she chose New Orleans as her birthplace. Her first photoplay acting was done for Vitagraph, Western, and from the Los Angeles organization she came East to play leads for Earle Williams.



HARRY HILLIARD

emerges serene and undismayed from monthly encounters with the world's head vampire, and in several instances has made her almost human. Though best known as Theda Bara's leading man, he has had quite a career on the stage. He was born in Cincinnati thirty years ago and is unmarried.



Photo by Campbell Studio

JULIA SANDERSON

is one of the most distinguished and graceful melody-comediennes of the vocal stage, and her loveliness is being recorded right now by Mutual cameras. "The Sunshine Girl," "The Siren," and "The Arcadians" are three of her best-known stage vehicles.



Photo by Hartsok

GEORGE WEBB

ought to have been an author instead of a matinee idol, for he was born in Indianapolis. Ancestrally he must be all at war, for his forebears were both English and German. He made his camera debut at the American studios in 1915, then went to Lasky, and is now with Universal.



MRS. VERNON CASTLE

Photo by Campbell Studio

is a dancing institution, primarily; and after that a photoplayer, a personality, and the wife of a celebrated aviator who resigned the dancing crown of the world to go to war. She is an American girl, and so far is chiefly known in screenland by her work in the serial, "Patria."



Photo by National Studio

WILLIAM DAVIDSON

was blown into Metro pictures by the war. He was an importer, in downtown New York, and when the submarines came out, his business went down. So he took a flyer at pictures, making his debut with the little Minter, in "Emmy of Stork's Nest." He is a New Yorker, twenty-eight years old.



Photo by Ince Studio

SYLVIA BREMER

has been a musical comedy star in her own Australia; she is just a trifle over five feet in height, and she is a regular Annette for swimming. You will remember her with Charlie Ray, in "The Pinch Hitter," and in another production with William S. Hart. She is a member of the Ince forces.



Photo by Campbell Studio

MARY PICKFORD

—and what else is there to say? Yet, there may be a benighted individual or two in the world who doesn't know that she was born in Canada, in the year 1893, and that she commenced life wearing "Gladys Smith" as a name, and today she is Mrs. Owen Moore.

PHOTOPLAY

MAGAZINE

August, 1917

Vol. XII, No. 3

Colonel Kathleen; *Some Boy*

THEY USED TO CALL HER THE BEST DRESSED MAN ON THE AMERICAN STAGE, AND SHE WAS

By K. Owen

Colonel Clifford in uniform makes one wonder if after all, Sherman was right.

SHE'S a tiny little thing, an inch or so less than five feet perpendicularly and if she ever got to weigh a hundred pounds, she'd start reducing. But for all this, rather, despite this apparent deficiency, Kathleen Clifford is regarded as one of the cleverest personalities on the stage. And now she's made it unanimous by "going into the pictures."



Stagg photo

And she really is entitled to that "Colonel" title because she is the honorary colonel of the 180th Royal Canadian which has been shooting up things and getting shot up over in Flanders. Miss Clifford is perhaps the only person not of the nobility who has ever been so honored.

The little actress spent ten weeks as close to the front in Belgium as Red Cross nurses are allowed to remain, during which period she gave aid to the wounded of the Allies. She brought back many trophies but she regards with greatest value a long scar on the forefinger of her left hand. It came from a gash made by a piece of shrapnel for which she was probing with her digit, in the wounded shoulder of a Canadian fighter. Yes, Kathleen is quite some nervy little body.

Miss Clifford, whose vaudeville fame nearly equals her prominence on the legitimate stage, is a native of Virginia; Charlottesville, to be explicit and she got her start on the stage as the result of a conversation with the late Charles Frohman. She was fifteen then and had the good fortune to be at a dinner given Mr. Frohman. To him she confided her ambition to go on the stage.

"What can you do?" asked Mr. Frohman.

"Nothing" was the nonchalant reply.

"But surely you can do something—sing, dance or play the piano—whatever

it is, confide in me."

"Absolutely nothing," said Kathleen.

"Well then," remarked Mr. Frohman, "you surely ought to try for the stage; you have nothing to unlearn."

Being pretty, petite and piquant,

Miss Clifford was engaged then and there to make her first appearance in "Top O' the World," a Frohman musical production then in preparation. When the "part" was sent to her, Miss Clifford thought it a catalogue and destroyed it.

Another was supplied and she learned the lines, but could never speak them in answer to the "cues." So it was decided to let her romp through the show at her own sweet will and when the opening came, hers was the biggest name at the top of the list.

And ever since that time, Miss Clifford's career has been one triumph after another. She was starred in "Little Dorrit" with Digby Bell, when the newspapers of New York hailed her as an actress with a future. Then she went into vaudeville. In this connection, she first put on trousers.

Miss Clifford writes all her own stuff, composes her songs and does the words as well.

Her film debut was very recently made in a serial "The Twisted Thread" which comes out regularly under Pathé sponsorship.



Stagg photo

Kathleen may be the last word in correct male attire, but we believe she wears the frills and furbelows of femininity with equal grace.

The Golden Triplets



"Doug"	\$1,000,000
Mary	500,000
Charlie	1,000,000
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	\$ 2,500,000



You could not assemble anywhere else in the world three such youthful persons who are themselves earning these enormous incomes. No art, no trade, no invention has produced their financial like.

WHEN STAR MEETS STAR IN LOS ANGELES



Stagg photo

Mr. Tellegen, already in California, where he is directing, is an enthusiastic reception committee when his wife, Geraldine Farrar, arrives to begin her summer work at the Lasky studios.

On the Job With Bryant Washburn

By F. S. Jacobs

JUST how far into his private life Mr. Bryant Washburn may carry his habits of punctuality, I do not know, but during those hours of the day when he is working at the business of being a moving picture star, he arrives and departs—appears or disappears—makes love or throttles villains with all the promptness and regularity of a R. R. time card—in fact the “Twentieth Century Limited” runs Bryant a poor second.

I know this because I followed him through a morning at the Essanay studios which began by my camping in front of a dressing room door from which Mr. Washburn was due to emerge at 9.59 to appear in a scene which was to be “shot” at 10 o’clock.

Promptly on the second Mr. Washburn emerged and rushed toward the “set” which awaited him.

When I arrived on the floor in the wake of my quarry, Director Harry Beaumont was diagraming the first shot to Cameraman Smith. It was to be a full scene of a beautiful Louis XIV room, the camera shooting from a point perhaps fifteen feet back. Little Hazel Daly, Mr. Washburn’s leading woman, attired girlishly in a dove-colored house gown, was hurrying across the huge studio to the scene, tucking in a last stray lock of her abundant raven-black hair.



Photo by Lewis-Smith

Above, a new portrait of Mr. Washburn and, below, a snapshot of the Washburn family outside the Essanay studio.



Bryant IV getting his first training as a “stunt” actor.



With his camera stationed just so, his principals at hand and the myriad of mercury and arc lights showering their dazzling brilliance upon the set, Director Beaumont lost no time in "shooting" the scene. Perched on top of a short step-ladder beside the camera, he directed Miss

Daly to the center, upstage. Mr. Washburn, attired in cutaway, pearl gray striped trousers and silk hat, was to enter from the left. He had just inherited \$2,000,000 and a Turkish harem you see, according to the scenario, and brought his treasures back to Paris from Constantinople.



Bryant Washburn in action in "Filling His Own Shoes." Director Beaumont, assistant director

"It is your greeting with Ruth," the director shouted to the star, "upon your return. Ready: shoot!" and Mr. Washburn, his famous smile lighting up his classic features, flung open the door and rushed into the scene.

"Ruth," he cried—sure, they talk in the "movies" just as they do on the stage—and

*Mr. Washburn
in the title role
of "Skinner's
Dress Suit."*



Bainbridge and cameraman Smith can be seen at the right.

clutched the girl in his arms. I envied him, for little Miss Daly is one of the most "clutchable" girls I have ever seen.

It lasted but a second or two—six feet, as they time such scenes in studio parlance. With a wave of his megaphone before the camera's lens, the director halted the action.

"A close-up now of Mr. Washburn," he said, and placed his foot on the position for the camera, directly in front of his star. Both Mr. Washburn and Miss Daly held their positions, and in the single shot of the face of the star, his leading woman enacted her part with as much realism as though she, too, was before the camera. Then came a close-up of Ruth, who registered a return of the affection, and back to the full scene again.

Rapidly the picture progressed. There were but few rehearsals of scenes, as each was "shot" in turn, and never a "retake," or second trial. During the brief time I watched the work, more than 200 feet of film was ground out of its dusty yellow hue into negative of beauty and action.

"It is the result of study," Mr. Washburn explained, as he gathered up his coat-tails and seated himself on an upturned nail keg beside me. No over-zealous student, cramming for a quiz, does more real study than do I.

"I was informed by a director from one of the Coast studios with whom I formerly was associated for a brief time that I studied my 'scripts more closely than any actor he knew.

"Not only does it give me better opportunity to comprehend my role and prepare myself for its correct dramatization, but also it saves time in production. It makes rehearsals and retakes unnecessary. Time means money in the pictures more, perhaps, than in any other industry."

"Ever since I have been in motion pictures," he told me later, "I have maintained a record for never having kept a studio set waiting on my appearance. I received my training in punctuality from the stage, I suppose. You know the consequences when an actor's belated appearance

(Continued on page 141)

She Quit at the Altar

RECENTLY Louise Fazenda, Keystone comedienne, eloped and was nearly married. Following is the way the incident was related by E. V. Durling in the New York Telegraph:

Louise Fazenda is a Keystone comedienne, therefore it is needless to say that she is brave. She has been married 84 times, that is, before the camera. But these 84 marriages have not been the usual beautiful cinema affairs.

No, they have been Keystone weddings. Instead of old shoes, they have assaulted the bride and groom with custard pies, the wedding march has been played by the Keystone band, the honeymoon machine has dashed into a muddy creek, the floor above the honeymoon flat has weakened and a woman weighing 400 pounds has



Witzel Photo
Louise Fazenda.

alighted on the honeymoon breakfast table, the bridegroom has been a man eight feet in height and six inches wide, or a man six inches in height and eight feet wide. At the last moment his wife has come and torn the golden locks of the bride asunder. Such have been the 84 weddings of Louise Fazenda.

Therefore is it any wonder that when she finally stepped before the altar for her regular, honest-to-goodness wedding with Noel Mason Smith, director, that she weakened at the last moment and left the groom "waiting at the church?"

There were no pies, there was no hose, there were no Keystone cops. Louise became panicky, she didn't know what to do. She was afraid any moment she would do a Keystone fall, she was afraid Charlie Murray, the best man, would suddenly hit the minister over the head with a gavel, she kept turning expectantly to see the Keystone cops enter the place and drag her husband-to-be away. So without further ado Louise started for the door and never stopped until she reached home and mother.

Six Years Old and in the 'Phone Book

*In the circle:
Miss Kittens
Reichert — the
dignified star.*

*Below: Kittens
and a member
of her vast fam-
ily of dolls.*



KITTENS Reichert, the juvenile star of the William Fox forces, was born in Yonkers. Not so long ago an Englishman, on hearing of the place, innocently asked, "What are Yonkers?" But that insinuation worries Kittens not in the least.

To get back to facts, Kittens is little Miss Reichert's really truly, honest-to-goodness, name and Kittens revels in it. She was born on March 3, 1911, and right now is the only six-year-old in the United States who has

her own name in the telephone directory. Kittens says she likes the movies pretty well, although there are several things she rates higher. Among these are comic supplements, paper dolls, rag dolls, sawdust dolls, indeed, 'most any kind of doll,—and gum drops. Kittens herself rather thinks the gum drops should go first.

Little Miss Reichert made her film debut with William Farnum, the Fox star, when Bill was with another company. She has been prominent in a dozen or so of the most successful Fox photodramas.

One "Bit" in one picture won her a place in the sun.

Stagg Photo

She was the "Girl Outside" now She's "Inside"

By E. V. Durling

A GENTLEMAN of philosophic tendencies and poetical inclinations has said something about the flowers that waste their sweetness on the desert air, and the gems of purest ray serene the dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear. But that was written in a graveyard over a hundred years ago. In these days, when a live one and a motion picture

Her name wasn't flashed on the screen. So a million people wanted to know it. Hence this article about Miss Florence Vidor.



No director discovered her. General Public saw her first.



"WON'T YOU HOLD MY HAND?"

The scene in "A Tale of Two Cities" that made Miss Vidor famous.

are born every minute, it is mighty hard for a flower or gem to remain undiscovered.

D. W. Griffith discovered Mary Pickford, Mae Marsh, Blanche Sweet, Henry Walthall and innumerable other screen celebrities; Mack Sennett first saw possibilities in Charles Chaplin, and Thos. H. Ince was more or less responsible for bringing W. S. Hart to the front. But if the little girl who walked to a cinema death with William Farnum in "A Tale of Two Cities," with the touchingly simple appeal on her lips "Won't You Hold My Hand," becomes in the future a famous star the credit of discovery must go to our old friend General Public.

So unimportant did the producer think

Did you read Elizabeth Peltret's remarkable article, "The Girl Outside," in the July PHOTOPLAY? If not, get it now. Miss Vidor is a splendid example of the writer's theories on the chances of breaking into pictures.

the scene and its feminine portrayer that he neglected to have the girl's name flashed on the screen. Yet so effective was her work, and her personality so magnetic, that following the initial presentation of "A Tale of Two Cities," everyone was asking "Who was the girl in the guillotine cart with Farnum?"

Her name is Florence Vidor, and she is a Texas girl born in Houston in 1895. She has been playing in pictures in a spasmodic way for nearly two years but never has taken the work seriously. It seems she didn't have the pet ambition of so many girls—that is to become a motion picture star. Her first experience was the result of a little lark. Several girl friends shared with her the common and natural desire to see how they appeared to other people, and in order to find this out they offered their services as "atmosphere" in a ball-room scene which Rolin Sturgeon was doing at the Vitagraph Western Studios.

Miss Vidor evidently attracted some attention at this time, for following this first experience she was selected for several parts in Vitagraph plays. She later went to the Morosco studio and it was at this latter place she first came under the notice of

Frank Lloyd, who subsequently directed "A Tale of Two Cities." From the Morosco studio she went to the Fox Company where she was in stock when selected by William Farnum and Mr. Lloyd for the part in which she scored her first success.

"No one," says Miss Vidor, "seemed to see the possibilities in this little part except Mr. Farnum, and even he did not imagine it would stand out as it did in a picture of such length and magnitude. I suppose I might say I realized its value and saw in it my great and longed for opportunity, but I didn't. I merely went through this scene as I have many others and I can assure you I was greatly surprised the day after the first showing when I received so many congratulations."

Following her success in "A Tale of Two Cities," Miss Vidor was given a much longer part in the next William Farnum picture "American Methods," and she more than justified this selection.

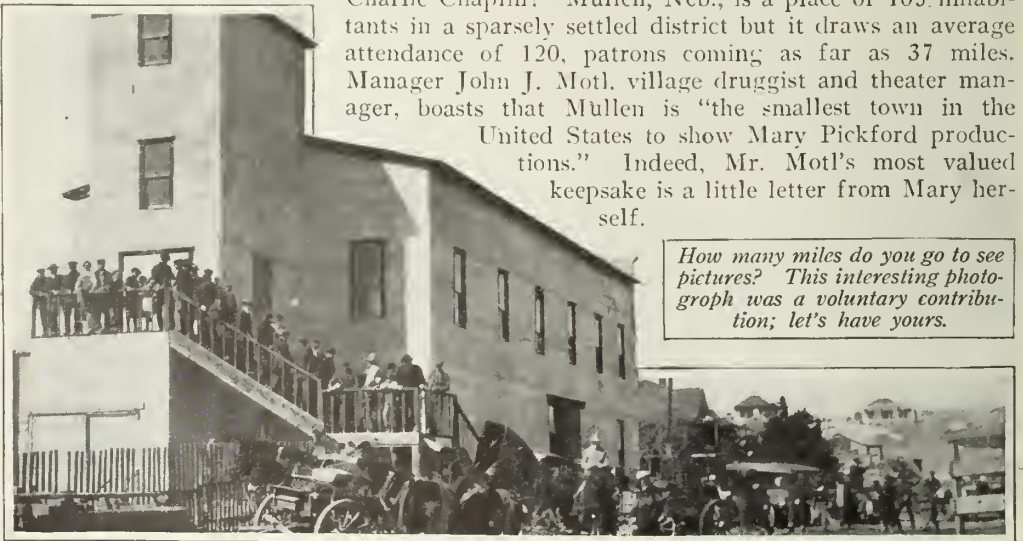
This girls' career will undoubtedly be followed by her discoverer General Public with much interest, and she starts out with those most necessary assets, a face which photographs in a remarkable manner and an appealing screen personality.

Galloping 37 Miles to See Mary

WHEN you hurry around the corner of an evening to visit the neighborhood movie house, you think you're an enthusiastic film fan. But what about the Nebraska folk who saddle a horse—or a trusty Ford—and gallop twenty-five miles or more to see Charlie Chaplin? Mullen, Neb., is a place of 105 inhabitants in a sparsely settled district but it draws an average attendance of 120, patrons coming as far as 37 miles. Manager John J. Motl, village druggist and theater manager, boasts that Mullen is "the smallest town in the

United States to show Mary Pickford productions." Indeed, Mr. Motl's most valued keepsake is a little letter from Mary herself.

How many miles do you go to see pictures? This interesting photograph was a voluntary contribution; let's have yours.



The Brilliant Mrs. Fiske's Brilliant Niece

Emily Stevens:
a portrait by
White; in the
circle, Miss
Stevens in "The
Wheel of the
Law."

A FEW short years ago Emily Stevens was known as a niece of Mrs. Minnie Modern Fiske. She was looked upon as promising—and so on. She had the Fiske mannerisms, they said, the brittle staccato enunciation, the nervous movements, the sensitive eyes, the twitchings of the Fiske mouth. If she could forget her relationship, they said, well, perhaps—

Miss Stevens reached genuine stardom two years ago in "The Unchastened Woman."

In the past year Miss Stevens did a number of Metro photoplays, among them "Destiny," "Cora" and "The Wager."



"Grease Paint Row"

(Apologies to Charles E. Van Loan—
Check Follows)



"Ham."

"ALL ready," shouts the director, "where in thunder are Ham and Bud?" But Ham is donning his fierce mustache, Bud is trying to make a bruise over one eye look as though it isn't, and pretty Ethel Teare is donning a tomato-proof gown. Ham is a movie alias for Lloyd Vernon Hamilton who, before acquiring a subtle comedy

In a World Gone Mad

By Randolph Bartlett

I SAW a new magazine on the news-stand. I was weary of stories of war, blood and revolution. The magazine had a cheerful, yellow cover and I bought it, even though it cost thirty-five cents, because its cover looked like a spring flower. But opening it at random the first sentence I saw was, "There was a salty pester of fever in the air." And I threw the magazine into the next rubbish can. I was looking for a little joy.

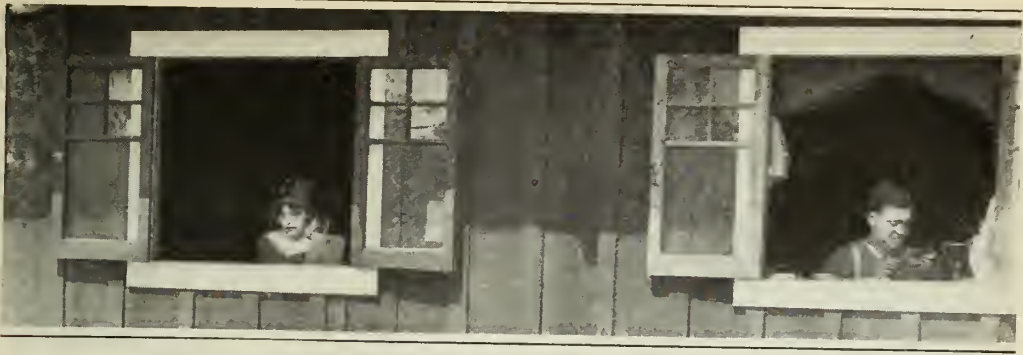
A man took the seat next to me on the top of the bus. The May sun was shining, and the man was round, and well-fed, and comfortable looking. I drew his attention to a wonderful bed of crimson tulips in the front yard of a beautiful home. He said the whole yard ought to be ploughed up and planted in potatoes, because we were going to have a famine pretty soon. I moved to another seat. I was looking for a little joy.

A friend invited me to dine with him at his club. The last time I went with him we had a pheasant and vintage wine. When we sat down at the table he told me that the members had decided it was wrong to spend money on expensive foods at such a time, and so they had simplified the bill of fare. I asked him if the members gave all they saved in this way to the Belgian Babies. He said he hadn't asked, and ordered a pot roast. I said I guessed I wasn't hungry, and left him to eat his pot roast. I was looking for a little joy.

I wandered out and half-aimlessly strolled into a movie show. It wasn't a very good show, and the story of the picture was as old as the hills. But there was nothing in it about war, or famine, or revolution, and when it was ended everyone lived happily ever after. Even if it was as old as the hills, it was also as old as the laughter of children and lovers.

At last I had found a little joy.





Ethel Teare.

"Bud."

mallet and his rare custard pie windup, used to play in "Monsieur Beaucaire," "The Prisoner of Zenda" and kindred of the rougher dramas. And Albert Edward Duncan (Bud) went to Berkeley Military School in New York in order to be a soldier. But just at that time he reached four feet eleven and stopped growing.

"Eye-Dropping"—The New Pastime

"OH, mamma, that man with the red hair has just asked that girl with the freckles to marry him!"

The attention of everyone was divided between a little boy and a startled young couple at the other end of the car.

"Hush, Algernon!" remonstrated the child's mother.

"I seen her say she'd do it when he gets raised to twenty-five per," continued the precocious Algernon, a student of the movies and lip reading.

"Eye dropping" has become a popular pastime. It started when movie fans began to get a thrill at observing their idols mouth the words. "Stop," "Don't," "Help," and so on. In the old days the players faked any sort of repartee.

Those good old days have passed. Real lines are spoken in most of the studios these days. Indeed, scenarios now provide the necessary lines for the actors. Nothing is left to chance. At the same time, continual attendance at the movies has given the fans a remarkable skill at lip reading. They can decipher almost anything a player remarks within range of the camera. The "eye dropper" has come to utilize his skill in public, particularly in the subway, elevated and street cars, where the speakers, in pitching their voices to be heard above the noise, mouth their words carefully.

Ask anyone. Shopgirls say it's a first aid against mashers. A giddy young

rounder tries to attract the attention of two pretty girls. He flashes his near diamond ring, adjusts his necktie and smiles pleasantly. About this time Mazie turns to Tessie and says:

"Dearie, where did you get that blue silk? It's a wonderful match. Who is that poor prune over there trying to S. O. S. us? See him? As I was saying, that's a wonderful match."

And Tessie replies, "Isn't it, dearie. I get him. If he doesn't beat a retreat, I'll have the cop on the next corner interne him. Oh, I was to a grand dance with Tim last night—"

The G. Y. R., being an "eye dropper," blushes and gets off the street car at the next corner.

The attention to realism in studio dialogue these days is, in many instances, amazing. "Bad Man" William S. Hart says that every bit of dialogue in his plays is carefully rehearsed before the camera begins grinding. "I insist that the spoken lines are the real thing, indeed, that they are as real as every detail of the setting.

"Personally, I couldn't get any feeling into my work otherwise. I could never work up to a dramatic climax if I talked to my leading woman about the weather. I don't see how an actor can ad lib anything at all in a scene and get away with it. The voice is a vital part of human expression—even in the movies."

WOULD YOU CALL THIS A SHEEPISH LOOK?



But perhaps Alma Rueben isn't cuddling sheep. Perhaps she has been out getting goats. If so, whose goats are they?

Here's a fascinating story about a theft that was, and a theft that might have been; of burgling for plunder, and burgling for a purpose.

The Mysterious Miss Terry



"It was done so easily," said Miss Terry, nonchalantly starting her breakfast.

By Jameson Fife

OFFICER TIMOTHY O'REGAN, on post at 7—d Street and Riverside Drive, gazed dreamily at the night haze of lights along the Hudson. Spring was in the air and even a policeman feels its effects.

Perhaps that is why he failed to note the passing of a dilapidated cab. As the battered vehicle, 1895 model, passed a street lamp, its single occupant started and drew back into its shadows.

But the flash of light caught the profile of a young woman. A piquant profile it was, one that Officer O'Regan would have

deeply regretted missing—had he known. But who would look for romance in a broken down cab in 1917 A. D.? Charming femininity travels in a Rolls-Royce these days.

Within the cab, the young woman intently watched the oblivious police officer. She hurriedly pulled a veil down over her face as the cab drew up to the curb and stepped out. "Wait here," she instructed the cabby, and walked rapidly through the gate of the high fence surrounding a fashionable residence.

From the house came the sound of voices.

The young woman stepped back into the shadow of the hedge and half crouched to avoid being seen. A basement door opened, the light from within almost reaching along the path to the feet of the mysterious visitor. Two maids emerged, laughing and talking. A young man, who had been standing smoking a cigarette close beside the entrance, joined them. They started down the walk, as the butler opened the front door above. He came part way down the steps and called to the giggling maids.

"Remember, girls," he admonished. "No more staying out till morning, even though the folks are away."

The girls laughingly promised and passed the figure lurking in the shadows of the hedge. The butler looked at his watch, slowly climbed the steps and entered the house. The mysterious young woman stepped from the shadows.

But only for a second. The upper door opened a second time and the intruder had just time to dodge back into the shadows as the butler, now wearing his hat, descended the steps. The girl leaned breathlessly against the hedge as he passed by.

Finally she gave a little sigh of relief, stepped once more from her hiding place and ran up the steps. Producing a latchkey, she quickly opened the door and entered the hall. She gazed about the entrance for a moment, listened intently and then ascended the steps.

Reaching the second floor, the young woman felt her way along the wall and entered a bedroom. There was no hesitation in her movements. She flashed on an electric light, gazed about the room for a second and, turning to a wardrobe, secured a suit case. She tossed this on the bed, selected three gowns from hangers, and then picked out a number of things from the dressing table.

The young woman pushed back her veil as she worked. Her face was quite unburglar-esque. A retrouse nose, charming lips, willful strands of reddish golden hair—these were not the indications of the usual crook.

A smile flashed across her lips as she tossed a monogrammed mirror into the suit

case. She stepped to a wall safe, skillfully opened it and took out a jewel case and a roll of money. As she stood counting, a door slammed heavily downstairs. The girl started and hastily pulled down her veil. She slammed the suit case shut, hesitated for the fraction of a second and then ran into an adjoining bathroom. She closed the door quickly, crossed the floor and, opening a door on the opposite side, disappeared into another room.

Up the stairs hurried the breathless butler. Turning into the street a moment before, he had noticed the flash of light in the upstairs bedroom. Astonished, he had hurried back. Now upon reaching the upper hall, he paused and braced himself.

Then he entered with assumed boldness.

The room, still lighted, was empty, of course. The butler's horrified eye noted the gowns tossed about, the rifled dressing table and the wall safe still open. "Bli me! Thieves," exclaimed the butler, looking considerably shaken.

He started a cautious search of the room. But he searched too slowly. A trim figure, carrying a suit case, glided rapidly along the hall, down the stairs and out the front door, taking good care to close it softly.

A moment later she reached the cab and dropped the suit case inside. She climbed in and the ramshackle vehicle passed Officer O'Regan for the second time. And for a second time he allowed romance—and possibly promotion for astuteness in criminal detection—to pass him by.

Back in the silent residence, the agitated butler was trying to get police headquarters. "Let me 'ave the police, miss," he was shouting, his usual poise melted into thin air. "The police! We've been robbed—"

* * * * *

Another street corner. Once again the cab. Once again the occupant alighted. She paid the cabman and started along the sidewalk with her suit case.

As the cabby disappeared, the girl retraced her steps and turned a corner. A few steps brought her to a brownstone front, one house of a long row boasting a

"THE MYSTERIOUS MISS TERRY"

NARRATED, by permission, from The Famous Players' photodrama of the same name, which has been produced with the following cast:

Miss Mavis Terry. Billie Burke
Gordon True... Thomas Meighan
Freddie Bollen... Walter Hiers
John Quig... Gerald O. Smith
Mr. Pennyquick.....
 George A. Wright
Clara Pennyquick.. Bessie Learn

highly ornamental sign bearing this magic word, "Boarding." The girl ran up the steps and entered.

Just inside the door she met Mrs. Hannah Jenkins, the worthy landlady of the establishment, who had been glancing over the mail on a small vestibule table. The young woman spoke to her pleasantly and started upstairs.

"I hate to mention this to you," said Mrs. Jenkins, "but you know your board is a day overdue, Miss Terry."

"Oh, yes," smiled the mysterious Miss Terry. "I received my remittance today, so I'll settle this evening."

The landlady's frigidness melted. Miss Terry turned and ascended the steps with her suit case. As she turned on the upper landing, she caught a glimpse of Mrs. Jenkins gazing after her, puzzled and not a little doubtful. Miss Terry smiled as she entered her small bedroom.

The dining room of the Maison Jenkins was considerably agitated next morning in discussing the daring and spectacular robbery of the fashionable Wentworth residence, just off Riverside Drive.

"Some robbery," the hefty Freddie Bollen, salesman at the Pennyquick Hardware Store, was remarking.

"You said it," replied Jack Quig, destined to preside half an hour later at the silk counter of the Wanacooper department store.

But the thoughts of Messrs. Bollen and Quig were not centered in the theft. They revolved about a vacant place at the foot of the table. Nor were these two gentlemen the only persons absorbed in the empty chair. Gordon True, a handsome young writer interested in socialism, started expectantly every time a person entered the room.

At last his vigil was rewarded. Miss Terry appeared. She was a charming figure in smart shirt waist and a piquantly short skirt. Quig and True jumped to their feet to welcome the truant, but the fat Bollen caught her attention first.

Bollen leaned over impressively close to Miss Terry's refractory golden hair. "I've got that position for you as cashier at the store," he whispered, "and you're to start this morning."

The young woman thanked him gratefully and then slipped into her place at the table. Bollen dropped into his chair,

disdaining the glares of True and Quig.

Further down the table the elderly Henry Smith turned to his wife and remarked, "A right smart young girl that Miss Terry." Then he ventured the query, "Did you notice her trim little boots, my dear?"

Mr. Smith's better half looked at Miss Terry with a frigid expression. "Don't let me hear you making any such fool remarks again, Henry, unless you want us to move away from here after eight years of quietness."

"Yes, my dear," hurriedly vouchsafed Mr. Smith. But a few seconds later, when Mrs. Smith was talking to the waitress, he ventured a smile to Miss Terry.

"Another house on the Drive robbed last night," said True to the young woman. Miss Terry looked interested at once and True showed her his newspaper. Miss Terry glanced over the article and smiled.

"What do you see humorous in a robbery?" asked True in surprise.

"It was done so easily," said the young woman, nonchalantly starting her breakfast.

After breakfast, Bollen waited to escort Miss Terry to his place of employment, much to the discomfiture of Quig and True. Once at the store it required but a moment or two of introduction and questioning before the young woman was installed within the cashier's wire enclosure.

Once there she glanced about the store. Then she noticed, for the first time, a young woman clerk. Her womanly intuition told her in a second that this girl was in love with the fat young Bollen. But Bollen, it was clear, was not responding to her love. "Thanks, Clara," was the reward he gave the girl when she put a little pansy in his buttonhole. "Poor Clara," sighed Miss Terry, opening her cash entry books.

The mysterious Miss Terry would have added "Poor Gordon True" had she been able to see the young writer's bedroom back at Mrs. Jenkins' boarding house.

True was sitting at a table littered with papers and socialistic books. The young chap seemed preoccupied. He gazed into space and at intervals unconsciously scribbled on a pad, "Mavis Terry." The summer breeze from an open window blew a sheet or two of his novel, "The Idle Rich," from the table now and then, but he hardly noticed it. Suddenly, however, he started to his feet and gathered up the bits of



Mavis Terry seemed to find it difficult to suppress a smile, but she wrapped a small iron into an amazingly awkward bundle and handed it to True.

manuscript as if a happy thought had occurred to him. "What do they have at a hardware store that could be used as a paperweight?" he asked himself. A moment later he had seized his hat and was leaping down the Jenkins stairway, three steps at a time.

Reaching the Pennyquick Hardware Store, Mr. True entered boldly, although he made a mental note that his heart was beating with considerably expectancy. Once within he came face to face with Bollen. Nodding coldly, he passed by and hurried to the cashier's desk.

Mavis Terry looked a bit surprised but she spoke pleasantly. "Have you—a—any—a flat iron?" asked True. The pretty cashier slipped from her stool and stepped to another counter.

"May I ask for what kind of ironing it is to be used?" she inquired.

"For—a—er—paper weight. I—ah—always use one for a paper weight."

Mavis Terry gave him a quick glance, and seemed to find it just a little difficult



to suppress a smile. But she wrapped up a small iron into an amazingly awkward bundle and handed it to True. As the young writer was drawing his wallet from a pocket, he started at seeing Quig enter the store. The department store clerk, it may be told, had obtained special permission to go out for a few moments to buy a new pair of scissors. His own had mysteriously disappeared.

Quig breezed up to True, nodded and turned pleasantly to Mavis. "I'd like a pair of scissors—lost mine this morning," he said.

True walked coldly away. From a nearby counter, Bollen glared witheringly at the would-be-purchaser of a pair of scissors.

Mavis smiled. She reached across the counter and removed a pair of scissors at that moment protruding just a bit from Quig's vest pocket—the alleged missing pair.

She quickly wrapped up Quig's own

scissors and handed them back. "I'm sure this pair is just the one you want," she laughed.

Quig looked sheepish. As he was trying to think of something to say, Bollen walked up to the counter. "If you are ready to go, Miss Terry, I'll show you where that little lunchroom is," he said with an intimacy assumed for the moment to dazzle the discomfited Quig.

"In a moment, Mr. Bollen," said Mavis. "Goodbye, Mr. Quig." And she hurried into the back of the store to get her hat.

"Can I do anything for you, Quig," said Bollen unpleasantly. Quig hastily replied in the negative and disappeared.

On leaving the store, Mavis and Bollen passed Clara. Mavis noticed the look of silent pain in the young clerk's eyes. "I'll have to be first aid to Cupid," she remarked to herself.

Weeks passed. True, Bollen, Quig and the charming Mavis became good pals. They occasionally celebrated on a summer night with an ice cream party. The refreshments were always smuggled into the boarding house to avoid the watchful Jenkins eye. Mrs. Jenkins did not permit such "goings on."

One particularly warm June night was selected for an ice cream soiree. The four revelers gathered in True's room. As usual, the only difficulties of the evening arose over who would venture into Mrs. Jenkins pantry to appropriate the dishes. Not that the revelers wholly feared the landlady's anger. No one wanted to leave a rival with the fascinating Mavis.

This time, however, it fell to Quig and Bollen to form the dish expedition, which, of course, left True to aid Mavis.

They cleared the table silently. Mavis picked up True's little flatiron paper weight with a smile. Then their eyes met. Had Quig and Bollen caught that glance their feelings would have dropped to zero. It was quite plain that love was entering the heart of the mysterious Miss Terry.

True seized Mavis's hand. "You have helped me so much with my book," he said fervently. "I can never thank you enough."

Suddenly a terrific crash came from down stairs. Ill had befallen the Quig-Bollen expedition. Then the shrill voice of Mrs. Jenkins was heard. Quig burst breathlessly upon the startled True and Mavis.

"She's laying out poor Bollen for fair," he whispered.

A door slammed below and Bollen, carrying the remains of a teacup, appeared, pallid and shaky. They cheered up the unhappy Bollen, made the best of the single cup and talked of many things.

True read from his manuscript. "Do you know," said Mavis, "no one thing, such as wealth, any certain occupation, or achievement, can make anyone happy."

"Oh, I don't know," interrupted Quig. "I'd be perfectly happy if I could go into swell society just to see the people."

The fat Bollen spoke up. "If I could be a cowboy," he sighed, "I'd never care what else happened."

True looked into Mavis's blue eyes. "If my book was published *perhaps* I'd never ask for another thing."

But Mavis shook her head at them all.



"Yes, you've got me right, I guess," she replied, holding out her wrists for the handcuffs.



A few days later, on a Sunday afternoon, Quig and Bollen took Mavis for a bus ride. True was absent, but Mavis was happier than if he had gone. Snuggled within the pink ribbons of her waist was a note which read:

"My Dear Mavis:

"Have decided to stay in and write this afternoon. You know how I'd love to spend the time with you, but I have such a great motive urging me on. I just must succeed. Will see you at dinner.

"Ever yours,

"GORDON TRUE."

Up on the Fifth Avenue bus, Bollen occupied a seat all by himself. Mavis and Quig sat directly behind. Needless to say, Bollen observed little of the passing avenue. "Anyone that writes like True is all theory," he was confiding to Mavis. "No good in an emergency. True wouldn't do a thing in a scrap."

But Mavis quickly came to the writer's defense. "You misjudge Mr. True," she replied. "Let's put it to the test. I'll have him over to the store with me Thursday night—and you two break in and try to rob the safe. I'll fix it so that you can get in."

Both Quig and Bollen fell in enthusiastically with the hoax. They longed to play the hero for Mavis and possibly knock True from his pedestal. As they talked and laughed they did not notice the occupant of the seat just behind.

Seemingly this gentleman, who wore his derby at a rakish tilt, overheard nothing. But "Bat" O'Brien, for that was his name in polite police circles, was listening carefully and thinking rapidly. "Bat" usually traveled by bus. It saved him from the annoyance of being questioned by inquisitive coppers and plain clothes men. The guardians of the law confined their attentions almost entirely to subway, elevated and surface cars.

When Mavis and her admirers descended from the bus, "Bat" dropped off behind them. Later on he entered Flannagan's Third Avenue Cafe. He singled out a pal among the loungers who hailed him.

The two lolled nonchalantly against the bar. "Got anything on for Thursday night?" questioned "Bat" genially.

The other shook his bullet shaped head.

"Meet me here at 8 o'clock; we're going to clean up good," confided the crook. "It's a shame to take the money."

Thursday evening came quickly. Mavis had asked True to accompany her to the hardware store while she worked on her accounts. In the deserted store the young woman took her place at the cashier's desk, not, however, until she had, unknown to True, unlocked a rear window to facilitate the make-believe holdup. True stood beside Mavis, quite satisfied with the pleasant task of watching her even if he must remain silent.

"Remember that I must work on the books," she had admonished when he tried to take her hand.

Back at the Jenkins boarding house Quig and Bollen were making ready for their part in the hoax. Now and then the fat Bollen rehearsed "Hands up!" in his fiercest manner, while Quig would almost collapse with laughter. Finally they prepared their old clothes and masks satisfactorily, wrapped the crook attire in a package and started out.

But already two gentlemen, attired in far more realistic old clothing and masks, were standing in the dark alley just back of the hardware establishment. No amateur crooks, indeed, for one of them examined his revolver with a calculating eye. Then they slipped the window open noiselessly and "Bat" O'Brien stepped inside.

Engrossed in watching the movements of Mavis's lips as she counted column after column of figures, True did not at first hear the movements in the back of the store. But suddenly he motioned Mavis to keep still and tiptoed toward the rear of the place.

Mavis laughed quietly and called to True that she had heard no noise. True returned to her side half doubtfully just as a masked man burst into the room. The burglar attempted to seize the surprised writer, but quickly found he had his hands full.

Mavis leaned against the cashier's desk laughing heartily in the belief that Quig and Bollen were destined to get the worst of their hoax. True fought strenuously and managed to get a strong hold upon the intruder.

The other burglar pointed his revolver and fired. True staggered and fell. Mavis for the first time realized that some-

thing was wrong. She leaped towards the gunman and tore the mask from his face. The man, no other than "Bat" O'Brien, cursed and tried to hit her with his gun.

Mavis screamed. "Bat" paused for a second and, fearing the noise had attracted the attention of the police, ran towards the back of the store, followed by his pal. The two crooks leaped through the window and disappeared in the darkness of the alley.

Back in the store Mavis felt that she must faint. Only the sight of True, lying upon the floor, a spot of crimson upon his shirt, kept her from falling. She dropped to her knees by his side and lifted his head. Then with her little lace handkerchief she tried to stop the flow of blood.

Crashes reverberated through the deserted store. The street lights revealed two patrolmen with drawn revolvers hammering at the front door. Mavis ran to the door and opened it. Incoherently and almost hysterically she tried to tell the officers of the hoax and its results.

At that moment a crash came from the back of the store. Quig and Bollen, muffled, masked and brandishing revolvers, burst into the room and paused in amazement. Within a second, the patrolmen had made them prisoners. One of the officers jerked the masks from their faces.

"Here are the two birds, miss," said the patrolman. "They're new at the game all right."

"Miss Terry," begged the fat Bollen, "tell them all about it." Then seeing the half-unconscious True for the first time he exclaimed, "Great Scott! What's happened?"

"Poor stuff—poor stuff," commented the policeman, giving Bollen an emphatic shake.

"Have a heart," pleaded Quig. "Give me a chance to tell you, if I get thrown in jail I'll lose my job at Wanacooper's."

"These boys didn't do it," explained Mavis. "Honestly, two real burglars came from somewhere, I don't know how."

It took some time to explain things to the officers. Later a search of the alley revealed the mask Mavis had torn from "Bat's" face.

True was removed in a taxi to the Jenkins boarding house after a doctor had examined him. The wound was painful but not serious. In her own room once more, Mavis opened the jewel case she had taken

from the Wadsworth residence. She held up the diamonds and pearls and considered the play of the electric light upon the stones. Then she exclaimed, "I'll do it!"

Next morning she crept down into the lower hall and telephoned, rapidly and imperiously. Then she hurried upstairs to True's bedroom, quietly secured the manuscript of his novel and hurriedly left the boarding house. Two blocks away she approached an expensive limousine which was drawn up to the curb. A liveried footman hastily stepped to the walk at her approach and held the door open while she stepped inside.

"Drive to 16 Wall Street," were her instructions.

Reaching the downtown destination, Mavis emerged from the car. She was wearing a different hat and expensive furs. The footman touched his hat but looked puzzled. As she disappeared in the office building, he glanced up to the driver. "Damned queer, that," he said under his breath.

Mavis was quickly ushered into the private office of D. F. Howland, president of a big corporation and a financial magnate of importance on the street. Mr. Howland had started with surprise on receiving her card and the look of amazement was still on his face when she entered.

Springing to his feet, he exclaimed. "Well, Miss Wentworth, this is a surprise. I understood you were cruising in the Gulf of Mexico with the MacFarlands."

Mavis smiled and shook her head. "No," she answered, "I've been robbing safes, having men shot, and the New York police are now hunting me for robbing my own house."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Howland, as he dropped into a chair dumfounded.

In a few words Mavis Wentworth—alias Terry—outlined her adventures. "You see, society bored me to death, so I decided to see the other side of life. But auntie mustn't know yet. At the boarding house I am known as Miss Terry."

"You have a most interesting way of spending your millions," chuckled Mr. Howland, "board and room at seven dollars a week and working in a hardware store."

"That's just what I wanted to talk to you about," laughed Mavis. "To prove to these three boys that money does not make

happiness, I wish you to be a dead friend of Mr. Quig's father, who has left him a thousand dollars; a publisher who is wild over Mr. True's unfinished book; and a business man whose wife has lost her jewels, for which you will give Mr. Bollen eight hundred dollars on his finding them."

Mr. Howland finally consented to be the fairy godfather of the Jenkins boarding house. "Outside of being dead, losing jewels I never had, and buying books that aren't written, I'm a very happy man."

"By the way," continued Mavis, "When you go to your private estate you will need Mr. True for your secretary at a large salary."

Mr. Howland looked at the young woman with a considering eye. "Oh, I will? This fellow True seems quite a fortunate—"

"He's wonderful," broke in Mavis. "He has brown hair and eyes that thrill you."

"Essential

Later the same day Bollen, while clearing off his counter at the Pennyquick hardware store, discovered a jewel case, carefully slipped under a pile of goods by Mavis. Next day he found an advertisement in a newspaper offering \$800.00, no questions asked, for the return of the lost jewels. At the address, 16 Wall street, one Howland gladly paid eight crisp hundred dollar bills for the return of his wife's lost jewels.

At practically the same moment Quig opened a letter and was dumfounded to



"It was brave of you, dear," she whispered, "and—I love you for it."

qualifications for a private secretary," laughed Howland. "However I'll carry out your instructions to the letter."

Mavis returned in the limousine to a street near the boarding house. When she emerged from the car she was dressed as when she first entered it. The footman touched his hat and the car was driven away.

Mavis hastened to True's room. "Look, behold! A thousand dollar advance on your book—the publisher thinks it is wonderful," she exclaimed, waving a check.

find an imposing looking legal paper and a check within. Leaping up the stairs, two at a time, Quig broke in upon True and Mavis.

"I've got it," he exclaimed breathlessly. "A dead friend of father's has left me a thousand dollars."

"Now, Mr. Quig," said Mavis, "you can buy fine clothes and go into society."

"I'd be the happiest man in the world if I could only meet a real society lady like—like—Mavis Wentworth, the rage of last season."

"Maybe you have met her and didn't know," laughed Mavis.

"Oh, no," replied Quig. "You always know real society folk when you meet them—they're so different from us."

"I'm glad you're not a society girl," said True to Mavis, "just one of the real women of the earth." Quig had hardly departed when Bollen burst into the room.

"The strangest thing has happened," he exclaimed. "She—she said yes—I'm going to be married."

"You're not going to be a cowboy?" asked Mavis.

"No, why do you know Clara loved me all the time. I'm not going West," said Bollen. "My happiness was right there in that store all the time and I didn't know it. And, say, do you know that I got eight hundred dollars reward for finding a woman's jewels. Some day! *Some day!* I'm going to find out how to buy a house with those eight hundred bones." And away dashed Bollen.

True moved restlessly in his chair. He tossed the thousand dollar check over upon his writing table. "I'm going to start right in upon my story now," he told Mavis.

The young woman paused in the doorway. "Money isn't everything after all," she said, half to herself.

Several weeks later Mavis went to visit True, now a secretary at Howland's country house. He took her through the estate.

"It must be wonderful to be idle and rich," sighed Mavis, feigning wonder at the things she saw.

"Idle—rich—Mr. Howland does more work in twenty-four hours than a day laborer does in 124." At which Mavis laughed strangely.

"If we work hard and save," she whispered, "Some day we might have a little home in the country." True smiled and tenderly kissed her hand.

Mavis returned to the city. A business errand brought True on a later train. Meanwhile the police, still working on the robbery of the Wentworth home, had traced

their clue to the Jenkins boarding house. A search of Mavis' room had revealed the supposedly stolen things.

Mavis was arrested as she entered the boarding house. Realizing that the masquerade had reached an end, she assumed an air of guilt. "Yes, you've got me right, I guess," she replied, holding out her hands for the detectives' handcuffs.

"We'll take her over to the Wentworth house and have these things she's wearing identified before locking her up," said one of the sleuths.

So Mavis was forcibly taken home.

"We've got the burglar," the chief detective told Mrs. Avery, Miss Wentworth's aunt.

"I'd like to see this terrible creature," she remarked. The detectives led Mavis before her.

Mrs. Avery started. "Why, she's my niece, Mavis Wentworth!" she exclaimed. "Remove those handcuffs at once."

True meanwhile had stopped at the boarding house. The place was in a whirl of excitement over the arrest. Mrs. Jenkins told the young writer that Mavis had been taken to the Wentworth home in order that the stolen property might be identified.

"It isn't true, they sha'n't take her," True fairly shouted. Jumping into a taxi, he raced to the Wentworth residence. There he dashed past the startled butler and burst into the room.

The astonished detectives were at the moment listening to Mavis Wentworth's story of her escapade. True pushed the detectives aside.

"She didn't steal them," he announced. "I'm—I'm the thief! Don't believe her, she's trying to shield me."

Everyone turned in amazement and then a shout of laughter rang out. True fell into a chair, his face in his hands. But Mavis dropped upon her knees beside him and put her arms about his shoulders.

"It was brave of you, dear," she whispered, "and—and—I love you for it."

No Added Film Tax

Congress failed to pass the proposed clause taxing motion picture films that was a part of the war revenue bill. Producers declared that passage of the tax would have meant the closing of hundreds of motion picture theaters.

The Prize Small Tootsies

The smallest feet in the films are said to belong to two of the David Horsley stars. Claire Alexander, the comedienne seen with George Ovey, wears a No. 13 child's size shoe, and Jean Crosby, Crane Wilbur's leading lady, wears a No. 1.

The O'Brien of Movieland

WOULD you rather be a doctor in a Rocky Mountain mining town or an actor playing opposite Norma Talmadge? Don't all answer at once. What? We rather thought you'd say that.

Eugene O'Brien was born in Colorado and studied medicine. But Gene soon decided to throw his prescription pad away and seek the white way. His stage debut was made in a vaudeville sketch and later he appeared with
Irene



Bentley. Then Elsie Janis, still in her early 'teens, discovered him and offered a role in "The Little Duchess." And following this his rise on the legitimate stage was rapid. He first appeared in pictures with the World Film in "The Moonstone." Engagements with Clara Kimball Young, Olga Petrova and Edna Mayo followed, and then a brief return to the stage. Recently Mr. O'Brien came back to screenland to play opposite Norma Talmadge in "Poppy."

If you ask Eugene what he thinks of pictures, he responds, "The mistake I made was in not entering years ago."

Eugene O'Brien with Norma Talmadge in scenes from "Poppy."

Castile, Leon and Tony



DESTINY, ENTRUSTED WITH THE IMMORTAL TRADITION OF SPAIN, FOUND THE FIRST TWO NAMES OLD STUFF—AND CREATED A NEW AND LIVELIER INTEREST IN ANTONIO MORENO

By Julian
Johnson





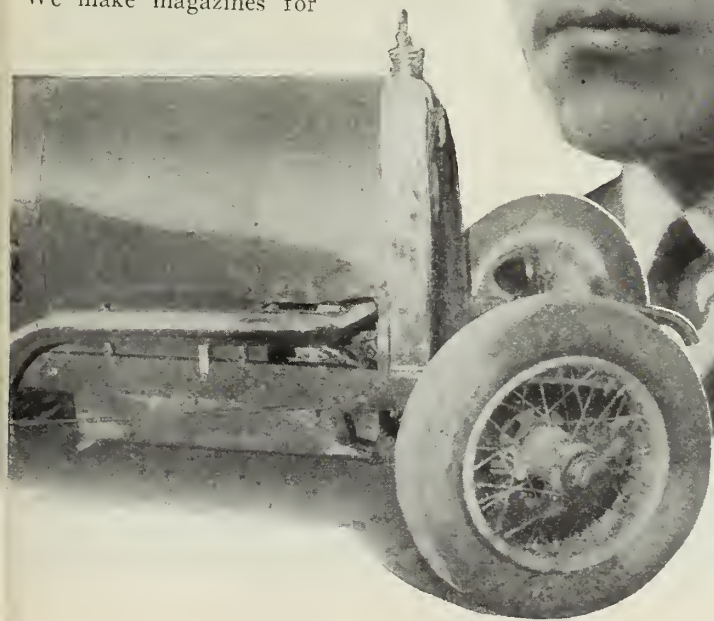
THERE are three historic traditions that can't be killed:

- The glory of Greece;
- The grandeur of Rome;
- The glitter of Spain.

True, Castile and Leon are mighty names in history, but what care the debutantes for history? And it is the debutante who, in her supreme *insouciance*, rules what part of the world isn't fighting today. We make magazines for



Photo by
Hartsook



Above: a recent portrait of Mr. Moreno—at the left in the character which he portrayed in "Dust of Egypt" and in the center he is shown in his racing car.

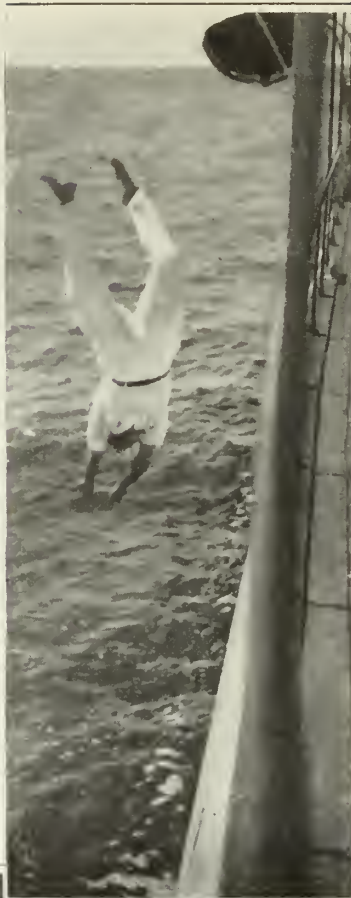
her, and shoot advertisements at her, and love her, and hate her, and build homes for her, and wreck homes over her, and can't forget her whichever way we go or whatever we do.

So Destiny—which, as we have indicated, is the providence caring for children, fools, drunken men and the traditions of Greece, Rome and Spain—saw that Castile and Leon, glorious as they were, were not enough . . . and added Tony.

If you must have the complete name: Senor Antonio Garrido Monteguado Moreno.

Having done this, Destiny knew full well that no damsel need know any more of history than a chorus girl knows of Herbert Spencer to form a perfectly overwhelming attachment for Spain.

I've seen a good many



Spaniards in my time—brought up with 'em, in fact—but I beheld no cavaliers until I met Tony. The Spaniards I've seen: sallow, fat or cadaverous, listless or ugly, were more like livery stable nobility than worthy descendants of Philip and Isabella.

Some one once wrote of Caruso that his voice was a magic looking-glass: that through it were marching the legions of Caesar and the voluptuous glories of Antony; the defeat of Hannibal and the grandeur of the Augustan age.

Emma Calve said of herself: "I am the bloom of the century-plant. A hundred years my peasant forefathers have struggled and sacrificed and died in obscurity that I might be wonderful."

After which crashing



As a dare-devil hero Tony not only acts but looks the part.

overture I find it difficult to say just what I want to say about Tony Moreno. You probably think I'm speaking a piece or presiding as a toastmaster at Tony's seventy-sixth birthday or something.

As a matter of simple, comparative statement, Antonio Moreno is a perfect embodiment of every external attribute that was Spain's in its most effulgent day. Born of gentle parents he reflects gentility unconsciously. Lithe, active, of medium height, statuesque in figure, of that perfect olive complexion which is a Spanish tradition and is so seldom seen on the faces of Spaniards, crisp and clean of speech, finely educated, he is a more traditional Spanish nobleman than any Hapsburg that lives. In fact, he would be very nifty in a king's job of opening things, and making dedications, and pinning little ribbons on the soldiers, but nature cut him out for a bigger task: he has the inconceivably onerous duty of keeping the American debutante interested in Spain—she who thinks that Castile is a soap, and Leon a dog!

A. G. M. Moreno was born in Madrid, twenty-nine years ago come next fall.

"And of Madrid," he says, "I don't remember very much, because we went to live near Gibraltar. The English soldiers were there, and although I was only a little boy, I became intensely interested in the English language, and tried to learn it, although I didn't make very much progress. But there I began to love the sea. We had very little rain, and all day the sun shone down dazzlingly on the blue water of the Mediterranean, while beyond the straits lay a mysterious yellow continent; Africa.

"My principal interest in coming to America was a study of the English language. I landed in New York in the latter part of 1902. First I attended a school conducted by Catholic Sisters, and then I spent a year in the New York public schools."

Then, for young Mr. Moreno, followed several years in Williston Seminary at Northampton, Mass. He didn't know what he was going to be. His mother devoutly desired him to be a priest. He had thought of everything from diplomacy to finance—and had thought not at all, or if at all, in no serious fashion, of the thing he was going to do: act.

There came a summer stock company to Northampton, and owing to a piece calling

for an overwhelming cast, the limited roster of organization was exhausted, and still the leading man's role was unfilled. Moreno, who had acted in some college productions, got the chance to fill it, just as a lark.

But in the audience which saw him play was an official of the Shubert theatrical company of New York, on vacation. This man carried the news of a find back to the metropolis, and presently Moreno was in Mrs. Leslie Carter's company, playing a part in "Du Barry."

He then played in "Thais," with Constance Collier and Tyrone Power.

Wilton Lackaye's production, "The Right to Happiness," gave him further opportunity.

He played in vaudeville with Beatrice Ingraham.

Two productions by that sterling actor, William Hawtrey, gave him poise, experience, invaluable training.

He hung the scalp of one musical comedy upon his belt: "The Man From Cook's."

He himself was a stock star, with "The Manhattan Players."

He created a role in the New York production of Chapin's farce, "C. O. D.," in the late autumn of 1912. Another role in that play was brought into being by Charlie Murray.

It is generally supposed that his picture service has been confined to Vitagraph. As a matter of fact, Vitagraph made him a picture celebrity; so much so that almost everyone has forgotten that he was a star of the old Rex company. In his first photoplay he supported Marion Leonard, and the title of the piece was: "The Voice of Millions."

He went to the Vitagraph stock company in 1914, and played conspicuous leading roles in pieces like "The Island of Regeneration," "Dust of Egypt," "A Price for Folly," "Kennedy Square," and "Aladdin From Broadway."

Now, he has signed with Pathe, and will be Mrs. Castles' leading man in her new plays.

We were sitting at a heavy brown table in the merry though monastic grill of The Lambs, the New York club of actors and writers which is probably the most illustrious association of its kind in the world.

"Ever been in love?" I asked.

Tony's smile faded a bit, and he nodded gravely.

"Ever been married?"

"Not on your life!"

"Were you hard hit?"

"No!" And he laughed in a way that told me the waters of forgetfulness had washed any burning memory away.

"Well, are you going to be married?"

"I don't want to say 'yes,' and I don't want to say 'no.' Probably I shall be. I think I ought to marry. I think anyone ought to marry, eventually. To me there is only one thing more wretched than an old maid: an old man who has done nothing for the world's future and nothing for its present, except to pamper himself and look after his own comfort. An old person who has lived always for himself or herself must have a lot of very cold memories, seems to me. I haven't married, because I want to bring a wife into an established career. I think a wife should be the crown of a career, and not put precariously on a career's beginning. I know many a man says he 'owes all his success to his wife,' and all that. But not me. I'm going to make my place, and then—well, I haven't picked her out yet, so if you've any candidates . . . !"

"How about you and Edith Storey?"

"Wasn't that singular!" Moreno's interest was racing at fever heat. "By jingo, I think I would have married her if we had stayed together any longer! Everybody dinned this thing into our ears, week in and week out, after hours and in hours. We got hypnotised by it. It had no foundation other than we were a pair of real pals, and that she was the best fellow to work with I ever saw among women. God, how I liked that girl! And she liked me, I think! At least I hope she did. You know the rarest thing in the world is a real friendship between a man and woman, and that was the situation of Edith Storey and me. You couldn't call it love at any stage. She was my pal—and at that, I think the association would have made us man and wife! Now, she's going her way, and I'm going mine . . . no."

Antonio Garrido Monteguado Moreno was very definite on that point.

He has a splendid new Stutz.

It's summer-time.

And there are wonderful roads through Long Island.

A Cynic's Glossary

Star: A heavenly body.

Producer: Any man who can be induced to produce money.

Extra People: Any crowd, the individual members of which are nothing extra.

Film: A transparent material; in view of the fact that it may be burned readily, and in so many cases should be, it is surprising how seldom it is.

Plot: More transparent material.

Character Actor: A man who can make himself look unlike a human being but is not ashamed of it.

Comedy: A picture in which all the actors laugh.

Tragedy: A picture in which the audience wishes all the actors had died before they began.

Scenario: A story told in sentences so short that they can be understood by a director.

Director: A man with two remarks: "It was a bum story, but look what I did with it," and "Well, what could you expect with a bum story like that?" See also Czar.

Camera: Final proof that machinery will never rebel under abuse.

Organ: Recently a practically obsolete musical instrument; revived for use in movie theatres because it is capable of producing the greatest volume of sound with the least pain to the audience and the least cost to the proprietor.

Orchestra: A body of men working on the theory that if the violin is off key the audience may not notice how bad the picture is.

Censors: Old women of both sexes who are convinced that anything they cannot understand must be immoral. Hence the great number of eliminations they order.

WALLY EXERCISES WITH A PAIR OF BELL(E)S



Photo by Stagg

Of course they're not the "dumb" kind, but all hands will concede that they are some belles. On the right of the smiling Mr. Reid is Eileen Percy, D. Fairbanks' leading lady; and on his left arm, Miss Anita Loos, Mr. Fairbanks' high-salaried authoress.



*A hundred and fifty dollars
for that trip and we hadn't
even got the car! I told Daff
to forget the whole idea.*

The Gas Girl

Although desert sand and Missouri mud, to say nothing of a jealous suitor, all did their best to wreck her trip to fame, Daphne Gail proved that when a pretty woman makes up her mind to do something—Fate and mankind might just as well step aside and let her do it.

By Francis William Sullivan

Illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell

THE morning the old bean sprouted the idea, I recognized my meal ticket. At first the hunch looked like inspiration, but I soon found that it was perspiration; and there are two people who will bear me out in this, Daphne Gail, the director's delight, and little Rollo, the press agent's pest. I am the press agent.

Well, about this idea. Mandel was really at the bottom of it. Mandel is the Big Chief of the National Films, the lad who has a stateroom on the De Luxe constantly running empty between Los Angeles and Chicago for fear he may want to use it. Well, Mandel said to me:

"Lew, you signed up here as a press agent with ideas. When do you begin to deliver?" Just like that. You see, this was the point. Here we were with a perfectly good film plant near Los Angeles, and a half dozen female stars whose daily mail was breaking down the carrier before his time. And yet, as far as enjoying any wide or arresting publicity was concerned, they were cold in death—all of them. And I was expected to make them household words.

Well, the morning after Mandel's delicate work, when I braked my tin lizzie out the studio, who should come driving up but Daphne Gail bringing our principal female attraction to work.

Right there something happened—the idea sprouted.

A couple of hours later I sent for her to come to my office, a palatial six by eight apartment in dressing-room row, one of those rooms where if you get swell-headed you wreck the building.

"Well, how's the old health?" I asked her.

"Grand, Lew! How soon do you begin working for a living?"

She looked all she said she felt. She's not a howling beauty, Daff isn't, but she's good neck exercise. Her eyes are gray and level, and her face is fresh and smooth enough to take a close-up if these vest makers would ever give her one. The top of her brown head comes about to my shoulder—and I'm no Prussian guard—and she runs to slim curves.

"Feel like a little bus ride?" I asked her.

"Where to and why?" she asked cautiously.

"To New York and alone—the whole route.

"For the everlasting glory of them that hire you, your own and mine." She didn't sag or buckle, but stood right up to it. "It's the chance of your lifetime, opportunity knocking at your door. With this whole studio to choose from I've picked on you—"

"You sure have, Lew."

"And if you go through with it, it means a big name and a raise. If not interested kindly close the door gently as you go out."

Well, in the end she fell for it, and I wandered up to tell Mandel all that I was going to do for his company.

"Boob," he said when I had finished. "We're not interested in comedies."

"Well cut this one then," I told him and began again at the beginning.

The anteroom was full of movie magnates, two cloak-makers, an old clo' man, and the Junk King but they had to wait. Finally, to get a chance at the day's work, the Chief yelled:

"All right, then, do your stunt! But I'm not for it. You can have a hundred and fifty dollars toward expenses and no more. Now get out!"

A hundred and fifty dollars for that trip

and we hadn't even got the car! I told Daff to forget the whole idea.

"Not on your static!" she said, and registered undying determination. "Lew, you committed this thing, and the boss has o. k.'d it, so now it's root hog or die. You get out and rustle."

His master's voice! But then, just as I was getting some action *blah!* in comes little Rollo and pokes his walking stick right among the delicate working parts.

Roland Howe, I'll give him his name for once, was one of the reasons why anarchists make bombs in their spare time. He had nothing in particular to do, he was so rich it bothered him like flannels in May, and he was nuts over Daff. And when he heard about this little jaunt of hers he came into my office like the January rains.

"Look here," he said, "are you trying to commit murder? You're crazy to send Daff on a trip like that. I won't permit it."

"Where do you get that stuff?" I asked him.

"I put it up to Daff, and she said go, so we're going. The National Nectarine leaves here to girdle the continent two weeks from next Friday."

Rollo has shiney blond hair cut so he could comb it from his alleged brow right down his neck in one lick. He had pink cheeks and blue eyes, and if it hadn't been him, he might have been good looking, because he had a square and jutting chin. Now he risked his life by sticking this at me over my typewriter.

"All right," he said, kind of gritty. "We'll see about this. If I can't make you listen to reason, I'll make Miss Gail."

"If you were what I don't think you are," I told him, kind of gritty myself, "you'd get behind this thing instead of sagging on it. It'll make Daff."

"I don't want to make her, I want to marry her," he said.

"Well, you go sleep that off," I told him. The poor nut!

Daff looked pretty blue the next two or three days, and I knew he was putting on the screws, but I didn't say anything. I was too busy, hypnotizing the California automobile industry. In eight days I had everything donated from the car to the



Daff unlimbered her gat and pointed it straight!

chain of service stations across the continent. And then introduced Daff to her benzine bronc where it stood all bright and shining in the salesroom.

"Oh, Lew!" she cried, all excited, and her eyes were shining. "I'll go. I *will!* I don't care what anybody says."

"Is that the real lay?" I asked her, "or can Rollo wreck it?"

"Till death do us part," she said, placing

her hand on the right front tire of the shiney bus, and I felt as if I'd married her to trouble and ought to turn my collar around till it buttoned in the back.

Well after that things went along fine till the day before the start. Maybe you don't know it, but Los Angeles will celebrate anything. Sport Shirt week or Loquat day, or anything—So I didn't have much trouble fixing things for a parade and a

"All right. If I flivver you will know where to look for me." That remark had two edges, for I knew darn well she would marry Rollo any minute, and that he always offered a way out. I let well enough alone.

At eight o'clock next morning, with me in the seat beside her. Daff backed her rear tires into the ocean at Long Beach and started.

You'd hardly have known her today. She was radiant and cool and nifty-looking as a peach on a tree. She was dressed in khaki; Norfolk jacket and knickers, puttees, and boots but no skirt, but young Howe wasn't there to see her off, and I could tell she felt it.

"Did Rollo tell you good-bye?" I asked her.

"No, I haven't seen him since the day I said I was going."

"I'm glad he knew enough to stay away and not gun up an otherwise festive occasion."

"Yes, but I don't understand it. There must be something behind his acting this way." And then quickly, "Good-bye, Lew, they're ready."

They were; there was a pistol shot, the snarl of her motor, and she was diminishing down the perspective amid what the papers termed hearty cheers. She was gone, and for a minute I felt pretty raw. Suppose something *did* happen to her! Then I made myself think of something pleasant, such as, for instance, Rollo's grouch. If I'd only known then what he was up to!

That night a telegram came from Daff.

"Arrived Needles, Cal. Everything O. K. 302 Miles."

I was proud of her. She was driving the southern route and had gone through San Bernardino, the Cajon Pass, Barstow and to the Rio Grande. And she had sampled the desert already. Of course, all our service stations were looking for her, and stood ready to do anything, but just



the place where Rollo was hungriest.

band and a general municipal uproar. And that morning I called Daff into my office and put the fear of God in her.

"You go through with this thing or never come back," I said. "If you succeed we're both made; if you don't we might as well jump into the first large body of water we come to. No excuses, no wails, no welching. Drive your teakettle into the Atlantic or disappear."

the same, was that travelling for a celluloid sister, or wasn't it?

The next night came a wire from Winslow:

"Cracked both front rims. Mended by blacksmith. Going on. Have new ones waiting for me at Albuquerque."

I wired the necessary instructions and then waited.

Meanwhile, we were beginning to net a little newspaper footage due to columns of harrowing adventures I wrote based on Daff's ten word wires. It went big, awful big, especially when the Associated Press began to pick up the stuff and syndicate it. And of course every mention of her necessarily dragged in the name of the National Films, which annoyed me very, very much.

"Is this the fruit of the hop, or is it real?" I asked Mandel, flapping down a bale of clippings on his desk.

"Well," he had to admit it a minute. "You're there or thereabouts, Lew. But have a good time while you can, she'll never go through with it!"

The poor carp!

And then I lost Daff. . . .

She should have been in Albuquerque to get her new rims the fourth day, but nothing came from her. I paged her by wire all over central New Mexico but I couldn't raise a whisper. And I told myself that the desert had got her. I knew something about that country. The road is a track through sand and dobe clay and sage brush, and while you're fighting a duel with a cactus on one side, a large juicy yucca comes up and stabs you in the back. On all sides are flat-topped mesas, or jagged mountain ranges in a couple of dozen colors, and it's just loose with sunlight and heat and dust. Oh, I know the layout; I chased galloping rib roasts there for eight months once on the Bar J.

Well, that's where Daff was, and sending no word for two days; while I entertained the newspaper death-watch in my office. Then the morning of the third day came a night letter dated from Gallup.

"Lost road and into quicksand. Tried thirty-six hours to dig out. Fainted. Rescued by prospector going on from here to Albuquerque. Make Mandel let you go ahead of me. I need you. DAFF."

I've been glad in my time, but never as at that moment. I bowed in the death-watch, handed out photographs and cigars,

and then showed them the telegram. Daff's desert adventure crowded the Kaiser's licking off the first page for twenty-four hours. Then I went to see Mandel, and that evening I turned my work over to my assistant, a disillusioned scenario writer with a self-starting imagination, and after wiring Daff to expect me at Albuquerque, hopped on the train. The next evening I blew in there and on the way to the hotel desk passed the dining room door. There sat Daff and Rollo at dinner together! You see there was a piece of the chapter missing that I didn't get hep to till later. But I'll tell you now what had happened.

When Daff got into Gallup after her desert adventure she went straight to the telegraph office and wired me. Then she headed for the hotel, and in the door-way ran straight into Rollo who looked as if he had lost about fifteen pounds and most of his tail feathers.

"Well, Daff!" he gasped, and stared like a noodle.

"What on earth are you doing here?" she asked him, and I guess she didn't sound all flattered and honored and glad like he thought she would.

"Well I heard the company wouldn't give you an advance agent so I decided I'd be your advance agent myself. I've been following you in my roadster since you started but lost you, so I came here on the hope of hearing something. Now haven't you had enough of this? The whole thing is insane, the work of a publicity-mad lunatic who's hypnotized you. I did everything I could to make you give up this trip, but you wouldn't listen, and now look at you—half dead. Well, you're going to listen now. You know I love you Daff, and you don't have to do this. Give it up!"

After all she'd been through Daff was feeling kind of weak and sorry for herself, I guess, and this big bum certainly did look good to lean on. But give it up! Even I didn't know what fighting words those were to her.

"You're my advance agent?" she said.

"Yes if you insist on this idiocy, but Daff—"

"Then where are my new rims?"

"What new rims?"

"The ones I wired for." She omitted to mention that they were probably waiting at Albuquerque. "I start at dawn tomorrow and I want 'em on the car then."

"But I don't know about any rims."

"Then get some. That's why you're here, isn't it?—not as a social treat. And lay off Lew Brent; he didn't make me do this, I did it myself."

Daff says Rollo's jaw stuck out like the front of a ferry boat.

"All right," he growled, "but you'll get enough of this nonsense after awhile, and when you do, you'll always find me waiting for you."

"Not if my rims and things aren't ready," she told him. "I'll send you home and get another advance man." And then she walked up to the desk and got a room.

He trailed her to Albuquerque, and that's how I found them there when I blew in. You'd better believe Daff looked good to me, but Rollo was about as welcome as snake-bite, and I guess I showed it.

"After wiring you I met Mr. Howe." Daff told me politely, and gave me a synopsis of events. The real happenings I got later. "Roland has offered to be my advance agent," she wound up, smiling on both of us. He was all lit up in a tux, because his man followed him around on trains with baggage, while I looked like something the cat had dragged in.

"That's very nice," I said, "but I don't think you will need two advance agents, Daff." For a minute he sat motionless with half closed eyes, kind of stupid-looking like a bull dozing under a tree. Then he said:

"I'm glad Brant's come Daff, I didn't come out here to be your advance agent in the first place. I came to make you quit this nonsense, and if you wouldn't do that, to look after you, and I'm going to do it."

Daff beamed on us both like a little round sun.

"With you two to take care of me, nothing can happen now," she said. It was the most neutral piece of work since the President's Proclamation. But it didn't sell me anything. Where Rollo is concerned I'm about as neutral as the English.

"If you bother us or monkey with this trip," I told him outside, "I'll just naturally bust you open and then print you in the papers, so you watch your step."

All the same when Daff started from Albuquerque his baggage was all strapped and four men were putting the final touches on the large, red, road pimple of his. And we hadn't been in Trinidad, Colorado, one hour when up he rolled. From then on he

made it his life work to look after Daff and protect her from my cruelties and outrages. I began to feel kind of brotherly towards Simon Legree, and Catherine the Great, and the Kaiser, and ordered all my meat red.

II

That was the lay from Trinidad on—the infernal triangle. But little Rollo didn't cost me much sleep; I had too much else to think about. If the class will open their large geographies they will find that we are going north and east. Our route now lay through Kansas by way of Dodge City and Emporia to Kansas City, and it was far from easy sailing for Daff.

Time and again she was lost. Once she spent the night in a hay stack, and once in a farmhouse. She didn't get regular sleep or meals, and sometimes she had to work for hours over that ready rattler of hers.

And all this showed. Her gray eyes began to get bigger and bigger, and she shucked around in her clothes. But did she wail? Not once. But Rollo did. He keened steadily from Trinidad on. He bought her things she didn't need, and had doctors see her, and begged her to marry him and annoyed her generally.

And when she refused he began to get sulky. You see he'd always had everything his own way, and he couldn't stand not getting it now.

But after Daff left Kansas City and headed for St. Louis, conditions got even worse. If Missouri hasn't done anything else for the nation, it has succeeded in making walking a pleasure, and it was here, under such conditions, and with me on ahead, that things played into Rollo's hands.

Daff had left Sedalia about noon and was trying to make her next service station that night. It was boiling hot after two or three days of rain, so crops was good, by heck. Well, Daff's old teakettle had its tongue out about sundown and was all gone in the lungs. It coughed along till she was about thirty-eight miles from anywhere, and then called it a day. It was a glorious sunset on the plains. The mellow golden light rested gently on the fields of standing grain that extended in every direction to the horizon, and all the rest of that junk.

And Daff rested gently in the middle of all that loose beauty and couldn't budge.



I grabbed her up out of her seat and carried her

She was hungry and stiff and banged all over, and there was nothing in sight but evening. Well, she got out her kit and began to tinker. She had been there about

two hours enjoying the sunset, when she heard a long toot and along came Rollo bounding from furrow to furrow down the road. This was his idea of taking care of



ashore high and dry amid a murderous fire.

Daff while she traveled—chasing her. He pulled up along side and she told him what had happened.

"Poor kid," he said. "This is a fine life

for you! Forget it now, tonight. Hop in with me and I'll take you to the next town where we can send back for the skiff."

Well it looked awful good to her, I guess.

It was the worst place she'd been in since that desert stuff, and she could hardly lift a finger. But Daff could see farther ahead than her radiator cap—much.

"No," she said. "I can't do that."

"Well, then let me tow you in."

"I can't do that either."

"In heaven's name, why not? If some hick came along here with a team you'd let him tow you in, wouldn't you?"

"No. I've got to drive every inch of the way, and I'm going to do it. But I wouldn't let you help me anyhow, because you're following me just for that purpose."

Rollo bit his cigar in two and looked over the engine.

"Scrap!" he said. "Now look here, Daff, this isn't being game, it's just being foolish."

"All right," she said "then I'll be foolish. And now please go away and leave me. I'll go to some farm house to sleep."

"I wont leave you."

"You've got to. This trip alone is bad enough for a girl without you hanging around after sundown."

"Then you've got to come to the next town with me. I mean this!" he said. "You don't know what you may get into if you go to some strange farm out here. Once of that was enough. And besides, it's so dark you couldn't find a house now without a dividing rod."

"I won't go!" she cried, flaring up at last. "And if you say anything more or stay here any longer, I'll never speak to you again. I hate you!"

For a minute Rollo didn't say anything. Then came close to her.

"All right, we'll see about this," he growled. "I've stood all this idiotic nonsense I'm going to, and I'll end it right here. Now, young lady, I'm going back to the next town and get a constable and have you arrested on any charge I can think up. Will you come with me or wont you?"

"NO."

"Very well." He got into his car, turned it around, and began chamoising back to the next village.

Daff sat down on the beautiful prairie and howled. Then after a little she remembered what was going to happen. The village was only about five miles back and she knew it wouldn't take Rollo long. She looked at her old chariot and all her anger came up in one rush.

"Damn you!" she yelled, and heaved the wrench she had in her hand square in the middle of the works.

Then in hopeless despair she got in and stepped on the starter. Rattle-ty-bang! Over she went, and in a minute Daff was off. You see, chosen words at the right time will do anything.

I often like to think of the hours Rollo spent explaining to the constable.

III

Well, when I heard how Daff had stood by me that time, I figured that Rollo's goose was grilled to a glossy black cinder. But no. He joined on again, and we made the *safari* like before; myself advance guard, Daff main body, and Rollo shirt tail. But I tried to express my appreciation to Daff, and bought her the biggest brooch I could safely crowd into the expense account. After St. Louis the roads were a little better to Indianapolis, and Daff was able to keep pretty well to the schedule I had arranged.

But, as you can imagine, all this didn't make any hit with Rollo. As a matter of fact, the farther Daff went, the madder he got. It was plain as a pikestaff now, that this racket of his wasn't just concern for Daff's welfare any more; it had settled itself into a test between him and me. Anyhow, that's the way I felt after fighting along that route for about six weeks. If I pulled Daff through to New York he was done for. If she failed Rollo won. And without saying anything to each other Rollo and I grew to have a kind of tacit agreement to that effect.

Then one evening when things were nip and tuck every way from the ace, circumstances gave Rollo another great big chance.

We had been working along at a pretty good pace through Ohio, heading towards Pittsburg through Columbus and Wheeling. And all the way in a riot of press stuff because there was hardly a day when something didn't happen to Daff. Once her car caught on fire and she put it out with dirt, and another time she missed wrecking the Pennsylvania Limited by four inches. Oh, her life was just one debauch of sinful idleness and ennui. Well, this evening I speak of, Daff had crossed into Pennsylvania and was trying to reach Washington to lay over.

(Continued on page 164)

C L O S E - U P S

EDITORIAL EXPRESSION AND TIMELY COMMENT

The Beautiful Slackers.

IN the *Denver Times* of May 11, J. Warren Kerrigan is quoted as follows: "I am not going to war until I have to. I will go, of course, if my country needs me, but I think that first they should take the great mass of men who aren't good for anything else, or are good only for the lower grades of work. Actors, musicians, great writers, artists of every kind—isn't it a pity when people are sacrificed who are capable of such things—of adding to the beauty of the world?"

We hope that Mr. Kerrigan has been misquoted.

The war in Europe has been made glorious by the exploits of such men as Lord Dunsany, Maurice Renaud, Alan Seeger, Guy Standing, Vernon Castle, and our less-known tango bird, "Wally" McCutcheon, who went to war from Chicago; a professional dancer enlisting as a private, today a Major in the British Army, wearing decorations pinned on him by the heads of two nations.

The villains and the character men are in the officers' training camps right now, and we fear that our slackly beautiful heroes are to be quite lonely.



Stars Wanted in Comedy.

DEVELOPMENTS of the winter and spring have proved distinctly that the star's the thing in comedy, as in feature drama.

Star comics like Roscoe Arbuckle—excluding the world-beating Chaplin from this list as a matter of fairness—have taken practically all the comedy receipts.

It is perhaps not justice to put Arbuckle in a class head, either, for he too stands alone.

It is predicted that this tendency will give stellar comedians an absolute monopoly of shadow laughter in six months' time.



Sunshine and Lamp.

MOTION picture photography has resolved itself into two great schools of lighting.

One school believes that sunlight is supreme, and that the rays of the king of the heavens surpass every contrivance for lighting effect, either of interior or exterior nature, that can be devised. The other school

insists that electricity is sunshine in a handy package, and charms its sensitive plates with lamps instead of morning. The electric folk call the daylight devotees archaic, while the sun-worshippers dub the lamp workers artificial.

While perhaps neither has thought himself the captain of any particular vogue of illumination, D. W. Griffith may be called lord of the sun cult, while Cecil DeMille is the grand master of Klieges and mercury vapor.

Both these men have developed their systems to points of technical perfection almost unbelievable. Griffith never wrote a truer word than that terming "Intolerance" a "sun-play," since to make it he harnessed Los Angeles sunshine as the dynamo engineers harnessed Niagara Falls. On the other hand, DeMille is said to have developed at the Lasky studio units of artificial illumination of a potency and pliability undreamed of elsewhere—and accordingly policed away from all prying eyes.



**Applauding
Our
Battlers.**

IF you are not ashamed to applaud the shadows of the paid actors to whom you give sustenance, do not be afraid to applaud the shadows of the heroes who are dying for your liberty and mine every day in North France.

We cheer the flag lustily and continually; we hop to our feet whatever and however at the opening bars of "The Star Spangled Banner;" we make approving noises at any big stunt that flashes past. The bodies of the men in France are obstacles under the wheels of autocracy; they may lie in nameless graves; your applause may be their only recognition. If you *do* applaud, give *them* a hand. •



**"Actor's
Autoeracy"
Is Passing.**

A FEW years ago a number of pioneer picture players thought they had a glimpse into the future. They had the vision all right but they saw it with astigmatic sight. They thought the director was to be the big man of "the game" as they love to call it. Instead this has been the day, or period of the player. With a few exceptions the director has been submerged over his prophetic periscope. In more than one instance he has resumed acting in the hope of catching up with the golden procession.

So many players have been signing vouchers attached to \$1,000 checks each week that anything less seemed like small time salaries, yet when a director has been signed at \$1,000 a week, it has been the occasion for a column article in the trade papers. There has been more than a single instance of a director of brains, vision and creative ability "putting over" a star drawing into the thousands each week, while his own pay check was down in the early hundreds. As for the writer, he has been almost a negligible quantity.

More and more the producer is beginning to appreciate the value of the director of ability and the writer of meritorious photoplays. The magnates are beginning to feel the pinch of story famine and the box office is beginning to reflect the real value of overpaid stars and bad direction. Photoplay enthusiasts are tiring of the deadly sameness of their favorite recreation. They want a change of diet. So the producer is peering into a future which seems to hold much promise for the brainy director and the clever writer.

Some
Selling
Experiences.

AL LICHTENSTEIN, perhaps the veteran salesman of the films, indulges a whimsical reminiscence of the days when exhibitors were not recognized by the dramatic managers, and knew an automobile only as tangible evidence of unlawful wealth.

Lichtenstein's first cross-country tour was taken to dispose of rights to the Bernhardt photoplay, "Queen Elizabeth."

In Columbus, Ohio, he found general skepticism until he visited the last man in town. This individual listened with an inviting smile that warmed the salesman's cold heart, and he enlarged upon his subject: "Think of it—the greatest actress in the world, and the greatest queen of history. Isn't it a wonderful combination?"

"It sure is," echoed the exhibitor. "Is it a Western picture?"

Again Lichtenstein tried his luck on the road, now selling James K. Hackett, in "The Prisoner of Zenda."

"I have to offer," he began, in a town nearer the Mississippi, "America's foremost leading man of the stage—the screen's greatest conquest—only fifty dollars a day."

"Fifty dollars a day!" howled the exhibitor. "Last week for five dollars I had here the greatest actor you ever saw—"The Life of Petrosino."



Comparative
Scenario
Prices.

THAT the author,—even in this day considered the neglected one in the eternal triangle of writer, director and actor—that the author is really coming into his own is indisputably proved by his comparative prices.

Not so very many months ago "Madame Butterfly," unquestionably Puccini's most popular opera among American audiences, was sold, as libretto and play, to the screen for \$1,000. Last month, rights to "La Tosca" were purchased by an advance payment of \$15,000, regular royalties to follow. As a matter of contemporary popularity, "Tosca" is not in the "Butterfly" class.

Mary Pickford's most celebrated success, "Tess of the Storm Country," brought the author \$250. For production rights to "The Poor Little Rich Girl" Miss Pickford's managers paid \$10,000, with the customary royalties to follow.

C. Gardner Sullivan, whose income as a photo-dramatist now exceeds that of most Wall Street brokers, has never written a more remarkable play than his "Cup of Life." For this, two years ago, he received \$75.



Business Not
Gratitude.

ENGLAND'S gratitude for our entrance into the war on the side of the Allies has not had any appreciable effect on the fight against American films in that country, although the *Cinema*, a paper devoted to the interests of the screen advocates a cessation of hostilities.

That publication points out that were it not for the Made-in-America film, nine-tenths of the picture theaters in Great Britain would have been closed long since.

HELPFUL HINTS: HOW TO SPEND JULY FOURTH



Keep cool. Climb that little hill back of the barn until you come to a scene like this. You have no hill? Get into a poker game and plead a sudden engagement when the chips begin to come; you will achieve the atmospheric effect without the elevation.



Why-Do-They-Do-It

THIS is *YOUR* Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have *you* seen, in the past month, which was stupid, unlikelike, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of impossibility in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.

Four Film Faux Pas.

WHY do they always indicate death by dragging a sheet over the face of the expiring one, immediately the last gasp is given? It would seem that they are both eager and anxious to cover it up and forget it. In "A Child of the Wild," featuring June Caprice, this happened twice.

In "Sowers and Reapers," with Emmy Wehlen, the hero is kidnapped and dragged, dripping wet, aboard a yacht, with nothing to wear but the clothes on his back. Next day, however, although the yacht has not made any port, he appears in creased trousers, a manicule and other fastidious accessories.

Why don't the people who write sub-titles learn to spell? In "The Millionaire's Double," featuring Lionel Barrymore, part of a sub-title read, "We have called you here to *indentify* the prisoner." Seems to me that a dictionary, or even a copy of Swinton's *Word Book*, would be a helpful thing to have around the studio.

Why do politicians always roll a large cigar from one side of the mouth to the other, and why are they never without it? Why don't they learn to smoke gracefully?

GEORGE D. ANDERSON, Chicago.

Stung!

WHY on earth did they give the name "Infidelity" to that recent Erbograp picture, misusing Anna Nilsson as the star? If there was anything in that picture to justify

the title, it must have been cut out by the censors.

I think that the company ought to be arrested for obtaining money under false pretenses. I paid ten cents to see some infidelity and all I saw was a third-rate picture.

MELVILLE HART, Chicago.

The Movie Newspaper.

IT is one of the curiosities of the film industry, to which are now devoted thousands of intelligent minds, that sub-captions are usually bad, and excerpts from the public prints invariably so.

In the past week, the writer has seen four plays of extremely high order, and in each there was a necessity for flashing a printed excerpt upon the screen. In the first, the *New York Times* gave front-page, top-column space to a wedding announcement, couched in terms of coarse ribaldry; in the second, the *New York Journal* carried a "banner head" which would call for the editor's arrest on a charge of criminal libel; in a third, an unnamed *New York* daily couched a news story in the editorial plural said to have been in vogue in the '50's, but doubtful at any time; in the fourth, *New York's Town Topics*, which possesses the most viciously pungent style of any weekly in America, rolled a morsel of scandal under its linotype tongue in a sugared, wandering way altogether too saccharine for a household fashion paper.

What are the hundreds of newspaper men, editorially enrolled in pictures, doing that they do not correct these absurdities? J. L. N.

Who Had the Gillette?

HAROLD LOCKWOOD, as a lumberjack, in "The Promise," is seriously injured during a wild ride down a stream on logs. He is rescued by an Indian girl and nursed back to health in her wigwam, without growing a beard during his time of confinement.

In "The Primrose Ring," Mae Murray plays the part of a trained nurse who has had charge of a hospital ward; yet, when she hunts for work, she gives her age as seventeen.

BENTON C. RESSLER, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"And Sheridan Forty Miles Away."

I WISH the villain would get the heroine. I shouldn't much care what happened to her, just so the hero was prevented from pulling the timely rescue stuff.

The sight of the Vigilance Committee or the Royal Hussars or the U. S. Cavalry racing in the wake of the swashbuckling young hero, while a flash-back shows the heroine in a state of collapse as the villain folds her in an ante-diluvian embrace, no longer causes my temperature to ascend. Instead, my jaded sensibilities give me a hunch that the hand-to-hand scrap without which no orthodox movie is complete will "follow immediately." And there's no use in hoping that said scrap will end in any but the usual way, either.

No matter whether it's a story of Daniel Boone, Queen Guinevere, Reginald Astorbilt, Prince Charming, Mrs. Pankhurst, the Sultan of Sulu or just plain Mary Brown and John Smith, film precedent seems to demand this trite situation.

H. M.

Theda's Endearing Young Charms.

JUST survived a performance of "Her Greatest Love." That director must have had a grudge against Theda Bara. A few more pictures like that one and Miss Bara (who is really a great artist) will be a has-been. For two interminable reels, she was obliged to cavort before the camera as a cute twelve-year-old. The illusion was far from complete.

EMERALD J. HAUSER, Anaconda, Mont.

Southern Stuff.

SINCE you so kindly invite your subscribers to mention any inconsistencies, etc., which they have noticed in recent screen plays, I beg leave to utter a protest against the way in which the South is so often and so unjustly laid open to ridicule.

I saw Dorothy Gish in "The Little School-ma'am" and was amazed at the author's evident misinformation concerning the diction used by educated Virginians. His hero, a novelist, asks the heroine, "Are you-all in trouble, ma'am?" And, after assuring the startled girl that he is a *gentleman* from Norfolk, he proceeds to comfort her and she exclaims, "Are you-all from Vahginia? Well, Ah'm from Vahginia, too." He shakes hands with her, exclaiming, "I sho' am glad to see somebody from God's country." These expressions belong to the negro and to those whom the negro designates as "po' white

trash," not to the "first families" of old Virginia.

The author's plot was fine—a splendid story—but surely he must be ignorant of conditions among cultivated people of the South. I often wonder why Yankees and Westerners imagine the South to be so back-woodsy when many of our most brilliant men of art and letters hail from there.

MRS. L. M. SAVINO, Portsmouth, Va.

Hard Times Note.

THERE is a scene in "The Crisis" in which Tom Santschi, as *Stephen Brice*, promises *Virginia Carvel* (Bessie Eyton) to attend the Carvel masque ball attired in his grandfather's Revolutionary uniform. He does. He arrives at the Carvel home astride a splendid charger—but what's wrong? With Tom, not the charger. It's the powdered wig. That wig was about four sizes too small for Tom's massive head, and, in view of the ponderous dignity with which he portrayed his character, it was awfully funny to see Tom's curly brown locks protruding from under that undersized peruke.

LESTER C. WILLARD, Yonkers, N. Y.

Unprofessional Mr. Connelly.

I SAW Mr. Connelly, as a noted surgeon in "The Great Secret," don his operating cap, gloves and coat—all of which are supposed to be sterilized for hours before being used—and proceed to rest his hands on the washstand while he peered in the glass to admire himself, and then open two doors to reach the operating room. The habits of years cannot be so carelessly forgotten, even when one is contemplating murder.

F. M. WOODYER.

Scandal!

FANNY WARD has just resumed work at the Lasky studio after a three weeks' suspension of operations due to injuries received during a domestic imbroglio with her husband, Jack Dean. No, this is not a bit of scandal. The scrap occurred during the filming of a scene in Miss Ward's newest photoplay. It was said to be *some* battle, and the actress emerged with a sprained back and dislocated shoulder. We must have *réclism!*—News item in PHOTOPLAY.

But it is scandal. It is we, the fans, who are scandalous. We have no right to ask such sacrifices of artists. Not that the souls of artists are any more immortal than the souls of artisans. No doubt Miss Ward, like all other athletes, is proud of her strength and takes pride in displaying it; and insofar as she sets us all an example of clean living—which all artists of the screen have to do in order to stay in the game—she is doing a noble work. But we are going beyond athletics and are throwing poets to the lions to make a Roman holiday. We ought to be ashamed. It takes a mighty uplifting story to redeem such useless carnage.

HORACE BLAKE NEWTON, Santa Rosa, Cal.

The Chap the Camera Chased

BUT TOM MEIGHAN WAS SO PICTORIALLY COY THAT HE HAD TO BE KNOCKED DOWN AND TIED BEFORE HE GAVE IN

By Johnstone Craig

WHEN Fate comes to total the columns at the foot of her ledger it is probable that her most conspicuous item will be the account of Thomas Meighan, for she worked harder to make Meighan a photoplayer than she did to shunt Napoleon to St. Helena, keep Emma Goldman out of jail or land Mr. Stone of Missouri in the Senate.

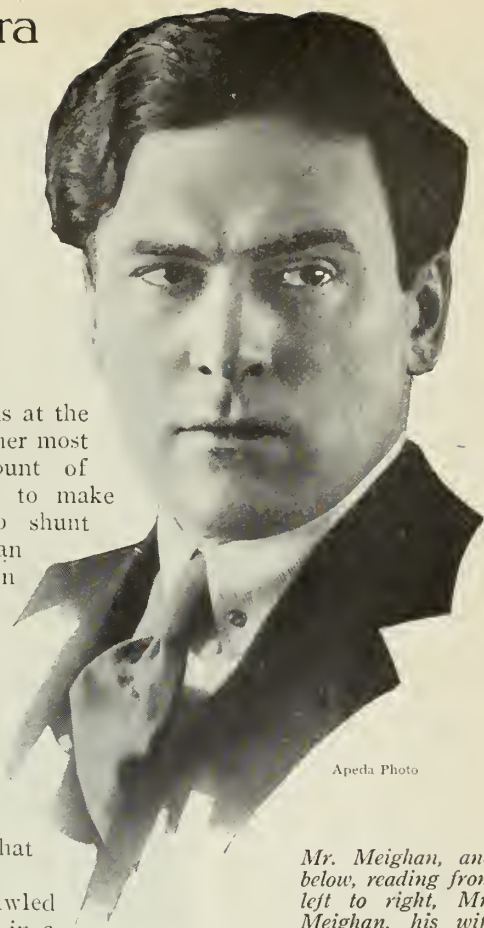
From his paleozoic age Tom has been pursued by a camera.

He made fun of it, he threw rocks at it, he struck it when it approached him, he derided it in print and defied its masters—yet it got him.

Now, he's sorry he didn't bow the neck sooner.

Meighan is married and unashamed. What is even more wonderful, he is happy.

His first motion picture opportunity crawled quiveringly toward him years ago. He was in a haughty theatrical company in California; his wife was in the same company, and some low



Apeda Photo

Mr. Meighan, and below, reading from left to right, Mr. Meighan, his wife Frances Ring, and his sister Margaret Meighan.



fellows (since canonized by Bradstreet's) made them a joint proposition to jump down into the movies. One of the unique things about Meighan is that he can sometimes use money, so he accepted, tentatively.

But it was well that his acceptance had a piece of twine on it. The very next day he saw some of these lens vermin performing their dreary rites in the street: shamelessly, before the eyes of the world and eleven little kids.

"Say!" he demanded, white (or whatever tint they usually wear) with anger; "Has my wife got to act out on the sidewalk—like this?"

"Sure," responded the barbarians.

"Then to the devil with your contract! My wife is not going to make herself ridiculous for anybody; or any money."

Thus Meighan passed the open door of the magic lantern for the first time.

The next time it came to him in London; and again in London; and in New York the door began to slam back and forth so clamorously that he couldn't sleep for its racket.

Samuel Goldfish was at that time an executive in the Lasky corporation, and was so much of a Meighan enthusiast that in fishing for him he used everything except a bent pin and a worm.

One day Meighan entered an office in the Longacre theatre building, New York City, to see about an engagement in Chicago, and Goldfish lured him into his cell and almost overcame his scruples.

Seductive Samuel threw down a

contract that looked like a bag of pirate's gold, and put a pen in the actor's yielding hand.

"What time do I have to get up in the morning?" asked Meighan, suspiciously.

"Why no later than anyone else in the business," purred Mr. Goldfish. "6:30 . . . 7 . . . maybe 7:30."

"If I'm lucky," howled Meighan, "I don't have to get up till 7:30! And I went on the stage because it was the only job in the world that would let me sleep through the forenoons! Until you change your hours I don't change my business!"

So *that* was cold.

Yet in reality, Thomas Meighan, arch-hater of the camera, was getting very warm.

For it was from Chicago that he went to pictures.

And he went into pictures, at Goldfish's behest, via the Lasky corporation.

"And why I didn't do it before I don't know," Meighan ruminates, now. "I had been to California repeatedly; I had been in contact with picture men in England and picture men in New York, and, like long-eared Maud, I had been obstinately refusing to begin until Mrs. Silas started for the wheelbarrow. I might have been a photoplay pioneer; as it was, I didn't get into the procession until it was going past the Postoffice on Main street."

I don't believe much in pastry



"My name is not 'Mee-gun,' nor 'My-gan.' It's 'Mee-an.'"

word pictures, but let me tell you a little something about the personality of one of the most regular guys that ever honored the movies.

Although Tom Meighan himself was born in Pittsburgh, a town made famous for the ancients by a *Minnesinger* named Al Jolson, his ancestors came from across the sea. From a part of the United Kingdom whose name I've forgotten, though it's the island that furnishes the world seventy-five per cent of its policemen and ninety per cent of its politicians, if that will help you any.

He is a whale of a man, physically, standing more than six feet in height, muscled as Jim Corbett was in the golden '90s, and possessing a face of great mobility and adaptability to varying expression.

Simple and direct in his friendships as a school-boy; soft-spoken; the best of companions, and full of the health of out-doors, Meighan off stage and away from the lights is as completely unactorish as he is wholly in the character and impersonation before the camera.

Back to Pittsburgh: Meighan's parents thought he should be a doctor, but all that he could enthuse about, at the start, was football. And he became a football star. Afterwards he kicked a few goals in anatomy and materia medica, but as soon as he had grabbed his diploma the theatre grabbed the diploma-holder.

Henrietta Crossman, playing "Mistress Nell," was in Pittsburgh at this time, and young Meighan secured an engagement with her company. A season with Grace George and two years in stock in Pittsburgh

established him as one of the country's leading juveniles.

Following engagements were with Elsie DeWolfe, John Mason, and finally with Willie Collier, in "The Dictator."

Meighan was selected as leading man in the London engagement of "The College Widow," and it was here that he played for a long time opposite his wife, Miss Frances Ring, the sister of Blanche.

He returned to America to play for several seasons with David Warfield in "The Return of Peter Grimm." He went back to London to triumphantly present George Cohan's play, "Broadway Jones." Again in America, he was the lawyer for the defense in "On Trial," and from this engagement he went to the Lasky studio.

His first photoplay was "The Fighting Hope," supporting Laura Hope Crews.

His second was "Kindling," in which he was leading man for Charlotte Walker.

After that, he supported Blanche Sweet and Marie Doro.

More recently he has been seen exclusively with Pauline Frederick, but Billie Burke's re-entry to the screen, "The Mysterious Miss Terry," finds him her champion.

When he is in New York—and he is in New York most of the time—he lives at the Hotel Algonquin. He loves sailing and motoring and fighting (not domestic) and he has just one request:

"Tell them that my name is pronounced as if it were spelled 'Mee-an,' with the accent on the first syllable. To those who don't call me 'Mee-gun' I'm usually 'My-gan.' They get it every way but right."

What They Were Made For

Guns: for table drawers.

The ocean: for the Keystone girls.

Bayne: for Bushman's love-making.

Snow: for snow-stuff.

Paris: for Bluebird plots.

Mothers: for ingenues.

Hugs: for the fifth reels.

Country estates: for actors.

Homes: for mere millionaires.

Long ears: for censors.

Montana and Wyoming: for Bill Hart.

Shots that rang out: for the midnight air.

The Great War: for the news-pictorials.

Crepe hair: for screen doctors.

Railroads: for Helen Holmes.

Monsters: for Pathe serials.

Puttees: for DeMille.

Sunshine: for Griffith.

Money: for Mary, Charlie and Doug.

The mails: for mash notes.

Adjectives: for press agents.

Pie: one guess.

Wine: for plying.

Derbies: for Charlie.

Fourteen years: for M. M. Minter.

Old men: for juries.

Picture dogs: to make somebody a living.

Sissies: for movie ministers.

Nihilists: for World pictures.



“Who’s
Married
to
Who”

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Beneath this coy sunshade you see grouped the Elliott Dexters. Mr. Dexter performs in the transparencies under his own name, and save where the Hottentot dispenses with his fig-leaf, or the Esquimaux plugs the polar bear with a whalebone arrow, Mrs. Dexter is known as Marie Doro.



Apeda photo
Sheldon Lewis and a beautiful home on the banks of the Hudson make Virginia Pearson-Lewis laugh at herself when she begins to take her vampiring seriously.



Witzel photo



Witzel photo

Behold the fledglings, the debutantes, the novitiates of matrimony: Grace Cunard and her merry young spouse, Joe Moore!



Photo by Stagz

Another renowned domestic duet; Wallace Reid and Dorothy Davenport Reid. Mrs. Reid is a right lively performer on the ivories, but it is a safe bet that her husband doesn't draw quite as well on the strings as he does in the box-office. Nevertheless, he is an ardent bowman.



The Man Who Put Fame in Famous

THE VISION OF ADOLF ZUKOR, WHO WENT FROM FURS TO A PENNY ARCADE, AND BECAME A MANUFACTURER TO REALIZE HIS OWN DREAMS

By Julian Johnson

BECAUSE of the whim of Isabella America got itself discovered: because of the kick of Mother O'Leary's cow Chicago got itself burned: and because of a young Jewish boy's ambi-

tion to run a peep-show, the unborn motion picture business gave a ghostly call to one of its present world-rulers.

This happened somewhere back of 1904. The young business man borrowed some

money from his young cousin, who was in the fur business, and established some penny-arcades in down-town New York. You remember the dynasty of those swirl-boxes, don't you? "Mutescopes," they called them. You put in a penny, glued your eyes to the stereoscopic lenses, and got some jerky flashes of a prize-fighter, or a railroad train, or an exciting dancer, as a series of wired-up photographs snapped by you.

Presently the young impresario got all tangled up in his affairs, and had to ask his quieter, gentler, soft-spoken cousin to come away from the seal and the mink long enough to pull him out. The cousin saw possibilities in these arcades, and soon had a chain of them extending profitably up Broadway to Forty-Second street.

In 1904 a new thing became the rage in New York. It was called "Hale's Touring Car." It had the similitude of a train's observation platform, and, on a screen, a brief piece of scenery flashed by in crude motion pictures. The cousin and the ex-furrier established a lot of these "Touring Cars."

And they failed. Because they could not get pictorial material to keep the public interest up.

So, on his own, the little furrier converted his penny arcades, and threw out his "touring cars," and made motion picture theatres from both sets of places. Thus was born what came to be humorously known as "the store show," for these arcades and "touring cars" had filled storerooms.

This was the real beginning of the biggest material enterprise in point of size in all motion picturedom today, for the little furrier was Adolf Zukor, president of the Famous-Players-Lasky corporation, and controller of Arcraft and Paramount.

Few theatrical managers had ever heard his name, and certainly he was on the calling-list of no actor.

Now, his annual expenditure on behalf of motion pictures is \$16,000,000. Only one of those salaries which have dazzled the world and enraged the theatre is not being paid by him, (Chaplin's). And to a galaxy of planets headed by Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks he has just added the name of D. W. Griffith.

The rise of Mr. Zukor, and a large part of the advance of the photoplay itself, is due to Mr. Zukor's earnest faith in the screen as an art-medium, and his pugnacious

determination to raise the standard of pictures every year, if he had to fight and break with every man in the business. Which is just what happened.

Remember, Mr. Zukor was only an exhibitor.

The quality of pictures, issued sometimes in an extreme length of a thousand feet, grew no better. The chase, the silly comedy, the cowboy and the railroad train were the only subjects. There were no Griffiths in those days—or rather, Griffith, beginning, had not yet appeared on the surface of picture affairs.

The Famous Players was organized in the spring of 1912 as a direct and desperate answer to the hidebound manufacturers. "But," interposes Mr. Zukor, "they were right from their standpoint, for they believed pictures a novelty like stamp photographs or buttons with mottoes. I believed active photography a possible art—and they laughed at me."

Comic misfortune attended The Famous Players at the start.

After Herculean labor and the chivalrous assistance of Daniel Frohman, James O'Neill was persuaded to act "Monte Cristo" as an initial offering—and Selig, the sly dog, beat them to it, with his experience and superior facilities, and got a "Monte Cristo" on the market before they were through "shooting."

Production, shelved. And Zukor was stumped—until he heard that in France Sarah Bernhardt was making a version of "Queen Elizabeth." Could it be secured? It could! They sent their money, and as Mr. Zukor says, they walked up and down before the box containing the negative and one print, trembling. It was a case of purchase sight unseen. If their money had been thrown away a second time . . . curtains for The Famous Players.

But it was not thrown away, for the picture was a success, although not as big a success as Famous' first American-made photoplay, which followed immediately thereafter: "The Prisoner of Zenda," with James K. Hackett.

The rest of the history of Famous Players has been a matter of multiplication within and addition from without.

Here are two of Mr. Zukor's working mottoes, which I think are so pertinent and vital that they apply universally:

(Continued on page 140)

Some Palaces the Fans Built

We don't mean that the fans personally carpentered these luxurious dwellings. Day by day, the millions of photoplay devotees have poured before their idols a golden tribute such as no other artists ever won.

Such are the exigencies of sunshine and location that most of these homes have been reared in California — though the "net proceeds of homage" have built not a few fine places along Long Island Sound, and in Connecticut.



THIS spacious mansion in Southern style is the Hollywood home of the Dexters: Elliot and Marie Doro. You can see Mrs. Doro-Dexter at the fountain in her front yard. The house, which contains as many rooms as the famous Arlington mansion of General Lee, is situated at a convenient distance from the Lasky studio, and has, in the past year, been the scene of many a brilliant artistic-social assemblage.

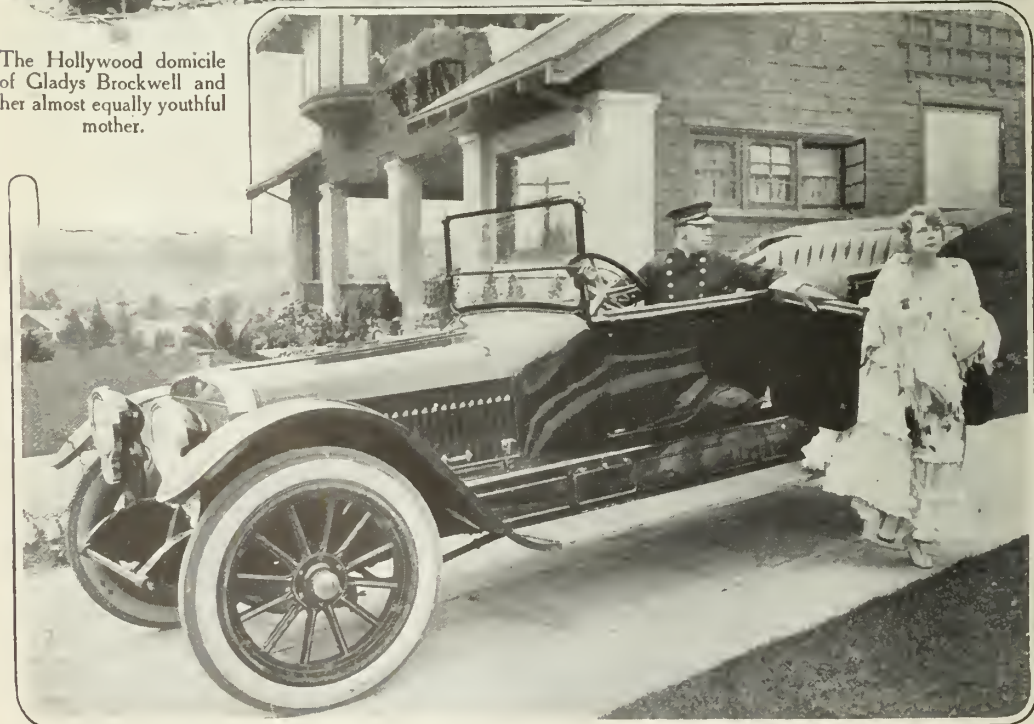
At the left, behold Ruth Stonehouse domestically employed at her fireless fireside. Though one of the most recent additions to the Los Angeles motion picture colony, Miss Stonehouse is already as comfortably established as any Native Daughter from Iowa the Golden State ever saw.



After two uninterrupted years in California, William Farnum has just returned to his home in Sag Harbor, L. I. As you see, he has a lawn so extensive that it has to be cut with a horse mowing-machine, which he chauffeurs himself.



The Hollywood domicile of Gladys Brockwell and her almost equally youthful mother.





In front of the fair white Hollywood chateau at the top of this page is its owner, astride his newest runabout. You probably won't need a magnifying glass to identify Douglas Fairbanks. Below, right, stands the head vamp of the Pacific, Louise Glaum. Her domestic spider web, very strangely resembles an innocent little bungalow grown over with dainty and unwicked vines. Such are the lairs of the terrible! At the left, on the other page, Kathlyn Williams dismounts from her Winton in front of the home in western Los Angeles which she herself designed.





Above, the house in Hollywood which Farrar leased during her first season, but which has passed to Mary Pickford, and is the Pickford home today.

Left, the Los Angeles home of Margaret Thompson and her husband, E. H. Allen, who is Mr. Ince's general manager.



Francis X. Bushman's home, "Bushmanor," Riderwood, Maryland, is a genuine country estate, with forest, field and stream and the ample mansion of a country gentleman. At the right you see one of Mr. Bushman's riding parties, gathered before the house for the start. At the extreme right, Mr. Bushman, and just in front of him, on a black horse, Mrs. Bushman. On the lower step are four of Mr. Bushman's children, while on the white horse is another—five in all.



The Los Angeles home of Howard and Bessie Barriscale Hickman. Center, the *Tom Ince casa*—a luxurious Hollywood bungalow of Spanish atmosphere.



At the right, Tsuru Aoki bids *au revoir* to her husband, Sessue Hayakawa, as he starts from his Los Angeles home for his day's make-believe at the Lasky studio. In the center, the Hollywood residence of Jack Dean and his wife, Fannie Ward, needs no other press-agent than a photographer. This home was purchased by the Deans last year.



Among the substantial old settlers of Hollywood is Wallace Reid. This is the venerable fellow's home, and the fact that he earned enough to buy two or three like it by being a celluloid lover to Geraldine Farrar, and other bits of loveliness, is enough to cause a strike among the dock hands—if the dock hands ever stop to think it over.



Witzel photo



Copyright photo by Underwood & Underwood

Stars of the Screen and Their Stars in the Sky

By Ellen Woods

FROM the earliest times, "the heavens have told." The astral influence was believed in before Babylon. The astrologers of Persia, the oracles of Greece and the soothsayers of Rome took great stock in planetary augury, and star-readings have persisted in every century of the Christian era.

Whether you believe in starry signs or not, the careers of successful men and women today follow their set and unchangeable indications with the most amazing accuracy. The study is more than interesting; it's positively fascinating.

Nativity of Robert Harron, Born April 12th.

AT THE hour of his birth, the twenty-eighth degree of the Zodiacal sign Scorpio was on the Eastern horizon with the benevolent sign Sagittarius intercepted, which all means that our beloved "Bobbie" is ruled by both Jupiter, the priest, and Mars, the war god. We find at his birth Mars placed in the intellectual sign Gemini, in conjunction with the psychic planet Neptune, both receiving good rays from the cold, shy Saturn, exalted in Libra.

Mr. Harron was born very fortunate in many ways. One of these indications is, that he will never want. No matter how dark his prospects may appear at times, some good turn will come at the right moment.

His fame will be tremendously increased in the future, because the configuration of his progressed planets continue to improve in harmony. Another strong indication of his good luck is that he is a born actor. Almost always we find him taking parts in plays where he is unjustly imprisoned, or in great danger of the death penalty, being rescued just at the last moment. Now, if he had not been an actor, the malign influence of Uranus in his twelfth house, the house of bondage, might have influenced his actual life, which would have been disastrous.

Nativity of Geraldine Farrar, Born Feb. 28th.

THIS lady has a most wonderful nativity. The position of the planets and their configuration at the hour of her birth give her a stronger personality than the majority of women. She is tender hearted, loves peace, is generous to a fault, and is endowed with the power of magnetic attraction. She is determined to be foremost in everything, and can, if she wishes, command the friendship of those of the highest degree. In fact, she excites the admiration of all with whom she comes in contact.

This lady will always be successful in making money, but not so much so in saving it. Someone skilled in finance should attend to her investments. She has indications of children with wonderful intellects, but inclined to disobedience. There is strong probability of losing the eldest in some strange manner.

Miss Farrar has a liking for odd and daring pleasures or places of amusement. Her greatest attainments will culminate in the year 1920 (if the hour of birth was given correctly) and will continue for many years.

A curious example of her character, as shown in her horoscope, is found in her choice of such a part as Joan, the Woman, in which her great reverence for divine power is displayed.

Desmond of Dublin

By Kenneth O'Hara

EVER since Bill Desmond—born in Dublin — “meenistered” his way through “Peggy,” with Billie Burke, another pedestal in the corridor for celluloid idols has been occupied.

Desmond first became attached to the theatre in New York, when, as a youngster, he used to sit up among the peanut-eaters and whistle shrilly every time one of Carter’s heroes bumped the villain off. Later in life, he took part in an amateur performance held under the auspices of the Ladies’ Auxiliary, or something, and immediately became obsessed with a desire to draw a salary out of the footlights. So he joined a “Quo Vadis” road company and made good.

Years of stock experience qualified him to handle the role of leading man with the old Grand Opera House stock company in Los Angeles, which association was followed by six years under the Burbank banner. Oliver Morosco sent him east as star in “The Judge and the Jury,” and at the termination of this run, he placed himself under the management of Morosco,

Belasco, Frohman and the Shuberts, in succession. Next, he spent two years in Australia, and returning to America, went on tour in “The Bird of Paradise.”

He never flirted with the camera until Thomas H. Ince approached him, in 1915, and tossed a fat contract into his lap. Bill signed it and then put on the cloth and the inverted collar to shy at Billie Burke.

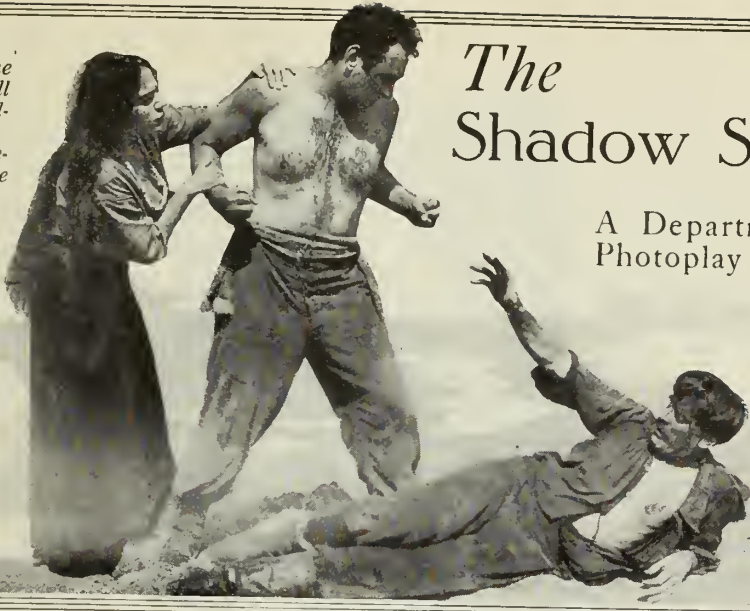


Desmond; Desmond and dogs; Desmond and Clara Williams in a recent Ince play.

Mabel Julienne Scott, Mitchell Lewis, (standing) and Edward Roseman, in a scene from "The Barrier."

The Shadow Stage

A Department of Photoplay Review



By Julian Johnson

THE month of which I write, resounding with the alarms and filled with the enthusiasms of our young war, has seen no radical departures, has been marked by no especial strides in photoplay presentation. Many screen dramas have been offered, and perhaps they have received an even more generous share of patronage than usual; but the country is in a mood for entertainment and removal from its heavy momentary cares; not for artistic experiments or for high-calibred shocks to its emotions, which are coming naturally enough in the course of every-day events.

The best photoplay I have seen this month is "The Barrier."

Here is a splendid example of author plus director. Mr. Beach, the literary caveman of the North, needs no introduction; Edgar Lewis, a camera *padrone* who carries a Bessemer fist in a plush mitten, will need none when "The Barrier" has been generally circulated. The narrative substance of Mr. Beach's story may or may not be familiar to you. It is enough, here, to say that the story is laid in its teller's preferential haunt, Alaska; that its primary concern is the love of a high-bred soldier for a girl he thinks a half-breed—

therefore *the barrier*; while its secondary motif is the darker and more sinister tale of a love outraged, of murder, of unjust accusation and outlawry. Not since Mr. Griffith exploded a whole rocket of unsuspected stars in the Dixon cinema has a cast so completely unknown scored such signal triumph. The days of easy star-making are past, and I do not believe that director Lewis's prodigies will planetize themselves—yet Mitchell Lewis, who comes out of obscurity to play 'Poleon Doret, the lovable 'breed, gives one of the most magnificent performances the silversheet has ever reflected. It is possibly the high mark in individual interpretations this year, although I would not care to make that statement without careful reflection. And another favorite leading woman assuredly springs full-armed in Mabel Julienne Scott, whose performances of Merridy and Necia are passionate, sincere, vital, flawless. Equal honors, too, are Russell Simpson's, for his alternately tender and ferocious delineation of Gaylord and Gale, the two personalities of the hunted man. In fact, a list of excellencies would include the cast entire, for such great small parts as the Bennett of Howard Hall, the Runnion of Edward Roseman

and W. J. Gross's delectable portrait of "No-Creek" Lee do not deserve oblivion in any account. Director Lewis wins the thanks of every being with an artistic soul for refusing to fade out on a hug. Instead, it is upon the final departure of Poleon, fantastic and blithely tragic, that the light expires.

"POPPY" is the best vehicle Norma Talmadge's talents have ridden in since "Panthea;" and in many ways it is a marker screen play, for, like the Cynthia Stokely novel from which it was

adapted, it has an unwonted freedom from the conventional manner of narration, and a remarkably effortless play upon and development of human character, both in its men and its women, rather than the fruitless stalking of the usual bad puppets and good puppets and mediocre puppets who are at once the furniture and cogs of contemporary screen drama. This author starts with the assumption that all her mimic people are more or less wicked, and that it's up to the years, experience, chastening sorrows and perhaps some love to make them a bit better, if not really good. Which is about like real life—isn't it? The action passes mainly in South Africa. Poppy Destin, bound out to a Scotchwoman who is a sort of super-Boer, vamps away to the swamps and freedom. Luce Abinger, a gentleman of slightly predatory instinct, finds her at the gate of his compound; takes her in, educates her, and, upon the verge of a departure for England, marries her with a French ceremony which she believes is legal adoption. The author now steps heavily upon the accelerator of probability when she asks us to believe that a young man wandering in the delirium of fever can be a genuine Don Juan; but after this shoal the tale flows in smooth lifelike-

Sessue Hayakawa, in "The Jaguar's Claws."



ness to its conclusion. Poppy sails to London, struggles for literary success, and beholds her beloved little nameless boy die in a fall from a window on the very day that triumph came. Eventually, back to Africa, where she divorces Abinger, and, after enduring a *barrage* of moral stone-throwing by a lady who lives in a large glass house, she weds Sir Evelyn Carson, her rare knight who could unite a temperature with temperament.

The easy, human performances of most of the people in this play assure us that screen naturalness not only endures, but flourishes. Miss Talmadge passes perfectly from short-frocked, barbarous childhood to slightly satiric, elegant maturity. There is not another camera woman who could so contrive this character's long range and unexpurgated catalogue of every female emotion. Eugene O'Brien is so fine as Carson that we wonder why we don't see more of his work before the camera. Frederick Perry brings all the assets of his acting maturity to Abinger, and there is a wonderful colored woman the cast doesn't name. Edward Jose is stamped by this picture a genuinely big-time director.

"A ROMANCE of the Redwoods" is not much on originality, but it is an innovation in lighting, and in the finish of its small details is perfection itself. In it Mary Pickford represents a New England virgin of the past mid-century, come the long, long way to California, and to a scalawag who keeps his head out of a halter by falsely impersonating her uncle, deceased via some arrows. The best part of the story is the first half, in which you wonder whether Jenny (Mary) will be sacked like Alexandria, or will make a real hero out of Black Brown, the hold-up

gentleman. Jenny's journey to her uncle, and the bandit's donning of her uncle's personality, as the wolf donned the comforts of Little Red Riding Hood's grandma, make a real situation. The last half of the play is a combination of "Salomy Jane" and "The Girl of the Golden West," without apologies. I wonder if Mary without her curls felt as Lady Godiva did charging down that ancient Fifth avenue minus her frock and all the and-so-forths? At any rate, she, Raymond Hatton, Elliott Dexter, Tully Marshall and Walter Long do some genuine acting. In illuminative novelty this piece is remarkable, and as an entertainment it is much more than passably good.

THE Lasky ministry puts forth a unique but excellent combination of players in "The Jaguar's Claws," a Mexican story of the usual sort. Sessue Hayakawa plays El Jaguar, a sort of sub-Villa, while Fritzi Brunette, formerly a Selig player, Tom Moore, Marjorie Daw, Tom Forman and Mabel Van Buren complete the cast. Direction by Marshall Neilan, and it is direction of the sort by which Neilan is making himself more notable each month.

If Olga Petrova had put her corsets back in the trunk, and had, for a few minutes, stood close enough to a stove to thaw out,

"The Undying Flame" would have been a very artistic, intelligent photodrama. It might not have been a world-beater in popularity, as its story is a bit archeological, but it had a thought, at any rate. The story is not one story, but two; the parallel between happenings in Egypt under the dynasty of the Shepherd kings, and under the British vice-regency. Mme. Petrova plays a Princess of the Aida period, and Grace Leslie, of the modern day. Her stays, under an Egyptian robe, are as apropos as ankle-length bloomers in the Follies. And she is eternal ice. Mahlon Hamilton is especially successful in his realization of an Egyptian shepherd.

Once more, Marshall Neilan: this time, thanks are due him for his delightfully human touches in screening Gene Stratton Porter's novel, "Freckles." Jack Pickford, Louise Huff and Hobart Bosworth are the principals of this pleasing play.

"Heart's Desire," featuring Marie Doro, is a story of the unworldly life on the island of St. Anne's, off the French coast. In it Miss Doro has the support of Mario



A scene from "A Romance of the Redwoods," with Mary Pickford.

Majeroni and other capable players.

Unfortunately, Margaret Illington cannot do any really effective work in the films as long as she photographs with such complete ineffectiveness as in "Sacrifice," her first-released Lasky play. A story of war and personal evils, it needed no great impetus of originality to place it in Russia. Miss Illington has a pair of parts: a young woman of considerable sophistication, and a young girl of considerable innocence. As the girl she has moments of great charm in appearance—moments; but as the woman of the world it is hard to understand how any civilized camera could have been so cruel.

"Unconquered" is a better dramatic implement than Fannie Ward has had thrust into her small hands in months. It is a story of modern society; of an impossible husband, and of course the third angle—the other man. Yet, withal, it is rather a human story; believable; well acted; intelligently directed; lavish in equipment, and ornamented with a number of extremely logical episodes. Miss

Ward, Jack Dean and Hobart Bosworth have the triangular assignments, while Tully Marshall has an extraordinarily good bit as Jake, a voodoo Ethio. This photoplay had good direction and scenery.

THERE is no excuse for a play as silly as "Her Better Self," the preposterous contraption put forth as a stellar carriage for Pauline Frederick. "Society" and the

"underworld," a monkeyish "count" and a natural American nobleman flicker against each other in sweet old-stuff relief. This is a real moving picture, of the flubdub type believed popular in "the slums"—if there are any such places. It makes its author ridiculous, it cheapens actors of the standing of Pauline Frederick and Thomas Meighan, and it is an absolute arraignment of the production department of Famous Players. Vignola, the director, did not better the contemptible scenario that came to his hands.

GEORGE BEBAN is badly in need of good scenarios. He is limited in his interpretative gifts, but it is better to be narrow and perfect than scatteringly mediocre. In "The Marcellini Millions" he limns an Italian truck-driver who comes into sudden wealth. To put poor Guido Bartelli across, with absolute ferocity, but at best, his

beholders seem no more than casually interested in the misadventures of this olive-skinned brother to the horses. They have seen it all before. Beban's Italian is an old story, for his writers have given him



A lofty moment in "Periwinkle," a new Minterplay.

nothing new. Helen Jerome Eddy, as Antonietta, is really the high spot of the picture.

"The World Apart" is the meaningless title of a pretty good Western play featuring Wallace Reid and Myrtle Stedman, and enhanced, as well, by the unfeared work of John W. Burton and Eugene Pallette.

House Peters and Kathlyn Williams have proven an excellent combination. "The Highway of Hope" has a real story: the account of an unvarnished chivalry and the grimly humorous desolation that comes to a man of refinement who, in a moment of alcoholic heroics, has married a slatternly ignoramus. When the man skids the woman begins to go up, and the poor thing he saved proves his own eventual salvation. Both Miss Williams and Mr. Peters bring all of their varied abilities to these roles.

FINE ARTS had a sunny finish. The good-bye work is O. Henry's "Madame Bo-Peep of the Ranches." sawed off in title to "Madame Bo-Peep." Scenes that sparkle with humanity race after each other in rapid succession, and the cast includes Seena Owen, A. D. Sears, Sam DeGrasse, Pauline Starke, Kate Bruce and Jennie Lee. Director, "Chet" Withey.

Action, speed, punch and humor—alas, "Bo-Peep" will have too few successors!

"Souls Triumphant" sounds more like a hymn by the late Fanny Crosby than the title of a Fine Arts photoplay. And it should have been. Nothing but one good fire scene to excuse its existence, and for the rest, a queer waste of such talents as Lillian Gish, Wilfred Lucas and Spottiswoode Aitken.

INCE plays are a bit lightweight this month. In fact, for several months Tom Ince's output has lacked that peculiarly individual force, that rugged human power which made this paper once call him "the Rodin of shadows." Apparently this is due to nothing more than Mr. Ince's artistic absence and overwhelming business presence; Triangle seems continually reorganizing itself, and T. H. I., little as he may like it, is the leading chip in that managerial swirl. I regret these things because the Ince niche is a distinctly individual one that no one else can fill. His once-unswerving output of big-gauge stories has become a flood of froth and futility, and they will continue to be froth and futility until Mr. Ince is less at the board meetings and more on the lot. "Bawbs o' the Blue Ridge" is a trifling



Emmy Wehlen, in "The Duchess of Doubt."



An early episode of "Poppy;" Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien.

and very mussy story of the Eastern mountains, deploying Bessie Barriscale in a sooty and bare-legged role.

"Wild Winship's Widow" is a better play than Dorothy Dalton has had in some time, although it leans a bit heavily on motion picture society and its ball-and-chain traditions. In it Miss Dalton portrays a comely relict determined to remain true to the memory of one whom it takes five reels to discover wasn't true to her.

The trouble with "The Millionaire Vagrant," Charlie Ray's latest contribution, is that it hovers uncertainly between placarding itself as comedy or drama, and the conclusion is apparent early in the second reel. Without suspense one merely endures.

Enid Bennett is, pictorially, perfect. And dramatically, meaningless. If there is anyone in pictures who can photograph

more divinely and really do less we should like to see the party. Miss Bennett is fast, graceful, athletic, smileful or tearful, not unamusing, and dramatically as shallow as a piece of tissue paper. Possibly the plays in which she has been cast account for this. Her recent play, called "Happiness" is, on the face of it, ridiculous. "The Girl, Glory," is not so bad, save that it treats the "licker evil" not as a physiologic misdemeanor and economic folly, but in the manner of a no-rum agitation up Maine way sixty years ago.

AND right here, a word for Mr. Ince's greatest star, William S. Hart. There's nothing new by Hart since "Wolf Lowry," but his prestige grows apace throughout the country, and deservedly. Hart is furnishing something more than Western motion pictures. Along with the best and most conscientious writers of

our time he is making a transcript of the West that was. His plays have not only external reality, but humanity. They reflect not only time and place, but the men and women of those times and places. A piece like "Wolf Lowry" is optic literature.

VIOLA DANA is today the orchid on Metro's breast. She has had a few very good plays, a repertoire of acceptable ones, and one or two which were awful—but she has gone on steadily, under the direction of her husband, John Collins, and now she can boast one of the biggest followings on the screens of this or any country. Of late she has been an Oriental. Her newest plays are "God's Law and Man's," adapted from Paul Trent's novel, "A Wife By Purchase;" and "Lady Bar-

nacle," taken from a short story by Edgar Franklin. In the first, behold her as the quaint and determined Eurasian girl, Amela; in the second, as Lakshima, daughter of a Maharajah. I am sorry that space forbids a more detailed description of these incense tales, which in the main are worth while, are well acted, well staged, and exploit the talents of a genuine young artist.

Another Metro climber is Emmy Wehlen, the Austro-English light opera comedienne who has been a very serious picture worker for more than a year. Miss Wehlen's recent vehicles, "Sowers and Reapers," and "The Duchess of Doubt," show a remarkable increase in talents which have been carefully maturing. Of the two plays "The Duchess of Doubt" is by far the more logical and believable. "Sowers and Reapers" is, in its main plot, pretty much the movie of other days.

Francis P. Elliott's fantastic story of a garment bewitched by an ancient Chinese empress, "The Haunted Pajamas," does good service applied to the two valiant legs of Harold Lockwood. These magic bifurcations fly about from person to person, and the string of complications moves faster and faster until, at the finale, the haunted pajamas are destroyed. Here is entertainment not only for the Lockwood lovers, but as well for that great portion of the public which never tires of legends of enchantment.

"The Call of Her People," adapted from Edward Sheldon's "Egypt," finds Ethel Barrymore in much the sort of role that Mabel Julianne Scott plays in "The Barrier," but compared to Miss Scott Miss Barrymore is heavy and slow. Nevertheless, "The Call of Her People" is a well-staged and carefully-made photoplay.

"The Millionaire's Double" is a swift, sustained yarn of adventure featuring that corking character-maker, Lionel Barrymore. Here is a piece with a punch, distinctly worth while. Let's hope that "Peter Ibbetson" will not chain the Barrymore brothers to the speaking stage.

WORLD should do well, in a programme way, with its French importations. The difference between pictures made in France and pictures made in America by French directors of the average sort is that the first are directed normally, for their foreign atmosphere and surroundings, while the second have Gallic gestures, Gallic traditions and Gallic beliefs grafted onto distinctly American situations. Result, a whole as harmonious as a Gothic jail in Iowa.

"Atonement," the first of the new Brady French pictures to be released, features Regina Padet, a sensuously beautiful actress, in a melodrama of that school whose primitive power and direct human passions produced "I Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria Rusticana." But the best thing about "Atonement" is the acting presence of that truly great screen player, Albert Signer, whom you may remember as the schoolmaster, in "Mothers of France." If this undemonstrative, forceful man comes to America, as has been promised, he will, under proper direction, give every American character actor the fastest workout he ever had.

"The Crimson Dove," despite its sissy name, is a rattling good play of the modern frontier—this time a lumber camp—



Gail Kane,
in "The
Upper
Crust."

featuring Carlyle Blackwell and June Elvidge.

"A Naked Soul" is the second of the World French photoplays. While a tragedy perhaps too somber for the majority of audiences in the present anxious times, it is nevertheless finely done, and will commend itself to the discerning. You will like Susan Grandaise, who is beautiful, simple and girlish.

"Yankee Pluck," a trite, cheap story by Willard Mack, has been well produced, and especially well acted by a cast including Ethel Clayton, Montagu Love, Charles Bowser and Johnny Hines.

Magazine editors have one supreme contempt: it is reserved for the man who has to "pull a fire" to end his story. Shannon Fife starts not badly, in his play of serious purpose, "Maternity," but he gets so tangled up in fire and disaster that the finish is not worth staying for. Alice Brady, a young wife who fears motherhood, is the central figure of this sociologic photoplay.

"Moral Courage," or the flip girl's cheating revenge on father-in-law, vouchsafes Muriel Ostriche in very pleasing personality, if in a scarcely possible play. It is interesting to note that Romaine Fielding directed—and a pretty good job he made of it, too.

H. RIDER HAGGARD'S "Jess" has been worked over into a scenario called "Heart and Soul," for Theda Bara. One of Miss Bara's peculiarities seems to be that goodness kills her. She thrives in the vitriol of villainy, but when frozen in virtue—as Cigarette, or Jess, or any of the well-meaning girls in whose personalities she has expired—you may be sure that she has but five scant reels to live. Harry Hilliard is here, pleasantly enough; Claire Whitney is chemically pure, and Walter

An episode from "The Squaw Man's Son." In the foreground: Anita King and Wallace Reid.



Law is the most perfectly awful man. There is a lot of excitement in this cinema.

George Walsh is evidently pursuing Doug Fairbanks' hurdle records with "The Book Agent," a rushing comedy drama of unusually lively sort, directed by Otis Turner.

Stewart Holmes is in line for congratulations, for he is not content to rest upon the laurels of a peculiarly original kind of villainy. Instead, he is going after character stuff, and going after it hard. Witness, his newest vehicle, "A Broadway Sport."

DORIS KENYON. Thomas Holding and Paul Gordon are the luminaries of "The Great White

Trail," an Alaskan melodrama made by the Whartons and put forth by Pathe. The piece is not a novelty, nor is it especially keen in its character descriptions, but it is swift, direct melodrama; for the regular picture-patron it will prove real entertainment.

Despite a shockingly trite and commonplace story, the acting of Edwin Arden, Gertrude Berkely, Forrest Winant, Helene Chadwick and Leonore Harris make "The Iron Heart" worth while.

George Fitzmaurice directed "The Iron Heart," and he also directed, and probably saved, "Blind Man's Luck," which deploys the talents of Mollie King. What couldn't Mollie King do in a real story!

FROM time to time Lois Weber has essayed plays with purposes, but in "The Hand that Rocks the Cradle" she strikes pure propaganda. And the propaganda, which is birth control, will probably hit various snags in its course through the country, although it voids more smoke than fire, and no declarations more revolutionary

than the reiterated argument that large families are often a curse to poor people. The best performance in the piece is given by Evelyn Selby, as the wife of a laboring man, most adequately represented by Harry de More. We follow Sarah from her awkwardly coy wedding day to those drearier days when her offspring have assumed the proportions of a herd, and she has grown old and frantic with care. Miss Selby's is really a remarkable performance. Miss Weber herself plays a good part, Phillips Smalley is at his very best as a physician, and the production as a whole is marked by that air of finished realism which is the Weber trademark. I wouldn't call this an attempt to capitalize the Margaret Sanger notoriety, for I think Lois Weber is a bit bigger than that—nevertheless, a photoplay of this sort is a waste of time.

Among other Universal offerings—

"Bringing Home Father." A town politics satire, in which Franklyn Farnum smiles so persistently and irritatingly that

just one little tear would be as welcome relief as a rain in Death Valley.

"Southern Justice." A genuine story of the Cumberlands, featuring Myrtle Gonzalez and George Hernandez. A good scenario, good acting, good photography.

"The Dolls' House." Ibsen is going around the camera field as he swept the women's clubs, twenty years ago. This production, a very careful, thoughtful one, was made by Joseph DeGrasse, and it is evident that Mr. DeGrasse approached his task not only with enthusiasm, but with reverence. Dorothy Phillips, as Nora, and Lon Chaney, as Nils Krogstad, are the most successful members of the cast.

"Treason." A poor story, uncertainly directed by Allen Holubar, who also performs one of the principal persons.

"Like Wildfire." Here Herbert Rawlinson and Neva Gerber act out a tableaux based upon the romance of a five-and-ten-cent store. Obvious, but where I saw it they liked it.

(Continued on page 143)

Bessie Barriscale as a teller of tales in "Bawbs o' Blue Ridge."





Jacqueline's home, and Jackie's car.

The Girl on the Cover

By Allen Corliss



Jackie is an ardent Golfer in her spare moments.

SHE was christened "Jacqueline" some 24 years ago in the City of Brotherly Love, but no one but her Sunday School teacher ever called her that. To every one else she has been Jackie and not even a secure place in the film firmament together with a big house overlooking the broad and gentle Pacific Ocean have brought about any desire for a more sonorous or dignified front name.

*You think this is a
snap? You're right—
it's a ginger-snap!*



Miss Saunders began her career as an art model and is now regarded as one of the best culinary experts in the actorial profession. She can cook or bake anything that was ever thought of by the most deft of cuisine dabblers and this constitutes her favorite sport.

What has art modelling got to do with cooking?

Nothing at all.

It just goes to show that there is art in anything that is well done.

Getting back to those early days however, Jackie posed for such noted masters of the brush as Howard C. Christy, Harrison Fisher and Clarence Underwood.



*Jackie boasts an aviary full of
brilliant-feathered pets.*

Before that time however, Miss Saunders had been a child dancer before the foot-lights. She made her debut in Atlantic City with a troupe of "dancing dolls" and was such a success that she turned to the stage for her life work.

"I made up my mind that I wouldn't start at the bottom," said Miss Saunders in recounting her early adventures, "so when I applied for an engagement and was asked if I had had camera experience, I said 'yes.' I was cast for a leading part and my first scene was in front of Grace Church in New York. I had to rush up and kill, with a dagger, a girl going in to be married. We did the thing without rehearsing. I was so frightened that I didn't know what I was about. A big crowd was looking on. But the picture came out fine, so I made good from the start."

Then, as all stars of the motion pictures began to trek westward, Miss Saunders followed suit. After working in various studios, she joined the Balboa forces at Long Beach, and has been there three years.

The first big picture that brought this young star to the favorable notice of screen followers was "The Will O' the Wisp." It gave her ebullient personality free rein to disport itself. Then came "The Rose of the Alley," which was Miss Saunders' own story. She developed it into a four-reel scenario herself. Other striking pieces in which she has been featured are "Reaping the Whirlwind," "Ill Starred Babbie," "A Bolt from the Sky," "The Shrine of Happiness," "The Grip of Evil," a Balboa serial, "Sunny Jane," "The Wildcat," and others, these latter being on the Mutual program.

"Do I like pictures?" echoed Miss Saunders in reply to a question. "Why shouldn't I? All the prominence I have ever achieved has been before the camera. It has been a glorious adventure. I like the life and the activity of the cinema world. But some day I hope to have a chance before the public. I think there will be opportunities for players to alternate between the stage and the screen, in the future. But right now, I am satisfied where I am."

THEY CAN'T BE KEPT APART



Mae Marsh and Robert Harron, re-united at the Goldwyn studio. They are the central figures. At the left, director Jack Noble; at the right, cameraman George Hill.

It Should Have Been Different

THAT IS, VIVIAN MARTIN'S MIDDLE INITIAL SHOULD HAVE BEEN AN "I" INSTEAD OF AN "L"

By Kenneth MacGaffey

WHEN Vivian Martin's little pink eyelids fluttered for the first time she gazed cut upon the great city of Sparta, Mich.

With that magnificent decision which has characterized every momentous epoch of her illustrious career, she decided that Sparta was no place to begin a stage career—and she moved.

Before her departure, however, at the age of two months, she attended to a small detail con-

nected with her future convenience, and to save friends from embarrassment. You know there is nothing more annoying than a popular society girl who has no name, whatever or however. So our baby heroine, again

*Her breakfast:
coffee and
"Photoplay."*





"Vim" is the slang for "pep," and it is the only word in the frequently broken English language which really describes Miss Martin.

Alas! How little names and initials usually mean, considering our haphazard system of nomenclature. Many a Percy is driving a truck, and in the past of many an aesthetic dancer lurks a Mike. One of the sweetest chorus boys I ever knew gave himself a fancy moniker that sounded like a Belgian church, whereas the parish priest had christened him Luke O'Brien. And "Julian Eltinge" votes as plain Bill Dalton.

Be these things as they may and must—

Our grammar-grade histories tell us that at four years, after reviewing all trades, professions, arts and jobs, little Vivian selected the stage as the fortunate medium for the

To her fast little car she is not only racing driver, but mechanic. Below, you see her in a scene from "The Wishing Ring."

evidencing that decision and forethought, had herself christened. After a considerable discussion the conference committee having this in charge decided that little *It* should be called *Vivian Louise Martin*.

Napoleon, it is said, lost Waterloo and the world because it rained on the June night before the great battle. Vivian Louise Martin probably didn't lose anything, present or future, because her middle name commenced with an "L," but a great opportunity passed by without even putting on the brakes.

If Vivian's parents had gazed into the future they would have made that "L" an "I," at any cost, so that now, on the Morosco star's gray roadster the initials reading "V L M," which mean nothing, would instead read "V I M."



expression of her abundant talents, and permitted the late Richard Mansfield to give her a part in "Cyrano de Bergerac."

Then society demanded its toll, and the youthful artist was taken from the stage and sent to school. When she decided that the teachers had nothing on her, as far as general knowledge was concerned, the footlights began winking at her again.

About this time the late Charles Frohman, deciding that Maude Adams was making so tremendous a success in "Peter Pan" that the country could stand a duplicate, sat at his desk one gay morning, going over the list of eligibles, much in manner and quantity as your Uncle Sam reviews the draft registration. And in walked, practically unannounced, an elfish, piquant little body who wanted to know what Mr. Frohman had for her.

While Mr. Frohman was peeking under the table, trying to find the breath that this audacity had knocked out of him, the visitor spoke.

"I'm just the Peter Pan you're looking

Holbrook Blinn and Miss Martin, in one of the wee star's first photoplays.



for," she announced with such sweet assurance that she got the job. And she Petered for more than two years without being panned once.

Then Mr. Frohman put her in "Father and the Boys," with William H. Crane, and later she scored in "Officer 666," "Stop Thief," and "The Only Son."

Then came the inevitable camera call.

Three photoplays in the East, and Oliver Morosco grabbed her with a contract, and sent her to California.

Miss Martin has been playing with Louise Huff and Jack Pickford at the Morosco studios, lately.

Louise is her particular chum and accomplice in crimes, the most glaring of which were the hiding of Hobart Bosworth's moustache, and the kidnaping and concealment of Lottie Pickford's tiny daughter, for more than an hour. She has even been known to pick on poor, defenseless little Wallie Reid, just because Wallie is learning to play the saxophone.

For recreation Miss Martin drives her car into inaccessible spots, or worries a tennis ball.

For the Puzzle Fans

ANSWERS TO THE EYE PUZZLE

LAST month the answers to the Eye Puzzle in the May issue were accidentally omitted. Here they are:

- | | |
|-----------------------|----------------------|
| 1 Blanche Sweet | 12 Crane Wilbur |
| 2 Henry Walthall | 13 Norma Talmadge |
| 3 Mary Pickford | 14 Douglas Fairbanks |
| 4 Francis Bushman | 15 Theda Bara |
| 5 Bessie Barriscale | 16 House Peters |
| 6 Anita Stewart | 17 Mary Miles Minter |
| 7 Charles Chaplin | 18 William Farnum |
| 8 Clara Kimball Young | 19 Mae Marsh |
| 9 William Hart | 20 Mabel Normand |
| 10 Geraldine Farrar | 21 Charles Ray |
| 11 Marguerite Clark | 22 Ethel Clayton |

ANSWERS TO THE LIP PUZZLE

HERE are the answers to the Lip Puzzle, which appeared in the June issue of this magazine.

- | | |
|--------------------|----------------------|
| 1 Anita Stewart | 11 Douglas Fairbanks |
| 2 Wallace Reid | 12 Grace Cunard |
| 3 Mabel Normand | 13 Charles Ray |
| 4 Charles Chaplin | 14 Mary Pickford |
| 5 Blanche Sweet | 15 William Hart |
| 6 Francis Bushman | 16 Kathlyn Williams |
| 7 Helen Holmes | 17 Earle Williams |
| 8 Roscoe Arbuckle | 18 Pearl White |
| 9 Clara K. Young | 19 William Desmond |
| 10 Harold Lockwood | 20 Ethel Clayton |

HEAVY ARTILLERY OF CHURCH AND STAGE



How often you see the interior of a church, or the interior of an old-fashioned theatre—so simple in its appointments, and so naturally lighted that Kliege lamps and Cooper-Hewitts seem a thousand miles removed. Yet here's the reality: a veritable furnace of light above, behind and at each side. Back of it all the director, like a general in a battle, and his howitzer of a camera.

“A Lotta Bunk, Mary”

MARY THURMAN, the beautiful titian of Keystone, whose athletic prowess has not been hidden under a bushel by the Sennett intelligence bureau, was the heroine of a recent tale regarding some of the athletic records she made while a student at Vassar. Most beautiful actresses of screenland are graduates of that feminine institution of learning, if all press agents are to be believed. But that's another story.

A Keystone director was reading one of these stories recently and upon completing it, cast it aside with a disgusted grimace. “A lotta bunk, Mary,” he declaimed with the air of one who could not be fooled. “I’ll bet that not even any of the fellows at Vassar could make such records.”

A Man of Many Mothers



Fannie Ward takes Billy to lunch — and Billy takes the lunch to himself.

HOW would you like to be mothered by Fannie Ward, Marie Doro and Blanche Sweet or big sistered by Mae Murray? Little Billy Jacobs, the five-year-old Lasky player, says it's all very well in its way but he'd much rather be a chauffeur.

Billy had been planning to be a policeman when he grew up. But he now owns an automobile, purchased by his parents from his savings, and he has decided to be a chauffeur with goggles and everything when his legs get long enough to reach the accelerator. Blonde maternal caresses and the attentions of petite silk-stockinged nurse maids now pall upon him. But we wonder if Bill is ever going to remember those scorned attentions with regret.

Billy, by the way, can point to a greater collection of celebrated parents than any other child in the universe. Every week finds him enjoying the motherly caresses of a celebrated film star—and being paid for it. Billy is equally cluttered up in the matter of fathers. A score or more of big names have paid him paternal attention.

But little Billy is patiently waiting the day when he can stand beside a fashionable limousine and say, "Where to, sir?" just like that.



A LITTLE girl with shining eyes sat huddled in a corner of the fire-place at "The Fisherman's Rest."

"Tell me that story all over again. Captain Barnaby. It was beautiful."

So the grizzled one-legged salt retold in glowing words the old, old story of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp, and Patsy Smith, the little household drudge at Mrs. Duff's sailors' boarding house, drank it in and believed every word of it.

"What became of the lamp, Captain Barnaby?"

But the retired sea-captain was getting sleepy. "Oh, the lamp's knocking around town somewhere," he said carelessly.

"You don't mean to say in this village?"

"Yes, some sailor brought it home with him from a long cruise." The captain's head was nodding.

"What did he look like?"

But Captain Barnaby was fast asleep in his chair.

Out of the house ran Patsy, first changing her night-garb for her gingham frock, just in time to escape the watchful Mrs. Duff, who could always find something else to be done after everything was as spick and span as soap and water could make it.

"Patsy, come back here," cried the dragon.

But already Patsy was half-way to the brow of the cliff, to meet Harry Hardy,



Aladdin's

When the genie of material
ever, came the greatest mir

By Jane



the grocer's boy. For Harry was not an ordinary grocer's boy. No, indeed! He was a fine, high-minded youth, and he was studying to be a lawyer. Ever before his eyes was the image of Abraham Lincoln, the ideal after whom he was moulding his life. Patsy had intended to tell him at once all about Aladdin and the lamp, but Harry was scowling at a paper he held in his hand, and the current of her thoughts was changed.

"Look at this," he commanded.

Patsy obligingly read it. "'Vote for Stephen Burley for Mayor.' Why, you can't, Harry, you're not old enough."

"I don't want to vote for him. I wouldn't vote for him if I could. But that's fame. Patsy! Some day my name is going to be on the handbills, running for Mayor."

Patsy's blue eyes opened wide. "You don't say!"

"I do say! And that's only the beginning! Then I'm going to be Congressman, and then I'm

going to be Governor, and then,—maybe I'll be President. Abraham Lincoln was!"

"Harry!"

"And you'll be there too, Patsy. You'll have servants, and beautiful dresses, and do your hair up high on your head—even if you are only a drudge now in Mrs. Duff's boarding house."

Patsy's eyes flashed fire. "Well, I haven't always been Mrs. Duff's drudge.

Other Lamp

miracles had disappeared for-
e of all: a mother's love.

Priest

I can just remember, we used to have servants too. Only father was always scolding mother, and then she took me to live at my uncle's, and then father came one day and took me away on a boat. Then father died, and Captain Barnaby brought me to Mrs. Duff's. But I'm sure my dear beautiful mother is living, and I'm sure she's a wonderful lady—wonderful enough to belong to any President's family, so there!"

She gasped for breath. She had never talked so much at once in all her life, for Patsy was one of those rare and lovable persons, a dreamer of dreams. Harry made haste to comfort his little sweetheart. "I'm sure she's wonderful, Patsy. And we'll have her in the White House with us. But now you must go home. You mustn't catch cold and get sick again."

Alone once more, and in her quaint bed attire, back looking at the dying embers in the fire-place at "The Fisherman's Rest," Patsy's thoughts returned to that surprising person, Aladdin, and his wonderful lamp, which was now in this very village. If she could only find it she could rub it and wish for her beautiful mother to appear. Where could it be? She stared into the glowing coals until sour-faced Mrs. Duff came and sent her upstairs to bed. "Be off with you, now. We've got to get up early in the morning to clean out all that old rubbish in the attic to sell to the junk-peddler. It's been cluttering up the place long enough."

"Oh, Mrs. Duff, not my trunk too. I've never even seen the inside of it."

"Of course. How else am I going to get paid for your care and the doctor's bill when you were sick? Here, come back! You can't go until you've said your prayers."

Strange things were in the old trunk, curios brought from the far corners of the earth,—an old stone tablet with a strange inscription, a mummy, and an old lamp, of peculiar Oriental design, dull and battered. "A mess of rubbish," said Mrs. Duff to herself as she closed the trunk. "That won't

bring much." And it didn't, for Mr. Stimson, the junk-dealer, was a shrewd business man.

Next morning Patsy hurried with her work as never before, anxious to start out on her quest. She tried the crockery-store first.

"Do you happen to have Aladdin's lamp?" she asked Mr. Brown, the proprietor. Mr. Brown was a kindly man. He did not know what the little girl was up to, but thought he would humor her.

"Oh, you've made a mistake, Patsy. You'd never find a valuable lamp like that in a crockery and glassware store. It would break, you know. It ought to be made of metal. Try Mr. Stimson's. He has a lot of things that are all out of style. I have to keep up-to-date, you know."

As she didn't find the lamp anywhere else, and the people she asked only laughed at her, she went to Mr. Stimson's.

"Why, yes, I have such a lamp," he admitted.

Her heart beat high with hope. "Oh, did a sailor bring it to you?"

"I think he did," lied Mr. Stimson cheerfully.

"What did he look like?"

"Why, I think he was a one-eyed man.—yes, and he limped, too."

"It sounds likely," said Patsy. "How—how much is the lamp?"

"Five dollars."

"Keep it for me. Please keep it for me, Mr. Stimson," implored Patsy, and she was off like the wind to open her bank and give up all her worldly wealth in exchange for a battered old metal lamp. Her hoard amounted to \$4.90—and a beer-check that some sailor had given her in fun. Mr. Stimson balked at the \$4.90—but relented when he saw the beer-check. The wonderful lamp was Patsy's.

The rest of the day she could think of nothing but her treasure. She did not dare to touch it until she was alone for the night in her own little room under the eaves, where the rain sometimes made such a lovely soft patter that she couldn't help going to sleep. It was raining now. Patsy said goodnight to the cross Mrs. Duff,

"ALADDIN'S OTHER LAMP"

NARRATED, by permission from Willard Mack's photoplay of the same name, which has been produced by Metro Pictures Corporation with the following cast:

Patricia Smith, known as
Patsy *Viola Dana*
Harry Hardy..... *Robert Walker*
Genie Jehanarara
..... *Augustus Phillips*
Captain Barnaby..... *Henry Hallam*
Mrs. Duff..... *Ricca Allen*
Luke Stimson..... *Edward Elkus*
Mrs. Helen Smithfield.....
..... *Nellie Grant*
Judge Lawrence... *Louis B. Foley*

Sour-faced Mrs. Duff came and sent her to bed. "Be off with you, now. We've got to get up early in the morning."



"I can't say it," said Patsy. "Until I get a better education, I'll just have to call you Jennie." A shudder passed through the regal figure at having to answer to a name so undignified and feminine, but he was the slave of the lamp. He must obey.

"Two claps of the hands make me appear," said the Genie. "Three claps of the hands make me disappear. But beware how you clap four times,—for then I should disappear forever. What are your commands, fair lady?"

There were so many things Patsy wanted that she scarcely knew what to command first. The bare walls and ugly furniture met her view. "Jennie, I command you, change this room," she said haughtily, with her first use of her new-found authority.

Slowly, magically, the ugly room was transformed. The hideous, broken-down furniture gradually lost its outlines, and seemed to melt into more graceful lines. Magically it covered itself with rich and glowing tapestries, all in rose-color,—Patsy loved rose-color. In pure happiness she clapped her hands three times. The Genie disappeared. In a hurry, remembering the Genie's instructions, she clapped her hands twice, and he reappeared gasping for breath.

"Be careful, Patsy," he admonished. "Don't do that again."

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Patsy. "I will be more careful."

put on her little nightclothes, and when she was all ready for bed, with the rain making its soothing patter,—rubbed the lamp.

There was a flash, and then utter darkness. Was it lightning? But no! there before her appeared out of the very atmosphere a wonderful figure, fierce and magnificent, his robes somewhat tattered after his two thousand years' imprisonment—the genie of Aladdin's lamp! Patsy could scarcely believe her eyes.

"Who—who are you?" she gasped.

The vision bowed low. "The Genie Jehaunarara, at your service."

"What is your next command?" asked "Jennie," bowing low.

A flood of memories poured itself into the girl's mind—years filled with Mrs. Duff's scoldings, coldness, and petty cruelties, years in which no love or kindness from her had warmed Patsy's misunderstood little heart.

"Change Mrs. Duff into a rag doll!" she commanded.

"It is done!" said the Genie. "Let's go and see. I'm from Missouri," said Patsy. So grabbing the dignified Genie by the hand she ran with him downstairs to Mrs. Duff's room, forgetting that if she had wished it they might have simply melted through the ceiling. Sure enough, there was Mrs. Duff, lying on the bed, shrunk to the size of a rag doll. "She doesn't fit in the bed, does she?" said Patsy. So she took her up and pinned her to the window curtain. "There! she makes a nice ornament, which she never did in life."

Captain Barnaby, hearing unusual noises of mirth, had come to find out the meaning of it. "Oh, Jennie, make the Captain's other leg grow good again." Instantly it was done, and Captain Barnaby joined Patsy in a glorious game of tossing the rag doll, Mrs. Duff, around the room.

Then Patsy, discovering that her other wishes had been granted, dared to ask the Genie Jehaunarara for her heart's desire. "Jennie," she pleaded, "take me to my mother."

He shook his head sadly. "Love, the greatest thing in the world," he said, "is the one thing I cannot give you. All other things are only substitutes for it. Those I can give you in abundance, but that is not within my magic power."

Patsy just had to cry—she couldn't help it. But a new hope dawned. Harry was so clever. He would be able to help the Genie find her mother. In a moment they had wished themselves into Harry's room, the Genie, the Captain and Patsy. But Harry was not there.

"Harry has gone to a masquerade ball," said the Genie.

"Let's go," said Patsy. "Let's go in an automobile."

"What kind?" asked the Genie.

Patsy asked for the only kind she knew. "A Ford! a Ford limousine!"

So in a specially constructed machine

they went to the ball, which was at Norma Dallas' house. Norma Dallas was the richest girl in the village, and Patsy was dreadfully jealous of her. "Give me a *beautiful* costume," Patsy commanded Jennie,—"*much prettier than Norma's.*" Then she smiled at Harry, and he couldn't help admiring her more than he did Norma, and she danced nearly every dance with him.

After the grand march prizes were awarded for the best costumes, and the Genie got first prize. His disgust was complete when they fastened on him a wrist-watch. "What is time to a man who has to spend thousands of years cooped up in a lamp?" he grumbled under his breath. But aloud he said, "Thank you," very graciously. Then everybody applauded, and Patsy applauded with them.

She had clapped four times before she knew what she was doing, and the Genie, with one last reproachful look at Patsy, disappeared in a cloud of smoke—gone forever. There was Patsy, standing in the midst of the gorgeously appareled company in the little night-drawers in which she had gone to bed! Everybody laughed, and Patsy, covered with shame and mortification, rushed from the house into the garden and cried as if her heart would break. A beautiful woman, the only one who had not laughed, came out to comfort her! It was her mother! Patsy held out her arms to her—and woke up! Mother, Genie, and rag doll—all were dreams and dream-fancies!

Patsy took that old lamp she had bought from Mr. Stimson and threw it just as hard as she could, right out of the open window. It came near hitting Harry Hardy, the grocer's boy, who was passing in the early morning on his way to work. Instead, it glanced past him, hitting the pavement, the top coming off as it rebounded, spilling papers and trinkets all around. Looking up to find out where it come from, Harry saw Patsy's frightened face at the window. He picked up the scattered bits, and she ran downstairs to join him. Together the two sat on the door step in the early dawn and read the letters that had been hidden so long in the old trunk in the attic. One was from Patsy's mother, pleading with her husband to bring back her little girl. It was signed "Helen Smithfield."

"Then Smithfield must be my real name," said Patsy. "Mrs. Duff has always called me just Patsy Smith. Do you suppose my mother could be still living at the address given here?"

"Let's write and find out," suggested Harry.

"Oh, no, a letter isn't quick enough.

Let's send a telegram." But Patsy had spent every cent she had in the world for the lamp, so Harry went downtown and sent the telegram for her.

Miracles do happen sometimes in this wonderful old world. Mrs. Smithfield did live at the same address, in the old family home with Patsy's uncle, Judge Lawrence. A wire saying simply, "Coming. Mother," was sent to Miss Patricia Smithfield, and then bags were hastily packed for the journey.

Never did a train move so slowly. "Wasn't it possible to get a faster train?" Mrs. Smithfield asked her brother. "This



The rest of the day she could think of nothing but her treasure.

is an express, Helen," he answered, with a smile of sympathy for her anxious mother heart, "we couldn't go any faster except by aeroplane."

* * * *

In the dingy parlor of "The Fisherman's Rest" Patsy, Captain Barnaby and Harry awaited their arrival. They came in a wonderful motor car—not a dream one. The meeting between the mother and her poor little neglected girl was too sacred, too touching for other eyes to witness. The men cleared their throats, and went outside on the doorstep to get acquainted. Then, throwing herself on her mother's bosom, Patsy sobbed out the loneliness and accumulated heartaches of her years under Mrs. Duff's roof. But happiness gleamed like a rainbow through her tears. Never again would sorrow come near her. Here was a mother more beautiful than any she had imagined. The realization was better than any dream, and the old lamp, so long lost sight of in the attic, had brought her more joy than Aladdin's lamp had ever known.

The men came in from the ricketty old porch of "The Fisherman's Rest." "This young man wants to be a lawyer," said the Judge, placing his hand on Harry's shoulder, "so he's coming along with me. I've persuaded him to give up the grocery business for a while, and read law in my office."

Into this earthly heaven intruded Mrs. Duff, who wanted to know the meaning of the scene. "It means I am leaving your services," said Patsy with quaint dignity. "You will have to get another girl."

Mrs. Duff raised a corner of her apron and wiped her eyes. Could it be that she was really fond of Patsy after all? Or were they only crocodile tears? Who but Mrs. Duff could say? Anyway, Patsy decided to be magnanimous, and bestowed a forgiving smile on Mrs. Duff as she left her house forever.

What happiness there was in that new home! What amazing things to see, and what difficult things to learn! With all the seriousness and sincerity of her loving little heart Patsy set about this new task of learning to be a lady, to make herself worthy of this beautiful mother. The madcap Patsy had vanished. In her place was a demure, dainty maiden named Patricia. But Patricia, like Patsy, was true-hearted. Her thoughts were still of Harry, the grocer's boy, although now he was young Mr. Hardy, Judge Lawrence's assistant.

Patsy saw very little of Harry now. She knew he devoted most of his time to study, for she had heard her Uncle remark, "Mr. Hardy is making great progress; a most ambitious young man," and Patsy wondered if ambition had crowded love out of his heart.

He called to see her one afternoon, his arms full of law books he intended to study that evening. The image of Abraham Lincoln still loomed large in his mind.

and Patsy was a living incentive, always urging him on to greater effort. Patsy very charming in a little white frock ran to greet him. And what a happy little visit they had! They talked of Patsy's good fortune and Harry's future, which most certainly included Patsy.

And the battered old lamp that had brought about so much happiness and made possible the realization of their dreams, now occupied the place of honor in a very handsome cabinet. Harry gazed at the lamp and smiled. "It has brought us a lot already, Patsy—I mean Patricia," he said apologetically. "If it isn't Aladdin's original lamp at least it's his other lamp. And I believe it is going to bring us the rest."

"The rest?" asked Patricia, with smiling eyes.

"You know!" he said, bashfully taking her hand "You—and I—and your beautiful mother—in the White House."

If You Have Any Friends

who are so unfortunate as not to be acquainted with **PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE**, don't allow them to live in the darkness any longer. Throw a ray of sunshine into their drab lives.

How? Just send their names and addresses in to **PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE** and we'll turn on the sunshine.

How'll we do it? We'll just send them a sample copy. That's all.

Do it now.

Palestine Among the Peons

When a little old town down in the land of cactus, sand and sagebrush, where the inhabitants are *supposed* to strut about with flaming bandannas draped around their necks and a bevy of bullet propellers decorating their waist lines, comes at you with the serious assertion that they are going to produce Bible motion pictures in those parts, *it* kind o' makes you take quick breaths and forthwith begin to visualize a certain member of the Old Timers' Club named Annanias, doesn't it?

And yet that is exactly what the New Mexico city of Las Vegas has up and announced. They have discovered, after a thorough investigation in other localities, that their topography is as near Palestine as any other spot in North America. A Bibleland expert shewed them in their

hills exact reproductions of the Horn of Hatton where occurred the Sermon on the Mount, Mount Hermon—the scene of the Transfiguration, the Garden of Gethsemane and many other holy land-like places. As a result the Bible Film Company will begin immediately the production of Bible motion pictures. Every foot of film will be censored by a board of inter-denominational nationally known clergymen. This procedure will not only insure the proper sacred treatment, historical and chronological correctness of the new company's output but will also practically guarantee its entree into churches, Y. M. C. A.'s and similar institutions.

The Bible Film Company's studio and plant is located at the famous Montezuma Hot Springs, six miles north of Las Vegas.

T H E I N C E O F E T H I O P I A



Photo by Stagz

This is a very remarkable camera. Its brunette operator assures us that he shoots in any light, and that a picture taken with it in the dead of night would be just as good as one exposed in California's dazzling moon.

Plays and Players

FACTS AND NEAR-FACTS ABOUT THE
GREAT AND NEAR-GREAT OF FILMLAND

By Cal York

WHO will they take? has been the big question of the month with reference to the conscription law and the male stars of the shadow stage. A majority of them are within the limits prescribed as to age and it is more than likely that the film world will be robbed, temporarily at least, of many of its luminaries when the draft is made. Those who have passed the age maximum of the initial draft are not without their worries however, especially those who are in the big money class. The increased income tax has made some of them wish they had muzzled the press agent concerning their new contracts.

THE picture people have done their part in stimulating recruiting and the purchase of war bonds. The screen has been a big factor in the happenings of the last few months and those associated with the film industry have not been backward in showing their patriotism in a material way. In all of the big studios every effort was made to cooperate with the government in doing their "bit." And sometimes it was a pretty good sized "bit."

RUTH ROLAND quit California a few months ago for the so-called effete East. Except for a few letters telling of her extreme loneliness, her Los Angeles friends heard little of her. Then one day came word that Ruth had wed. It was a big sensation in Los Angeles, Hollywood and Long Beach to say nothing of Gasoline Row; the latter because the newest addition to the "Only Their Husbands Club" is a well known auto salesman of Los Angeles. The ceremony was per-

formed at Patchogue, N. Y. For the benefit of those who are interested in the identity of the husbands of the stars, it may be added that the name of the husband is Lionel E. Kent.

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG and Louis J. Selznick have come to the parting of the ways, as they say. At least this is inferred because of the suit recently brought by Miss Young for an accounting of the fiscal affairs of the Clara Kimball Young Corporation. The complaint of the actress alleges that the profits on her pictures amounted to something like \$600,000 while all she received was a beggarly thousand plunks a week. The reply of her manager is that the break came because he refused to pay a "personal manager" of her own selection an absurd salary. Coupled

with reports that the Mabel Normand Feature Film Corporation had likewise succumbed after the completion of "Mickey," the solitary photoplay of that concern the Young incident caused quite a flurry in the "stars in their own corporations" movement.

HERBERT STANDING, the veteran player, has broken into the court records with a lawsuit against the William Fox Company. He alleges that he was engaged to play in a photoplay and that the contract was broken before its filming was begun. He asks \$900 damages.

MARY MACLAREN has taken the offensive in her war with Universal. Following her legal victory in the Los Angeles courts over the right to break her contract and to use her stage name elsewhere, Miss



This cuddling departure was Bill Hart's. At the moment the photographer stepped on his bulb a dozen or more young women, gathered at La Grande Station, Los Angeles, on the eve of Mr. Hart's recent tour to New York and other provinces, were wondering if the Caruso of horse opera would kiss them good-bye. (Editor's Note: We think he did.)

MacLaren's attorneys filed an injunction suit asking that the film company be restrained from interfering in any manner with the exhibition of Miss MacLaren's films made by her own company which recently began work. The new pictures are being made at the Horsley studio in Los Angeles.

KALEM seems to be another of the pioneer film companies to feel the keen competition in the film market. Soon after the closing of the Jacksonville studio, business was almost completely suspended at the Glendale, Cal., studio of the company. Helen Gibson, successor to Helen Holmes in the "Hazards" series, went to Universal, the company headed by Marin Sais was turned out to pasture and the Ham and Bud partnership alone remained to keep the plant open.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS had a birthday party at his Hollywood home in May. All the members of his company from Author Anita Loos down to the press agent were present. Bull Montana made the felicitation address and Spike Robinson poured. It was a very "suspicious occasion," as Signor Montana said in his remarks.

THE same week also saw a birthday party at Dustin Farnum's domicile a few blocks away. It was a surprise affair and was attended by the elite of the film colony, including the colleagues of Mr. Farnum at the Fox studio. Incidentally it marked the expiration of that player's contract with Fox.

CAPTAIN LESLIE T. PEACOCKE, well known scenario writer and filmplay expert whose articles in PHOToplay MAGAZINE have been widely read, is once more an actor. He will be seen next with Jackie Saunders in "Betty Be Good." Various reasons were assigned for the captain's lapse, the most credible one being that he had amassed a total of 42 fancy waistcoats of which he was eager to give the public the benefit.

"A M A N ' S Man," the Peter B. Kyne serial will be the celluloid vehicle for J. Warren Kerrigan's return to the screen after a year's seeing America first. It is being filmed at the Paralta studio



Charlie Ray was once a German comedian, so ardently demanded by the populace that he couldn't afford a store wig. This picture was taken in those awful times.

longer an Essanayist. His contract expired early in May and he quit Chicago for New York to look over a few volumes of proposed contracts. At this writing he had neither signed with another company nor started one of his own.

FRANK ELLIOTT has returned to the speaking stage and is now in Australia. Cyril Maude, playing "Grumpy," visited Los Angeles and ran across Elliott who had been on the screen so long that he had almost forgotten how to say "Curses." Elliott listened to the tempter and sailed for the Antipodes.

WHILE impersonating a Red Cross nurse on a Belgian battlefield near Fort Lee, New Jersey, Miss Kitty Gordon, World star, narrowly escaped serious injury by the explosion of a bomb. Quick action by a cameraman saved Miss Gordon but Miss Pinna Nesbitt, a member of her company, was painfully burned.

TAYLOR HOLMES who created the title role in the dramatization of Harry Leon Wilson's great story "Bunker Bean," has gone into 'em. He is now a member of the Essanay staff of stars and will perform in comedies upon which that company is now concentrating.

EVEN people in the film "game" gave pause, so to say, when they read a little news item recently to the effect that Col. William Selig had observed the twenty-first anniversary of his association with motion pictures. In an industry which counts five years a generation, 21 years is a century. It was Colonel Selig who discovered California in 1909 when he sent the first motion picture company to Los Angeles.



Yes, a duck and a chicken will sometimes fraternize. Behold Gloria Joy, Balboa's tiny leading lady, and what tags after her.

HENRY KING, who acquired directorial fame for his photoplays with Baby Marie Osborne, the Little Mary Sunshine of the films, has forsaken kids for grownups. He is now in Santa Barbara, Cal., looking after the cinematic welfare of Gail Kane.

GEORGE LARKIN, one of the pioneer stunt daredevils of the screen, is to be seen next in a drama with Marguerite Courtot done by the France Film Company. Larkin was last with Kalem in serials.

PAULINE FREDERICK gave a display of her patriotism recently by paying \$500 for a silken American flag at the Actors' Fund Fair and dedicating it to the first regiment going abroad. It was consecrated at the Fair with the singing of the National anthem by Mme. Louise Homer, the operatic star.

MAE MURRAY is no longer a Famous Player-Lasky star. Just what happened has not been divulged but soon after the diminutive ex-Follies star had signed a new two year contract, something occurred to sever her relations with her film sponsors. Robert Leonard, Miss Murray's director, also resigned.

THERE are all sorts of rumors going the rounds about Charley Chaplin's plans for the coming year. It is a well authenticated fact that the comedian has rejected several offers of what is commonly referred to as a cool million for a series of twelve two-reel comedies. He asked that meager stipend for eight of them, a rather staggering amount, and there were no takers. This, however, did not worry Charles, it is said, as he prefers to make pictures on his own hook and sell them himself. In these days of aviating grub, one must do the best one can for one self. The avowed ambition of Chaplin is to do at least one big dramatic feature, in order to show the world that he is something more than a clown. To this end he has purchased the rights to Hall Caine's "The Prodigal Son" and will film it with himself in the title role. His brother Syd Chaplin is also to have a part in it. Of course if Charley is drafted it will have some effect on his future plans.

PAUL POWELL is the latest directorial acquisition at the Fox Hollywood studio. He has forsaken Bessie Love at Culver City to become the mentor of George Walsh, referred to by Fox scribes as "gingery," "full of pep," etc. Powell was formerly a newspaper reporter and is a graduate of the Griffith school of direction.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., will probably grow up to be a humorist unless his father takes steps to curb his funniness. The other day young Douglas who is just half-past-seven, was swapping stories with some of the neighborhood kids. "Say" said one of them, "why does everybody call your father 'Doug.'" "Oh," responded the son of the screen star, "I guess it's because his name is Herman."

S RANKIN DREW is the first of the well known film stars to enter actual service abroad. He joined the American Ambulance Corps as a driver after completing his contract with Metro. Mr. Drew is a son of Sidney Drew and was with Vitagraph for a number of years. His biggest job with that company was "The Girl Philippa" which he directed as well as playing the male lead opposite Anita Stewart. His last Metro was "The Belle of the Season" with Emmy Wehlen.



Lillian Gish's "passport picture," taken in New York early in May and attached to the passport permitting her to go to England.

MERGER note: William Russell, star of American-Mutuals and leading citizen of Santa Barbara, Cal., and Charlotte Burton, equally well known screener, were married in Los Angeles several weeks ago. They had a motor honeymoon and then took up their housekeeping duties at the Russell ranch on the outskirts of Santa Barbara. Miss Burton was with American for several years, both as ingenue, heavy and vamp.

FOLLOWING the completion of her war play "The Little American," Mary Pickford embarked on her picturization of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Marshall Neilan is directing it and Eugene O'Brien, who played opposite Miss Pickford in "Poor Little Peppina" is officiating in like manner in the newest Artercraft picture.

ANNA LITTLE has forsaken the bright lights of New York for her own beloved West, as it were. She will be seen next in her old familiar cowgirl role opposite Harold Lockwood in a "Western." All of the exteriors were made on the Hooker ranch, 40 miles from Prescott, Arizona.

VOGUE Films have passed out of vogue, so to speak. Ben Turpin, the eccentric portrayer of slapstick, hit the Keystone trail and Paddy McGuire went to the comedy department at the Fox studio.

JULIETTE DAY and Julia Sanderson have listened to "the old, old story" and signed contracts with Mutual. Miss Day is getting

her film education under the direction of Rolin Sturgeon at the American Santa Barbara studio and the star of "Sibyl" is getting wise to the camera in New York.

ART item: Everett Shinn, the famous illustrator, has taken up motion picture directing. He is doing it for Goldwyn pictures.

ALTHOUGH mystery enshrouds the Fairbanks cantonnement with respect to the successor to "Wild and Woolly," information has seeped out that the new vehicle of the irrepressible Douglas will be a sort of back-to-nature affair with the head of the Fairbanks family installed as the kaiser of a desert island.

BEN WILSON, Universalite, has joined the touring stars. That is, he is traveling about the country and showing up at theaters which are running his "Voice on the Wire" serials and giving the fans a treat. Bill Hart, the *presidente* of Inceville, spent a month trouping, and has just returned to the quiet life of the film plains after Pullmaning over the continent.

EUGENE MOORE who directed many of the Gladys Hulette photoplays for Thanhouser is now installed as a director at Universal City. He went west to look after the filming of Baby Marie Osborne and made several pictures in which the baby star shone.

BILLY BITZER, chief cameraman for D. W. Griffith, has followed his boss to the

This "compound hound" is one of the interesting freak dogs of the Lasky studio. He has a head like a wire terrier and the body of a Newfoundland. Mary Fairbanks and Doug Pickford seem to be friends of his.



Alma Reuben, an Ince acquirement from Fine Arts and soon to be starred in an important new series of Ince plays.

western front. When Griffith first wanted Bitzer to accompany him to Europe, the cameraman objected because of his Teutonic name and physiognomy, so it is presumed that Griffith squared things for his lieutenant after reaching the center of European gravity. In addition to films taken for the Allied governments, Griffith also secured thousands of feet of actual battle scenes which are to be shown in this country.

THERE was an exodus from the Lasky studio in Hollywood late in May. Those departing from DeMilleville were Jack Pickford, Louise Huff and Vivian Martin and the place to which they moved was the Morosco studio, three miles away. Of course it's all Paramount; merely a change of sectors on the film front and being bossed by General Eyton instead of General DeMille.

HARRY FISHER, well known for his work as a juvenile at the Fine Arts studio, was killed in an automobile accident in Los Angeles several weeks ago. He was 26 years old. He was a son of the Harry Fisher so long the team-mate of George Monroe, in musical comedy.

JACK GARDNER, recruited from the musical comedy stage, is upholding the traditions of Essanay on the West Coast. He is being starred in a series of western stories at the Culver City studio of the Chicago concern. Opposite him is Ruth King, wife of Tom Forman, the Laskyite.

LOS ANGELES recently had a stage revival. Tyrone Power, Monroe Salisbury, David Hartford, Winifred Greenwood and other film folk participated in a production of "Shenandoah" under the auspices of William Clune, the film producer and exhibitor. Then along came Kolb and Dill, the German comedians, with a new musical comedy entitled "The High Cost of Loving."

ARNOLD NOBELLO is a new acquisition of the Rolin Film Company in Los Angeles. For the benefit of those who never

heard of Arnold, it may be stated that he is Toto, the famous Hippodrome clown. He is to be featured in comedies

CARMEL MYERS is now a Universal star. The former Fine Arts actress was induced by President Carl Laemmle to sign a two year contract and she will be starred in Bluebird productions. Miss Myers is only 18 years old and is a discovery of D. W. Griffith who made her acquaintance while seeking information from her father, a Jewish rabbi and authority on Chaldean affairs, during the filming of "Intolerance."

MARY GARDEN has arrived in New York from Paris to begin the filming of "Thais" for the Goldwyn company. During her stay abroad Miss Garden purchased a cinema theater in Paris.

FRANCIS FORD is back at Universal City after a year's absence. He is merely directing at present, his star being Mae Gaston, formerly opposite to Crane Wilbur.

DID you ever hear that Charlie Ray and Chester Conklin once did a "Weber & Fields" act in small time vaudeville? It was before they became motion picture actors. When their respective shows closed for the summer they formed the partnership to get enough money to tide them over the lean summer months.

Charlie says he had spent all his money on his wardrobe for the regular show, and could not afford to buy a good wig for the act. So he sat up for two nights and made one out of a skull cap and some crepe hair.

And now he gets three suits a month from the most expensive tailor in Los Angeles.

IS D. W. Griffith making a photoplay in Europe? This is what his acquaintances furtively asked themselves the first of June, when some of his reliables began to slip to England, one after the other, with the secrecy of a French war mission dodging a fleet of waiting submarines. Mr. Griffith keeps his plans pretty much of a solo, consequently when he did not appear in May, as per schedule, the usual speculations were trotted out and put in motion. While he hovered between London and the Somme Mrs. Gish and her daughter Dorothy took passage for England.

On another line Lillian Gish had already sailed. Then a passport was issued for cameraman Bitzer, and he too went warward. Finally, Bobbie Harron turned his back on America. What's doing, anyway?

ALL publicity is not golden, as William S. Hart, who has just returned to California from a soul-trying mess of "public appearances" across thirty states, can tell you. Especially aggravating was his experience at an Indianapolis theatre on the 12th day of May. At this house, one of the leading photoplay theatres in the Indiana metropolis, the proprietor insisted upon two appearances by the time-pressed Hart. When it was explained that this was impossible he churlishly announced that he would keep a reel of film belonging to Hart personally, and which he had at that moment in his possession. This bluff being called he rushed into the street, threw open his doors, and announced to the crowds attracted by his clamor that "William S. Hart" is here to shake hands with my customers!" Poor Hart's nation-wide popularity did the rest; the place was mobbed, and it was an hour and twenty minutes before he reached his machine. On the following day this exhibitor attempted to cancel his Triangle contract "because of Hart's ungentlemanly and unbusinesslike actions." When exhibitors like this puppy can be kicked out of the trade, photoplay-showing will be a great business.



This young woman, Susan Grandaise, was only a few years ago the foremost French screen comedienne, making many of her best appearances in parts that were a bit risqué. She has not only turned to serious acting, but has become a tragedienne of great power and appeal, and is a stellar luminary in the new series of French screen plays being presented by World.

ANTONIO MORENO has just signed a Pathe contract, and will be leading man for Mrs. Vernon Castle, in her new series of five-reelers.

ALBERT SIGNER, the great French photoplay actor who played the schoolmaster in "Mothers of France," will come to this country to follow his profession.

HERE'S an interesting sidelight on all this gossip of Chaplin changes. It seems that in every new contract proposed by Chaplin there is one clause which is managerially dreadful: he wants no dates of release fixed on his pictures. Chaplin is now working for Mutual under a release-date clause which is usually not lived up to by a matter of weeks; but at least the clause is there, and he does get his new productions out in some sort of sequence.

Paul Is Quite Some Actor

BUT IT TOOK A NATION'S
FALL TO MAKE HIM FAMOUS

If took "The Fall of a Nation" to bring Paul Willis to the notice of the picture going public. Since then he has been gradually acquiring for himself a place in the sun of film fame.

Paul hails from Chicago. He had poor health there so his folks took him out to sunny California, where he got well in a hurry so he could get into the movies.

Vitagraph, then operating at Santa Monica, first gave Paul a chance to see himself in the celluloid. He was featured in short photoplays, two notable appearances having been "Little Kentuck" and "The Poor Folks' Boy." Majestic then gave him a lift in "The Little Lumberjack."

Thomas E. Dixon, the author, engaged Paul for his big spectacle "The Fall of a Nation" and he worked in the making of that film as little *Billy Holland* for nearly a year.

Then Paul graduated out of the infant class, assumed long trousers and started to work with Harold Lockwood at the Yorke-Metro studio in Los Angeles. He has appeared in "The Promise" and "The Haunted Pajamas" with Lockwood.

Paul has just celebrated his seventeenth birthday and if he keeps going along, he has a good chance of being a reg'lar star.

Here's Paul's last picture before donning long trousers.

Below: A scene from "The Fall of a Nation."



WHILE Jack Kavanaugh, gentleman adventurer, confirmed misogynist and recognized overlord of certain enchanted islands in the South Pacific, with his superintendent, young Harris, was occupying himself with a pearl concession on Kailu, and altogether regarding life in much the same fashion as Adam must have done before the advent of the millinery-and-lingerie division of the human race, society back in the States seemed stifling and unreal. And then one day this careless idling was interrupted by the arrival of Captain Billy Connor's *Favorite*, which dropped anchor in the lagoon

and discharged three passengers—a Massachusetts bishop, his sister, Mrs. Alice Stormsby; and their pretty niece, Enid Weare, the product of generations of strait-laced old New England culture. The visitors accepted Kavanaugh's hospitality and after a few days the bishop surprised him with a request that he and the two women be allowed to accompany him on his expedition down to Trocadero Island to look over a new pearl concession—and Kavanaugh gave permission. Almost anyone would, with Mrs. Stormsby's warm eyes upon him and the lovely proportions of Enid constantly before his eyes.

The expedition set out in Kavanaugh's ancient schooner *Circe*, which he intended replacing with a new one purchased in Samoa, as soon as he could reach the latter group. On board, besides the visitors, were Charley Dollar, a Kanake overseer, and the pearling crew.

Alter ten years of the free and easy life of the Pacific, it is rather vexing to be continually on one's guard for fear of offending the silly sensibility of a prudish schoolgirl, who flew into a sudden anger if the spill of the mainsail or any wanton eddy raised the hem of her skirt to reveal an inch or two of ankle.

The second day out, Enid had mistaken the time and come on deck half an hour too early, to find Kavanaugh in pajamas, brushing his teeth, and from her behavior for several hours, one might have thought that she had burst inadvertently upon a saturnalia. He felt like boxing her small, pink ears, with a good shake to follow, and had much ado to be polite.

Twenty-five miles from Trocadero, a howling South Sea squall drove the *Circe* on a reef. In the chaos that followed, Kavanaugh and Enid necessarily were thrown closer together than before—and she became more of an enigma.

All hands turned to load the boats with equipment and stores and set out for Trocadero, where they arrived safely. Here was a desert isle, here was the primitive, and here two men and two women must live until the boat crew, which had been dispatched for help,

could return with another vessel—possibly ten days.

In the midst of this predicament, pirate hordes from a neighboring group raided the island one morning before dawn, making away with every piece of moveable property save the silk pajamas and "nighties" in which the victims happened to be garbed. Alice Stormsby accepted this delicate situation sensibly, but Enid hysterically shut herself up in the bungalow. Obviously, some drastic action must be taken to bring her to reason, and when her frightened relatives declined to interfere, Jack Kavanaugh rashly entered and attempted to convince her that, as they were all in the same boat, she must turn to and lend a hand. No profaned modesty was now evident in Enid. She was in a white rage which took no heed of anything save the shame of his presence there, and she whipped suddenly around and gripped a

stool by one leg. A struggle ensued. Dicky, the diminutive bantam cock, championed Enid and planted his wicked spurs in Kavanaugh's eyes. Enid wrenched herself loose and ran swiftly toward the rocky promontory some distance down the beach, with Jack in pursuit. It seems incredible that a healthy girl of sound mind should prefer to drown herself than to live and move and have her being in a pink crepe de chine nightgown before the eyes of a recent male acquaintance, who was yet a man of honor, withal, and she was duly chaperoned by a fat bishop and a widowed aunt. Though scarcely able to see for the blood and pain in his eyes, Kavanaugh flung himself after her into the deep, green, sharky-looking water and somehow managed to bring her ashore.

When he recovered consciousness, Alice was supporting his head and Enid, gone suddenly sane, was leaning over him and staring at his face with an expression of terrified dismay. She had shed all her silly scruples and seemed utterly indifferent to the scantiness of her attire, even after the removal of the salt-water compresses which had been put over Kavanaugh's eyes, and she became a much more companionable person. The women and the bishop collected dried seaweed for beds and, with the aid of a club and a lantern, killed some of the wild fowl of the island and made tunics from their plumage. The castaways became accustomed to primitive conditions and moved about with the calm dignity of Olympians, and felt an Olympian life and vigor and the rush of clean, strong blood in their veins.

Weeks passed and then—a sail on the horizon!

Propinquity had done its work and, prompted by a feeling of regret that their camaraderie was so soon to be a thing of the past, Kavanaugh asked Alice to become his wife.

PRECEDING CHAPTERS OF Pearls of Desire



Pearls of Desire

A Twentieth-Century Romance of the South
Seas—the most remarkable story of the year.

By Henry C. Rowland

Illustrations by Henry Raleigh

CHAPTER VII

The next morning at daybreak I slipped out to discover what vessel it might be which had come to our relief. As soon as there was light enough I sighted her in the offing nearly becalmed but working in for the entrance with a faint head wind. The first glimpse of her tall spars and low freeboard revealed her as the schooner of one Channing Drake, a well born ruffian whom I particularly detested and held to be about that time the very worst blackguard in the whole Pacific.

There was no question about the schooner's being Drake's Madcap and identifying her as such my first decision was to tell Drake to up-stick and get on about his business. It seemed to me preferable to wait indefinitely on Trocadero rather than have the persons for whom I was responsible become the guests aboard that vessel of ill-fame. To complicate the situation further Drake and I were personal enemies as I had recently done my best to have the Madcap libelled for her misdeeds and to land Drake and his filthy crew behind the bars. This sincere effort on my part had fallen through because two of my most important witnesses had lost their nerve at the last moment and had their testimony thrown out of court. Through the bluff of his threats backed by a certain force of personality Drake had got our part of the Pacific rather cowed. Besides, there were still a good many who had a sneaking fondness for the old regime of lawlessness and secretly applauded it. Also, Drake when on his good behavior was such a plausible scoundrel, well connected and able to create the impression of a man unduly blamed and the victim of conspiracies to make of him a scapegoat for the wrongs of others. He was of English birth, a university man with no lack of polish and despite his brutal individuality

not without a very considerable amount of personal magnetism.

However, under the existing circumstances there seemed no help for it. Our supplies were almost exhausted and the fact of the Madcap having been sent to take us off (which I thought must be her errand there) would have delayed our rescue indefinitely. So I went back and roused the bishop and told the state of affairs.

"This is a tough crowd that has been sent to our relief, sir," I said, not seeing the good of mincing matters. "This schooner belongs to one Channing Drake who sails her all around the globe on any sort of dirty business that promises to prove profitable. His crew is a filthy mob of pirates and beachcombers and no self respecting Kanaka would be shipmates aboard her at any price. How he has managed to keep running so long I'm sure I don't know . . . or rather I do know, and it speaks mighty poor for the policing of Polynesia."

The bishop did not seem particularly disturbed. "Indeed?" he answered cheerfully. "That is most unfortunate. But surely no man however unscrupulous or depraved would exercise any personal animosity in the case of folk situated as we are. Besides, he might welcome the opportunity to gain the credit of rendering such a service. You say he is well born?"

"So I have been told," I answered, "and no doubt it is the truth. These well-born beggars are always the worst because of superior intelligence. This particular blackguard once stole the young wife of a native missionary in the Marquesas and by the time they'd laid him by the heels he had got her under his influence so that she testified to having gone with him of her own accord. A fortnight later he left her on the beach from which he had abducted her."



The bishop looked a little startled but merely observed that perhaps there might have been mitigating circumstances. Then he got up, made a brief toilet and we walked down to the beach to watch the Madcap come in. She was making slow work of it against the tide and while we were loitering there Alice and Enid joined us. Observing them in their freshness and beauty I liked the situation even less. Of course Drake would not have dared become offensive or offer them any indignity, and no doubt he was only too pleased, as the bishop said, to have an opportunity to redeem himself in some way, especially as he was in very wrong with the Governor, to whom my guests had letters and by whom they had been already entertained at Gov-

*Alice had waded out to lend me a hand and we soon
fish was sti*

ernment House. But all the same I felt very uneasy. Nobody could ever tell which way Drake might happen to jump as he was not only a person of criminal tendencies but a violent alcoholic and when under the influence of drink entirely irresponsible. So, when finally the schooner had got up into the lagoon I suggested to Alice that she and Enid retire to the bungalow leaving the bishop and myself to receive Drake. I did not like the idea of the brute's seeing them in their plumes, and said as much.

"Quite so," Alice agreed. "I am sure we have no desire to appear in public looking like new-fledged chicks or pantomine



discovered from the tugging vibrations that our big in the net.

fowls. Perhaps your friend may be able to supply us with some cloth. It would be really exciting to wear real clothes again, though I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for the ones I've got on."

I told her that no doubt Drake would be able to supply them with calico gowns of the Empire (or Mother Hubbard) period, with some high-heeled squeaky M. I. G. shoes from his trade-room; really stylish shoes with genuine cardboard Morocco tops and soles that would announce triumphantly to the praying congregation of a church that you were coming in and wearing new shoes.

"Don't mention shoes, my dear Jack," protested the bishop. "I wish that I never had to wear them again . . . nor real clothes, as Alice says. It will be with an emotion of profound regret that I trammel my free members with the garbage of polite society. I used to suffer at times from shoes too full of feet and uric acid rashes and prickly heat and fish ptomaines. I now consider anything in the way of fish ptomaine as a delicacy and as for uric acid and prickly heat I find that these distressing complaints are soon eliminated from the system under a regime of sea food and spring water with a costume consisting of a birdskin apron and a cartridge belt. I say, Jack, I wonder if this dear friend of yours might not have a camera aboard?"

Those black devils made off with mine and I would like a picture of the bungalow and the rest of you plaiting grass hats."

Alice cut in to tell him that he was the main guy for a snapshot and that he ought to relish such a record of physical fitness as the camera might prove. She told him that once back to his prime ribs of beef with Yorkshire pudding and a great deal of gravy he would be getting fat again. It was interesting to witness the conflict of his desires; whether to fatten on these succulent foods or to keep in strict training and preserve his naturally tremendous physique. But he shook his head at the idea of posing for his photograph. "Inconceivable . . . preposterous for one of his cloth even though this latter might consist for the moment of ragged pajamas and a kilt of bird leather. What if "The Country Gentleman" or some other publication were to get hold of it? The Right Reverend Geoffrey Stormsby, Bishop Emeritus of Maryland taking his morning constitutional accompanied by his sister-in-law, his niece and a young friend who was not the Hiawatha that he looked but of entirely white blood and conduct . . . ho-ho-ho . . ." laughed the bishop and the sound of his mirth must have reached the Madcap and make Drake wonder if we had gone crazy from the heat.

The Madcap edged up into the lagoon and let go her anchor not more than a couple of hundred yards from where we stood. Drake in the sternsheets took off his helmet with a bit of a flourish and almost immediately a boat splashed over and came foaming in. Alice and Enid had gone up to the bungalow not caring to display their bare ivory tanned extremities to strangers. Knowing Drake's reputation and the fact that we were acknowledged enemies made me dislike the situation, though not on my own account. But I hated the thought of the great burly brute with his soft voice and tragic black eyes fawning around my pretty proteges like a tame gorilla. I was afraid that it might lead to ructions.

The bishop on the contrary was in a gay and facetious mood, despite what I had told him about our rescuer. Throughout his pleasant and peaceful life it is probable that the good bishop had always cherished a secret desire for real adventure, and now he rightly felt that this had been fulfilled and would furnish him with lively retro-

spect for the rest of his days. Without question he had profited tremendously by the physical hygiene imposed of our conditions and perhaps also (though far be it from me to suggest the necessity) in a moral way as well, for the black fellows had lugged off all of our alcoholic stores with the others, fortunately having postponed regaling themselves until under way. This deprivation had been an excellent thing for his Reverence, who was in danger of becoming in the lack of more pressing business, too fond of the combination of high shade and a high glass.

The boat came gliding in to the beach and I stared at her crew with some astonishment for they were rigged out as if for an amateur presentation of "Pinafore"; muster uniforms, old fashioned but fetching; spotless white ducks with a small square collar faced with blue between the shoulders, blue trimmed cuffs, round be-ribboned straw hats with curly brims and black neckerchiefs with the reef knot held in the "V" of the knife-lanyard which was a pretty sennit with a carved ivory nut to replace the turk's head.

One's eyes passed from these pretty costumes, perfectly amazing in those waters, to the faces of their wearers with a certain sense of shock; especially if one had made a study of sematic types, which I had, and the erudite bishop had not. Ratty, bestial, brutal faces such as one might gather in Hogarth's sketches of stew and kennel were hung over sloping shoulders to examine us as the boat grounded and Drake clambered out, a little awkwardly and not bothering himself about whether he stepped on one of his dolled-up convicts or not. It was entirely evident that he was the big boss brute of the boiling and circulated at his own convenience with no reference to the rest of the pack. They approved his manoeuvres and eased him along, and on glancing into his prominent eyes I could see that he moved in a certain need of these tender attentions for the central system of the man was quite intoxicated.

The reason for it all became immediately apparent to me. Drake knew that he was swinging on a short scope and that here was a Heaven sent opportunity to render a graceful service which might prove his good intentions, while at the same time spiking my guns and putting me under an obligation. He was well advised as to the

personages with whom he had affair (friends and guests of the governor who had been already entertained at Government House) and who required their due salvo of cannon. So that Drake had seized the opportunity to accomplish our rescue in style and had no doubt welcomed the opportunity brought him by my serious minded mate, Samuel Smith, of whom I have already spoken.

But there was no help for it and here was Drake and his miscreants tricked out like the captain and crew of a stylish yacht instead of the gang of sea thieves and blackbirders I knew them for and who would not hesitate anything for profit if assured they could get away with it. Yet nothing would have convinced the bishop that they were not fine hearty fellows, clean and sober and Godfearing. Drake, in the sternsheets was resplendent in white serge, a pongee silk shirt with a flowing scarf and a panama hat with a puggaree of soie-de-Chine. He was a heavily built man, very square and muscular with a huge chest and shoulders, rather dark of complexion and with thick, black hair which curled over his ears.

He was staring at us in goggle-eyed astonishment as the boat grounded but could scarcely be blamed for this. He had been informed that our camping party lacked for none of the necessities of life, so to be confronted by a pair of troglodytes brawny and bearded and breeched in bird-skins must have been something of a shock. The bishop particularly was rather hirsute of epidermis with thick bushy eyebrows and having been deprived of our razors with the rest of our household goods his grizzled beard stuck out straight as a scrubbing brush and gave him a peculiarly wild and disconcerting aspect. One rather expected him to brandish a bludgeon and howl. However Drake appeared reassured at his beaming expression of benevolence.

"Hullo, Kavanagh," said he in his rich, well modulated voice which was soft and deep with a sort of purr and a rather exaggerated Picadilly accent. "What the deuce has happened you?"

"A gang of about twenty black thieves put in here and looted us of all we had barring some few stores hid in a cave." I answered, and introduced him to the bishop, then suggesting that the first service he might be good enough to render us would

be in the matter of clothes. To this he answered that he could rig out the bishop and myself readily enough but that he had aboard no ready made ladies' garments. There was however in the trade room a supply of calico prints and flannels and also a hand sewing-machine, and he offered to go out and get these articles immediately and invited us to go with him. The bishop was pleased to accept but I declined, not wishing for any more of Drake's society than could be helped and also because I wanted to haul and dry my net, a very good one for which I had paid a round sum. Passing by the bungalow I told the ladies that Drake had gone off aboard to fetch them some materials.

"He appears to be something of a swell," said Alice. "From your description I had expected to see a gory pirate with a half-naked earringed crew. His men look like man-of-warsmen."

"He's out to make character," I answered. "Got everything nicely staged for effect. The chances are he's heard that you are friends of the Governor and he probably figures of this service being of benefit to him; sort of a recommendation of his outfit. Drake is a plausible swine enough and no fool, but I know all about the brute and can't stand the sight of him. Now I'm off to get in the net. The bishop can do the honors."

"I'll lend you a hand," said Alice, and we strolled off together, Enid being occupied in getting luncheon.

The tide was at the last of the ebb and under ordinary conditions I could have waded out to the end of the sandspit and secured the drawline of the purse. But to my disgust I discovered that this had parted, no doubt as the result of some shark or other big fish getting fouled in the net so I was obliged to swim out a little distance to secure the free end. There was no danger of sharks at that tide as they sculled out with the ebb. Alice had waded out to lend me a hand and we soon discovered from the tugging vibrations that our big fish was still in the net but he presently escaped for the struggling ceased and splashing back to the beach we proceeded to haul in. Such fish as had been pocketed had also decamped when the purse string fetched away and I was about to remark that for the first time we were to draw a blank when I discovered several oysters



Suddenly there came a crunching in the sand behind us, and spinning quickly about I discovered the beaming bishop and that avatar of pirates, Captain Channing Drake.



which had been dragged into the lower bight apparently as the big fish worked along bottom and were held there by their incrustations. I carried the bivalves up to where Alice was standing in her shimmering costume.

"Pearl oysters," I said, and big ones. "I have always had an idea there might be shell here but would never have looked for it so close under the bar. Nice shell, and there must be quite a lot of it down there." This seemed a reasonable premise because unless the bed was pretty rich a big fish trying to nose its way out from under the net could not have scooped up oysters so easily, even though they happened to be loosely attached to rotten sprigs of lava-coral formation. So I took my knife and started to open the oysters while Alice looked on curiously but without much interest in the operations until I came to open the last mollusk, a big black one.

"This looks like a layer," I said. "What's the bidding for its contents?"

"A good slap," Alice answered.

"Against what?" I asked. "The same thing?"

She nodded.

"That goes," I agreed. "Now watch."

I flicked off the lips with the back of the knife and slipped the edge through the big contractor muscles. That black oyster was bloated; dropsical and diseased. . . . and the result of my rough autopsy was to reveal the cause of his complaint. This was in the shape of a great black pearl . . . a record black pearl I thought as it rolled out into my hand, for it was ripe to the point of falling from the nacre. It was a wonder; a beauty, the biggest black pearl which I had ever seen and I gauged its carats as it rolled into my palm. Being fresh taken from its host it held an exquisite translucency and glowed through the dark pigmentation as though from deep sea fires in its heart. It was flawless, perfect in form and texture and I assayed it as valuing a prince's ransom then and there. Intrinsicly it was impossible to place a money value on.

Alice, leaning over my shoulder with her hair against my cheek and the salt crystals glistening on her arm examined it curiously. I dropped it into her hand. She stared at it for an instant, then asked:—"Is it a real one, Jack?"

"Better ask the oyster," I answered, "only he is unfortunately dead. It may have been made in Germany and shipped out here. You never can tell, these days. All the same I'd take a chance on it for being the real thing."

She then desired to know what I thought its money value might be, to which I answered that such a question was in bad form as I purposed to give it her as a souvenir of her sojourn on Trocadero. I added that she might accept it in the form of an engagement present or, on my failing to collect more from the same source as a wedding present when she married the piggy-man. "If this pearl is the only one there," I said, "then you win the bet and I get my slap. But as the case now stands you owe me a slap, to pay for your pearl."

"I would rather give you a kiss," she answered, still studying the pearl. "Do you really think there are a lot more of them down there, Jack?"

"That is my opinion," I answered, "and I am going to do a little prospecting right now."

"But how can you?" she asked. "You've got no diving apparatus or anything."

I told her that I had my arms and legs and a pretty good reservoir of compressed air between my ribs and my shoulder blades, and that I would manage to have a look at that bottom in four fathoms water or burst. It might have been a little less, but I was quite sure of my ability to fetch it being a good enough diver and at that moment in the very pink of physical condition. So I waded out to the edge of the bar and went down just as I was, to come up a minute later with a big oyster in either hand. The bottom was fairly strewn with them. I flung the pair up onto the beach and swam back to the edge of the bar for another try. In three more dives I collected another couple and then feeling a bit breathless I sat down to open them, Alice by this time really excited.

There were no more pearls in these oysters but the matrix of two of them showed sincere effort in this direction and from the abundance of shell I judged we had fallen onto a perfect sanitarium for diseased oysters. All such beds contain certain of the bivalves which produce pearls of greater or less size and quality, but it sometimes happens that owing to the local condition and surroundings of the mollusks



Enid, sitting cross-legged on a couch stitched industriously, without offering any comment and with a curious air of indifference.

poor old Charlie Oyster finds it impossible to keep his house swept and garnished and particles of grit sift in to make him build a pearl in his own self defense. My own theory was that this is most apt to happen where a ground current carries a particular sort of siliceous sand and that these tiny grains work their way into Charlie's shell matrix and defy his broom. Unable to expell them he is obliged to do the next best thing and encyst them. This forms the pearl; layer after layer of nacre like the skins of an onion until the mass becomes pedunculated, when the stem of the apple, so to speak, grows thinner and thinner, finally to break. By that time the pearls have been milled until quite round and then fetch away and are spewed out. Such beds probably have strewn the bottom with such pearls. It is only when you have the luck to catch an oyster with a formed pearl which it has not yet been able to expel that you reap your reward. I considered this little patch to be full of such, and told Alice so. She grew very thoughtful as I advanced my theories and declared that in my opinion it was the spill of the tide over the bar and the quality of the sand which made the bottom there so rich in pearls.

"Once I turn to on the job, my dear lady," I said, "you will soon have to haul down your colors and treat for terms of surrender. Unless I am all off my reckonings there is a greater treasure on the bottom of this little patch out here in front of us than even you would need for your innocent pastimes. So all we've got to do it to get back to Kialu, take my new schooner and the two smaller boats, load 'em up with gear and divers and come here and clean up the place. My concession which is for the exclusive pearling rights has another two years to run and by that time we shall have stripped the bottom clean. But once we're sure of what we've got I think we might discount the future and turn on the wedding bells a bit, don't you?"

Alice's reply to this suggestion was all that I had any right to wish and made me rather sorry for the piggy-man. Then she fell to examining the big pearl in various lights while I, stretched out on the sand at her side proceeded to give her a brief biography of the intimate life and habits of the pearl oyster, his joys and sorrows. The beautiful lady, her snowy plumage drying in the sun, appeared to take an absorbing

interest in this discourse, especially as regarded in relation to its commercial possibilities. I could not impeach her with avarice for this. She had been born to a most exclusive social set and until she married John Stormsby her life had been a constant struggle to live according to her station and connections, for there was a great deal of pride and no money to speak of in her immediate family. Stormsby had been a big Wall Street operator and in the four years of their married life had made a large fortune only to lose it all in a financial crash and died a few months later of pneumonia leaving his widow practically penniless. She had been given a taste for wealth and power only to be suddenly deprived of it and for the past five years had been dependent on the generosity of relatives. One of her position, temperament and personal charms might easily have married another fortune had she set herself deliberately about it, but Alice Stormsby was very far from being cold-blooded, and money alone would not have been enough. With it she desired a mate who would not be repugnant to her; more than that one who would give her the fulness of life. Possibly the piggy-man had other and more attractive qualities than she had seen fit to describe.

I did not flatter myself that Alice was any more madly in love with me than I with her, but we seemed thoroughly well fitted to each other while propinquity and the peculiarity of our positions for the last few weeks had produced a most natural result. No doubt I appealed to her a good deal as she did to me and now that vast wealth seemed to have been strewn at our feet she was quite ready to give her emotions full scope. One can scarcely blame a woman for a passion inspired of riches. In this day and age money stands for power, just as did physical prowess and valor and domination in the middle ages. A certain type of woman requires this sense of power in her mate, especially when she has already tasted it.

So I proceeded to satisfy this demand in prospect and her tawny eyes were beginning to glow and her breath come more quickly when suddenly there came a crunching in the sand behind us and spinning quickly about I discovered at our shoulders the beaming bishop and that avatar of pirates, Captain Channing Drake.

CHAPTER VIII

The first glance at Drake's eager face showed me that he had sized up the situation and I cursed myself inwardly for a fatuous fool in having lain there maundering about pearls in their relation to communal bliss when my first act should have been to throw the shell back into the lagoon and put the big pearl safely out of sight. Drake had unquestionably seen it for his bulging eyes were fastened on Alice's hand which she had instinctively closed upon the jewel, at the same time springing to her feet and smoothing down her feathered tunic.

The bishop, handsomely arrayed in borrowed plumes, introduced Drake and I observed that the pair of them had been indulging in a friendly glass or two. Drake was I knew a hard steady drinker, but so tremendous was his vitality that he had not come to show it yet, while few people spoke of him as an alcoholic. Personally I believed that many of his ill deeds were a fairly direct result of his ruthless intemperance for I held him at heart to be something of a bluff and a bully and far from the type of reckless, fearless adventurer which the brazen boldness of some of his behavior seemed to indicate. As I have said he possessed no lack of intelligence when occasion demanded and more than his share of greed, and now observing that he took slight heed of the striking and beautiful figure of Alice Stormsby but was avidly scrutinizing the net and scattered shell I had a very disagreeable premonition of trouble ahead.

The fool of a bishop observing the hot glow in the face of his sister-in-law began to mumble some sort of vapid apology for the intrusion. "Didn't think you'd mind, Alice," said he, rubbing his hands. "Captain Drake wants to be off as soon as possible and suggests that you and Enid undertake your dressmaking aboard the schooner . . . eh what?"

She answered rather shortly that if Captain Drake would consent to spare them a few hours she would rather stitch something together before appearing in public. To this Drake answered in his purring voice but rather absently that a few hours were really of no importance. He then picked up one of the shells and turned it critically in his powerful hands, examining the matrix

for nascent pearls. He looked at the ruffle across the bar, then at the still water of the little bight and raised his black eyebrows.

"Shouldn't wonder but what you've pitched onto something pretty good, Kavanaugh," said he.

"Perhaps," I answered. "You never can tell. I put in here to take water about eighteen months ago and it struck me that there might be possibilities in the place so I took a chance and leased the pearl fishing concession for three years. Nobody would ever look for anything so close under the bar but some fish got into the net and scooped up this stuff. Good looking shell, isn't it?"

"Jolly good," he answered, "but as you say you never can tell. Might have got washed in by the tide, or something. Don't happen to feel like letting me in, do you? I've got a full set of diving gear out aboard."

"We might talk about that later," said I. "Meantime I think that Mrs. Stormsby would like to go back to camp. It's getting hot."

There seeming to be nothing much to be said to this suggestion we started back, the bishop and Drake in the lead. As soon as they were out of earshot, Alice asked:—

"What are you going to do about it, Jack?"

"Send you three back to Kialu with Drake," I answered. "He can't very well refuse since he came here for that purpose. I intend to stick on to protect my interests."

"But you don't mean to say that you are going to stay here alone!" she cried.

"It can't be helped," I said. "Drake knows perfectly well what we have stumbled on. He saw the shell and the chances are that he saw that black pearl in your hand. If I were to go back with the rest of you it might cost us the whole business. Before I could get a new set of gear Drake would have hustled back here and skimmed the cream off the whole jug. In my opinion that bed is very rich but very small; just a little patch full of pearls."

"But he would never dare," she protested. "He knows that you own the concession and it would be poaching . . . thieving . . ."

"That's his long suit," I answered. "Besides, how could I prove my legal rights? My papers were in my luggage and there is no gamekeeper here to swear out a case

against Drake. He could skin the place and get away before I showed up. But as long as I am here I can put up some sort of a bluff. I'd no sooner think of leaving Trocadero at this moment than I would of leaving a fat pullet in the care of a coyote."

Alice turned this in her head and having a practical mind asked me what I could do to protect my property if Drake were to return to Trocadero a fortnight or so before my own outfit. It was a sensible question and one which I had already considered. The answer was simply that I would be there on the spot to take such measures as seemed necessary. This did not reassure her greatly, for she had pretty well taken Drake's measure and was more inclined to accept my statements in regard to his possibilities of mischief where great gain was immediately concerned.

We had no time to discuss the situation to greater length before arriving at the camp. Drake, seeing that the ladies were not yet prepared to entertain or be entertained had gone out aboard and sent in some fresh supplies with a few bolts of cloth and the sewing machine. No doubt but that he felt himself to have the game all in his own hands, not only as regarded his quality of rescuer but in the driving of a hard bargain with me about the pearling possibilities of the island. He must have felt that the big boss Tiapolo who took such good care of him had delivered his enemy into his hand, not only to be despoiled but humiliated into the forming of a partnership.

It would never have occurred to Drake that I might possibly see fit to remain sitting on Trocadero to protect my rights by force of arms until one of my late guests could send a schooner there. That one man should attempt to stand off himself and his band of larrikins would have been food for mirth, also satisfaction. Self protection and the settling of an old score, to say nothing of a free hand with the pearls.

Nevertheless this course was precisely the one on which I had decided, and although such a measure had its discomforts and its risks it did not seem to me impossible. I have already described the cavern where we had stored supplies and weapons against the possible attack of natives. The mouth of this, invisible from below because of a little ledge just under it, was in the face of

the cliffs about eighty or ninety feet above the beach, and directly opposite the pearling ground at a range of about three hundred yards. It could only be reached from below by a steep but not unduly difficult climb and above it the rocks slightly overhung. Inside it was spacious with winding passages and contained a spring of sweet water. It seemed to me perfectly feasible for one man to hold the place as long as his food and ammunition held out, as nobody would dare attempt to swarm up and get him, while he might shoot through a crevice in the rocks or construct some sort of loophole. The best of the business was that from the cavern one could effectually hold up any pearling operations beneath. So that in examining the situation from every point I finally decided to entrust the bishop with a letter to young Harris instructing him to come to my relief as soon as he could possibly manage with all necessary diving gear and a crew of at least a dozen picked men including our trained Kanaka policemen of whom Charley Dollar was the chief. They could certainly get to Trocadero, I thought, not more than a fortnight after Drake and during that time I would have to guard the premises as best I might.

As soon as Drake had gone we showed the pearl to Enid and the bishop and I told them of my decision to remain on the island and protect the bed until they could send my outfit. The bishop held up his hands in dismay.

"But my dear Jack," he protested, "you can't stop on here all alone! You'd go mad from solitude."

"I'll keep Dicky for company," I answered.

Enid stared at me with a peculiar expression in her grey eyes. She had seemed rather silent and abstracted for the last number of days and at times I thought that she had tried to avoid me, and I wondered why. Now, she asked in her cool, abrupt manner what would happen if I were to get ill or meet with an accident, to which I answered that this was a chance I should have to take, but that I considered the stake to be well worth it.

"What stake?" she demanded. "The pearls?"

"Yes," I answered, "and what goes with them." I looked at Alice with a smile. Enid stared for a moment at her aunt.

(Continued on page 143)

How to Sell a Photoplay Scenario

THIS ISN'T VAGUE, GENERAL ADVICE, BUT INSIDE INFORMATION ON THE RULES OF THE GAME, BY ONE WHO HAS PLAYED IT TO WIN

Captain Leslie T. Peacocke

MANY argue that it is mere waste of time to work out a photoplay scenario if there is little or no chance of selling it. I thoroughly agree with them.

To most people of common sense, the wasting of time and energy is abhorrent, and the majority of people who take up literary work of any description do so seriously, with the hope of making it a means of livelihood. Few care to indulge in photoplay scenario writing as a hobby. It is too laborious a task to be classed as a pastime.

Now, to begin with, every writer who expects to make money through his literary efforts must constitute himself a merchant. To be a merchant, you must have something to sell and that something must, necessarily, have its market value. If your article of merchandise is a photoplay scenario, you will have primarily to establish its value.

On what are you going to base the value of the child of your brain? On your reputation in world affairs, or society; on your successful achievements in other lines of literary endeavor, such as books or plays or magazine stories; or on the excellence and originality of your photoplay scenario?

On the latter, I trust, because the screen has been made the victim of exploitation of efforts that have landed through the other methods far, far too often. Anyhow, I take it for granted that those to whom such an article as this is more likely to appeal are the ambitious ones who know they have good original plots for photoplay scenarios, and have, probably, had little success in getting them accepted for production. It is to these people that I am endeavoring to impart such honest advice as I can, gained through personal experience and the experiences of others who have taken up photoplay writing as a serious business.

Let us suppose, then, that I am address-

HOW to break in: Interest the star, or his director, in your work. Or apply at some studio for a position as "reader," with the view of being taken on later as staff writer.

ing "Jim Snooks," who is unknown in any line of literary endeavor, but who thinks he has a good plot for a photoplay and is anxious to work it out and sell it for what he considers it is worth. Here is what I

advise him to do:

Make a very short synopsis, if possible not over three hundred words, outlining the bare plot in a clear, concise manner, and in this short synopsis mention only the characters vital to the story. If you can congest this brief synopsis to one sheet of paper, all the better. It will stand a better chance of gaining a sympathetic reading by scenario editors and directors than a longer one.

Then write a more detailed synopsis of your story, mentioning all the main events that will occur in your photoplay in natural sequence, and make this synopsis as interesting and as gripping as possible, so that those who read it will not lose interest. The reason I so strongly advocate making two synopses is because a scenario editor or director always likes to be able to grasp quickly the main plot of a story, and if the short synopsis should strike him as containing an original idea and one worth while considering, the detailed synopsis will be read eagerly, and then if that also should come up to expectations, the matter of the worked-out photoplay scenario will be looked into and an offer made for its purchase.

Now, if you wish, you may submit your story in synopsis form, without working it into continuity, but this I strongly advise against. It is the lazy writer's game and will not land you anywhere. In the first place, you will not be offered nearly as much as you would receive if your photoplay were properly worked out, nor will you ever receive credit as a scenario writer. Some scenario editors and staff writers advise free-lance writers to submit only syn-

opses of their stories, but it is very obvious that there is a reason for their doing this. They are anxious to make the working photoplays themselves, so that they will be given part credit—sometimes *all* the credit—on the screen, which of course helps them to hold down their own jobs.

If too many good, properly worked-out photoplay scenarios were purchased from the hosts of virile writers throughout the country, who have really original stories which they find it difficult to market on account of prevailing conditions, a great number of staff writers, and some scenario editors, would have to go back to free-lancing. When this happens, as it inevitably will, they will have only themselves to blame. Many writers in staff positions have done all in their power to discourage free-lances, and for purely selfish reasons. However, those conditions always take care of themselves. Those who ignore the "Golden Rule" invariably get it where the broiler hooks her pendant.

All the best companies are now employing "readers," who read the scripts submitted and who are not called upon to write themselves, but whose duties consist only in reading and passing on to the scenario editors any stories that appear to be original and suitable to the studio requirements. In nearly all the best studios, the staff writers are being employed as constructionists, to work faulty photoplays into good, logical continuity; or to adapt into photoplay form plays and works of fiction, the rights to which have been purchased. The prospects for the free-lance writer are growing brighter every day. I think you will find that every film company will inaugurate this system before long, because those that delay doing so will soon acquire the reputation of releasing weak stories and will drift to oblivion, as several producing firms have already done, without realizing the exact cause. Companies will do well to pay some serious consideration to the free-lance writers before it is too late! If the real heads of film producing firms would devote more of their time and care to reading and to the subject matter of the photoplay than they do to office and studio details, I think they would make a great

deal more money. Some producers do give the scenario question special attention, and they are reaping their reward.

Now, "Jim Snooks," let us suppose that you have your two synopses completed; then you must work your 'script into continuity of scenes, and work the whole story to its logical conclusion, without considering whether it devolves itself into a scenario of one reel or two reels or any other recognized length. Write the scenario as strongly as you can, giving it all the little human touches so eagerly looked for in all photoplays, without any unnecessary padding. If your story is strong enough to carry into five reels without padding, all the better; it will be worth so much more.

The company that purchases your photoplay will decide as to the number of reels it will run into, and, nowadays, most directors are speeding up their work and employing from forty-five to a hundred scenes to a reel in dramatic productions; and from seventy-five to two hundred scenes to a reel in comedies; so you cannot accurately gauge for yourself the number of reels to which your scenario will run. That matter will have to rest with the producing director.

Then, when you have worked your story into logical continuity, you must give the cast of all the characters you have mentioned in the working 'script; and then you must make your "scene plot," giving all the "interior sets" and all the "exterior locations," together with the number of every scene that is to be enacted in each stated place.

Now, your photoplay scenario is complete. Typewritten, of course, because otherwise it will have practically no chance of being read by anyone; and a page should be placed in front giving the title of the story, with your name and address in the upper left-hand corner, and a blank page at the back, to keep your manuscript clean.

To whom are you going to sell this effort of your brain? That is the main question. Yes, "Jim Snooks," it is the question that puzzles all the free-lance writers. I have battled with that question myself and have often found it a mighty hard problem. However, I shall endeavor to make it as

TACKLE the scenario editor with a brief, single-page synopsis. Then follow this with the cast of characters and the "scene plot," a detailed synopsis and the working scenario.

easy for you as I conscientiously can.

You have, I take it, made a study of recent film productions and have noted the leading actors and actresses who are being exploited by the various companies; because this is very essential. Every merchant must have a good knowledge of every possible market for his goods. You know, or should know, the type of story that is being employed to exploit each film star. Having this knowledge, you should be able to decide which company is the proper one to approach with your scenario. Suppose, for instance, that you have evolved a story that you think will prove a suitable vehicle for William S. Hart. You know his work and you should be able to guess what will suit him. Well, if your story is of that order, there is your logical market. Send it to the studio where his productions are being made.

Don't send it to Charlie Chaplin; he probably would not appreciate it.

You must make a close study of the current releases and go and see all the productions that you can. It is the only way to keep in touch with the market. You should also glance over every month the "Questions and Answers" department of *PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE*, in which you will find much vital information concerning the film stars, and the particular studios in which they are working. You can then address some of the stars personally and let them know that you have a photoplay that you think would suit them. You might send a copy of your short synopsis in order to get the player interested in your story. I know of many photoplays that have been sold through this method; in fact, I have done it on more than one occasion myself. Then, I should approach the scenario editors of the various companies and find out whether they are in need of the class of story you have outlined. I should also address myself to the director who is directing the star you have in mind and send him also a copy of the short synopsis; and if it appeals to him, he will probably write and ask you to submit your full scenario. I assure you that both he and his star are anxious to secure suitable stories, and if yours should prove to be what they require, you will soon be ap-

prised of the fact. A stamped, self-addressed envelope must be enclosed with every request you make.

If you should happen to be in the vicinity of any studio, make a personal visit and, if possible, secure an appointment with the scenario editor; or endeavor to meet the general manager of the company and ask for a position with the company as a "reader," with the view of being taken in later as a staff writer. Many staff writers have secured their positions in this way. Or, if you have had some success in placing your photoplays and feel that you are properly qualified to fill the position, write

to the general managers of the various companies, stating your qualifications and mentioning what you have accomplished in the line of photoplay writing, and tell them that you are anxious to be associated with a company as a "reader" or

"staff writer," and you may secure an opening that way. Nothing ventured, nothing gained!

In applying to a scenario editor for a position on his staff, one of the first things he will ask for is a sample of your work; so it is essential that you have a copy of one of your photoplays fully worked out, as it is only reasonable that he should have a good idea as to your ability to do the work he would require of you. You must be fully equipped to meet any emergency that may arise. Once you have gained a fair reputation, things, of course, will be easier for you. The film business is in urgent need of new writers and the field is open to you. If you have had some rebuffs in the past, you must not let them discourage you. Remember, you are a merchant, and every merchant must be patient and hard-working. If a merchant opens a store, does he not expect to have to wait months before it will begin to pay? Well, what do you expect. "Jim Snooks"? With your stock in trade consisting of a few completed photoplays and a certain number of others hidden within your brains, you cannot seriously expect to be established on a sound basis and drawing an assured income! No, that will have to come in time; but come it will, if you will stick to it and have the material within you to make good. Others have, so why not you?

YOU know the type of story that is being used to exploit each film star, so don't send a story written for Bill Hart to Charlie Chaplin; he probably wouldn't appreciate it.

Keep on writing and submitting your efforts in the manner I have outlined, and every time there is a change in a scenario department, you should note the fact, and endeavor to learn from the scenario editor if he is now in the market for new stories. Changes occur frequently in all the companies, and by closely studying this magazine and the various "trade journals" devoted to film productions and dramatic affairs, you can readily learn about what is going on and act accordingly. You will have to help yourself to a large extent, and keep well abreast of the times.

Do not place your photoplays in the hands of any so-called "agent" or of any of the people who advertise that they can criticize and market photoplays. Their criticism is not worth a peanut shell, neither can any of them sell one of your plays. I do not know of a single authentic case of any one of these so-called agents, or bureaus or syndicates or other names they call themselves, having been the means of selling a photoplay to any film company, because, in the first place, no scenario department will have any dealings with any of these gentry, and in the second place, only fools fall for their advertisements, and scenario editors scorn even to read the efforts of fools and suckers!

There has recently been a change of management at Universal City, a big demand for good stories being one result of the change, and the Universal company has always been a good market for free-lance writers. A close study of their recent productions will help you in determining what is likely to appeal to that company. The American company is also a live market for good, strong stories; their studios are at Santa Barbara, California. The David Horsley studios in Los Angeles are looking for suitable five-reelers in which to star little Baby Marie Osborne, and also for one-reel polite comedies, absolutely free from slapstick. The Al E. Christie Comedy Company, situated at Hollywood, is also in the market for high-class comedies, free from slapstick; and Mr. Al Christie reads scenarios himself and is a good judge of comedy, as his productions show. The Balboa company will be glad to consider five-reel stories suitable for their new baby star, little Glory Joy, and will pay good prices for them. Their studios are at Long Beach, California.

Now, my friend "Jim Snooks," I must tell you another reason why I am optimistic as to the outlook for you and other free-lance writers. It is the strongest reason possible, too. The "open market" which has struck the film business is making for keen competition, and the producers have to make their productions within certain limits of expense in order to make a margin of profit at all.

They can no longer afford to pay for "names" and "reputations." They have all been stung badly by placing fictitious values on authors' "names" alone. To cite a case in point: Quite recently, one of the foremost companies was about to produce a five-reel photoplay, featuring one of their stars, utilizing a scenario which had been especially written by a free-lance writer as a vehicle for this particular star. The story was an excellent one in every respect and would, undoubtedly, have made a splendid production. The free-lance writer had agreed to take a hundred and fifty dollars for the scenario, to be paid him as soon as the production was started.

Then, a couple of days before the work was to be started, the director who was to make the production met at a social gathering a playwright with a fair reputation gained in writing stage plays, and in the course of conversation, the playwright outlined to the director a plot for a film production. The director was so impressed with the importance of the playwright that he asked him to make a written synopsis of the plot, and with this in hand, the director went to the heads of the company and prevailed upon them to discard the free-lance writer's scenario and purchase the one outlined by the playwright with the reputation. The playwright demanded a thousand dollars for his story and an additional hundred dollars a reel to work it into continuity. This was agreed upon and the poor free-lance writer had his scenario returned, with the information that it did not quite suit the star; and that was the end of him, so far as that production was concerned.

The playwright, who had never essayed a photoplay before, then started to work his story into continuity—and you should have seen it! There was a long subtitle between nearly every scene, outlining the action that was to follow. It was full of

(Continued on page 142)

The Long Lost Lionel

*In a scene from
"The Yellow Streak."*

IN WHICH THE DISAPPEARANCE
OF MR. BARRYMORE FROM HIS
STAGE HAUNTS IS EXPLAINED

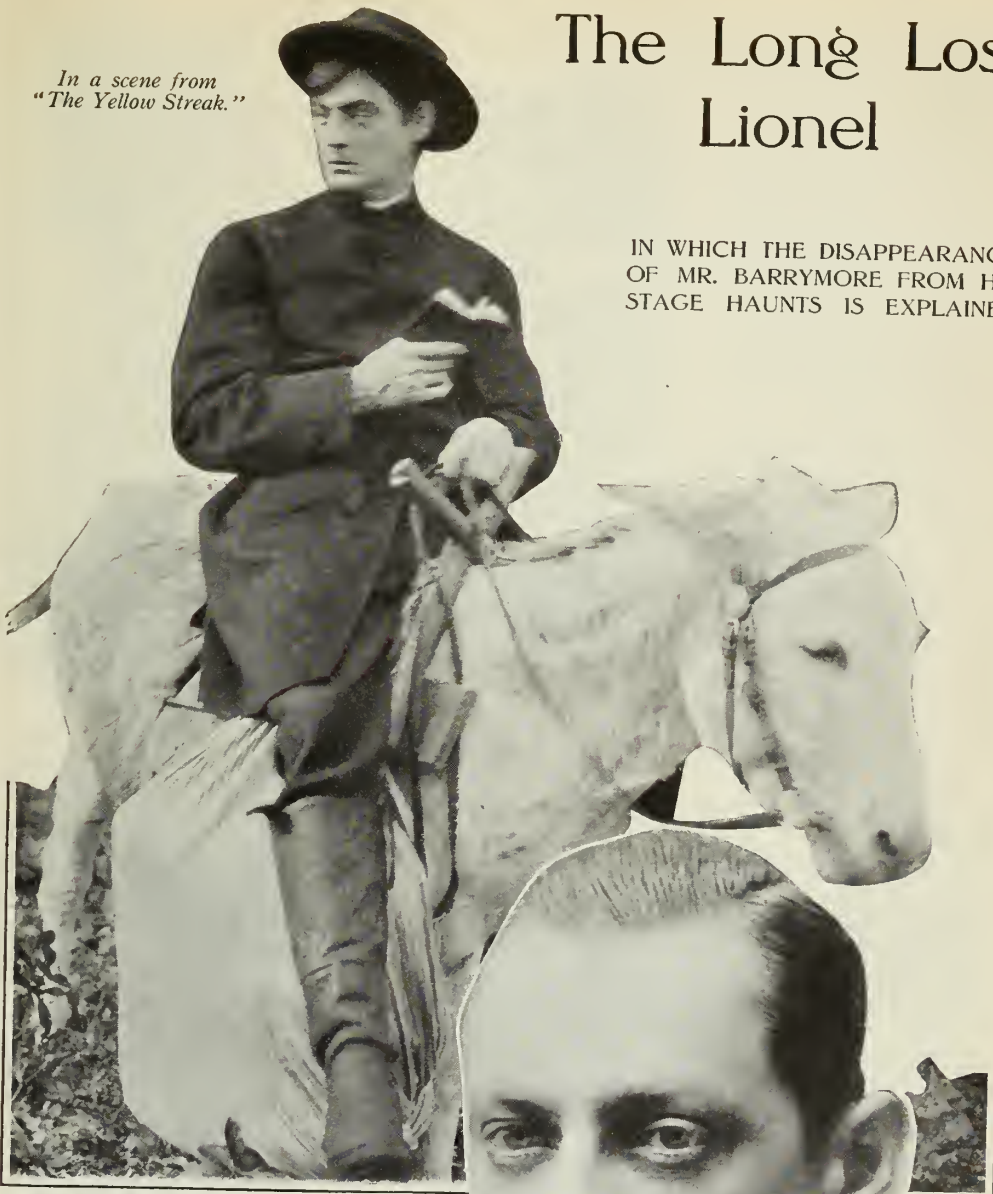


Photo by
Mishkin

THE long lost Lionel" commented the New York theatrical critics when the scion of the famous Barrymore-Drew family returned to the stage a few months ago in "Peter Ibbetson." Lionel had been "somewhere in movieland" for many years.

Lionel Barrymore's finished performance in the John Raphael dramatization of Du Maurier's novel this year served to recall his stage hits in "Barrie's Pantaloon," in "The Other Girl," with his uncle, John Drew, in "The Mummy and the Humming Bird" and "The Second in Command" and in other plays.

Lionel, a son of the late Maurice Barrymore and a brother of Ethel and Jack, made his first appearance on the stage in 1893 in "The Rivals" with his illustrious grandmother, Mrs. John Drew, Sr.

Lionel came to the screen back in the early days, playing small parts in the old Biograph company with David W. Griffith. At that time the Biograph company was adverse to players' publicity and the various actors worked unknown. Lionel was willing to sacrifice his stage reputation, for he saw the future of the photoplay. Indeed, he was



Lionel Barrymore in "The Quilter."

practically the first recognized stage player to enter pictures.

His sterling theatrical training has served him well. Lionel quickly came to play leading roles with the Biograph. Then came "The Exploits of Elaine" serial. Lionel has been with Metro for some time.

Just as the metropolitan dramatic reviewers were speaking of "the long lost Lionel" much as France talks of Alsace Lorraine, that player announced his return to screenland. Lionel is going to devote his future activities to the direction of his sister, Ethel, in the films. This, of course, for Metro.

THE TRIANGLES DOING THEIR BIT



A nurses' class has been formed at the Ince studio in Culver City by Dr. R. S. Moore, ex-army surgeon. A perfectly-equipped hospital ward has been fitted out and classes are held each day. Chief among the pupils are Enid Bennett, Sylvia Bremer and Olive Thomas, who are here shown (in the order named from left to right) looking on while Dr. Moore and two nurses demonstrate. They are being trained in every branch of Red Cross work, and have offered their services to the United States, wherever needed.

She's a Rough Gal

ALICE HOWELL SAYS SHE'LL
TRY ANY KIND OF FALL ONCE

THEY don't call it "slavery" plays in cinema circles. They have a more inelegant name, viz.: "Slob Stuff." It doesn't sound particularly classy to the finely trained ear, but it tells the story.

Alice Howell is probably the most consistent player of these roles, which constitute a sort of feminine Chaplin characterization.

She got her first "rough toss" at Keystone. Then she went to the L-Ko, where they made her a star.

and now she's being starred at the same studio in comedies bearing the trade name of Century Comedies. With Jack Blystone, her director, Miss

Howell "dopes out" all her comedies and the stunts she does in them. All of them have distinctive names, such as "From Beanery to Billions," "Balloonatics," and "Automaniacs."

Miss Howell has never played anything but slavey characters since leaving Keystone, and she is regarded as the foremost exponent of "slob stuff" on the screen. Her makeup is certainly the most grotesque of all the "slob-stuff" comediennes.



Alice Howell as herself and, at left, as a Keystone "slavery."

"Agate

The Marble

By John

THE sweetest, demurest, tenderest, most plaintive little thing on the screen is Bessie Love.

Bessie lives in Hollywood, where she used to do sweet little star-eyed ingenues for Fine Arts. She's still doing the sweet, etc., ingenues, but now she's doing them at Culver City, under the distant supervision of Lieut.-Gen. Ince, the new commander-in-chief of Triangle in California.

Not even the possession of a regular automobile,



Stagg Photos

This illustration, pupils, is put before you to show the extreme range of activities possible to members of the human race. The leaping frog and cycle speedster are identical with the little bride of Cana of Galilee, whom you may remember in "Intolerance." Seems as though Leap instead of Love should be her name.



Bessie''

Gambolier

Ten Eyck

that has wheels and everything, including a chauffeur to order "Home, James, and don't spare the gas!" has made any difference in Bessie Love's tomboyish home life.

When August, the engineer, has chauffeured her home from the Ince stages, Bessie seeks the greater excitement of a ride in a home-made go-devil, or in a bicycle race.

In roller-skating she holds the standing-start record for all classes, Hollywood to "Los," and local stops.

But the snap to this story is in its tail. Also, hence the title:

As Cameo Kirby, the "gambolier" of the old Mississippi, played at chances for his miniature carvings, so Bessie, the combination tomboy-angel, is the marble "gambolier" of Hollywood. She shoots the agates and the glassies for keeps, and she is feared and revered by half the kid population in northern Los Angeles county. This is a secret, because ye old frontier gamester is supposed to have passed with Belasco's heroes—and he did: he passed his abilities and his slickness to this little suffragette.



Stagg Photos

Above, portrait of a young lady; Below, "Sidewalk Oldfield," the champion promenade pest and pursuer of old men and baby buggies in Hollywood.

Making War Forever!

That's what these fellows are going to do, because the films have eternalized their part of the Big Fight. These pictures are transcripts from a Living History -- British official War Pictures.



A bit of the American Ambulance section.



Devonshire artillery men, asleep under their caissons. At the left, a British gunner sends greeting to the Lord's self-appointed partner.



**OUT OVER NO-
MAN'S LAND!**

The barrage has pulled the barbed-wire and corked the guns; the British infantry start out to clean the Boche trenches.



Above, a French "Seventy-Five" speaks from its venomous nest. At the left, Tommy Atkins makes merry with a hansom-cab which appears as much out of place as a baby-carriage at a birth control meeting.

The last of
this series

PHOTOPLAY ACTORS

Find the Film Players'

THE PRIZES

1st Prize \$10.00 3rd Prize \$3.00
2nd Prize 5.00 4th Prize 2.00
Ten Prizes, Each \$1.00

These awards (all in cash, without any string to them) are for the correct, or nearest correct, sets of answers to the ten pictures here shown.

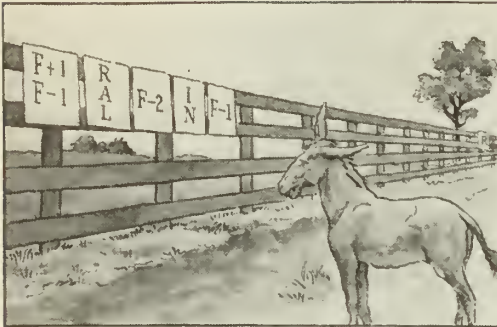
As the names of most of these movie people have appeared many, many times before the public, we feel sure you must know them.

This novel contest is a special feature department of Photoplay Magazine for the interest and benefit of its readers, at absolutely no cost to them—the Photoplay Magazine way.

The awards are all for this month's contest.

TRY IT

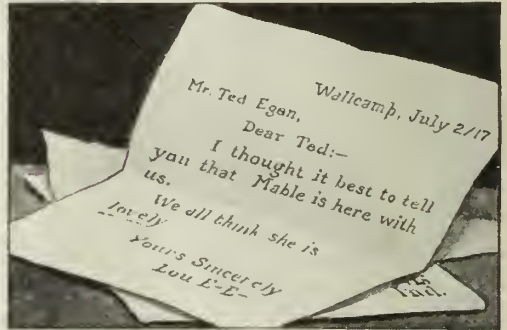
All answers to this set must be mailed before Aug. 1, 1917.



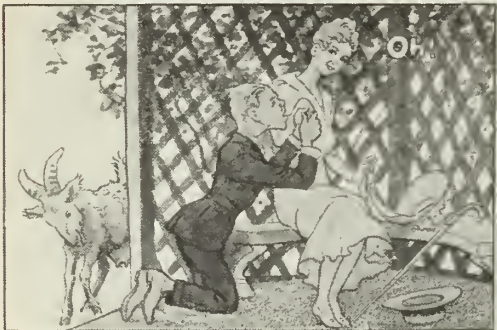
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WINNERS OF THE JUNE PHOTO-

- First Prize...\$10.00—Miss Josephine Gault,
St. Louis, Mo.
- Second Prize.. 5.00—Mrs. R. P. Marts,
Salina, Kan.
- Third Prize... 3.00—Mrs. J. Rubin, Phila-
delphia, Pa.
- Fourth Prize.. 2.00—Miss Lulu Danforth,
Chicago, Ill.

- \$1.00 Prizes to
- Mrs. J. R. Gauson,
Long Beach, Cal.
 - Mrs. Lillie L. Hewitt,
Madison, Ind.
 - Mr. Joseph Simoson,
Toronto, Canada.
 - Mrs. Gertrude E.
Thompson, Leo-
minster, Mass.
 - Miss Margaret Inger-
soll, Spokane, Wash.

NAME PUZZLE

Names in These Pictures

DIRECTIONS

Each picture represents the name of a photoplay actor or actress. The actor's name is really a description of the picture that goes with it; for example—"Rose Stone" might be represented by a rose and a rock or stone, while a gawky appearing individual looking at a spider web could be "Web Jay."

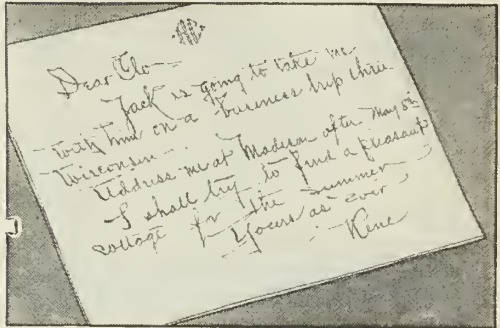
For your convenience and avoidance of mistakes, we have left space under each picture on which you may write your answers. Remember to write your full name and address on the margin at the bottom of both pages. Cut out these pages and mail in, or you may send in your answers on a separate sheet of paper, but be sure they are numbered to correspond with the number of each picture. There are 10 answers.

Address to Puzzle Editor, Photoplay Magazine, 350 North Clark Street, Chicago.

We have eliminated from this contest all red tape and expense to you, so please do not ask us questions. Only one set of answers allowed each contestant.

Awards for answers to this set will be published in Photoplay Magazine. Look for this contest each month.

New Puzzle Announced
Next Month



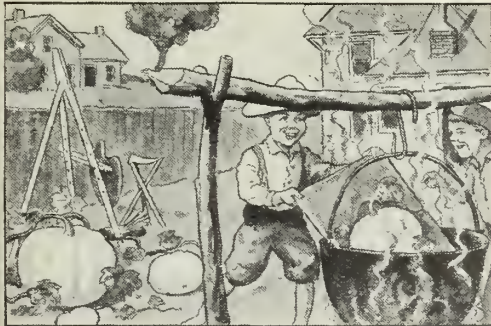
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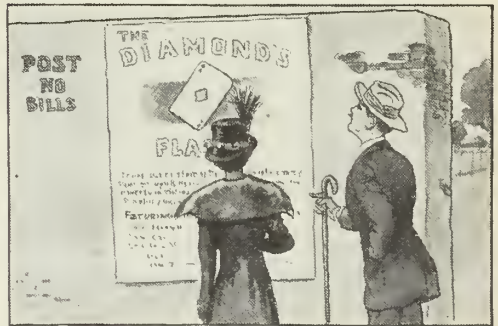
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10

PLAY ACTORS NAME PUZZLE

Mrs. Virginia Merri-
man, Sioux City,
Iowa.

Mrs. F. E. Under-
wood, Omaha Neb.
Miss Lillian LaMoore,
Paducah, Ky.

Mr. B. C. Wright,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Mr. Ralph Davenport,
Cambridge, Ohio.

\$1.00 Prizes to
(Continued)

CORRECT ANSWERS FOR JUNE ISSUE

- | | |
|-------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Fannie Ward | 6. Muriel Ostrich |
| 2. Wallace Reid | 7. Wilton Lackaye |
| 3. Max Linder | 8. Carlyle Blackwell |
| 4. Robert Warwick | 9. Jewel Carmen |
| 5. Alice Brady | 10. Charles West |

The Man Who Put Fame in Famous

(Continued from page 71)

"I believe in the best pictures for picture theatres. In the past we have said by inference if not in words: 'If you want to see a really fine photoplay you must go to a dramatic theatre, and pay two dollars.' In the future my companies will make nothing which is not intended for motion picture audiences in motion picture theatres, directly. There is no other way to raise the taste of the people than by giving all the people the best you can, all the time.

"The man who lets his achievements in 1916 be his mark in 1917 must fail. Sculpture, music and painting are fixed arts, and the workers in them can fix standards. It is impossible to fix any standard in active photography for the thing itself is expanding a dozen times a year. The only thing I can do is go as far as I can now—and next year endeavor to go much farther!"

How Dwan Shot Society

WHILE Allan Dwan was directing Maxine Elliott's first photoplay—which has just been finished—it became necessary to use a fine residential doorway as a means of exit for Miss Elliott. Dwan selected a handsome apartment house on New York City's Riverside Drive, and as he and Miss Elliott waited in the car, sent his assistant to inquire if the celebrated Maxine could merely walk out of the place. He got a somewhat testy reply that the owner "didn't think much of motion pictures," and didn't care to have any traffic with a director and an actress. Dwan was peeved, but not Miss Elliott.

"I'm really delighted!" she exclaimed. "Let's drive over to Fifth Avenue, and I'm sure that the first of my friends we find at home will be only too glad to help us out."

Thereupon, to Dwan's amazement, she enumerated half the social register, pronouncing the names, not of apartment dwellers or owners, but of the celebrities whose names are a part of the structure of New York City itself, as well as being the pillars of ultra Fifth Avenue.

Had disaster overtaken them at an apartment, what excessive sub-zero probably waited for them on the east side of Central Park? Nevertheless, to humor the

ex-Mrs. Goodwin, Dwan rolled toward the sacred asphalt acreage from which all locators are barred.

At the first and grandest of the mansions, Dwan noticed that the folks were not only at home, but were giving an afternoon party.

"How delightful this is going to be!" chortled the star.

"It certainly *is*," muttered Dwan, with the grimness of one who has just heard the cry "Women and children first!"

"Tell them," Miss Elliott instructed Mr. Dwan's man, "that I want to walk out of their house for a scene in my new picture."

"She didn't even *ask*!" whispered the scandalized chauffeur.

A moment after the message was delivered Dwan beheld, to his amazement, the human symbols of a billion or two dollars trooping out like children from a playhouse. They swarmed about the machine like kids attacking an ice-cream cart. Could she use the palatial location? Oh, certainly—but that would take only a moment; then, wouldn't she and her director join the party? So they did, and while the scene was shot, it was watched breathlessly by half the grand duchesses of America; after which, star and director became the day's honor-guests within.

The moral of which is that genuine society is a lot more thick-skinned than the spurious article.

The "Penny Matinee" Arrives

Here's another deft exhibitor, meeting various oppositions, including the heaviest-handed of them all: High Cost of Living.

His name is W. W. Cole, and he manages the Rohlff theatre, in Omaha. Recently the imperialism of the potato and the *nouveau-riche* cabbage began to cut the intake of even the biggest and cheapest of amusements. Cole promptly met it by establishing a penny matinee price for children under ten years of age. This price is effective only between 3 and 6 P. M.

Cole found that the penny matinee increased the juvenile attendance from 200 to 300 on week-days, and at least 500 on Sunday.

And it pulled up the night receipts, because the youngsters invariably enthused to papa and mamma at dinner over what they had seen in the afternoon.



Taking a "close-up" of Bryant Washburn and Hazel Daly in a scene for "Filling His Own Shoes."

(Continued from page 26)

holds the curtain. It is a habit, I am glad to say, I have never abandoned. For there is no waste in overhead expenses in the production of my pictures; no unnecessary studio waits, so far as I am concerned. And my company follows my example."

"I understand," I remarked, "that recently you declined with thanks what was reported to have been a very handsome offer to return to the stage."

"Such offers are not infrequently made to screen people," Mr. Washburn replied; "but they do not tempt me. I expect to live out my acting career in motion pictures."

"From a viewpoint of actual work, the stage is not as exacting by half as the screen. When you learn your part and get your costumes fitted in a stage production you are practically finished with creative work. All you have to do then is to repeat your lines night after night so long as the play's run lasts. That may be for months."

"In pictures, however, it is entirely different. For each new production, one must not only master a distinctly separate characterization, but he must further be fitted to an entirely new set of costumes. This

latter requirement may seem trivial, but it eats up more invaluable time than you might suppose—time that the actor must donate, largely, from what little leisure may be his lot. Consider, then, the work he must accomplish in getting out at least one picture a month, and sometimes two, twelve months in the year.

"Yet it is the monotony of stage work which I abhor; which strengthens my loyalty to the screen. Think of remaining in one characterization, repeating over and over the same words, and wearing nightly for weeks and months the same costumes. In pictures the newness of each production, despite its exactions, gives me fresh energy and enthusiasm. Incidentally, it provides me with a boundless field for widening the scope of my acting talent—an opportunity for which every actor always is looking."

"Mr. Wa-a-s-sh-sh-bun: Mr. Wa-a-s-sh-sh-Bun?" a voice burst in on our little conversation.

"Aw-l ri-i-ght, Mike," the star drawled.

"The Red Cross costume next," the call "boy" reminded him, and Mr. Washburn, with a hurried apology, vanished.

(Continued from page 126)

"Are you two engaged?" she asked abruptly.

"Yes, provisionally," I replied. "Alice has agreed to marry me if I can make a pot of money within the next six months. This seems to be the best chance."

"Well, well," sighed the bishop, "I suppose we ought to congratulate you, but I must say it seems a terrible thing for you to remain here all alone, my dear boy. I'm almost tempted to stop on with you."

"That's very good of you but not to be thought of," I said. "For one thing we are nearly out of supplies and it's not possible that Drake would consent to provision us. It would be too apparent that I was stopping on to keep him from plundering the beds and he would naturally resent it. There's no love lost between us. Besides, you would feel the loneliness too keenly without the ladies. But most of all, I do not think that they should be entrusted to Drake's tender mercies without you aboard to protect them. The man is an unprincipled ruffian for all of his swell appearance and when he has got a few drinks boiling about in his system, which is very often, he is absolutely irresponsible. There's no telling what he might do."

Alice objected, but rather feebly I thought, that it would be too terrible for me there alone on Trocadero and asked if it might not be better to try to make a bargain with Drake. To this I replied that I was used to solitude and would manage well enough, going on to say that Drake would certainly consider nothing less than half, possibly more, as I was convinced that he meant to return as quickly as he could and gut the beds. We argued for awhile along these lines without much difficulty on my part in overruling Alice's objections. Enid, sitting crosslegged on a couch stitched industriously at a garment which she had cut out of a piece of blue flannel, without offering any comment and with a curious air of indifference to the discussion. Then, when we had finished speaking she looked up, biting off her thread and asked in her characteristically disconcerting way:—

"What if there should not be any more pearls to speak of, after all? Would you be married just the same?"

Alice looked annoyed and I remarked that that was not the bargain, but that I

had no fears of not finding the pearls. Enid looked at her aunt. "Have you, Alice?" she asked.

"No," Alice answered. "After seeing this big one and from what Jack has told me I am confident that the pearls are there. The problem is to get them."

"Well then," said Enid, threading her needle and speaking in a casual, unemotional voice as though suggesting a stroll, or something of the sort, "If you are sure that the pearls are there and it only needs Jack's staying here on the island to get them, why don't you let Uncle Geoffrey marry you and stop here with him?"

Alice, in answering this silly question of a very young girl had a sharpness in her voice which surprised me. I had never heard her speak that way before and it sounded as if she did not like Enid. She desired to know whether Enid had gone crazy or was merely trying to give the rest of us that impression. The bishop found the altercation which ensued to be very amusing (he was full of Drake's gin) but I did not. It seemed to me to be a rather unfortunate termination to our exile on Trocadero. Enid showed not the slightest sign of vexation but her voice had a contemptuous little cut which stung. I was astonished at her impertinence, for she said almost in so many words that she thought her aunt showed herself a poor sport in letting her fiance remain alone on a desert island to protect a treasure by which she hoped to profit. "What if Drake should come back and put a bullet through Jack?" she asked. Alice wanted to know how she would be able to help that, to which Enid answered that Drake would scarcely go so far as to murder her also and that he would be afraid of her testimony. I could see that Alice was getting very angry, so not wishing to witness a scene I went out and strolled down to the beach. Drake apparently saw me there for a moment later he came ashore in his gig. As it did not seem worth while to avoid him I waited to hear what he had to say.

"Well, Kavanagh," he began briskly. "have you thought over my proposition?"

"Yes," I answered. "I've decided to play the hand alone."

He looked astonished. "The deuce you have," said he. "What are you going to play it with, if you don't mind my asking."

"With an outfit of my own," I answered. "There's really no great hurry."

He frowned and puckered out his lips. Drake looked rather like a handsome gorilla and he had certain simian traits, also. His eyes were quick and shifty and he had a nervous way of picking at things with his fingers as he talked. When irritated or excited he dilated his nostrils and was apt to show a very strong set of big, even teeth. But while ruthless in his acts and excitable of disposition I had never heard of his having been mixed up in personal fights and he had kept his temper perfectly under my scathing cross examination when I once haled him to court on a charge of black-birding and mistreatment of natives.

"I think that you are making a mistake, old top," said he. "There are plenty of pearls for two down there and if you wait too long somebody might get ahead of you."

There was no mistaking the veiled threat and he saw from my contemptuous shrug that I understood.

"I'll take my chance on that," I answered. "The bishop will be sending me an outfit as soon as he lands and meantime I'll stick on here and do a sentry-go. Besides, there is a patrol boat due to look in here any day to see how I'm getting on and as I've bought the concession I shall ask for protection until I get to work."

Drake crinkled his low forehead precisely like a great ape, then smiled.

"That's a good bluff, Kavanagh," said he, "but it doesn't go. In the first place I don't believe you've got any concession and you know as well as I do that the chance of a patrol boat putting into this rotten little hole is about one in a thousand. A lot of things might happen before those little tubs of yours at Kialu could fit out and get here and it's not probable that anybody who felt like having a go at the pearls would let himself be hindered much by one man with no papers or anything to prove his claim."

"In other words," I retorted, "you think it would be quite possible for you to land your passengers and get back here in time to lick the cream of the jug before my crowd turned up, and you think that my being here wouldn't matter particularly."

He grinned. "Well, if you choose to put it that way such a thing could happen, couldn't it? Besides, I'm not obliged to take these people to Kialu. It's way out of my course."

"If you fail to show up at Kialu pretty soon young Harris will be coming here to find out what has happened," I answered. "Set them ashore wherever you damn please and come back here as soon as you like. But I warn you, Drake, that you are not going to steal my pearls without a scrap and that if you do for me it will be a hanging job for you."

He scowled at me for a moment, his thick mustache caught in his under lip, then said:—

"Oh, come now, what's the use of trying to bluff. You've got nothing to prove your claim nor could you prove that I ever scraped up a single shell. And do you flatter yourself that you could stand off the lot of us? If you got nasty about it we'd have to defend ourselves, of course, and who could blame us? Come now, be reasonable. Many a man has missed his chance by trying to pig the whole thing. I'm willing to go in with you on half shares and these people won't mind sticking on here for a couple of weeks. Come now, what d'ye say?"

I shook my head. "No," I answered, "you might as well save your wind for your main topsail. It's not entirely a matter of greed. I'm not going to be held up for half my pile for fear of my hide. Try it on if you like and see what happens. That's all . . ." and I turned on my heel and walked back to the bungalow leaving him there growling and chewing at the rim of his mustache.

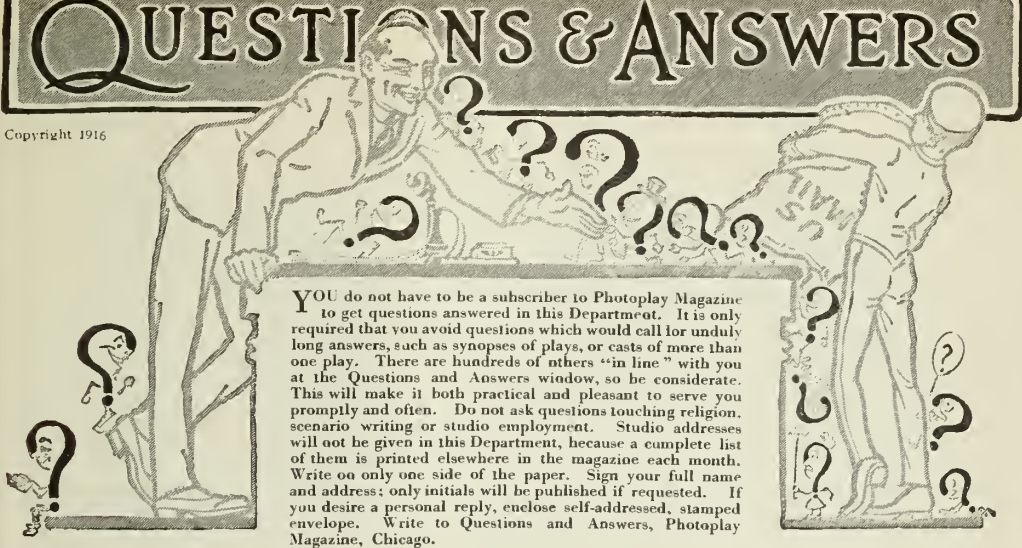
(To be continued)

Don't Miss Next Month's Instalment of "Pearls of Desire"

The hate of Drake and Kavanagh bursts into the red fire of battle—and to temper this flame there is a thrilling turn to the island's romance.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

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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. There are hundreds of others "in line" with you at the Questions and Answers window, so be considerate. This will make it both practical and pleasant to serve you promptly and often. 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.

J. K. L., HELENA, MONT.—Your former fellow citizen, Kathlyn Williams, left the Selig company about a year ago to play in Morosco films, but we understand she is about to retire from the screen.

SUBSCRIBER, PETALUMA, CAL.—The most common reason for changing the name of a novel after its conversion into a film play is in order to have the film copyrighted. This was the reason, we are told, for naming the last Farrar photoplay, "Joan the Woman" instead of the obvious title, "Joan of Arc." Another frequent reason for changing a name, however, is due to the producer's fear that the original title would not prove a sufficient box office lure.

AGNES, WILMINGTON, DEL.—Now don't cry little girl; maybe Mr. Chaplin needed that two-bits you sent him for a photo to buy some gasoline. You must realize that times are hard and that every little bit helps.

L. C., ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.—We can assure you personally that Douglas Fairbanks really does those stunts himself because we've actually, with our own eyes, sawn him do them. He is one of the few great screen players who does not employ a "double" in performing hazardous stunts.

H. R., DES MOINES, IA.—You're a nawful smart girl for your age. *Mercutio* was Fritz Lieber and *Paris* was John Davidson in Metro's "Romeo and Juliet." The "Willis boy" is with Lockwood in "The Haunted Pajamas." We quite agree with your ladyship as to Mary Pickford. She still leads the parade. A long time ago we read over the Federal Constitution and finding nothing to preclude such a decision, decided to refrain from witnessing serials whenever humanly possible to avert them. So we can't argue with you about your *bete noir*—or is it *cafe noir*? Anyhow

there's a *noir* in it. Write again. You're a nawful smart girl for your age.

PEEVED, PASADENA, CAL.—James Cruze is now an inmate of Lasky's. Rita Jolivet's last appearance was in an Ivan film. She's the Baroness Cippico now. Yes, the "Hari Kari" filmed by the California company is the same "Hari Kari" that Julian Johnson committed originally. Lois Wilson played the lead. She is to be J. Warren Kerrigan's leading woman in his new company.

FUNNY, PHILADELPHIA.—Arline Pretty was the girl in "In Again; Out Again," but we would say that it was "Bull" Montana, portrayer of *Quentin Auburn*, the burglar, who played opposite Fairbanks. Didst notice those ears?

W. W., BROCKTON, MASS.—No, sonny, we aren't no retired actor. They ain't no sich animal. Once an actor, always an actor. Mary Miles Minter was born in Shreveport, La., on April 1, 1902, and she has been on the stage since she was a wee cheild. Her right name is Juliet Shelby. Her latest picture is "Annie-for-Spite."

X. Y. Z., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—You were a good guesser. However, we didn't answer your questions, not because

there are so many of them, but because you neglected to attach your real name and address.

G. C., LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—It was the same Walter Long as *The Musketeer of the Slums* in "Intolerance" and as the executioner in "Joan." He left Griffith soon after "Intolerance" was completed and is still with Lasky's unless he has joined his regiment.

M., NATIONAL CITY, CAL.—Sessue Hayakawa's first photoplay was "The Typhoon"; his last three, "Each to His Kind," "The Bottle Imp" and "The Jaguar's Claws." The English girl in "Each to His Kind" was Vola Vale, and her

THIS department will be glad to forward to the proper destinations all letters addressed in care of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, to any of the screen players. This is a service department and is conducted solely for the convenience and pleasure of its readers.

lover was Eugene Palette. Hayakawa is 5 feet 7½ inches tall; Dorothy Dalton 5 feet 3; Ethel Clayton 5 feet 5½, and Bryant Washburn 6 feet.

KATY, OMAHA, NEB.—Quite a few actors have signified their intention of going to the front, and quite a few others, if we haven't the wrong hunch, will be eager to admit that they are on the shady side of 31 and that they have families dependent upon them. Yes, Katy, we have volunteered—as a letter censor—and handwriting expert. Enid Markey has just finished playing in "The Curse of Eve," which sounds bad enough to be a good job for the censors.

H. M., LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.—The only favorite you mention who hasn't a wife is Charley Chaplin, and he's liable to have one any time. Please don't send us any more love epistles. It makes our stenographers jealous.

G. D., PROVIDENCE, R. I.—House Peters is not a Southerner. William Desmond is—South of Ireland. Mrs. Peters was Miss Mae King before her marriage.

L. E., SAN DIEGO, CAL.—All of your suggestions have been submitted to the editor with a recommendation that all be adopted. Just a word from us, you see, and the editor does as he likes. Pauline Frederick and Anita Stewart answer letters and so do the sisters Gish. The latter are now in New York. For a three-year-old American you write a mighty good English letter.

R. C., NEW YORK CITY.—Frank Morgan was *Halkett* in "The Girl Philippa." It was all filmed in the vicinity of New York, except the scenes for which the company went abroad—to New Jersey. Glad you like the covers. So do we.

H. H., SANTA ROSA, CAL.—Arthur Ashley is with World Film and we assume that he will be glad to give you any information you may desire.

M. C., SHREVEPORT, LA.—Geraldine Farrar pronounces her name with the accent on the last syllable. "Patria" may be pronounced several ways, and each correctly.

S. A. W., COLUMBUS, O.—Why bring Joe Tinker into the controversy? He isn't a actor. Fine Arts produced "Her Father's Keeper." Ince's new arrangement with Triangle is largely a private matter, we think. However, he has charge of all Triangle production in California. Bessie Barriscale is to make another photoplay for Triangle before going to work for herself. We have no grudge against Cincinnati or any other city. Where do you get that stuff?

R. L., BROOKTON, N. Y.—We have no record of a Margaret Fuller.

L. T., EASTON, PA.—"The Little American" is the second Mary Pickford photoplay directed by Cecil B. DeMille at the Lasky studio. "A Romance of the Redwoods" was the first. The latter originally bore the title, "Jennie, the Unexpected." There are fifteen episodes in "Patria."

L. J. P., INDIANA, PA.—Just out of the magazines you want. - Awfully sorry, too.

RITA, LAGRANDE, ORE.—Jack Mulhall is with Universal, and his eyes are blue, not gray. Several of the Bowers stories have been filmed. We have always made it a practice to answer all questions to the best of our ability and do not bar questions as to the matrimonial incumbrances of the players. Can't prove that heart-beat stuff by us.

KIDDER, SACRAMENTO, CAL.—No, our middle name isn't Ursus. And also, they don't play "The Torcador" when we do our work. Outside of that you are a remarkably fine guesser. Don't worry about the draft; if they send you to the front you won't have to wear a steel helmet anyhow.

ADMIRER, FREEPORT, L. I.—Lottie Pickford was 22 on June 9 and Jack Pickford will be 21 on Aug. 18. Daisy Robinson was the betrothed of House Peters in "The Happiness of Three Women." Lottie Pickford is in Hollywood at present. So glad you're happy and you have every right to be.

E. R., ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Hal Ford played opposite Pearl White in "May Blossoms" and Earle Foxe is officiating in like capacity in "New York Nights." Arnold Daly is on the legitimate stage. Write Pearl for her pictures.

M. M., QUEBEC, CANADA.—The Clune company can be reached by merely addressing the letter to Los Angeles. Write Jane Novak, care Continental Film Co., Los Angeles.

N. Y. Z., GREENSBURG, PA.—So far as we know no actress ever cut off her hair in order to adapt her appearance to the demands of some role, although it was said that Geraldine Farrar did so in order to play *Joan*. If she did, Miss Farrar broke all existing records for hair raising immediately thereafter. Ann Pennington, Famous Players; Louise Huff, Lasky; Mrs. Castle, Pathe; Billie Burke, Arterraft.

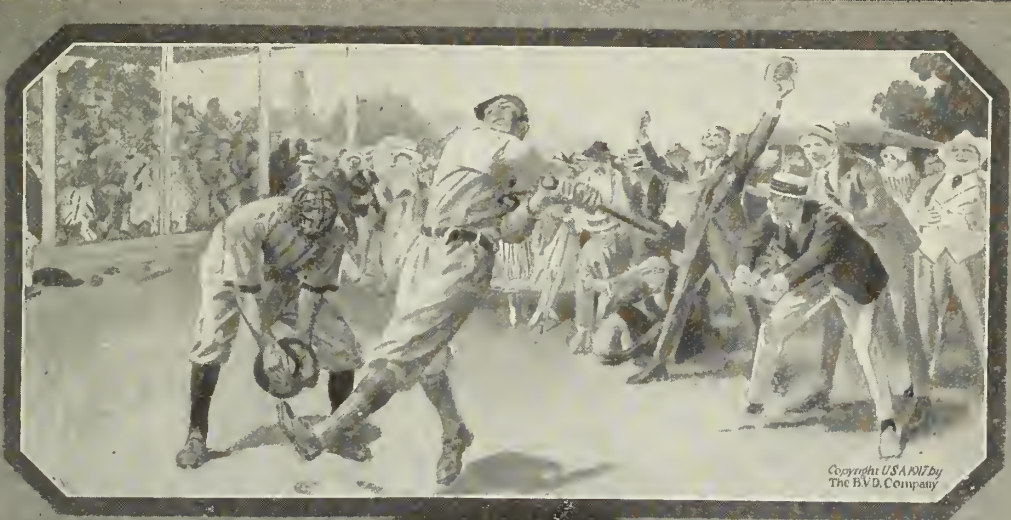
J. F., MERIDIAN, MISS.—"Cleopatra" was Theda Bara's latest film play. There are a number of books dealing with photoplay writing. One of them is Captain Peacock's "Hints on Photoplay Writing," which may be had at this office for fifty cents.

WINSOME, NOTRE DAME, IND.—Jane Bernoudy was born in Colorado. Florence Lawrence and King Baggot are still away from the screen. Miss Bernoudy was last with Universal.

UNO, LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Yes, we acted in a movie once. The usher put us out. Mary Alden was born in New Orleans but we never knew her well enough to ask about the year. You did wrong in flirting with that actor. It will only encourage him to do it again.

E. T., HANTON, N. J.—Having been born on April 12, 1888, Mr. Lockwood's age would necessarily be 29. For the small sum of fifteen centavos, Americano, we will be glad to shoot you the December 1915 issue containing a very nice story about that gentleman. We don't believe we ever said it before, but right now we want to tell you that Mr. Bushman and Miss Bayne are not married to each other. Billie West played opposite Mr. Lockwood in "The Hidden Spring."
(Continued on page 150)

ALL letters sent to this department which do not contain the full name and address of the sender, will be disregarded. Please do not violate this rule.



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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 91)

"PERIWINKLE" is the name given a baby girl whom a lifeguard finds in a wreck, and as Periwinkle grows up, she radiates such sunshine that she is finally able to redeem a very blase young man, and make him a useful citizen. In these words you have a synopsis of the latest story which Mary Miles Minter charmingly enacts, and for which she has been given human and material surroundings of fidelity, and believable conduct through her scenes by James Kirkwood. George Fisher plays the young man whom Periwinkle redeems.

William Russell's valiant author, Julius Grinnell Furthmann, does not produce, in "Shackles of Truth," so overwhelmingly and exuberant a vehicle as he gave the big fellow in "The Frame-Up." It is a much more serious story of political and personal corruption, and Russell's punch and smile are things too good to lose. However, "Shackles of Truth" is by no means bad programme entertainment.

"The Serpent's Foothold," as a name, might mean a lot of things that are not to be found in Gail Kane's recent melodrama. If any element of surprise attached to this perfunctory affair it must have been the author's on disposing of his manuscript.

IN "The Sixteenth Wife," a Vitagraph comedy featuring Peggy Hyland, you may see a perfectly laughless melodrama made into a roarer by its titles. Such, we have often contended, is the biggest secret in Keystone merriment, for exaggerated seriousness is funnier than any deliberate attempt at comedy that might be made. This farcelet gains its title from the ambition of a Turkish Kadir, who, beholding Peggy as a fair dancer, would augment his harem of fifteen by another addition.

That there are other Western stories than those of the boys who ride herd is well proved by "The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop," a really fine tale of the border Indians, the evils practised upon them by unscrupulous whites, and their retaliations. There is much of frontier history in this play. Antonio Moreno and Edith Storey head an excellent cast. The author, Hamlin Garland; the director, William Wolbert. A piece worth while.

Anita Stewart's vivid personality gleams brilliantly through the flickering scenes of

"Clover's Rebellion," one of the most uneven screen plays put forth in a long time. The author is James Oliver Curwood, and at moments the drama moves with zest, speed and a sense of novelty; and at other moments it is trite and banal. The substance of the plot is a difference in father's and mother's marrying designs, and a stubborn determination on the part of the adopted daughter to wed neither of their choices. "Rudy" Cameron has developed into A-1 leading-man timber, and the supporting cast includes the ever-beautiful Julia Swayne Gordon, Charles A. Stevenson, and Eulalie Jensen.

"Within the Law," with Alice Joyce in the part Jane Cowl created on the stage, lacks the great stream of human humor which swept the spoken play like a torrent—which *made it great*. "Within the Law" is simply a melodrama, one of many.

"The Soul Master." An uninspired photoplay, featuring Earle Williams in a heavy and apparently uncongenial role.

"THE SILENT MASTER," a pretentious photoplay featuring Robert Warwick and offering Anna Little in the best part she ever played, also brings to projection the shadow of Olive Tell, a supremely beautiful young woman of the speaking stage. "The Silent Master" is a big and pretentious melodrama narrating the folly of a mature man who introduces a young boy to a phase of life—merely as a warning exhibition—which he cannot resist. But it is entirely too European in its sequences, its treatment of each incident, and in its titles, to be wholeheartedly accepted here. It may be remembered that while Europe has developed a standard of music, painting and spoken drama which we would do well to copy, America leads the world not only in photoplay photography, but in photoplay technique. Notwithstanding a flood of productive mediocrity, the best things that we have done have not even been approached across the water. We are within our rights in measuring active photography by U. S. A. Standards.

"REDEMPTION." A somewhat mawkish melodrama, produced by Julius Steger, featuring Evelyn Thaw and her little boy, Russell. In it Mrs. Thaw acts more believably than usual

Paramount Proclamation

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AN OFFICIAL STATEMENT from ADOLPH ZUKOR

AFTER August 5, 1917, you who want Paramount Pictures can have them at your favorite motion picture theatre.

On the above date Paramount will inaugurate a new policy of service to the *entire* playgoing public. Any theatre in America can secure Paramount Pictures and Paramount Stars, just as it chooses to book them.

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This announcement is the most important addressed to motion picture patrons since September 1, 1914, when the Paramount program was born.

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Paramount *originated* the feature photoplay idea. Beginning with Sarah Bernhardt and James K. Hackett, we gave to the screen the famous stars of the speaking stage, with master writers, master directors, an investment

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Ask for Paramount Pictures

Your theatre manager is now able to secure the stars he may *select*—just as he wants to book them. Tell him you want to see Paramount Stars and Paramount Pictures. Hand in the **Box Office Request** below. He will be glad to *know* and *will follow* your wishes.



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Box Office Request
Paramount Pictures

I should enjoy Paramount Pictures and Stars.

Name.....

Address.....

(Continued from page 146)

SNOWFLAKE, BROCTON, MASS.—Just got down to that drawing, the penalty for which should be a deep silence with reference to those questions you propound. Nearly every magazine appears during the month preceding the date on its cover. PHOTOPLAY just happens to be earlier than most of them. Sarah Bernhardt's right name was Bernard. Billie Burke comes from a theatrical family. Write Famous Players about those Pauline Frederick plays. They provide them for her. Do write again.

F. B., OAKDALE, LA.—Write the Orpheum theatre at New Orleans. They'll tell you if Mrs. Castle ever danced there.

YANKEE GIRL, SAN FRANCISCO—Miss Payson is with Keystone in Los Angeles. Write her there. She was a policewoman at the Exposition in your city and you should have seen her there. She has appeared only in comedies.

E. C., BOSTON, MASS.—Afraid we're a little late with your answers. The Gish sisters are now in New York, not permanently employed. We understand also that Bobby Harron and Dorothy Gish are engaged. We have no information concerning Lillian Burns. Constance Talmadge has her own company.

YVETTE, QUEBEC, CANADA—Don't apologize. muh deah; your English is much better than that contained in lots of the letters we get from girls educated only in that language. John Bowers will send you a photograph. We quite agree as to your survey of John.

M. J. W., SAN FRANCISCO—Anita Loos is 21 years old and we believe she has lived in San Francisco. She is now writing exclusively for Douglas Fairbanks.

MAIZIE, NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.—As a rule, we don't commit ourselves on topics with which we are unfamiliar. When we say that Mr. So-and-So says that he is not married, you can put down a bet that he is, and win nine times out of ten. Earle Williams is still single. Harold Lockwood was born April 12, 1888.

H. L. S., MEDICINE HAT CANADA—Gee, that's where all the cold waves come from, isn't it? Mary MacLaren is about five feet, three inches and Miriam Cooper about two inches taller. Sure, call on us when you come to Chicago, but don't be surprised if they tell you that the Answer Man has just left for California.

M. J., GREENSBURG, PA.—"War Brides" was Nazimova's only screen venture. Dustin and William Farnum are brothers.

HERBERT, NEW YORK—Miriam Cooper is 23 and a native of Baltimore. Address her at Fox Studio, Hollywood, California. The scenes for "Patria" were taken in New York and vicinity and Los Angeles and vicinity. So "Patria" means fatherland in Spanish? Well, well!

MOULDER, ERIE, PA.—Louise Huff is in her early twenties and played in "The Girl at the Locks" for Lubin. Ask your theatre owners when they are going to show "Daughter of the Gods" and "Joan the Woman."

B. H., SHELBYVILLE, IND.—Olga Petrova was born in Warsaw, Poland, but she is an American by adoption; or perhaps, it would be more correct to say, by marriage. You see when a woman, not an American, marries one, she takes his citizenship, and vice versa.

BILLIE, NEWPORT, R. I.—Jane Lee is nearly eight years old, but we can't tell you what her salary is. "Her Father's Son" was filmed in Los Angeles and "The Gilded Cage" in the east. Edward Langford was the man opposite C. K. Young in "The Dark Silence." The cast of "Love and Hate": *Helen Sterling*, *Bertha Kalich*; *George Howard*, *Stuart Holmes*; *Robert Sterling*, *Kenneth Hunter*; *Rita Lawson*, *Madeline Leonard*; *Willie* and *Myrtle*, *Jane* and *Katherine Lee*.

M. M., LIHUE, HAWAII—It is only in recent years that Jack Kerrigan has forsaken cowboy roles. It's up to Lasky to decide if Wallace Reid and Mac Murray are to play together again. John Bowers has brown hair. Crane Wilbur has brown hair and gray eyes and is—pardon us, you didn't ask that. Blanche Sweet is not married. Yes, we too think she is very pretty.

DORA, SHELDON, IA.—Ethel Barrymore was born in 1879 and Henry Walthall in 1878. Hassan Mussalli played the part of *Samuel Wright* in "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie." William S. Hart is not a woman-hater in any sense of the phrase. He just hasn't found the right one. Yes, his eyesight is very good, as he has never worn spectacles.

E. C., CRYSTAL SPRINGS, MISS.—Billie Burke's first husband is Flo Ziegfeld, Jr. William Desmond played opposite her in "Peggy." Olga Petrova's hair is red. Herbert Rawlinson is not the husband of Anna Little, but use Alan Forrest is. Wallace Reid was *Don Jose* to Farrar's "Carmen." You probably mean World's "A Woman Alone." Alice Brady, Edward Langford and Arthur Ashley had the leading parts.

I. W., BURLINGTON, N. D.—We have no information concerning the party you inquire about.

M. M., QUEBEC, CANADA—"The Eyes of the World" is being distributed under the state rights system and not through any program. Letters addressed to Miss Novak and Frank Newburg, care of Clune, Los Angeles, would reach them. Grace Darmond and Beverly Bayne are still single.

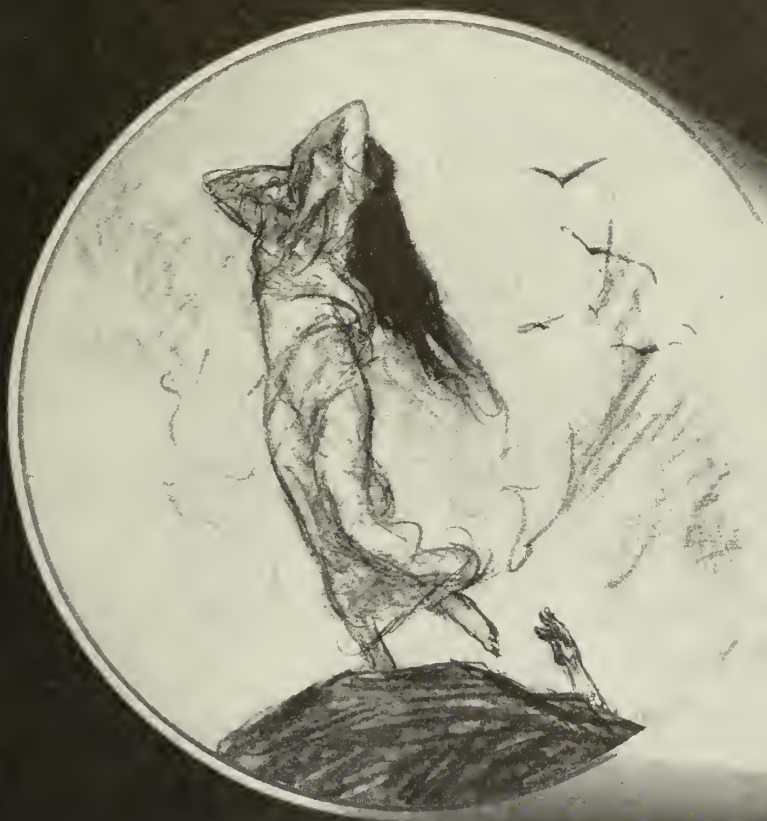
TINA HAMPTON, VA.—Constance Talmadge, since "Intolerance," has played in "The Matrimaniac," "Betsey's Burglar" and "The Girl of the Timberclaims." She was nineteen on April 19. Owen Moore has brown hair and blue eyes. Marguerite Courtot was last with Arrow, a Pathe company. Norma Nichols was *Chiquita* in "The Ne'er-Do-Well." Hazel Dawn's latest motion picture is "The Lone Wolf."

L. T., EASTON, PA.—Lottie Pickford is a sister of Mary and Jack. She expects to return to the screen soon.

M. C., TRENTON, N. J.—Harrison Ford was the man in "The Mysterious Mrs. M." Guess he'll send you an autographed photo if you write him a nice letter. Douglas Fairbanks has one young son. Mary Pickford was 24 in April.

RAGTIME HIGGINS, TEN.—By the time this is printed and in your hands, the songs that are hits now will be "old stuff." The most popular song we know right now is "The Star Spangled Banner."

PEG, DULUTH, MINN.—You'll have to be satisfied with Mr. Hayakawa's business address: Lasky's, Hollywood. His wife is Tsuru Aoki and she is 24 years old.



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Illustrations by HENRY RALEIGH

CHARITY, BRADFORD, PA.—Yes, it was Charles Richman in "The Battle Cry" and it was Mahlon Hamilton opposite Olga Petrova in "Extravagance." He has played opposite Ethel Barry more. Montagu Love played opposite Alice Brady in "Bought and Paid For." Leo Delaney still earns his ham and eggs by working in the movies. Sorry to take issue with the World Almanac, but we still stick to Cincinnati.

CHATTERBOX, WYNNFIELD, PA.—Frank Elliott was the Englishman you liked so much in "Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo." He is a real Englishman and is now with Selig in Los Angeles. May Allison is not married, despite the wedding ring. Messrs. Foxe, Reid and Lockwood are all bigger than us, so we refrain from expressing any opinion as to their respective degrees of pulchritude. Don't see why your family should dislike Mr. Bushman so much. That's not at all clubby. (Yes, dearie, a royal flush beats four of a kind. That's kinda out of our line, but we asked a man who knew.)

A. T., TORONTO, CANADA—Dorothy Davenport was born in 1895. Your others are answered elsewhere.

G. A. M., OTTAWA, CANADA—We have no record of that Minter story. Perhaps you have the name wrong. Write again; we liked your letter.

E. W., DANBURY, CONN.—No, Harold Lockwood is not married to Julie Ring.

NORAH, HAMILTON, NEW ZEALAND—We'd be delighted to send you a personal reply but unfortunately your New Zealand stamp isn't in right with our postal department. Mary Pickford has no children and has been in the movies about eight years.

M. C. FAN, HAVELOCK, NEB.—Mina Cunard is a sister of Grace and her age is 22. She is still with Universal.

HELEN, SAN DIEGO, CAL.—Edwin Bolden was last with Famous Players. Can't tell you what picture houses are to show McClure's "Seven Deadly Sins." Ask your theater man.

E. B. C., SHELTON, CONN.—Wilton Lackaye was the gentlemanly hypnotist, yclept *Svegnali*, who put the Indian sign on Clara Kimball Young, so to say, in "Tribly."

J. J., MIAMI, FLA.—We have no record of Phyllis Gordon though the name is a familiar one. Jack Ford is a brother of Francis.

G. K., MALDEN, MASS.—You are almost a good guesser. Accept our most sincere thanks for your laudatory letter. If there's one thing we just dote on it is having people write us and tell us how clever we are. Seriously however, we did like yours better than most of 'em.

BETTY, DENVER, COLO.—Dustin Farnum is with Fox in Los Angeles. Tom Forman is with Lasky. Both are married. Tom is 24. Norma Talmadge is with Selznick.

L. D., HARTFORD, CONN.—Your letter was decidedly welcome and you are hereby permitted to write again and often. Dorothy Dalton may be addressed at Culver City, Cal.

M. R., MILLINGTON, MASS.—Cleo Madison hasn't confided her age to us, but we have inside information that she voted at the last presidential election.

E. M., ROCKWALL, TEX.—Louise Fazenda is still with Keystone and her comedies are released regularly. Write her care of that company for a photograph. Yes, we kinda like Louise too. Nice kid.

PEEWE, BRADFORD, MASS.—Do we think Theda a dear? Well, decidedly so—the sweetest little thing we know. Just go ahead and write to her. She'll be delighted to answer.

BLANCHE, LOUISVILLE, KY.—Milton Sills has been on the screen about two years and maintains a discreet silence as to his age and matrimonial status.

PHYLLIS, QUEBEC, CANADA—Anita Stewart, Ruth Roland and Seena Owen are about the same height, five and a half feet.

B. F., PHILADELPHIA—Mahlon Hamilton was the man in "The Heart of a Painted Woman" and Edward Langford in "A Woman Alone." Robert Cummings in "The Awakening of H. Ritchie." Mr. Hamilton is with Lasky and Bryant Washburn with Essanay.

WHAKAPAUKA, WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND—Glad you told us how to pronounce it but what in heck does it mean? It was Wm. Courtleigh, Jr., in "Out of the Drifts." Wilmuth Merkyl with Petrova in "The Soul Market." Your request was anticipated in the last issue. Did you like the Beverly Bayne picture in the art section?

S. J., RICHEY, MONT.—Your description is too meager as more is required than brown curls and grey eyes. Anyhow you're too young to break away from the old homestead. Yes, we like your selection of stars. Now run to school or teacher'll scold you.

H. D., OSCEOLA, IA.—Annette Kellerman and Geraldine Farrar are about the same age. Adda Gleason and Monroe Salisbury had the leading roles in "Ramona."

CLAIRE, CHICAGO—Write Tom Santschi, care Selig, Los Angeles, and Harry Morey, care Vitagraph, New York. Of course we are deeply appreciative of the honor you are about to confer upon us by making us the hero of a scenario. But really we don't deserve it. All we ask is an epitaph when that time comes, labeled: "He answered his goldarnest."

MOLLY, SPRING HILL, ALA.—Earle Williams was born in Sacramento, Feb. 28, 1880, and is not married, professionally or otherwise. Don't remember any visit to Mobile. William Conklin was born in Brooklyn on Christmas Day, 1877. Jack Meredith played *Inglis* in "Sloth."

M. G., CHICAGO—We share your opinion concerning Mr. Walthall's talent and ability but PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to criticise his plays favorably or adversely as it sees fit. The same applies to other plays and players and because your opinion does not coincide with ours there is no reason for wasting a two cent stamp to tell us we're a knocker. Cheer up though, spuds are getting cheaper and a man with a moderate income may now eat onions once a month without jeopardizing his bank roll.

M. L., RICHMOND, VA.—Yes, we were quite surprised to hear from you. You were about the last person we thought would write us. As a rule we do not open letters sent to actresses in care of the magazine unless they are heavy enough to indicate that there is money in 'em.



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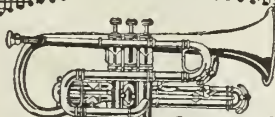
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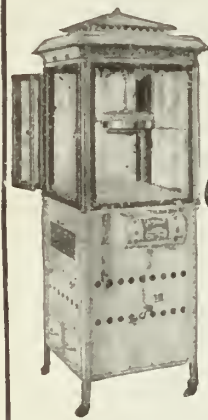
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M. K., BRONX, N. Y.—We have it on fairly reliable authority that the "S" in William S. Hart stands for "Shooter." Donald Hall is with Ivan Films.

EMMY, WEST HOBOKEN, N. J.—Gale Henry is still with Universal. What particular "Skinny" do you mean? The plays you mention are entirely unfamiliar to us. Who made them?

PUBLICUS, ETC., CINCINNATI—Sydney Ayres is dead. Cincinnati, not Sahara.

BILL, ABINGDON, ILL.—Do you think your description of yourself is fair to Bill Farnum and your description of us ditto to Mr. Bryan? Stuart Holmes was the he-yamp opposite Theda in dear old "East Lynne." Vivian Martin is about 22 and her address is 201 N. Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles.

A. C., ROCKFORD, ILL.—Pearl White gets her mail in care of Pathe, New York.

CLUTCHING HAND, ST. JOHNS, N. F.—Well Clutch, old boy, back again, eh? All of Arthur B. Reeve's stories, we believe, have been printed in the Cosmopolitan Magazine. Cast of "The Closing Net" included Howard Estabrook, Kathryn Browne-Decker, Bliss Milford, Madeline Traverse and Arthur Albro.

FATTY, GRIFFIN, GA.—William Courtleigh, Jr., appeared last with Ann Pennington. Margery Daw, having passed the "awkward age" is back in the movies. You'll see her next in a Lasky film and you'll be awfully surprised to see how big she is now.

AERO, LISBORNE, NEW ZEALAND—Very many of the film stars do not ask that they be reimbursed for photographs mailed to their admirers. The only way to send the money from there is by International Coupon. Olga Petrova is with Lasky in New York.

O. S., SEDALIA, Mo.—If we were to give over our pages to all of the minor players indiscriminately, the well known ones wouldn't get much of a chance.

A., CLIFTON, N. J.—If your friends have all told you that you would make a wonderful movie actress, there is nothing to do but hike right out and get bids from the producers. Of course, that's only kidding, but seriously, no kind of looks counts except the kind that screens properly. Some very famous beauties have failed to pass the test and on the other hand, some girls you wouldn't look at twice on the street are film beauties. We would prefer not recommending a studio at which you can apply for a position, thereby risking your deepest displeasure.

G. and V., VISALIA, CAL.—Just exactly what do you mean when you say that Chester Barnett looks like your husband—and two of you signing the letter? Oh, we get yuh. On second reading, we note that the letter is subdivided, as it were. And you want to build Bill Hart a new shirt. Well, for the lovva Mike don't make it outa checked gingham. He was born in 1874 and hasn't a wife to his name.

LOIDA, VINELAND, N. J.—So you thought we were paid to answer "anyone's questions?" My, what a peeve our angel child has this beautiful morning! Lewis Stone was last with Essnay and is not picture acting now. Billie Burke lives in a little burg called New York. She has just resumed playing for the screen. Now smile!

AMOUR, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA—Just what did your friend write on that letter? Our curiosity is rampant. Shirley Mason gets peevish if anyone says she is more than sixteen, so we are sure she is no more. Dorothy Phillins was born in Baltimore, a city in Maryland that is highly spoken of by its residents, and her husband is Allan Holubar. Don't know Minnie. Your letter was charming. Let us hear from you often.

S. C., HALLOWELL, ME.—Fannie Ward has been married before and has a daughter only. Don't get us wrong. We want all our friends to write whenever they feel like it.

MARIE, MADRID, SPAIN—The Frieder Film Company, Lancaster, Cal., and the William Fox Company, Los Angeles, Cal., are specializing in children's plays. You might correspond with them.

M. W., OAKLAND, CAL.—So far as we know, Harold Lockwood is his right name, but we decline to venture an opinion as to whether he and May would "make an ideal match in real life." If you mean boxing match we would say "no," as May is much too light. Frances Nelson was *Velma* in "Human Driftwood" opposite Robert Warwick.

M. K., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH—At this writing Nell Shipman is in the West Indies, Vivian Rich with Selig, Winifred Kingston with Fox in Los Angeles and Mrs. Vernon Castle with Pathe, New York.

MOVIE FAN, LA GRANGE, GA.—Grace Darmond is now with Technicolor Company. Can't find any *Jealousy* in the cast of "Love's Law." Cast for Universal's "Jewel": *Jewel*, Ella Hall; *Mr. Evingham*, Rupert Julian; *Lawrence Evingham*, Frank Elliott; *Eloise*, Miss Brownell; *Julia*, Dixie Carr; *Nat Bonnell*, Jack Holt; *Dr. Ballard*, T. W. Gowland; *Mrs. Forbes*, Lule Warrenton.

MARGARET, PHOENIXVILLE, PA.—Tom Chatterton played last in American's serial, "The Secret of the Submarine."

G. H., SACRAMENTO, CAL.—Madge Evans was the little girl in "The Web of Desire" with Ethel Clayton. The latter has no children. Rockcliffe Fellowes was the husband.

A READER, EAGLE PASS, TEX.—Hate to disappoint you but Beverly Bayne was not born in Philadelphia. She was born in 1895.

F. G., MONTE VISTA, COLO.—Barbara Gildroy was *Sibil* in "The Dark Silence."

B. T., MANITOWOC, WIS.—J. Warren Kerrigan was born in old Kentucky, Louisville to be specific, on July 25, 1889. His present address is Paralta Film Corp., Los Angeles. Florence LaBadie is still with Thanouser, New Rochelle, N. Y. Ashton Dearholt played in "The Sheriff of Plumias" and "Sandy Powell, Reformer," for American.

F. X. B., CARROLLTON, Mo.—Margery Daw has just turned 16. Her right name is House. Mrs. Castle is 23. Geraldine Farrar's last was "Joan the Woman." Some people pronounce it *Tollifer* and others just as it is spelled Taliaferro with the accent on the *fer*.



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ANNE, JACKSON, TENN.—Helen Holmes and Helen Gibson are not at all the same. The former was the first "Railroad Helen" and when she quit Kalem, Helen Gibson took her place. Our personal opinion, not for publication, is that "The Crimson Stain Mystery" is rather improbable and that Olga Olova is the wiggliest vamp we ever witnessed. Dorothy Davenport has retired temporarily from the screen.

W. F. WORCESTER, MASS.—We have read over your letter a half dozen times and can't just figure out what you are trying to put over. Try it again.

A. L., RICHMOND HILL, I. I.—PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE does not sell its editorial space, and no charge is made for any articles concerning the players. Only our advertising columns are for sale.

A. K., OLNEY, PA.—June Caprice was born in Boston and has light hair and blue eyes. She mails her photographs to her admirers without charge.

GEORGE, LINCOLN, NEB.—William Farnum's wife was an actress and her professional name was Olive White. Their child was adopted about two years ago. Mr. Farnum and his family are now in New York.

P. S., SANTA RITA, N. M.—Billie Burke is again acting for the screen and her first picture will be "The Mysterious Miss Terry," for Paramount. Creighton Hale is not the husband of Pearl White.

MARIAN, MINNEAPOLIS.—Glad you think this department is swell. Forrest Stanley is acting on the stage, in "The Bird of Paradise." He is married.

X. Y. Z., SMITHS FALLS, ONT., CANADA.—None of the Williamises you mention are related. Charles Ray and J. Barney Sherry were the boy and man, respectively, in the picture to which you refer. Cannot answer your scenario question.

A. B. II., MERIDEN, CONN.—Jewel Carmen is with William Fox. Her last two pictures, "A Tale of Two Cities" and "American Methods," are both with William Farnum.

MILDRED, LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Beatrice Van was Baby Marie Osborn's mother in "Told at Twilight." Teddy Sampson is in Los Angeles now. She's not playing, however. Keystone hasn't featured anyone of the name you mention. Zena Keefe is with Ivan Films. Write Edna Payne, care Dramatic Mirror, New York. Write Margarita Fischer, care Pollard Pictures, San Diego, California; Hazel Dawn, care Selznick Enterprises, New York City.

F. S., CHICAGO.—Dorothy Phillips' real name before she married Allen Holubar was Mary Strible. She is now at Universal City.

VIVIAN, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—"New York Nights" will be the next serial in which Pearl White will appear. Her eyes are brown.

THERESA, SAN FRANCISCO.—We have no record of any Anita Murry.

KATE, CHICAGO.—Wheeler Oakman was Kirk in "The Ne'er-Do-Well," which was filmed early in 1915. He is now with Mabel Normand's company.



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Cico Toodles.

E. R., GRASS VALLEY, CAL.—Sorry to disappoint you, but we never had any pictures taken. We can assure you, however, that the Answer Man is not a movie actor. Charles Bryant, who in private life is the husband of Nazimova, was Franz in "War Brides." Charles Hutchinson was George, Nila Mac the sister and Gertrude Berkeley the mother. Yes, Henry King is also married, William Russell ditto. Address him at Santa Barbara, your state.

T. G., OREGON CITY, ORE.—It was Louise Glum and not Theda Bara in "The Wolf Woman" and she wasn't killed. No Goldwyn pictures have been released thus far. Howard Hickman was the count and Enid Markey his promised bride in "Civilization."

M. H., WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, W. VA.—Bessie Barriscale was the lead in "The Green Swamp." Extra girls get all the way from \$1.50 to \$10 a day, but the average is about \$3.

FREDERICK ADMIRER, GARDEN CITY, L. I.—It was in "The Moment Before" that Pauline Frederick played the part of a widow with white hair. There was a story about her in the last issue of PHOTOPLAY and lots of pictures.

KATHRYN, DALLAS, TEX.—Yes, Marguerite Clark's name really is ditto. Niles Welch is married and is now with the Technicolor company. We have no record of the girl you mention. Movie stars do not make it a practice to receive calls from their admirers at home.

IWANNANO, FALL RIVER, MASS.—The girl who played opposite Sessue Hayakawa in "The Bottle Imp" wore a Hawaiian name on the cast, but in reality her name is Margaret Loomis, a Los Angeles girl. Mary Pickford is with Arcraft, which has been absorbed by Famous Players-Lasky Company, which also owns control of Paramount. So far as we know, Jack Pickford was not married recently, although there was much talk concerning such an affair. Here's "The Piper's Price" cast: Amy Hadley, Dorothy Phillips; Jessica Hadley, Maud George; Ralph Hadley, William Stowell; Billy Kilmartin, Lon Chaney; Maid, Claire Du Brey.

E. M., CHICO, CAL.—We have made exhaustive inquiries and have been unable to learn whether or not Wallace Reid uses bandoline on his hair. We know, however, that he is an expert with the mandolin and ukulele, if that will help you any. Marguerite Clark's face was on the cover of PHOTOPLAY in March, 1916. Stuart Holmes will send you his picture. How can Marguerite stay unmarried? Easy; just dodge every time she sees a marriage license. Yes, Jack Dean is really Fannie Ward's husband. Didst think she was too young to have one?

RUTH, BRECKENRIDGE, MINN.—Wallace Macdonald played opposite Miss Minter in "Youth's Endearing Charm." Grace Cunard is five feet, four and a half inches tall, her hair is red and her eyes grey.

L. P., LAWRENCE, MASS.—Cleo Ridgely's parents were of German descent, but it is not recorded that they ever lived in Lawrence. Ethelmary Oakland was the child in "The Dummy," if that's what you mean by "opposite Jack Pickford." Lou-Tellegen's first name is Lou but he has a lot of intermediate names that we have sorta lost track of. He ditched the rest of them when he became a naturalized American. Write to the players themselves for their photographs, not to the companies.



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ALL specialists say that in caring for the nails, one's whole effort should be to keep the cuticle unbroken. When the cuticle is trimmed or cut away, the skin about the base of the nails becomes dry and ragged. It constantly roughs up, forms hangnails, and makes the hand hideously unattractive.

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BEGINNING with the October number, on all newsstands September 1, PHOTOPLAY will assume the new standard magazine size. (Identical with *Cosmopolitan*, *Good Housekeeping* and *The American Magazine*.)

The publishers of PHOTOPLAY have taken this step to gain a more nearly perfect medium of expression, both as to type and pictorial display, and to continue this magazine as the world's foremost moving picture publication.

PHOTOPLAY'S editorial policy remains the same, with its powers greatly augmented by the mechanical advantages the new size affords. You will find splendid fiction, illuminating articles, interviews, editorial comment, reviews and news mention gorgeously illustrated, not only by the leading American artists, but by the prize productions of the camera.

On all newsstands September First

R. H., BATHURST, N. S. W., AUSTRALIA—L. Rogers Lytton was the one who played *Phillip Ralston* in "Salvation Joan." He can be reached through Metro. Your stamps are *no bueno* on this side.

A. B., HIGHLANDS, N. J.—Dorothy Davenport is not with any film company at the present time. Blanche Sweet does not make a practice of sending her pictures, we believe.

M. E., MAPLEWOOD, MASS.—"The Diamond from the Sky" was the serial in which Irving Cummings played. He now has a company of his own. Lottie Pickford played opposite him in the serial.

M. S., KIRKWOOD, MO.—Mae Marsh is with Goldwyn but as yet none of her films has been released. Yes, Charley Ray is securely tied up.

C. S., CUYAHOGA FALLS, O.—We do not employ cameramen. You have the wrong number.

ESTHER, PARKSIDE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA—Mary Pickford, 24 years, Arctcraft Company; Marguerite Clark, 30, Famous Players; Hazel Dawn, 26, same. Just go ahead and write them.

RUP, ST. BONIFACE, MAN., CANADA—Don't think we can accommodate you. We are sadly deficient when it comes to judging masculine pulchritude although we admit we're a bear when it comes to feminine charms.

GRIFF, PHILADELPHIA—Just keep it up and you'll be a regular poet some day; long hair, starving in attic and everything. But we surely enjoyed those lines to us, even if the poem was a bunch of undeserved praise.

N. S., RICHMOND, IND.—A. D. Sears was born in San Antonio, Texas, and went on the stage about eight years ago. He has played in many of the best Fine Arts productions and is opposite Seena Owen in the last picture made at that studio, "Madame Bo-Peep."

R. M., MIDDLETON, CONN.—Ralph Kellard is not married to Grace Darmond. We are always glad to accommodate our friends but we can't put Mr. Kellard's picture on our cover without asking the editor about it first.

R. D., KANSAS CITY, MO.—Matt Moore has no wife. Can't stake you to the identity of *The Silent Menace* though we can assure you that it is not Colonel Roosevelt or William J. Bryan. Pearl White doesn't wear a blonde wig because her hair is red.

CABBAGES, ETC., KAMLOOPS, B. C., CANADA—You have the advantage, as we have not given ourselves the pleasure of reading Mr. Kerrigan's life, so we cannot pass on his use of "village curate." However, we have never heard of its use in this country. Your opinion as to the taste of another film idol with respect to his posterity, as it were, is shared by us *in toto*, as we used to say when we were on the bench. Thomas Holding played opposite Miss Frederick in "The Eternal City" and all those Roman scenes were actually filmed in Rome. Always glad to hear from you.

C. J., ST. JOSEPH, MO.—You must be more specific. Ask us again and give us a little better clue to the story.

H. R., BROOKLYN—Lillian Gish is not at present employed. She is visiting in New York City.



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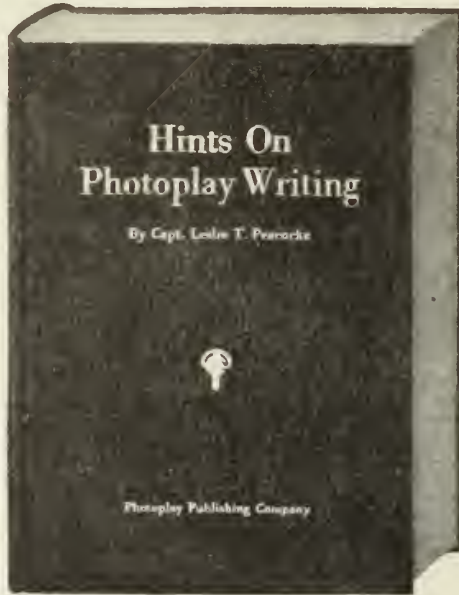
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Dept. 10A 350 North Clark Street CHICAGO

E. K., PORTLAND, ORE.—So you want to know if John D. Rockefeller played opposite Pearl White? Well, Eddie—assuming that's your name—he never did and we can't give you Lillian Walker's address because she probably couldn't read it if you wrote her a letter.

L. C., NEW YORK CITY—In filming the big screen spectacles, players are often injured, but no one was seriously hurt in the "shooting" of "Joan the Woman." The Y. W. C. A. is in charge of the Studio Club in Hollywood. Theda Bara was born in Cincinnati.

C. C., ST. LOUIS—Were we a movie person, we'd be just plum tickled to tell you all about the color of our hair, shoes, necktie, etc.; whether we were married or happy; or any such little bits of information concerning ourself. But we're not. You lose, but you have our undying gratitude.

A. S., OMAHA, NEB.—Pearl White is about 30; Jean Sothern 19, and Francis Bushman gives his age as 32, but we suspect that there was something off for cash in the case of the last named. Marie Wayne is *Bertha* in "Pearl of the Army." Mr. Bushman was never with Universal. His oldest son is in high school.

L. E., FARMINGTON, ILL.—Clara Kimball Young's last picture was "The Easiest Way." Owen Moore has three brothers, Matt, Tom and Joe. Edna Mayo is not married. Marin Sais pronounces her name *Mah' rin Sa' iss* (long a in the surname).

B. B., NEW YORK CITY—The "L" in L. C. Shumway stands for Leonard. His hair is light, his eyes are blue and he stands six feet without a shoe. How's that for potterv? He was with Lubin, but we haven't the cast of the play you mention.

D. C., JOHNSON CITY, N. Y.—So you would see more of Clara Kimball Young? Yet, after "The Common Law"—oh, yes, you mean more photoplays. Pardon. We share your admiration for Miss Young and also should like to see her more. Fortunately for you serial fans, the high cost of living has not affected your favorite film fodder. Your letter enjoyed very much.

C. S., LARAMIE, WYO.—So you just heard that Francis Bushman had five children? Yet they say bad news travels fast; assuming, of course, that it seemed that way to you. Don't quite understand that ten-beauties paragraph in your letter. Elucidate, which is French for come through with more dope.

D. T., SAULT STE. MARIE, ONT., CANADA—Niles Welch played opposite Marguerite Clark in "Miss George Washington," with Mary Minter in "Emmy of Stork's Nest," in "The Kiss of Hate" with Ethel Barrymore, and in "The Yellow Streak." Vincent Sorelle opposite Miss Clark in "The Fortunes of Fif."

BARBARA, WEST PERTH, AUSTRALIA—Flo Labadie is 22, her hair is light brown and she is five feet five inches tall. Such a warm admirer as you are should write her personally. Georgie Stone was the boy who did the shooting in "Let Katy Do It."

L. K., MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Leon Bary was the "Shielding Shadow" in the serial of that name. Ralph Kellard is 30. "Pearl of the Army" has not been published in book form. It was filmed in and around New York City.

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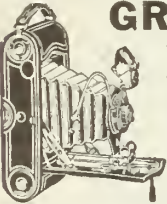
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W. S., FT. GRANT, PANAMA—"The Argonauts of California" has not been placed in general circulation as yet, we believe. The Universal company, in California, has a completely equipped hospital.

DOROTHY, MAYLANDS, W. AUSTRALIA—Phillip Tonge in "Still Waters" was the same one you knew in England. We have no record of any other pictures in which he has appeared. Pearl White has been in "Perils of Pauline," "Exploits of Elaine," "May Blossom," "Pearl of the Army," and many other plays and serials. "Peggy" and "Gloria" were the only two screen appearances of Billie Burke.

C. M., NEW YORK CITY—Jack Holt is to play opposite Mary Pickford in her newest photoplay. Marie Walcamp is not married. She is now in your own little city.

V. R., NORFOLK, VA.—Your request about Kenneth Casey has been wished on the editor.

MARGARET, SAN FRANCISCO—Tell you all we know about Doug Fairbanks? Heavens, child; there isn't room enough. Here are a few facts though: He is 33 years old, married and has one son; raised in Denver, likes cowpunching, boxing and wrestling and fence vaulting.

BETTY, LEAVENWORTH, KAN.—Belle Bruce was Beverly Bayne's chum in "In the Diplomatic Service." What do yuh mean by "demon"? She has played in a bunch of Vitagraph films and hails from Bridgeport, Connecticut, where the bridges come from.

H. Y. M., LOS ANGELES, CAL.—So far as we know, the picture of the person your name has never appeared in PHOTOPLAY. Never even heard of him in this department.

S. R., ELMIRA, N. Y.—That dancer in "Patria" is nameless in the published cast.

A. S., YONKERS, N. Y.—Beverly Bayne is not married, which ought to be a little consolation to you, and neither is Anita Stewart.

E. C., BARNES CITY, IA.—The Laughing Mask in "The Iron Claw" was Creighton Hale. Address Blanche Sweet at Lasky's, Hollywood, and it will be forwarded to her.

A. B. C., WATERBURY, CONN.—Frank Keenan lives at Laurelton, Long Island. June Caprice is 18. "The Bride of Hate" was filmed at Culver City, California.

J. R., LANSDFORD, PA.—All the players you mention are American citizens. Their ancestry or religion is not discussed here. What's the use, so long as they deliver the goods?

B. M. T., WINNIPEG, CANADA—Must hand you the cake as some guesser. Who told you about us, anyhow? Marguerite Clark is with Famous Players. We agree with you as to Mae Marsh. She's great.

A. S., PERTH, W. AUSTRALIA—Gladys Huette is about 20. She has been in the pictures for a half dozen years. Mollie King is 22 and Jean Sothern 19. Both were on the screen about a year and a half. Jean is not related to E. H.

N. B. H., NEBRASKA CITY, NEB.—What are you trying to tell us—that John Bowers is a male Theda Bara? Never affected us that way. He'll surely answer you.

(Continued on page 168)

STUDIO DIRECTORY

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal ones below. The first is the business office; (*) indicates proper office to send manuscripts; (s) indicates a studio; at times all three may be at one address.

- AMERICAN FILM MFG. Co., 6227 Broadway, Chicago; Santa Barbara, Cal. (*) (s).
- ARTCRAFT PICTURES CORP. (Mary Pickford), 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.
- BALBOA AMUSEMENT PRODUCING Co., Long Beach, Cal. (*) (s).
- BRENON, HERBERT, PROD., 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.; Hudson Heights, N. J. (*) (s).
- CALIFORNIA MOTION PICTURE Co., San Rafael, Cal. (*) (s).
- CHRISTIE FILM CORP., Main and Washington, Los Angeles, Cal.
- EDISON, THOMAS, INC., 2826 Decatur Ave., New York City. (*) (s).
- ESSAYAY FILM MFG. Co., 1333 Argyle St., Chicago. (*) (s).
- FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM Co., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 128 W. 56th St., New York City.
- FINE ARTS, 4500 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.
- FOX FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City (*); 1401 Western Ave., Los Angeles (*) (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s).
- FROHAM AMUSEMENT CORP., 140 Amity St., Flushing, L. I.; 18 E. 41st St., New York City.
- GAUMONT Co., 110 W. Fortieth St., New York City; Flushing, N. Y. (s); Jacksonville, Fla. (s).
- GOLDWYN FILM CORP., 16 E. 42nd St., New York City; Ft. Lee, N. J. (s).
- HORSLEY STUDIO, Main and Washington, Los Angeles.
- THOS. H. INCE, Culver City, Cal.
- KALEM Co., 235 W. 23d St., New York City (*); 251 W. 19th St., New York City (s); 1425 Fleming St., Hollywood, Cal. (s); Tallyrand Ave., Jacksonville, Fla. (s); Glendale, Cal. (s).
- KEYSTONE FILM Co., 1712 Allessandro St., Los Angeles.
- KLEINE, GEORGE, 166 N. State St., Chicago.
- LASKY FEATURE PLAY Co., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 6284 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
- LONE STAR FILM CORP. (Chaplin), 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Cal.
- METRO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway, New York (*). (All manuscripts for the following studios go to Metro's Broadway address): Rolfe Photoplay Co. and Columbia Pictures Corp., 3 W. 61st St., New York City (s); Popular Plays and Players, Fort Lee, N. J. (s); Quality Pictures Corp., Metro office; Yorke Film Co., Hollywood, Cal. (s).
- MOROSCO PHOTOPLAY Co., 222 W. 42d St., New York City (*); 201 Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).
- MOSS, B. S., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.
- MUTUAL FILM CORP., Consumers Bldg., Chicago.
- MABEL NORMAND FILM CORP., Hollywood, Cal.
- PALLAS PICTURES, 220 W. 42d St., New York City; 205 N. Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.
- PATHE EXCHANGE, 25 W. 45th St., New York City; Jersey City, N. J. (s).
- POWELL, FRANK, PRODUCTION Co., Times Bldg., N. Y. C.
- ROTHACKER FILM MFG. Co., 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.
- SELIG POLYSCOPE Co., Garland Bldg., Chicago (*); Western and Irving Park Blvd., Chicago (s); 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal. (s).
- SELZNICK, LEWIS J., ENTERPRISES INC., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.
- SIGNAL FILM CORP., 4560 Pasadena Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (*) (s).
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- TALMADGE, NORMA, 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.; 318 East 48th St., N. Y. C. (*) (s).
- THANHOUSER FILM CORP., New Rochelle, N. Y. (*) (s); Jacksonville, Fla. (s).
- UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. Co., 1600 Broadway, New York City; Universal City, Cal.; Coyotesville, N. J. (s).
- VIM COMEDY Co., Providence, R. I.
- VITAPHONE COMPANY OF AMERICA, E. 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Hollywood, Cal.
- VOGUE COMEDY Co., Gower St. and Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
- WARWICK, ROBERT, FILM CORP., 807 E. 175th St., N. Y. C.
- WHARTON, INC., Ithaca, N. Y.
- WORLD FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City (*); Fort Lee, N. J. (s).
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New York City**

The Gas Girl

(Continued from page 60)

Pennsylvania is a grand little Commonwealth except that life there is just one eighty per cent grade after another; so that when your bus is suffering with sextuple pneumonia and St. Vitas dance, this gets to be considerable in your young life.

Well, Daff had just strangled up a couple of miles of landscape, and had stopped to read a signpost by the last of the daylight, when three bums popped out of the bushes by the side of the road, and one of them covered her with a gun and told her to get out.

Daff had her own gun in her holster around her waist, but it might as well have been at home for all the chance she had to use it. She had left her engine running and now when the man with the gun backed her up against the sign post, the other two jumped into the car. The one at the wheel yelled to the third, and he climbed up behind Daff's duffle and off they went, he covering her until they were out of sight around a curve.

Blooie! There she was amid another beautiful evening glow and with her whole trip gone up in smoke in two minutes! She just sat down on a log by the road side and wept upon that rolling vista. It was pretty tough, with New York, as you might say, almost in sight.

For awhile she didn't know what to do. It was the Missouri thing over again only worse. She was hungry and tired, and she couldn't see a house from where she was. She knew it was miles back to the nearest burg, and after ten hours of massage in that vibrator of hers she wasn't any George Payson Weston. But there was nothing else to do, so she started back.

And sure enough, she hadn't gone two miles when along came little Rollo in his cerise boneshaker. He pulled up squealing, and when he found out what had happened he was all broken up.

Sure, like the Germans at the Irish rebellion. Here she was flat-footed at last, and he'd won his point.

"Well, I'm awful sorry for your sake, dear," he said, getting out of the machine and going to where she stood in the road. "This foolishness is over at last, and I'm here waiting for you just as I said I'd be."

He was real gentle, and she began to cry again. I guess he looked pretty good to her then, big and faithful and with a large

acreage of dusty coat front to burrow into.

"You've done your best for that slave driver Brant, and now I want to take care of you," he went on.

"But I don't want to be taken care of," she sobbed, "I w-want my car!"

"Yes, but I haven't a chance in a million to find it now. It's dark already, and besides I'm not going off to leave you again like I did in Missouri. One scare like that is enough. And for God's sake, don't cry, Daff! I can't stand it!"

She didn't say anything, couldn't I guess, and he went on.

"This trip's done now darling, thank God! and I want you to listen to me. I've done everything I could to spare you, I've been faithful, and patient and reasonable. You've served your time and so have I, and now let's forget it and get married and be happy. Even Brant couldn't roar after what's happened tonight."

"Here, where are you going?"

Daff unlimbered her gat for the first time on that trip, and pointed it straight for the place where Rollo was hungriest.

"I'm taking your car. Do you think I am going to be beaten now? I'm going to get to New York if I have to commit murder to do it. You stand where you are and don't move or I'll shoot."

Rollo told me afterwards that he didn't take any chances at all after one look at her eyes.

"I'll get you for larceny, Daff, in the next town," he said, thinking of the first thing he could.

"You do, and it's the last time you'll ever see me."

She was in the car now and the engine was going, but she kept him covered. Rollo caved in, anger, disappointment, everything washed out in his admiration for her brainy gameness.

"Daff you're wonderful, you're perfect! I'm mad about you. Nobody ever beat me before, but you've done it, and you can beat me for the rest of my life, if you'll only marry me! Will you marry me Daff?"

"Of course not! Don't be silly!"

The machine was headed down grade, and Daff started it with a jump into second speed, watching Rollo to see he didn't try to flip on behind. He didn't. He was wrecked, ruined, done.

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U. S. Marine Band

awhile he started back to the next town for something to eat, a meal which, I afterwards learned, took the shape of a large bun.

I happened to be waiting in Washington for Daff, and inside an hour after she arrived I had the wires hot to the police in all parts of the state. As a result we got her car back inside of forty-eight hours, for it was lettered all over with Daff's records, and was in such bad shape that it couldn't be disguised. The three 'boes had abandoned it on an open road.

You better believe I found out what had happened up in those mountains. Daff had to explain how she came to be riding Rollo's Ford Killer, and the parts she wouldn't tell, I guessed. And when I was wised up I felt about as sore as an extra kid watching her first big picture. Things had broken my way at last, and I figured Rollo was done for. I was right, too, for though we left his car with his man in Washington, he never followed us.

I guess he knew when he was licked. But the funny part of it was that from then on we had practically no trouble of any kind.

"Was that blond prune a jonah, or was he not?" I asked Daff, and she hadn't anything to say.

Well, we reached New York. Daff handed our Mayor's letter to Mitchell's secretary on the City Hall steps, and all hands posed while the cameras clicked. The next day came the real finish. I got in beside Daff and, leaving the City Hall, we headed across Brooklyn Bridge for Coney Island. Things held together, and finally Daff drove her front wheels smack into a big Atlantic comber, and I grabbed her up out of her seat and carried her ashore high and dry amid a murderous fire.

And that was the end, all except for one thing which came off while we were at dinner together that night. I had the old soup and fish on myself this time, and when I kidded the girl at the cigar counter she kidded right back, so you can judge of the illumination.

"Daff," I said, and tossed her a telegram kind of careless, "read that!"

She opened it.

"You get a hundred meg a week from now on," it said, and was signed "Mandel."

She registered unrestrained gladness, and gave me one of her tough little hands.

"Gee," I said, "I've worked for that. But it wasn't for myself; it was for both of us. You know I love you Daff. I've got the bungalow all picked out, and all I ask is a rag time wedding march. Will you take me on for a finish go at catch-weights, darling?"

She looked at me kind of funny. Then she produced a telegram of her own from somewhere, and I read:—

"Come back single and star for us at a hundred and fifty a week. That stunt in Pennsylvania was immense. Mandel."

I sat still for a little with a long curse forming in my system against that foxy old devil. Still I had to hand it to him knowing human nature. Then I gave the firing squad the signal.

"Well?"

"You've been wonderful to me, Lew," she said, and I knew she meant it, "but think of my career. A woman can't marry and still be a great artist."

"All right, Daff, you go ahead and be a great artist. I want to see you succeed, and I'll help you all I can."

She didn't say anything either for a minute. Then she looked up at me in the shyest way.

"But what great artist ever succeeded without a manager to look after her all the time?" she asked.

"Daff!" I yelled so loudly that everybody within twenty feet looked around at me. "Yes," she said in a soft, sweet way that told me everything. There was considerable time thereabouts I lost track of.

"But what about Mandel's offer?" I managed after a little.

"Oh, he'll come around," she said serenely. "If it's a future star he wants he'll take me married or single."

And he did.

When we got back to the studio after our honeymoon it wasn't long till little Rollo blew in, and I must say he took his dose like a man.

"I was afraid this would happen," he said when he got a little resigned.

"Why?" I asked him.

"Because I knew I was blown into the bouillon that night Daff took my car away from me. You see I'd hired those three bums to hold her up and set her adrift, and when she didn't fall for my heart and home, I figured I was due for a quick fade-out, and I was right."

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(August)

(Continued from page 162)

N. A., SAN FRANCISCO—Here's your "Twenty Thousand Leagues": *Capt. Nemo*, Allan Holubar; *Child of Nature*, Jane Gail; *Prof. Arronax*, Dan Hanlon; *His Daughter*, Edna Pendleton; *Ned Land*, Curtis Benton; *Lieut. Bonx*, Matt Moore. We haven't the name of the book you seek.

H. W., BERKS COUNTY, VA.—Write Hector Turnbull at 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

MARGERV, SEATTLE, WASH.—The Cincinnati pronunciation is Theda with the *e* as in eleemosynary and Bara with the first *a* as in barrel. The native, or Egyptian, pronunciation is Theda, with the *e* as in hay and the *a*'s of Bara as in Carranza. Miss Bara, we are told, favors the Cincinnati *Theda* and the Egyptian *Bara*.

M. T., NASHVILLE, TENN.—Hope the June issue satisfied your craving for Pauline photographs. Miss Frederick should be proud to have such loyal adherents.

DALE, SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Why do all the movie rich always eat grape fruit or cantaloupes and why are all the movie poor always equipped with dirty faces and ill-kept surroundings? Well, we give up. That's one of life's little mysteries. Roy Stewart hails from San Diego, California, and that's his right name, we are told.

S. T., BANGOR, ME.—You overwhelm us with your praise. Surely, we are not so great as all that! (Confidentially, we quite agree with you.) You're a awful flatterer, we fear. Picture of Ralph Kellard pretty soon.

MISS, KANSAS CITY, MO.—Vivian Martin's ole home town is Grand Rapids, Michigan, where all the sideboards and bureaus and rocking chairs grow. Her husband is William Jefferson. Norma Talmadge's is Joseph Schenck.

F. Z., PATERSON, N. J.—Never heard of Lulu Glaser playing before the cameras.

EDDIE, DETROIT, MICH.—Edna Hunter gets her mail at 225 West End Avenue, New York City. Try your luck. Gee, but you must have seen a lot to have traveled as far as Southwest Missouri. Travel sure broadens one, as Roscoe Arbuckle said when he got off the train at the Grand Central depot.

E. E., PITTSFIELD, MASS.—Robert Vaughn was the doctor in "Still Waters" with Marguerite Clark. George Webb was the boy in "Sins of the Parent," with Gladys Brockwell.

JENNIE, PASADENA, CAL.—Yes, every once in a while we are caught napping, but it's usually the other fellow's fault. There are only a half dozen or so infallible people in the picture business and they're all at the head of various film companies. Tom Forman was married to Ruth King, who was a motion picture actress.

LITTLE NELL, ST. JOHNS, NEWFOUNDLAND—Gladden James was last with Pathe. Your Vosburgh request has been passed on to the editor. Write whenever you feel like it. We always like to hear from our allies.

MABEL, ST. LOUIS, MO.—Mary McIvor was *Virginia Ransome* in "The Square Deal Man" with Bill Hart. Walter McGrail was *Jimmy* and Katherine Lewis his sister in "Indiscretion." Franklyn Farnum is no relative of the other Farnums of the screen. Sure, we'll tell you our favorite star—the next time we meet personally.

SCOTTY, EDMONTON, ALTA., CANADA—There is no place where "cuttings" of films may be purchased.

E. L., LEBANON, KY.—You are correct. *David Stafford* in "Gloria's Romance" was William Roselle.

MRS. O., INDEPENDENCE, KAN.—Wellington Playter is still with Famous Players, we think.

ROSE, NEWARK, N. J.—So you had to write twice? Too bad! Alice Brady took both parts in "A Dancer's Peril." Your other questions hardly call for an answer.

VIOLA, CLINTON, IA.—We didn't see the article to which you refer as having been published in some other magazine, and besides, it wouldn't do to enter into any controversy over the merits of the film players. Cheer up, however; James X. is still going strong and there won't be any danger of his being called out, as he will be in the exempted class.

POMME, ST. LOUIS, MO.—William Hinckley was *Blair* in "The Secret of Eve," with Mme. Petrova. Ann Murdock is an American.

EX-ANIMO, YONKERS, N. Y.—Congratulations on your turlle cleverness in winning the first prize in the puzzle contest. James Morrison has not returned to Vitagraph. Fred Church is with Universal. G. M. Anderson is producing musical comedies. Florence Turner has not quit the screen—just England—and Florence Lawrence is still in retirement.

JOLIE, SAN FRANCISCO—Quite agree with you as to the utter impossibility of Rocklife Fellowes' name. His face is scheduled to appear in *PHOTOPLAY* before long. Yep, Doug. Fairbanks is "just grand." No more Triangle pictures by him. William B. Davidson was opposite Ethel Barrymore in "The White Raven." Chester Barnett is still this side of the Styx. "Law of Compensation" his latest.

R. M., GARRETT, IND.—Dolores Cassinelli was last with the Emerald Company. We have been told that Bulah Poynter is the wife of John Bowers. Gertrude Selby is nearly 21. She stands about an inch over five feet and weighs 110. You guessed right. Large furniture, scenes and props were used in "A Poor Little Rich Girl" to accentuate the smallness of Mary.

HARRY, VANPORT, PA.—Write Mary Pickford, care Lasky, Hollywood; Douglas Fairbanks the same; William S. Hart and Alma Reuben, care Ince, Culver City, California.

RAINBOW, SAVANNA, ILL.—Those comedy effects were obtained by photographic and mechanical tricks and you wouldn't be much wiser if we explained them. Glad you have decided not to be a star. The woods are too full of 'em as it is.

ANTHONY, CHICAGO—Francelia Billington is with American and she was born in Dallas, Texas. William Russell is still with the same company. Pretty strong for the old timers, so you are, Anthony. Write again.

ALMA, RALLS, TEX.—Pathe hasn't divulged the identity of *The Silent Menace*. Helen Holmes is the wife of J. P. McGowan, her director.

R. V., YUMA, ARIZ.—Edwin Carewe is still with Metro. He has appeared in "The House of Tears," "The Upstart" and "Her Great Price."



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VOL. XII

No. 4

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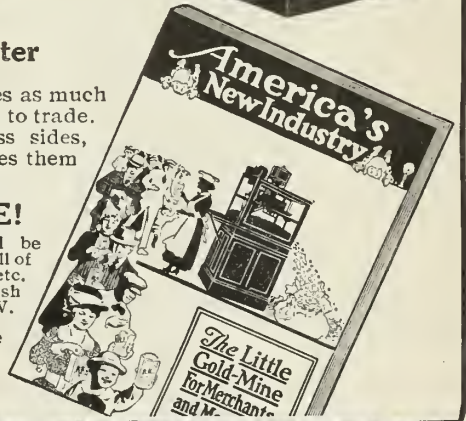
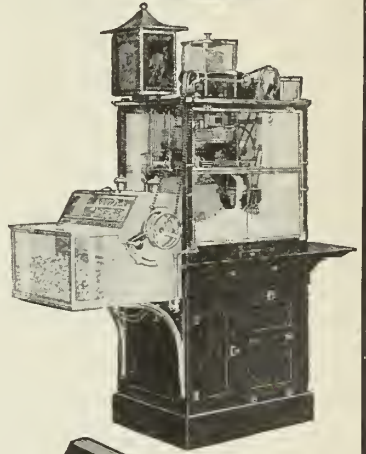
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I am more than delighted with my copy of "Stars." Enclosed find 50 cents for another. Really I wouldn't miss it if I had to pay \$5 for it. Every one that comes to our house wants one.

JENNIE NORTH.

Port Royal, S. C.

Received "Stars of the Photoplay," and wish to say a better collection could not have been gotten. Am more than pleased with same. Thank you very much indeed for publishing such a beautiful book.

Sincerely, GEORGE GUIDO,
U. S. Marine Band



So tanned, so colorless— What shall she do?

However badly you have treated your skin this summer; however unattractive exposure to the summer sun may have made it, you can change it. Learn how to restore its loveliness and give it the charm you have always longed for.

Your skin, just like the rest of your body, changes every day. As the old skin dies, new forms. Your complexion depends on how you take care of the new skin. By the proper external treatment you can make this new skin just what you would love to have it.

Summer brings to many women a browned complexion, which, though attractive in summer, becomes so mortifying and annoying when the time comes for cool weather and evening gowns. This summer coat of tan always lasts well into the colder months and often threatens to become permanent.

If this is your worry, try this simple treatment

Just before going to bed, cleanse the skin thoroughly by washing with Woodbury's Facial Soap and lukewarm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp.

Now work up a heavy lather of Wood-

bury's in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly with an upward and outward motion of the finger tips.

Rinse very thoroughly—first in tepid water, then in cold. If possible, rub the face briskly for a few moments with a piece of ice. Always be sure to rinse the skin carefully and dry it thoroughly.

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MARJORIE RAMBEAU

can't be explained in a paragraph. She is an Irish-French Californian, was a child star in the Alaskan Gold Camps, was the wife of Willard Mack, and is the most promising actress on the New York stage. In "Cheating Cheaters" she made a year-long success. She appears on Mutual screens.



Apeda Photo

VERNON STEELE

is an Englishman despite his birth in Santiago de Chili 29 years ago. He made his American debut with Forbes-Robertson and began his screen career in "Hearts in Exile." He played opposite Marguerite Clark in two pictures and is now Mae Marsh's leading man.



Apeda Photo

OLGA PETROVA

is, according to her own announcement, returning to the stage, which introduced her to America. She is a Russian, and made her New York debut in the spoken "Panthea." She had a long screen career with Metro, and a short one with Lasky. She is a linguist, a writer and a musician.



Witzel Photo

J. BARNEY SHERRY

is without doubt the best loved and best known "Rich Father" in photoplays. He is a picture pioneer, having left a New York theatrical organization for the films eight years ago. This was in Los Angeles, and after service in various companies he went to Triangle.



Photo by Ince Studio

LOUISE GLAUM

made her debut in musical comedy, then was a dramatic ingenue and finally passed to the hot flashes of screen vampiredom. The better part of her camera work has been done at Inceville and Culver City, and she has played an enormous number of parts. She is in her early twenties and is married.



ROBERT HARRON

has been so long identified with D. W. Griffith that their careers synchronize. Mr. Harron—who is a delightfully boyish bachelor, with no signified matrimonial intentions, despite rumor—was with Mr. Griffith in the old Biograph days, and is with him at the present moment in France.



JUNE CAPRICE

was declared the result of William Fox's declaration that proper training and environment can make a film star of any pretty young girl. Miss Caprice—who once had another name—comes from New England, is in her 'teens and has been playing Foxy country girls a year and a half.



Apedo Photo

ANN PENNINGTON

is the famous small sample of Mr. Ziegfeld's instructive entertainment, the Follies. She was born in Camden, and began to dance as soon as her mother began bringing willow switches into the house. In the last two years the tiny Pennington has twinkled quaintly for the Famous Players.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

September, 1917

Vol. XII, No. 4

Chaplin— And How He Does It



By Terry Ramsay

Illustrated by
Herbert M. Stoops

BEFORE agreeing to give this article with its priceless information to the eager waiting world, the writer weighed most carefully his duty to literature and the public against the selfish advantages to be gained by holding the secrets and starting a school of Chaplinism.

It's a big opportunity. Imagine a line of get-the-money ads—

WANTED—a million young men to take our course in Charlie Chaplining. Highest paid profession in the world. Experts in this line fix their own salaries. Jobs are waiting. Why be satisfied? Get ahead, feet first. Easy course of ten lessons. Big diploma. Start today. Mail the coupon now.

The temptation was a great one, but a certain sense of duty prevailed and with-

out further delay and evasion you are to be taken into confidence. Every fact about the method of making a Charlie Chaplin comedy is about to be made yours in fee simple. After reading this article any school child can do it.

Firstly—Chaplin comedies are not made. They occur.

They occur occasionally. Eleven of them have occurred in sixteen months. No one knows when the next one will occur. It may be day after tomorrow, next month or yesterday.

Mr. Chaplin himself does not know when the next one will happen.

If he knew how to make one he would quit waiting and do it. Chaplin comedies are like the rare jewels of earth, they are to be found but not made.



Chaplin spaces his laughs far enough apart that you may get your breath and be all set for the next one.

When Mr. Chaplin was merely a slapstick comedian at the Keystone studios back in the roaring days of 1914 he used to kick out a thousand feet of film comedy a week without heating or motor trouble.

Now that he has become an artist, a world institution, a cult and a philosophy, with a reputation quoted at a million a year F.O.B. Los Angeles, C.O.D. New York, he can barely finish his two thousand foot comedies on release dates almost two months apart.

When Charlie did not have any reputation he had a lot of speed and very little control. Now, responsible to a vast fame, he is all control and no speed.

In the Keystone Age Mr. Chaplin's comedy was largely a matter of foot work. Improving taste on the part of the public, and the artist too, has made Chaplin comedies work for both head and feet.

Naturally there is a certain amount of difficulty about making both ends meet, and operating both ends of his versatile anatomy simultaneously and synchronously.

Commercial progress has made Mr. Chaplin's artistry so valuable that he can hardly afford to use it.

In those Keystone days the Chaplin comedy plot—if one may be permitted this euphemistic term with reference to the

comedies of that period—was usually made over night.

Now Mr. Chaplin indulges in a couple of scenario writers and a retinue of sundry secretaries, both salaried and free lance. Waking and sleeping Mr. Chaplin and his staff are forever in pursuit of "the next story."

At the Chaplin studio "the next story" is conceived, subjected to gestation, labor and birth, all of these vital functions being attended by the severest mental suffering on the part of the father.

When Mr. Chaplin signed his now historic \$670,000 contract with John R. Freuler in the spring of 1916 the comedian was then wondering what "the next story" was to be about.

As this article is written Mr. Chaplin is in the third week of the making of his twelfth comedy under that contract and he is not yet certain what it will be about.

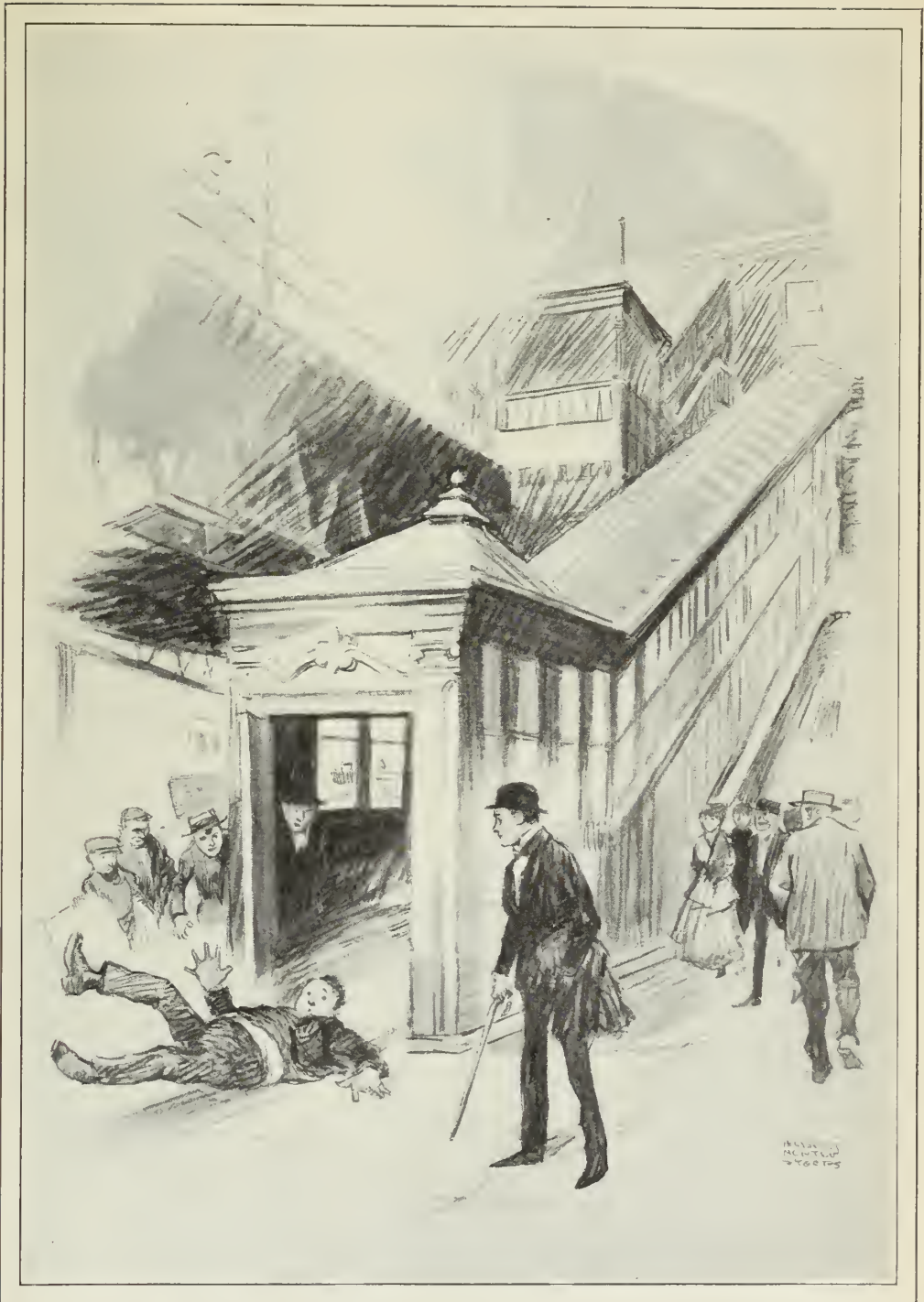
It is safe to assume and predict that it will be about two thousand feet, probably all very funny feet, but further the insidest insider can forecast nothing—neither can Mr. Chaplin. He does not have to, either. Meanwhile he is wondering what "the next story" after that will be about.

How Chaplin encompasses a comedy plot is well illustrated in his construction of "The Floorwalker." This was to be the first of his efforts under his record making contract and with the eyes of the world upon him he was determined to deliver something extraordinary.

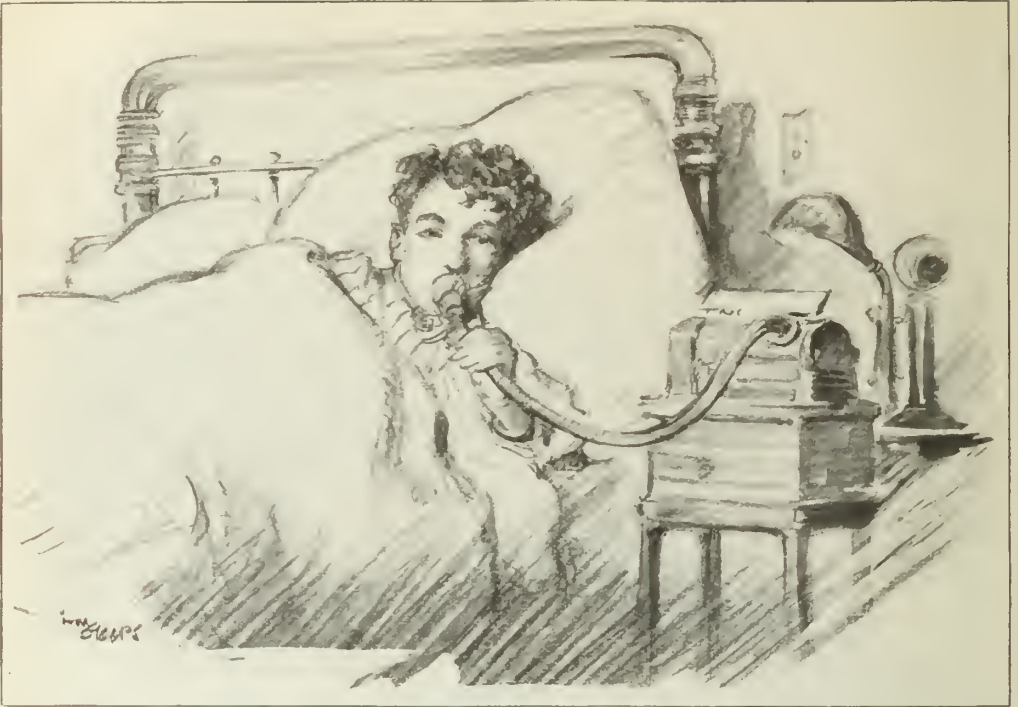
The comedian had only three weeks in which to decide upon the plot which would enable him to kick somebody in the addenda to the satisfaction of the expectant millions waiting, dime in hand, at the box office.

Two weeks and six days Mr. Chaplin wandered about New York between breakfast at the Plaza and dinner all over town. He had that pale wan look.

He was accused of being in love or otherwise dissipated, while the girl reporters



An unfortunate pedestrian slipped and skidded down the escalator. Everybody laughed but Chaplin.



To trap the inspirations that come to him in the night, Chaplin has a phonographic dictating machine by his bedside.

wrote pieces for the papers about his soulful eyes and delicate health.

As a matter of truth, his heart was intact, his respiration normal and his habits excellent as usual. His only trouble was the chronic and incurable one "the next story."

One day when time was desperately short he was walking up Sixth avenue at Thirty-third street when an unfortunate pedestrian slipped and skidded down the escalator serving the adjacent elevated station. Everybody but Chaplin laughed. But Mr. Chaplin's eyes lit up. Also he lit out—for the studio in Los Angeles.

Thus was "The Floorwalker" born. Mr. Chaplin did not care a whoop about the floorwalker person as a type—what he sought were the wonderful possibilities of the escalator as a vehicle upon which to have a lot of most amusing troubles. "The Floorwalker" was built about the escalator not the floorwalker.

The history of "The Floorwalker" is in a diagnostic sense typical of the building of a Chaplin comedy. Everyone of them is built *around* something.

Mr. Chaplin, despite his afore-mentioned staff or staffs or staves of scenarioists, sec-

retaries, et al., is his own author. He surrounds himself with these interesting and gifted persons, not to have them do his work for him, but to supply gravel for his mental gizzard. They are liable to have ideas which when introduced to his system set up reactions which result in something that appeals to his fancy.

The process is not unlike that by which oriental pearls are made, in which the clever Japanese push a grain of sand into the oyster to be covered with purest pearl. The only difference is that the oyster is not looking for the sand and Chaplin is.

Mr. Chaplin is essentially a one-idea man. He has what some practical psychologists call a single track mind. When he gets two trains of thought in operation one of them is either put on a siding or derailed—frequently with complete loss of all on board. Once in a while there is a collision followed by a spectacular shower of sparks and a long lingering blue haze of what is described as temperament in all persons drawing in excess of one hundred and fifty dollars a week.

Repeatedly whole armies of "extras" have been employed to appear at the Chaplin studios, there to sit out the day while

Charles-The-Expensive sat in his dressing room study in a catch-as-catch-can campaign among his wits trying to elect one of his nominated ideas.

Other distressing manifestations sometimes betoken the battle of the ideas. Tart words, dark frowns, and the ordering of friends and counsellors "off the set" sometimes accompany the desperate work of deciding what is the most joyous and funny thing to do.

A long motor drive or a half a day in the carpenter shop in the sole company of a violin sometimes suffice to adjust the matter.

Then back on "the set" with a lot of pep.

"It goes like this—you come in here—"

And they are off. May be fifty feet of film, may be for a mile.

It is this peculiar quality of mind, this oneness of conception which gives Chaplin comedies their special accuracy of appeal. They present one idea at a time, clear, crystalline, complete and basic.

And basic is a good word in Chaplin comedy discussion. Anatomically speaking, the ancients discovered the heart as the seat of affection but it remained for Chaplin to discover the seat of fun. It is also basic.

The oneness of the Chaplin comedy idea as executed, its completeness of expression and lucidity gives it success. It is anything you want. If you are subtle you will find Chaplin comedies, subtle too, also abstruse, allegorical, symbolical.

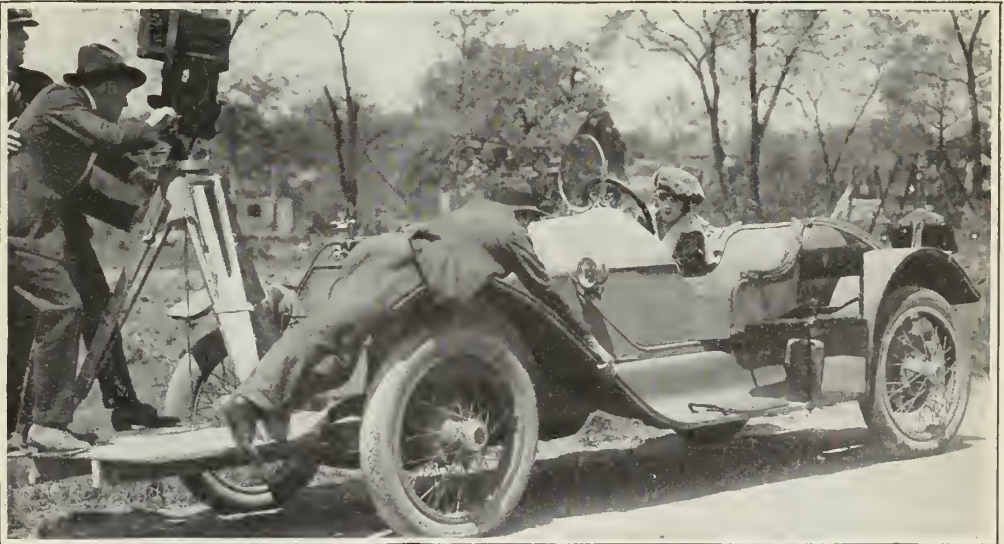
If you are a regular everyday, mine-run proletarian, a commonplace guy, a gink, goof or boob, you will find Chaplin going just your speed. This is because he has worked out the great common denominator of fun.

When Mr. Chaplin and his Idea-of-the-Moment get into the presence of the motion picture camera with the stage all set there is no telling where they are going or whether they are going to travel together or not.

About the middle period of the present Chaplin era Mr. Chaplin became the parent of a notion about the use of a very big and pretentious street scene in the course of the comedy then torturing its way into being. Almost overnight at a vast labor and expense the street was builded of brick, stone, iron and concrete. Lamp posts were set up and a pavement laid. Mr. Chaplin walked admiringly down his new street the next day—and was then and there in that spot maliciously, feloniously and with in-

(Continued on page 138)

FILMING A MIMIC MOTOR ACCIDENT



Mae Murray is supposed to have collided with the gentleman reclining on the mud guard in "At First Sight." We don't know the injured gentleman's name but he's lucky to get into Mae's car—even via the mud guard.



THEY WOULDN'T TAKE A DARE

When Vivian Martin adopted a ukulele to raise as her very own, there were mutterings of dissatisfaction around the Lasky lot, but no thought of violence. Then Wallie Reid, who had tamed everything from a near-Cremona to a Honolulu groaner, took unto himself a saxophone. It would have been all to the good if he had left it home but the neighbors were getting uneasy. The accompanying Staggograph was taken just before the mob, led by Tully Marshall, cornettist of the Hollywood Silver Cornet Band, and Lou-Tellegen, closed in on them and smothered the duet.

Photo by Stagg

Speaking of Pearls:

Photo by White

A LITTLE ESSAY ON THE ONLY JEWEL THAT AUGMENTS ITS OWN VALUE, WHETHER IT'S A TIFFANY PEARL OR PEARL WHITE

By John Ten Eyck

A PEARL, the precious-stone men will tell you, is the only eternal jewel.

Sapphires and rubies and emeralds may bring different prices according to location, or cuts old-fashioned or cabuchon; diamonds blue and white may go up and down in the market; but a pearl, in any metropolis not war-struck, is always worth a little more than last year, and next year it will be more valuable than this. The reason is that the supply of pearls is slowly diminishing, and the demand constantly increasing.

As in the shops, so it is in the studios.

The most interesting proof of our contention that a pearl is a pearl, whether you meet it in Paris, Peoria or Pathe's, is that white pearl of the pictures, Pearl White.

Now, as the crammed, jammed years of film history go, Pearl White is more than a forty-niner; she is a thirty-sixer, and perfect at that. If life ages fled like picture ages, Pearl White would be leaning on a cane, using an ear-trumpet instead of a lorgnette, and depositing her teeth in a glass of water each night.

Pearl, and her inexpensive little motor car. It only cost her \$14,000.00.



Yet, like the pearls at Tiffany's, she increases in value each year.

She is an international gem, for she is Irish-Italian, born in the show-me State that thinks St. Louis has it all over Chicago. She began to uplift the stage as little Eva; progressed to the Kremer thrillers, glorified the circus business, ennobled a stock company, starred in melo, and finally enriched a doctor by making his regular job an endeavor to splice her busted voice.

All this was more than four years ago. A woman who can't talk has reached the inferno already, and la White, sizzling on her penitential grill, writhed as far East as Jersey City, where, for local surcease at least, she joined up with the unworded drama being spooled by the Pathe boys.

And to her the sign of the rooster became the insignia of enduring fame. You'll notice how seldom that word creeps into this magazine, yet here it goes. Many are heard of, some are popular, a few are notorious, but Pearl White *is famous*. In France French soldiers on furlough idolize her in "Les Mysteres de New York"—the "Exploits of Elaine." In Porto Rico she crowds the theatres. In Bombay she figures frequently in the newspapers. A Scottish newspaper runs her life on its front pages. Five Australian managers make fortunes presenting her pictures. In South Africa they name babies after her, and in Tokio they give her name to theatres.

"The Perils of Pauline," the "Elaine" serials, "The Iron Claw" and "Pearl of the Army" are her heroic enterprises, but around these exalted monuments are glittering fields of comedies, two-reelers, five-reelers, and new stunts of inconceivable physical daring.

Remember Broadway Jones' coming-out party at Murray's, in "Broadway Jones?" That location was as real as the party: the exotic ball-room of an exotic Broadway



Pearl leads the simple life in a three room flat above "Murray's," a gay New York restaurant.

restaurant. Well, one floor above is the quiet little country cottage of Pearl White, the twenty-four-year-old grandma of the picture business.

Miss White, in Vassar English, refers to it as "My trick flat."

But it is not a trick flat. It is really a secluded, high-ceilinged, rather sombre domicile of three big rooms, almost at a corner of the fair field of Longacre. In it lurks its occupant, the steadiest-toiling female in pictures. A gay life, hers: to bed over the riot and rumpus—whose fanfare penetrates her cell only in faint echoes—at 9:30 each night, and out with the milkmen at 7 o'clock. On

Sundays she doesn't often have to greet the sunrise in Fort Lee, so she permits herself a theatre-party or a dinner on Saturday evenings.

On a recent Saturday it devolved upon the writer to trundle the Pearl of the Pictures to a certain Somewhere.

He brought around the best taxicab in New York, which was made in 1907, and appeared to have survived three attacks of anthrax. The Pearl came out of her Little Egypt of a home.

"You can dismiss your limousine," she said. "I've got a queer little flivver right around the corner—if you're not ashamed to ride in it."

Who would be ashamed to ride in a Henry with Pearl White, even in the streets of Gotham?

"This is the flivver," said the deceiver, confronting her Rolls-Royce, a piece of motor royalty hand-wrought in England, upon which the United States charges an import duty of \$5,000. But Pearl should worry about a little matter of five thousand dollars. Good things come high, and nothing but the best for Pearl. And she can well afford to indulge her extravagant tastes. "But," she explained modestly, "I got mine at a bargain; it only cost me fourteen thousand."



The Drew workshop where many hours are spent in search of "the germ."

Seeking the Germ

AN INTERVIEW WITH
THE SIDNEY DREWS

By Frederick James Smith

"DAY after day we look through incoming manuscripts for the germ," said Sidney Drew.

"The germ?" I repeated puzzled.

"The germ of an idea," laughed the comedian. "In our two years of producing one reel comedies we have never been able to buy a scenario complete as we produce it. We take them for the ideas they possess. The scripts are practically reconstructed by Mrs. Drew. I say practically, because occasionally I—ah—offer a suggestion or two."

Right here Mrs. Drew entered the interview. "It is impossible to secure a complete script ready for the studio," she began. "In the first place, no author can fit our peculiar methods. It is impossible for him

to mould his idea exactly the way we feel it. In our two years of producing we have only done six comedies by one author. The rest were in ones and twos from different writers. These scripts came from all over the country."

I asked Mr. Drew to outline the essentials of his comedies.

"First," responded the comedian, "cleanliness in idea and thought. Second, humanness. They must deal with something that really occurs and not a figment of the imagination. That is, the thing must be generally known to occur and not be just an odd experience. For instance, in 'The Pest,' the action revolves around the younger brother of my wife. The lad had a penchant for borrowing everything he

wanted, from neckties to silk shirts. I always go to the theater and, when 'The Pest' was shown at the Rialto, I sat behind a theater party. They did not recognize me. So I listened to their comments with a lot of interest. When 'The Pest' had concluded, one of the women turned to her friend and said, 'There's one of those in every family.' I felt satisfied. That's what we term the human note. Again we did 'Nothing to Wear,' dealing with a wife who, no matter how many clothes she bought, always fancied that she lacked the right thing for every occasion. Only the other day we were asked to a Red Cross benefit and Mrs. Drew exclaimed, 'It's splendid—but I've nothing to wear!' We laughed, because our own comedy had hit that very phrase."

I was reminded of a remark Willard Mack once made to me. "I never attempt to write anything that has not suggested itself from something in real life," he said. "I must know it has existed."

"Thirdly," continued Mr. Drew, "we prefer characters for Mrs. Drew and myself



The beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs.

that represent us as man and wife. It permits of a nicer familiarity of action."

"I should hardly say that, dear," interrupted the comedian's wife. "Hardly that—but it lends towards humanness. For instance, even though a story represents Mr. Drew as a lover and myself as his sweetheart, our audience would not be able to forget that we were man and wife. But, by playing Mr. and Mrs. John Brown, we fit into their mental conception of us. This tends away from the theatrical—what we call the movie element."

Mrs. Drew is definite in her ideas about the screen comedy. Just between ourselves, I give Mrs. Drew 75 per cent of the credit for the conception of the Drew comedies. That is, she is the team member who selects an idea and builds it. Mr. Drew has the actor's discernment to understand her mental process and to present it on the screen. To him goes the credit for putting the idea over.

"Give me," says Mrs. Drew, "characterization, first of all. I don't want just people in my comedies. I want folks with fancies, foibles, even obsessions—of course, nothing harmful or unpleasant. I want something, as they say, to hang my hat on.

"Another essential, never let anyone but the audience in on another's frailties. For instance, in a certain comedy, I did not talk to my mother about my husband before his face. But, I did as soon as he had left



Mrs. Sidney Drew (Lucille McVey) and her tulip bed.



Drew at Sea Gate, Long Island.

the room. The audience appreciates being in on the intimacies.

"A few other essentials? Well, a small number of characters are best. Many people do not lend humor. They are in the way in the rapid telling of a thousand foot story. They are particularly in the way, because we use lots of subtitles."

"I am a great believer in the subtitle," said Mr. Drew. "I—"

"Yes, dear," said his wife. "We believe the success of our comedies is largely due to the direct and human subtitles," continued the comedian's wife. "They get the story started with a swing and put the continuity over quickly and speedily. Moreover, they make the story mental rather than physical. They make it possible for the audience to think just what's in your mind. Plenty of subtitles, few people and quick interest are vital things.

"It may sound egotistical but I sincerely think the subtitles give our comedies a distinct style of their own. I think you might term it a whimsical style. It is essentially our own, since we cannot even obtain scenarios to fit it. It has developed from a study of our own work and a belief that the intelligence should not be insulted and that the story must be real and not a thing of the imagination.

"We have never accepted a script from a so-called 'real' author. They build their stories and plays from their imagination. These may be adroit, of vigorous action

and even powerful but they are *theatrical*. "I believe in comedy by inference," remarked Mr. Drew. "Yes," continued Mrs. Drew, "we believe in giving credit to the intelligence of an audience. And, in attending the theaters to watch the reception of our comedies, we have found that some of our biggest laughs came by inference."

The Drews have the field of domestic screen comedy almost to themselves. "We see no indication of exhausting the field," said Mrs. Drew. "Others are concerned with the lover, the sweetheart and the villain. Surely that is but half—or less—of life. Married life presents a thousand themes. Only a proportion lend themselves to humorous treatment, of course. But that proportion should keep us occupied for a long time to come."

Sidney Drew is a brother of John Drew. The old phrase in the theatrical world used to be "John Drew but Sidney didn't." But, now, with the gradual waning of the stage's illustrious John, Sidney bids fair to become the screen's foremost legitimate comedian. Thus do the movies work revolutions.



Artistic in detail and beautifully arranged, is the library.

Down at Sea Gate, the Drews have built an elaborate bungalow. "I've always longed to have things exactly the way I wanted them—and here we have them just as we wish," remarked Mrs. Drew. She looks upon the Drew bedroom as her masterpiece. It is a thing of bizarre stripes and rich color tones—a twin bedroom fit to please Mr. Bakst, Esq.

One room downstairs is set aside for work on scenarios. Here Mrs. Drew works at her typewriter before a huge window overlooking the ocean. Piles of 'scripts lay waiting a decision.

"You can see it's an amazingly hard task to get the elusive germ," said the comedian indicating the stack of scenarios. "Most



An interesting picture of Mrs. Drew, taken in the dining room.

of them are hopeless. The authors don't seem to know what type of work we are doing. Only the other day a 'script came with a little note saying the writer had been studying our work for two years. I opened the manuscript with a pleasant feeling of anticipation. But the first few lines settled it. 'John Brown,' said the 'script in describing the character intended for me, 'is a man whose wife fears that having a child will cause her to lose her beautiful form.' I threw the manuscript back on the table."

"But I, being a woman," laughed Mrs. Drew, "picked up that 'script and read it right through to the last scene. Believe me, Sid, you missed something."

Slavery—Two Viewpoints

I—As the Actor Sees It.

The Movie Manufacturer sits upon a gold chair studded with black diamonds, smoking a cigar of super-tobacco.

"Trot 'em out," he yells, and his ring-master cracks a long whip.

Proudly the leading horse enters the rings, full of the fire of life, stepping high.

"Too heavy; looks like a truck-horse. Cut down his feed and work him harder.

A peppery little filly followed, mincing and playing at being bad-tempered.

"That's what comes from giving 'em oats," the Movie Manufacturer mused. "Cut out the white lights, Lizzie, or it's back to the old farm wagon for yours."

So through the whole string. No one was right. Any excuse was good enough for a cut down in rations. It was outright slavery.

II—As the Manufacturer Sees It.

Night and day, week after week, without rest, the Hard Worker toiled and toiled, accumulating a little wealth here and there, and then spending it again.

Then the pirates descended upon him. Both sexes were represented. They bound and gagged him, and held a council.

"Shall we kill him or only rob him?" asked the leading pirate.

"Mercy, don't kill him; if we did we couldn't rob him next year," shrilled a vampirate.

So they took all the Hard Worker's wealth, calling it "salary," and left him to begin all over again.

The Hard Worker cogitated, whether or not to go out of business.

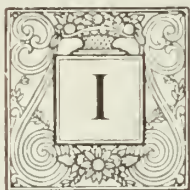
"Oh well, once a slave, always a slave," he mused, and returned to his toil.

Brenon's Corner on Royalty



KAISER WILHELM and Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Romanoff are prominent characters in Herbert Brenon's "The Fall of the Romanoffs," just completed on the steppes of Fort Lee, N. J. This is the feature, dealing with Rasputin and the Russian court intrigues, in which Iliador, the so-called "mad monk," plays the stellar role, the exact part he played in real life, while Nance O'Neil appears as the former Czarina, Alfred Hickman is the deposed Czar, Edward Connelly is Rasputin, while the German Emperor is portrayed by George Dunueburg.

Next Month You Will Pay Twenty Cents for Photoplay and Be Glad When You Pay It



WISH every reader of PHOTOPLAY could have been present at the conference at which it was decided to enlarge the magazine and increase the price to twenty cents.

If you had you would go right to your newsdealer today and ask him to reserve a copy of the October issue for you.

It was essentially a business conference, but the editors did most of the talking. Now, as a rule, editors are quiet chaps who are prone to permit the advertising men and business managers to do the talking.

But the editors, with the art director right in back of them, controlled this meeting.

"Will your readers pay twenty cents?" the editors were asked.

"We won't give you opinions," was the answer. "We'll give you cold facts. We've put the case right up to five thousand of them, picked at random, and the answer was a roaring 'Yes.'"

"We told them what we editors wanted to do, what the art director wanted to do. We didn't bother about the advertising department. They are for it anyhow because they want the big size.

"We told those five thousand readers about the big authors and artists who were going to contribute the highest standard of literature and illustrations. We laid before them the index for the October issue. We told them about the wonderful new eight-page rotogravure section.

"We told them about the new cover paintings by Neysa Moran McMein, acknowledged the world's cleverest cover designer. We explained how in the future her great portraits of stars could be cut out and framed without being marred by type.

"We told them about the new departments including that on educational and religious development. We explained how all the moving picture stars were working with us to make the issue a world-beater, how Douglas Fairbanks had spent days with our Los Angeles managing editor

to perfect a great pictorial-interview feature, how Mary Pickford had posed for hours in the latest creations of the dressmaker's art, and right down the line.

"And we editors of Photoplay want permission to make this publication so far ahead of anything of its kind ever published that our readers will be delighted that they have had a chance to help us do it, that they will feel that they, in fact, are responsible for it, as they truly will be."

"We know that our audience of a million readers are cultured devotees of the higher class motion pictures, that they are the driving force that is bringing about such a wonderful improvement in the photoplay art. We know they want better pictures. We know they will not only continue to support this publication as they have since it started, but that they will bring thousands of additional readers."

And that about states the case. Magazine art advances or dies ignominiously like any other art. It must progress or drop into shameful oblivion. The publishers of PHOTOPLAY are progressive; they recognize the large size as inevitable in artistic magazine production.

Now, dear reader, a few business facts:

The extraordinary price of paper alone has added more than five cents to the cost of this magazine. The cost of illustrations and engravings has increased fifty per cent.

And we must not forget that the newsdealer, too, is laboring under increased costs. Pause a moment and think of the useful part he plays in your everyday life. He is the channel through which you keep abreast of the times and through which most of your intellectual enjoyment comes.

In conclusion we want to make you a promise. We promise you that the increase from fifteen cents to twenty will bring you double the value. We promise that you will never see anything but facts in your magazine. We promise that we will secure for you the very highest grade of moving picture literature and illustrations utterly regardless of the expense to us. We promise that PHOTOPLAY will be edited in the future as in the past—clean, entertaining, instructive, and progressive.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, *Vice-President.*



AT THE FRONT WITH GENERAL DE MILLE

OFF page, to the left, a battle is being fought into the lens of the battery of cameras which occupy an exposed position back of the Lasky Studio in Hollywood. It is a scene in "The Little American." The commanding officer is just ordering a retreat. The shirt-sleeved gentleman is Alvin Wyckoff, chief cinematographer. To the extreme left Fred Kley, the treasury watchdog, is checking up the effect of the fire on the Lasky bankroll.

*Mildred came from the
Winter Garden, but
she left it far behind.*



An Ingenue Who Won't Ingenue

NATURE BUILT MILDRED ON BABY DOLL SPECIFICATIONS, BUT GEE, HOW THAT GIRL HATES CUTIE TRICKS, CURLS AND CHOCOLATE CARAMEL ROLES

By James S. Frederick

"FATE destined me to be an ingenue," confesses Mildred Manning, "but I just wouldn't believe in fate. If I couldn't do anything but wear curls and go through all the kittenish movie ingenueisms, I'd rather— Well, anyway, I just wouldn't. Why I put those doll-faced ingenues in the same class with those pretty leading men."

"That's pretty tough on some poor working girls," said I, ostensibly a cavalier, but really to goad her on to a further denunciation. But the twinkle in her eye told me she was on.

Mildred Manning is five feet four without her high heels. Mildred herself confesses that. She has an olive complexion, singularly expressive eyes and a constitution likely to cause the family physician to

move away to a more profitable neighborhood.

But to return to our interview and Miss Manning's declaration of war against the ingenue. "The screen has been crowded from the start with pretty girls—most of them sweet and appealing—but everyone of them seemingly without the ability to do anything but look pretty. Never once did they get into the character. The people of a photoplay are usually like a lot of cardboard folk, without depth. The heroine is a cutie who leads the broad shouldered hero through five reels of tribulations, and then falls into his arms while the faithful old sun does the conventional sunset.

"When the Vitagraph company gave me the O. Henry stories to play I felt that

my chance had arrived. Scenario writers are still too much concerned over the action of their photoplays to bother about characterization. They give a player nothing to work with. But O. Henry! He crowded a thousand flashes of characterization into a 2,000 word story.

"It was bully fun playing O. Henry. I loved Hetty Pepper in 'The Third Ingredient' most, although all the others were interesting. The Vitagraph company has just promoted me to five reel features. Of course, I'm glad—but I hate to leave O. Henry behind. My first five reeler is 'Mary Jane's Pa.' Yes, indeed, I'm playing little Mary Jane. I don't wonder you're surprised. I was, too, when they gave me the part. I haven't done kid stuff since my musical comedy days."

As you may judge, Mildred's musical comedy days aren't so very long ago. "I started in 'Little Nemo' at the New Amsterdam theater, playing Tilly," she says. "Then came 'Over the River,' 'Oh, Oh, Delphine' and 'Dancing Around,' at the Winter Garden." The Winter Garden, by the way, is fast becoming a training school for movie stars. Pause to consider June Elvidge, Mary MacLaren and the several others who used to sing merrily from the runway.

Miss Manning didn't make her screen debut with Vitagraph. She was with Bio-

Miss Manning and Frank Daniels in a scene from "Captain Jinks the Cobbler."



Mildred Manning being



rehearsed by Thomas R. Mills in a film adaptation of an O. Henry story.

graph for a year in the old David Griffith period of the photodrama. There she appeared in "The Charity Pall," "Poor Relations," "Concentration," and other Griffith-made film plays. Miss Manning has all the usual player's worship for Griffith. "He could teach you more in a day than others can in a year," she vows.

Miss Manning wouldn't admit a single hobby. Yet she confesses that she swims

pretty well, likes to ride and drives her own machine. Moreover, she is a crack shot with the rifle. Which is understandable, when you know that her ancestors were among the first settlers. She is a descendant of one of the Crane brothers who helped found Newark.

"I'm too busy to have a hobby," declares Miss Manning. "It's task enough to keep in physical trim for the long studio hours."

WHILE Jack Kavanaugh, gentleman adventurer, confirmed misogynist and recognized overlord of certain enchanted islands in the South Pacific, was occupying himself with a pearl concession on Kailu, and altogether regarding life in much the same fashion as Adam must have done before Eve took his education in hand, society back in the States seemed stifling and unreal. And then one day Captain Billy Connor's *Favorite* dropped anchor in the lagoon and discharged three passengers—a Massachusetts bishop, his widowed sister, fascinating Alice Stormsby; and their pretty niece, Enid Weare, the product of generations of strait-laced old New England culture.

After a few days, the bishop surprised Kavanaugh with a request that he and the two women be allowed to accompany their host on his expedition down to Trocadero Island to look over a new pearl concession—and Kavanaugh, mindful of warm glances from Mrs. Stormsby's eyes and of Enid's nymph-like charm, gave permission. So the expedition set out in his schooner *Circe*. Accustomed as he was to the free and easy life of the Pacific, it was rather vexing to Kavanaugh to be continually on his guard for fear of offending the silly sensibility of a prudish schoolgirl, who flew into a sudden anger if the spill of the mainsail or any wanton eddy raised the hem of her skirt to reveal an inch or two of ankle, and he often felt like boxing Enid's small, pink ears.

Twenty-five miles from Trocadero, a howling South Sea squall drove the *Circe* on a reef. All hands turned to load the boats with supplies and set out for Trocadero, where they arrived safely.

Here was a desert island, here was the primitive, and here two men and two women must live until the boat crew, which had been dispatched for help, could return with another vessel.

In the midst of this predicament, a horde of native pirates raided the island one morning before dawn, making away with every piece of moveable property save the silk pajamas and "nighties" in which the victims happened to be garbed. Alice Stormsby accepted this delicate situation sensibly, but Enid hysterically shut herself up in the bungalow. When her frightened relatives declined to interfere, Jack Kavanaugh went in to reason with her. No profaned modesty was now evident in Enid. She was in a white rage which took no heed of anything save the shame of his presence there, and she whipped suddenly around and gripped a stool by one leg. A struggle ensued. Dicky, the diminutive bantam cock, championed Enid and planted his wicked spurs in Kavanaugh's eyes and the girl wrenched herself free and

fled down the beach. Though scarcely able to see for the blood and pain in his eyes, Jack flung himself after her into the deep, green, shark-infested water and somehow managed to bring her ashore.

When he recovered consciousness, Enid was leaning over him. She had shed all her scruples and seemed utterly indifferent to the scantiness of her attire, even after the removal of the salt-water compresses which had been put over Kavanaugh's eyes. The women and the bishop collected dried seaweed for beds and made tunics from the plumage of the wild fowl of the island. The castaways became accustomed to primitive conditions and felt the rush of clean, strong blood in their veins.

Weeks passed and then—a sail on the horizon! Propinquity had done its work and, prompted by a feeling of regret that their camaraderie was so

soon to be a thing of the past, Kavanaugh asked Alice to become his wife. She demurred, for purely mercenary reasons, as she quite frankly admitted, but assented to a provisional engagement depending upon the success of his pearling activities.

It was Channing Drake, a sort of modern Gil Blas, with a dash of Don Juan thrown in for good measure, and reputed to be the very worst blackguard in the whole Pacific, who, in order to curry favor with the authorities who were watching his actions, had come to the rescue with his buccaneer crew.

When Jack hauled in the fishnet, preparatory to leaving the island, several big oysters were found caught in its meshes. And then, as he and Alice were examining the

exquisite black jewel which one of the bivalves disclosed, Drake came upon them and learned the secret of the newly-discovered pearl fisheries. Kavanaugh had no gear with which to dive for the oysters; Drake had, and insolently insisted upon a half interest in the concession. Although Kavanaugh's papers had been stolen, he decided to stay on alone and protect his legal rights. In case Drake, after taking the others back to Kailu, should return before the necessary reinforcements could be sent to him, Jack figured that, from the shelter of the cave in which the few remaining stores and weapons had been kept, he could effectively hold up any operations which the fellow might attempt on the pearling grounds below.

Against this decision, the bishop and Alice protested feebly; and Enid remarked cuttingly that, since her aunt was Jack's fiancée,

her duty to remain behind with him while he made his stake. At this Alice became very angry and a lively quarrel ensued.

PRECEDING CHAPTERS OF Pearls of Desire



Almost at the veranda she pitched forward and lay prone on the loose sand.



Pearls of Desire

A Twentieth-Century Romance of the South
Seas—the most remarkable story of the year.

By Henry C. Rowland

Illustrations by Henry Raleigh

CHAPTER IX

THE squall in our family circle appeared to have blown over but Alice was looking flushed and angry while Enid was stitching away with a set, inscrutable face. She looked up as I entered and again I was struck by the peculiar expression of her eyes. The bishop inquiring anxiously the result of my interview with Drake I told him simply that Drake was evidently determined to land them as soon as possible and hurry back to have a whack at the pearls, whether I liked it or not, but I made no mention of his threats. Then, as it was to be our last evening together I suggested to Alice that we take a stroll down the beach, to which she agreed.

So we started off together in the throbbing tropic twilight and coming to a sheltered cove seated ourselves to watch the sunset. The day was fading in pulsating vibrations of light and color. Down through the chromatic scale sped all the tones of the spectrum with what seemed to be a caressing pause on every note until the violet having been reached there ensued a lingering, as though these flaming beauties grudged their age and were loth to depart. They still clung to the wet, gleaming beach with its opalescent hues; haunted the serried surface of the mole as an ill child presses its face against the furrowed wrinkles on the face of a loving grandparent. The sea absorbed them finally and drew the mantle of the night about them.

But even then the loveliness did not depart. It merely changed its guise and the great pale moon, a shimmering disk of silver green now took over the watch and lightened the heart of the darkness. Her elusive halo charged the sky with more than pallor, almost color, etheric moon prisms in which the cool, delicate hues were felt rather than seen, invisible yet evident. They flecked the ripples, brushed their essence along the surface of the sands, painted the silent palm fronds and gave the night a witching beauty.

We were both englamored I think, or perhaps merely subdued and silenced by the profundity of our surroundings. At any rate, for a long time neither of us spoke. Alice's hand lay passively in mine and I did not try to caress it. I had in fact not the slightest desire to so much as press it, which would have struck me as strange if I had thought of it at all. I doubt that I was thinking of *her* very much; certainly not like a lover on the eve of being abandoned by his prospective bride and left desolate upon a soulless circle of rock and sand. I was thinking actually of Enid and wondering what peculiar sort of impulse had possessed her to assail her aunt in that vicious way. It was more than a departure from her usual manner; it was a volte-face and a charge. It is true that the violent shock to her sense of propriety the day of our visit by the natives had wrought tremendous changes in her but she had not once shown actual irritation or anything to approach the cold, cutting scorn of voice and look when commenting on Alice's desertion of me. And what business of hers was it, anyhow? If Alice chose to go and I to remain what difference could that possibly make to Enid? She had made me feel at times that she held me in singularly low esteem as an individual. She had not spared her caustic comments on what she was pleased to consider my arbitrariness of ideas, false confidence in qualities which I wrongly presumed myself to possess (such as a knowledge of astronomy and how best to cook a fish), a certain cynicism unjustifiable in one who had actually seen very little of the world beyond the limits of an element which one could not look very far into, as the sea, or discover very much about, as the sky, and whose views on most subjects were purely academic. She had even made bold to criticise my physical being, finding it too

bony for one of my stature and when I riposted by telling her that she herself would be fat at my age she impeached my politeness. What she found most to criticise in me was that I was practically self-taught (and faultily) self-willed, self-ruled, self-esteemed and most unduly self-confident. She implied that a college of sages with her of Samos in the chair and ably supported by Solomon, Socrates, Epictetus and Abraham Lincoln could not possibly have convinced me of error in a single of my views, nor could the persuasive measures of the Spanish Inquisition have induced me to alter the application of them. In fact I was of opinion that she held me a stubborn fool and not always an agreeable one.

Why then in the sacred name of St. Christopher should she find reason to pitch into Alice for having more sense than to immolate herself with me on Trocadero? What difference did it make to her if I went as balmy as the afternoon trades and fancying myself to be a sea-gull flapped off a rock and broke my silly neck? Turning the problem in my mind I decided that it was the result of nerves and the reaction of being rescued. It occurred to me also that of latter days Enid had not displayed any conspicuous affection for her aunt. I had several times remarked Alice's voice to contain a note of vexed reproof in addressing her niece, while the trickling murmur of Enid's in answer was always as cool and liquid and indifferent as rain gurgling through a water-spout. Sitting there in the lambent moonlight with Alice's cool hand in mine it struck me suddenly that perhaps the relations of these two might possibly be more filial than friendly. But after all, Enid was at best a haughty minx, if a very pretty one, and if fault there was I did not think that it should be laid to Alice's account.

As if intercepting the current of my thought she suddenly aroused herself and asked abruptly:—

"What did you think of Enid's criticism of me, Jack? Do you believe that I ought to stay here with you?"

"Don't be silly," I answered. "Of course not. Besides, I wouldn't let you."

"But if I insisted? What if I absolutely refused to let you stop on here alone?"

"In that case," I answered. "I should accept Drake's offer . . . though with profound regret, first because it would dis-

gust me beyond all measure to have that swine share our fortune and second because we want it all for ourselves."

"Of course we do," she agreed. "After all, you know best about it, Jack. This whole experience has been so wild and strange that we are none of us quite our real selves. Enid is quite a different person, and so is Geoffrey . . . and as for myself, I scarcely know who I am. People not accustomed to such things can hardly be expected to go through with them and be quite the same for some time after, can they, Jack?"

I asked her if she were trying to break it to me gently that once away from her savage surroundings and back again in an atmosphere of the civilized and established order of things she might feel differently about the promise she had given me.

"You put it so brutally, Jack," she complained. "How can I tell?"

I rose. "In that case," I said, "please consider yourself entirely absolved from anything in the way of a compact which may have passed between us during our exile on this island. You need not feel yourself bound to me in any sense whatever, Alice, nor I to you. If I see the thing through and win out I may come to you later and ask you to marry me . . . or again I may not. In other words, if you desire to have our conditional engagement broken, please say so. It all rests with you."

There ensued a good deal of argument over this point, Alice protesting against my assumption that she was mercenary, and that her sentiments toward me were based on the chances of success in the matter of the pearls. I listened, putting in a word now and then. But I might have spared myself even this effort, as the situation was plain enough for any man with the sense of a guillemot. Now that deliverance was at hand, with the prospect of a short voyage which might land her back where she belonged, Alice was beginning to gather up the warp and woof of her earlier ideas. She found it difficult to picture herself as the wife of an adventurer like myself and she desired to retrench and reconsider.

But she did not feel herself compelled to concede the same privilege to me. Her idea was apparently to keep me on as a sort of sheet anchor, a sinking fund, as one might say. It might have shocked her sen-

sibilities could she have seen how obvious it all was. It would have been a far greater blow if she could have read what was passing in my mind. But the sacred laws of hospitality must obtain even on desert islands of the Pacific and she was my guest, so I merely assured her that it had been a great honor and privilege to have had her confidence during these past trying weeks but that under the present circumstances it seemed to me preferable that no obligations be entailed on either side.

"Don't be so stilted, Jack," she protested. "You are almost banal at times."

I quoted a French proverb to the effect that promptly settled accounts made good friends and added that I should always feel myself deeply in her debt for her trust in me. In fact, I made all the polite and friendly platitudes I could think of. It gave me a sort of malicious pleasure to spatter her with these formalities. I felt that she deserved them, not because she had declined to remain on the island with me, but because she had made no protest at my doing so. Most of all, however, I was sore at her fear of binding herself to me by any pledge until confident that my fortune was assured. It seemed to me that she might at least have taken a chance on that, considering the cheerless future immediately ahead of me.

Perhaps the truth of the matter was that Enid's remarks had shown me Alice in another and truer light. From being my splendid companion, sympathetic and fearless, I now saw her as a conventional and rather selfish woman who was not even a good sport. She wanted to gamble but with no personal risk, and I really felt that all things being equal she would rather have married me than not. She desired very much indeed to re-marry, and I believe that if a couple of dozen millionaires between the ages of thirty and forty (myself included), and of good class and sound physique had been trotted up and down for her selection of a mate her choice would probably have fallen on myself. I do not wish to be vain, but I had several times felt her want of me very strongly and if I had cared to take advantage of certain periods of emotion I could no doubt have got her promise. Perhaps it was my own fault in not having pressed my suit with greater ardor. No doubt the piggy-man was a better hand at that sort of thing. But while I fancied



"Jack. . . Jack. . . I'm not a



ghost. . . I'm real. . . real!"

myself in love with Alice and felt naturally at times an almost irresistible desire for her there was yet always a quality which was subtly lacking. The white flame was not there; the deeper love was lacking.

Drake's coming also had raised an invisible barrier, less in the danger of his getting away with the pearls but because he represented a stepping stone from the island to the outer world and so as it were put us again in contact with society. We all felt the difference; a sort of sagging down from our high tension; a return from the freedom of the wild to the fenced enclosure. The bishop from being so pleased with his splendid physical condition had started in immediately to spoil his "cure" with gin, and instead of waking the next morning with a rush of high vitality and almost passionate relish for his bath and breakfast, would complain that after all the experience on Trocadero had tried his nerves more than he had realized, and so excuse himself for taking a matitutinal bracer. Enid appeared to have given evidence already that she was about to resume her strict ideas with her clothes, while Alice and I were almost on the edge of a quarrel. It seemed a great pity. Almost as though the merciless hand of established conventions had clipped our free wings and tossed us back into the fattening coop.

I pointed this out to Alice and she laughed. "After all, why not?" she asked. "We were born in captivity and the barnyard has its blessings."

"It has its *blessures*," I answered, "usually under the gills with a hatchet."

"One can always fly the fence occasionally," she observed. "I wonder how we are going to like each other in civilization, Jack?"

"There will be no change in my feeling toward you," I answered, "but I don't think I shall be very keen about the civilization."

"Nor do I think you will," she answered. "I believe that I made a mistake in promising to marry you in six months if you made a fortune. You would never be happy in the sort of life I lead."

"Do you want me to release you?" I asked. "Not that it makes any particular difference, though, as neither one of us would care to hold the other to an undesired obligation."

"It does seem superfluous," she murmured. "Do you really think that you

have anything to fear from this Drake, Jack? Any actual violence?"

I told her that I had never yet feared anything from Drake and did not purpose to begin now, also that if there was any violence Drake was very apt to be the first to suffer from it. Since Enid's commentaries I was beginning to feel that Alice was more in fear of Drake's violence to the pearl beds than to myself. Her niece's remarks had rankled, and she realized that it would picture her a pretty sordid proposition to let me expose myself to danger and loss and then marry her piggy-man in the event of my failure. At any rate, after staring for a few moments at the moon she sighed and said:—

"This has been a charming idyll, my dear, but after all one can scarcely be sure of oneself under such extraordinary conditions as we have been through. Perhaps it would be better should we not consider ourselves bound by any pledge but wait and see what the future brings forth. If you succeed and still want me, then come to me and we shall decide. So kiss me, dear, and then let us return."

It was in the nature of a farewell embrace and left me cold, and I must confess with a curious sense of relief. There was no question but that my feeling toward her had undergone a change in the last few hours. If she had declared her intention of remaining with me on Trocadero it might have clinched my love for her, even though I should not have permitted it. To have had her there would have meant the necessity of abandoning my plans for the defence of the pearls, as I should not have thought of exposing her to the danger of violence nor did I believe that her presence would have stopped Drake. He was too avaricious and too confident of his ability to get out of a mess. So with another little sigh Alice rose to her feet and we strolled silently back in the bright blaze of the moon.

CHAPTER X

WE found the bishop alone and in very low spirits. He was sitting on the edge of the veranda in a most unclerical position, collar unbuttoned, sleeves rolled up, smoking a cigar. In the vivid glare one could see the rime of sweat upon his face and he exhaled the odor of gin.



I was watching you from the grotto in the cliffs.

"Here's a nice kettle of fish," he growled. "Drake came up here whining about Jack's stubbornness and slinging him for a pig-

headed fool when Enid must needs take up her big stick in his defence, and they had it so warm that I was obliged to interfere

and tell the girl to hold her tongue if she could not be polite. I don't know what's got into the child all of a sudden. Fancy her being rude to a man who is putting himself to all this trouble and expense to come to our relief! Then after he had gone she sailed into me for not defending Jack and we've had a regular cat-and-dog fight. It wound up by my telling her that if she could not observe the respect which was due my age, my cloth and my being her uncle she had better go in and go to bed. At this she slammed off down the beach in a rage and has not yet returned."

"She has probably gone to bathe," Alice observed. "Let us hope that it may cool off her temper."

I remarked that I did not care much for the idea of Enid's bathing at night, even with so bright a moon. The fin of a shark was frequently to be seen close under the cliffs by the little beach where the ladies took their dip and I cautioned them not to venture out more than waist deep. In the daytime there was no danger but at night there might be. Sharks have a way of nosing up into very shoal water at night, drifting in with the tide and sculling astern as it recedes. You can never tell about sharks and their habits. They are a good deal like bishops in this respect. I have had savants on marine zoölogy tell me that no self-respecting shark would think of eating a man. That may be true, but one can never tell when a shark is going to lose his self-respect, especially when very hungry, which sharks sometimes are. Even if able to control himself and draw the line at men he might lose his head and take a chance with a girl, especially at night.

But I merely remarked to Alice that I thought it unsafe for Enid to bathe alone at night, especially when in her present odd, reckless mood and that she had better go after her. So she started off leaving me at the mercy of the bishop who proceeded to maunder along complainingly. "No respect for age . . ." he mumbled, "no regard for dignity. I don't know what the younger generation is coming to. Told me I should have been ashamed to sit here and let Drake slander you. I did remonstrate, but rather feebly perhaps as I could see that the fellow was very sore about your not letting him in with the pearls, and besides he had been drinking a little more perhaps than was judi-

cious. Disappointment, I fancy. That Schuydam schnapps buzzing in his head made him careless of speech." The bishop mopped his face and reached for a jug of cold spring water at his elbow.

I asked him what Drake had said about me. "Oh, the sort of thing one would expect, considering your relations," answered the bishop, deprecatingly. "Rather intimated that you were a bit of a Pharisee and while professing strong missionary sympathies were known to have helped yourself pretty freely to whatever you happened to want. I was feeling a bit drowsy and did not catch quite all of what he said but Enid was listening at some remark of his about some native girls at your plantation . . . I lost the gist of it . . . she went off like a bunch of Chinese squibs. Told him that she was not in the habit of listening to that sort of thing and that if he must unburden himself he had better do so to you, intimating that he would be afraid to do so and that you would tear his head off if he tried."

"How did he take these remarks?" I asked.

"Oh, quietly enough, at first, but I could see that he was getting angry so I roused myself sufficiently to stem Enid's eloquence and send her into sulks. Drake became most apologetic, then; said that it was so long since he had frequented the society of ladies that he sometimes forgot himself. He went away finally, saying that he would like to get away with the tide at daybreak and asking if we could be ready. This had been already agreed upon, as the situation here is no longer agreeable and the ladies are willing to finish their dressmaking on the schooner. No sooner was Drake out of sight than Enid turned on me . . . on *me* if you please, as though *I* had been traducing you; I whose esteem for you, my dear Jack is of the very highest order, not only for your sterling qualities as a man but for your kindness and patience and unflinching good temper and resource and all of those qualities which go to . . ."

"What did she say?" I interrupted, for the good man was working himself into a tiresome garrulousness which my exemplary patience did not feel quite up to at that moment.

"What didn't she?" he exploded. "She accused me of ingratitude to you and im-

peached my loyalty as your friend while at the same time intimating that one of sterner stuff than I would have put Drake immediately in his place. As a matter of fact I was not listening to him particularly, having felt the heat more than usual to-day. I explained this, ascribing it to the reaction of our rescue, when she had the impertinence to imply that it was more probably the reaction of over-indulgence in the matter of stimulant. She then said that it was my plain duty to share your continued exile on the island, and when I pointed out that I had offered to do so but that you had insisted upon my escorting the pair of them she burst out that she was not afraid of Drake nor a dozen like him. I must say I could not but admire her spirit even while feeling it incumbent on me to reprove her."

"How did you accomplish that?" I asked.

"Rather shortly, I fear. To tell the truth I fear I was on the point of becoming angry. She then asked if I realized what it meant to be left entirely alone upon an island like this; the solitude, the loneliness, the desolation. 'It would be quite enough to send one off one's head,' said she, and wanted to know how we should feel to learn that you had gone mad or met with some accident as the result of moody abstraction. She recalled your thoughtfulness and devotion and accused her aunt and myself of ingratitude and disloyalty and cowardice and I don't know what. I rather lost my temper at this and told her that if she felt that way about it she had better keep you company herself and asked if she had gone and lost her heart to you. Indelicate, I admit, but there are limits to one's good nature. This drove her quite wild and it was then that she became so disrespectful that I peremptorily ordered her to bed. Fancy a chit of a girl of twenty-two subjecting a man in my position to such a tirade. And so uncalled for . . . so unmerited . . . so . . ."

But sounds other than the bishop's expostulations had caught my ears and I sprang to my feet. Across the dazzling stretch of moonlit beach between the bungalow and the little promontory of rocks came Alice staggering towards us, bare, gleaming arms flung wide and as she lurched along there seemed wrenched from her a series of moaning, strangling sobs. Almost to the verandah she pitched for-

ward and lay prone in the loose sand, her body heaving convulsively.

We sprang to her side. "My God . . .!" I cried, "what is it? What's happened?" "Enid . . ." she moaned. "She went to bathe . . . and . . . a shark has taken her." She caught at my arm, dropped her forehead upon it in a paroxysm of weeping which was silent but appalling in its intensity. The bishop had collapsed into a huddled mass.

It was several moments before Alice could control herself enough to speak coherently. She had gone to the sheltered cove where they were wont to bathe and not finding Enid there had continued on her way down the beach, calling at intervals. (We had heard her calling but thought nothing of it.) Thinking that Enid had perhaps wished merely to walk off her fit of pique Alice had kept on to where the cliffs came down steeply into the sea and then, thoroughly alarmed at finding no traces of her niece she had started to return to get our help. But on arriving again at the cove her eye was caught by a white object on the beach, or rather on a low, flat ledge of rock at the water's edge. This to her horror proved to be the girl's feathered tunic and beside it lay her sandals.

The awfulness of the thing was that of some ghastly nightmare. It struck us dumb and cold and nerveless and it was several moments before I could rally strength enough to get on my feet and go to the spot, leaving Alice moaning in the arms of the bishop, himself able only to gasp out exclamations, pious and self-condemnatory. It was as Alice had said. The tunic and sandals lay on the sloping ledge which was still wet from the fallen tide and as I stared at the flat sheen of the water its surface was undulated by the furrow of some great, sinister body moving beneath.

For a long time I stood there, sick of heart and soul and body. Enid, that lovely, vital creature with all the richness of life before her the prey of sharks! It seemed too hideously, outrageously impossible. And yet it was unquestionably so. In the face of the pathetic testimony of her primitive garments the tragedy seemed uncontested. I picked up the plummy tunic and with wet eyes and a choking in my throat made my way wretchedly back to the

bungalow. Besides the horror of the thing I was conscious of a pain that was almost physical. Without realizing it I had grown really fond of Enid and my mourning for her was profound and sincere.

Alice's condition was really very bad, while that of the bishop was abjectly pitiful. I do not think that either of them for a moment suspected the girl of suicide, but no doubt they felt that (as I had unfortunately suggested) her recklessness had been the result of her vexation at being reproved for her protests against leaving me alone on Trocadero. Whatever the fault we were all three as profoundly shocked and stunned as it is possible, but after listening a few minutes to Alice's incoherent moanings I decided that our first duty was to her, so I roused the bishop and drew him outside the bungalow.

"We must get her away from here at once," I said. "If this goes on much longer she will be starting a brain fever or something. Everything about this accursed place is a reminder of Enid. The best thing would be to put her aboard to-night and by this time to-morrow you will be well on your course and she may be able to get a grip of herself."

He agreed to this, so I went down to the edge of the beach and hailed the Madcap. Drake himself came in with the boat and I told him what had happened. I could have struck him dead for the callousness of manner in which he received the information, though his words were such as any sympathetic stranger might have used. He managed however to convey the impression that the tragedy might have been averted if I had been a more vigilant protector, but I was too miserable to feel the sting or want to resent it.

"The main thing now," I said, "is to get Mrs. Stormsby away as soon as possible. Once clear of the place she will no doubt manage to pull herself together."

"Then are you going to stick on here?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered. "I can't see how my being aboard would help things any. This whole experience has rather sickened me with the Pacific, and all I ask now is to make my clean up and get away. Besides, when I start to do something I like to carry it through. Don't you make any mistake, Drake; this devilish thing that's happened hasn't got my nerve to the extent of my

making you a present of the pearls."

He did not say much to this, so back I went to the bungalow and had a short talk with the bishop, asking him merely to explain the situation to young Harris and tell him to get there to my relief as soon as possible. I knew that I could leave it all to Harris. Then the Madcap's boat came in and we enveloped Alice in some of the cloth which Drake had sent ashore and got her off aboard. She scarcely seemed to realize what was going on, nor her parting from me at the water's edge. The bishop merely wrung my hand, the tears streaming down his face. Then they were gone and I returned to our little shack and threw myself down on a couch, my head in my hands!

Sometimes it seems to us all that the harder we try the more we fail. And the worst of it is that if we are honest with ourselves we can usually place that failure at our own doors. Casting back it seemed to me that I had made an awful mess of things, not only in the present but in the past. I told myself that I had gone about things entirely wrong; that on graduating I should have accepted any one of the positions offered me rather than having let myself be led away by the glamor of the Pacific, and that in that case my parents might at least have finished their days in a comparative luxury instead of the bare necessities of life which I had managed to supply them with, usually on borrowed money advanced by a Chinaman named Von Bulow of Fiji and other places, against my prospective interests. Von Bulow had proved a lenient creditor and his liens were soon liquidated, leaving us good friends, socially as well as commercially and I think that our esteem was mutual. But the delay had cost me those last precious moments which a man who adores his mother ought to spend with her at the sunset of her earthly pilgrimage.

The next distinguished failure had been the result of my folly in thinking that because a girl fancied herself in love with a man who happened to attract her by virtue of what she considered to be a romantic setting, this foolish male person should be so vain as to expect any constancy of heart. Looking back, I felt quite satisfied to be so well out of that mess, but all the same it had a bitter taste until washed out by work and worry.

Then had come business troubles and losses and I was just beginning to find my feet again with a good prospect for the future when my three guests arrived on Kialu, when I had been guilty of the double error, first of risking their lives in a voyage on a frame-sick vessel and secondly in wiping said vessel across a reef. Followed our long exile and now to crown my calamitous career came this shocking tragedy of Enid which might so easily have been averted had I laid the stress which I should have done on the dangers of night bathing. It was all my fault. Every misfortune of the many which my life had experienced was my fault and now in my solitude and profound depression this black burden became almost insupportable. Sleep was of course impossible and finally in sheer desperation I got up and seated myself in the doorway of my hut.

The creak of sheaves and clank of chain cable and windlass pawls aboard the Madcap roused me slightly from my crushing despondency and I discovered that Drake was about to go out, not waiting for the first of the ebb which would be at about 6:30 of the morning. It was then about eleven, nearly slack water but he would still have a fair current to take him out of the lagoon and a light but favorable breeze was stirring aloft. The moon was so vivid that it might as well have been day so far as any danger from the darkness was concerned and outside the sea was smooth with a light air ruffling its surface. I reflected that Drake did well to put to sea at once and I was glad that he was going. Since I was doomed to solitary confinement I desired that it should begin at once.

The Madcap got her anchor and the high air filling her topsails began to glide swiftly and silently out of the lagoon. She loomed of exaggerated proportions in the entrance and then getting out from the lee of the island began to dwindle rapidly in size while yet not appearing to increase her distance. Then the crater hid her and I suddenly realized the crushing immensity of my loneliness. It descended upon me with a sort of terrifying majesty seeming to threaten the obliteration of my entity. It chilled my being to the very core seeming to deprive me of the power of noise or motion . . . almost of thought, itself. I felt deprived of the ability to assert my existence by so much as a spoken word.

Can you realize what such absolute loneliness is like? Did you ever awaken in the night from some vague dream of abysmal infinity almost pulseless from the dread of it? Have you ever had that overwhelming sense of such utter solitude that you could feel yourself slipping away into the nothingness, and known that unless you could immediately hear the sound of some living thing or sense the presence of some animate being you would be lost to yourself, dissolved in limitless emptiness? There is no terror such as this devitalizing dread of absolute dissolution. I could feel my very soul evaporating as it were and made a sickly effort to rally it. "This is madness," I thought. "Enid was right. I shall go mad here. I am going, now."

The sweat burst from every pore and shudder after shudder swept through me. If only something would come, something would stir; something hold me together before I slipped out into the awful Nowhere. A Spirit of Darkness would have been a welcome guest. Some thing, anything to hold me to myself. And then as if in a sort of convulsive effort, a spasmodic protest of my Ego against annihilation I sprang up with a loud, shuddering cry, flinging out my arms to the moon.

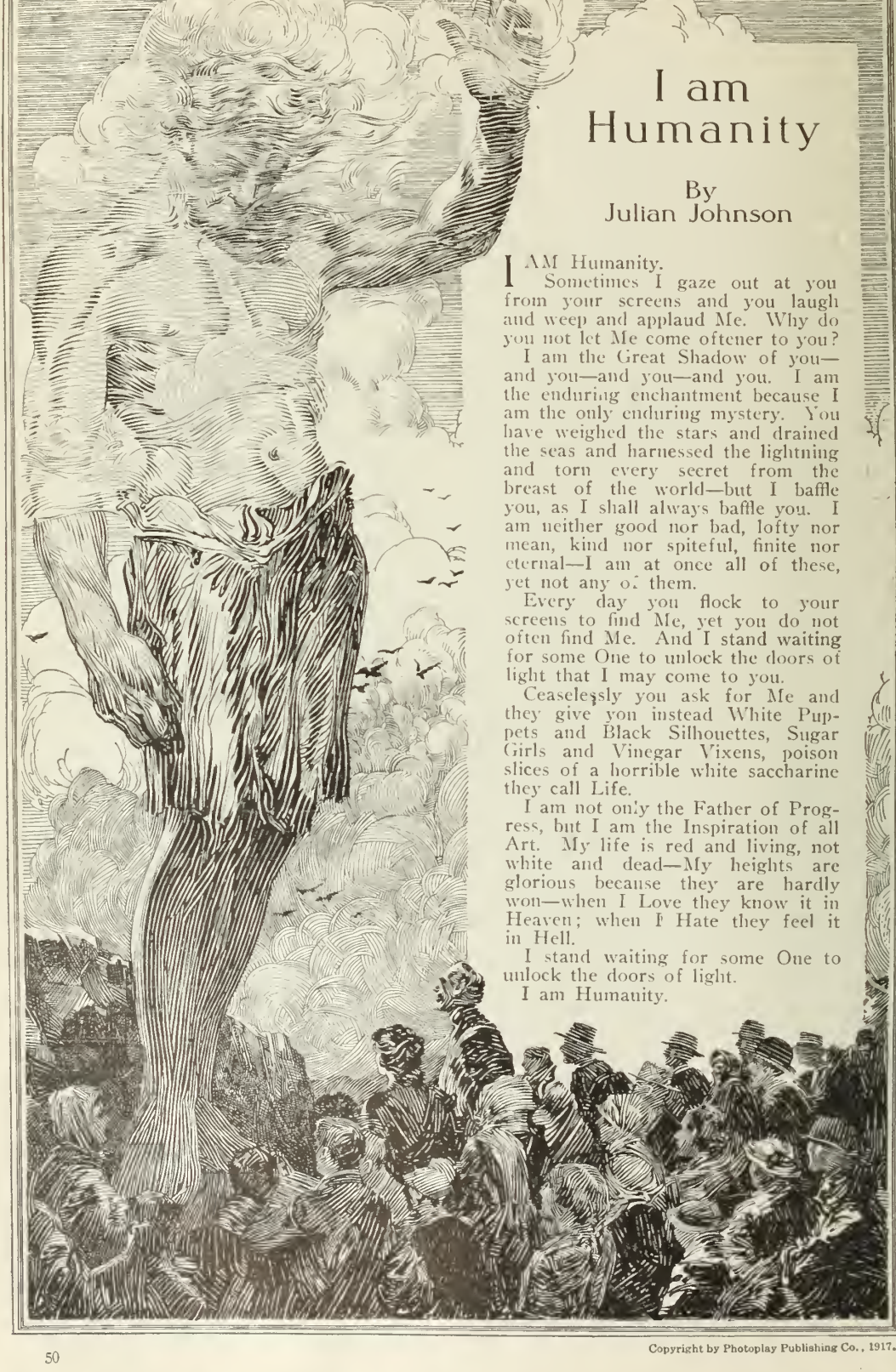
What was that . . . ? An echo? An answer? Or was it the mockery of some impalpable entity haunting the penumbra whither I was fading? It came again. And now I did not want it. I was filled with an agonizing dread of it. I staggered back, clutching at the thatch of the hut and as I did so my starting eyes were caught by a moving figure shimmering in the moonlight on the edge of the lagoon. It advanced with swift, gliding steps and even in my nerveless terror I recognized it as the simulacrum of the drowned, devoured girl. It was the wraith of Enid haunting the place.

Or was it merely a delusion? The first ghostly visitant of my disordered brain. That must be it, I thought, and oddly enough the mantle of dread slipped off me. Better that than nothing. Better madness than nothingness. I greeted my guest with a wild, cackling laugh.

"Hullo, Enid dear," I called. "So there you are, feathers and all. Come right along . . . I'm not afraid. . . ."

The figure paused, seemed for an instant to recoil, then suddenly flung out its arms

(Continued on page 159)



I am Humanity

By
Julian Johnson

I AM Humanity.

Sometimes I gaze out at you from your screens and you laugh and weep and applaud Me. Why do you not let Me come oftener to you?

I am the Great Shadow of you—and you—and you—and you. I am the enduring enchantment because I am the only enduring mystery. You have weighed the stars and drained the seas and harnessed the lightning and torn every secret from the breast of the world—but I baffle you, as I shall always baffle you. I am neither good nor bad, lofty nor mean, kind nor spiteful, finite nor eternal—I am at once all of these, yet not any of them.

Every day you flock to your screens to find Me, yet you do not often find Me. And I stand waiting for some One to unlock the doors of light that I may come to you.

Ceaselessly you ask for Me and they give you instead White Puppets and Black Silhouettes, Sugar Girls and Vinegar Vixens, poison slices of a horrible white saccharine they call Life.

I am not only the Father of Progress, but I am the Inspiration of all Art. My life is red and living, not white and dead—My heights are glorious because they are hardly won—when I Love they know it in Heaven; when I Hate they feel it in Hell.

I stand waiting for some One to unlock the doors of light.

I am Humanity.

C L O S E - U P S

EDITORIAL EXPRESSION AND TIMELY COMMENT

Syncopating a Viking.

IT was not a cow-camp or a mining town, but a sedate Pennsylvania village which saw this sign hung above one of its motion picture theatres last month: "Special for this engagement only: Henry Ibsen's great domestic drama, 'A Doll's House,' music by Fitzhugh's Old Virginia Jaz Band."

?

Again, the Scintillant Censor.

THE omniscient arbiter of silversheet morals in Houston, a Texas town named after a warrior, has placed his ban upon all war pictures, because of "their bad effect upon the community." We presume that if this person's wife were slapped by a ruffian her peaceful protector would cover his eyes and exclaim, "Oh, mercy!" He seems to have seceded from America, dragging battling Sam's namesake city after him. We are in a war, and while we learn much about our war by reading, we see it in its actuality *only* in moving pictures. There is no other way. Any city which is too tender for visual war information, properly edited and selected, is too boneless to be part and parcel of a stiff-spined nation.

This reminds us of the Ohio censor who forbade any showing of Kaiser Wilhelm's well-known visage, lest it stir up racial animosities.

?

A Great Picture Future: The Chinaman.

RUSSIA doesn't need our harvesting machinery any more severely than China needs our pictures. And China is getting our pictures much more rapidly and plentifully than Russia is getting the harvesting machinery.

The camera is waking the great sleeping dragon of seven hundred million individual brains where the missionary, the drummer and the Cook's tourist barely stirred him. The movie-light shines every night hundreds of miles up the yellow rivers. The film can is a commonplace object from the heart of Mongolia to the frontiers of India. Charlie Chaplin capers into fifty million almond eyes every time the sun goes 'round, and they think he's great. They love the Indian and the fight of the plains. They adore Bill Hart.

But, perhaps subtlest of all influences, the travel picture and the news pictorial are going into China and teaching the little sons of Heaven that there is another world than the heart of Asia. What matters it if the film of State street is three years old? It's Chicago, isn't it? And it means a lot to carry Chicago itself to China.

Too Many
Cooks:
Poor Taste.

SOUP which has had a large consultation is, traditionally, anemic. Whether this is so in practice we know not, but we do know that the large staff which makes any motion picture, generally without consultation, does more or less spoiling.

There are too many cooks in the photoplay shop, and too little unanimity of expression.

Gilbert & Sullivan—and, we imagine, Shakespeare—insisted in thunderous tones that their pieces be produced as they came from their hands without the change of a line, a note, or a particle of stage business. If there were alterations, they made them, or fought against them; but in any event, no understrapper made them.

Passing the average scenario, what happens to the high-class novel or play which gets itself illuminated these days?

Generally, the author takes his money and runs as fast as he can, so that he will not have to witness the murder of his child. A scenario hack makes the scenario. Somebody else, or the director's wife, may put in the continuity. The director has ideas as to characterization, and business. So have the actors. So has the producer. So have some of the star's friends. Maybe the director cuts his own pictures; maybe he doesn't. Some one else does the titling. Some one else—

Is it any wonder that a good book or a strong play comes out unrecognizable hash?



The Big
or Little
Theatre?

HERE is a new photoplay problem:

Are the big picture theatres of our cities growing like cancers, to crush the life out of the neighborhood reel-shop; or can ultimate screen drama, the finely-done play of life and reality, only attain its full fruition in a great theatre of high auspices?

This query is prompted by the forecast of four great new picture theatres for New York City, to seat a total of 40,000 persons, and to be completed in two years; by the strangled outcry of the New York "neighborhood theatre" men even now; and by plans for colossal theatres of the same comparative sort in Chicago and half a dozen other American cities.

The "neighborhood" man says that he has made the picture business; that he and his brothers brought it into existence and keep it going; that the interests of the big theatre men are diametrically opposed—that he wants freak plays, special comedies and travelogues and news pictures of impossible cost; that he presents symphony orchestras—finally, that his tonal bon-bons and pictorial premiums make the neighborhood picture-patron discontented and restless, and that the ruin of the neighborhood theatre in every American city of size is at hand.

There is some truth in his complaint. For instance, the "big" manager now takes all of the news-pictorials, tears out their best glimpses, assembles them, and throws the rest, or majority, away. The little manager can't afford that, of course, any more than he can afford a symphonic band.

But, big theatres must be, and we think there is a place, a patronage and provision for both types.

**The Pretender
A Panderer.**

A DROP of ink will discolor a whole bucket of water.

In quantity, the nation's unclean motion pictures are to the rest as the globule of ink is to the relatively vast volume of clear fluid around it; but, like the ink, they stain the whole business.

These pretenders continue and continue and continue, under the guise of service and timely revelation. Most of their junk plays have whining titles. None of them have an iota of artistic worth or human possibility.

They pretend to talk of birth conditions, or "fallen" girls, or they ask if you would forgive your wife if she proved to have just a touch of smut off your own black make-up, or they issue polluting posters advertising "exposures," or "startling facts," or "the underworld laid bare."

These pretenders are panderers; panderers to adolescent boys and silly women, and they ought to be reached under the law which covers panderers.



**The Poor
Finish; Why?**

ISN'T it a fact that eighty percent of all the better-class photoplays grow weak and commonplace in their finales? Think over the pictures you've seen in the last month. If every fifth picture finished with its suspense maintained and its interest at speed you've seen really an extraordinary lot of photoplays.

The hug wind-up is the worst of all evils, and the most often inflicted. But there are others. A casual observation would indicate that the play-makers, both scenarioists and directors, are playing too close to the cushion on their certain finishes—a term which we may substitute for "happy ending," for what is more certain, nine times out of ten? And what is more tiresome than a certainty?

It was perhaps a wicked philosopher who said, "Suspense is the life of marriage," but he might have applied his statement, with boundless virtue, to the photoplay.



**Little Feet in
Big Shoes.**

WE mean triple-A, ladies', in 10-B, gents'.

As the men march away to volatilize in flashes of trinitrotoluol—or to volatilize their opponents, if lucky—their gentle companions are womanfully assuming their jobs. And they may not give them up when their Johnnies come marching home.

We have learned that ladies can plow, mold iron, handle tram-cars, load shells, harvest crops, pitch hay, butcher cattle, clean boots and smash baggage.

If some of the gentlemen in the seeping sepias are ever called to the front certain poor girls are going to be worked to death posing for still pictures, answering mash notes, writing testimonials, devastating the make-up market, abusing the tailors, curling their hair, bleaching their hands and denying their wives and families.



Mae Marsh as Polly in "Polly of the Circus."

Polly of the Circus

IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY FROM THE
SAWDUST RING TO THE RECTORY,
BUT MISFORTUNE STARTED IT,
AND LOVE POINTED THE WAY

By Jameson Fife

"HOLD your horses—hold your horses, here come the elephants," shouted the resplendant circus herald of Barker's Great United Shows. The "superb, startling, spectacular and scintillating free street parade" was moving majestically through the crowded streets of the village of Mapleville.

A dozen red and gilt cages, their sides carefully closed to the inquisitive eyes of the villagers, lumbered by. Two street bands blared past. The elephants and camels followed, along with a half dozen white faced clowns in donkey wagons, with the younger portion of the village marching behind in open admiration. A cavalcade of riders, in tights and spangles, came next, riding quite oblivious to the awestruck throngs.

The Widow Jane Willoughby, holding her son, Willie, by the hand, gazed in open disapproval at the pink-tighted circus girls. She hurried her offspring away from the contaminating sight.

"Aw, maw, let me see, let me see," he shrieked above the din of the approaching steam caliope.

"I don't want you to see any more, Willie."

"I ain't seen nothin' yet."

"You aren't going to see anything as disgraceful as that," said his mother turning in the direction of the parsonage to voice her disapproval of the circus. At the rectory door she met Miss Sally Perkins, a spinster member of the church choir. It required several rings of the bell to attract the attention of the Rev. John Douglas' housekeeper, Amanda Washington Jones. Miss Jones, otherwise Mandy, was at the moment gazing from a side window. The circus lot was just across the road.

"Mandy, where is the pastor?" asked Miss Perkins.

"He's not in now, Miss Sally, but he's comin' back soon to begin a-writin' of his sermon for tomorrow."

"Very well, we'll wait," said Miss Perkins with determination.

The Rev. John Douglas was approaching the parsonage when he noted a familiar figure among the circus canvasman. Much to the amazement of the circus workers, the minister beckoned to the boss canvasman. The man, known as "Big Jim" among the circus folk, looked with surprise at Douglas, then a smile of recognition broke out upon his tanned face. He wiped his hand upon his grimy shirt and clasped the rector's hand.

"Blamed glad to see you again, Johnnie," grinned the canvasman. "The old town looks just the same, doesn't it?"

"Not much changed, Jim," laughed the minister. "My father died several years ago and I've succeeded to his post. Come in and see me before you leave town."

Gazing from the parsonage porch, the Widow Willoughby and Miss Perkins could hardly restrain their shocked feelings. A minister talking to a circus worker! And the circus folk were not less surprised at this unusual sight. Close to the circus dressing tent sat a group of performers, among them a little bareback rider. When Jim turned back to the circus lot, she exclaimed, "Oh, gee, look at our Jim gettin' religion from a sin savin' sky pilot!"

"Quit trying to josh me, Polly," laughed Big Jim. "The parson and I used to play hookey from Sunday School not so very long ago."

"Good evening, Mr. Douglas," simpered Miss Perkins, when the minister climbed the rectory porch. "We just came in to tell



you that you needn't expect any harmony in the choir tomorrow."

"I don't," laughed the young minister.

"What?" exclaimed Miss Perkins and Mrs. Willoughby in chorus.

"I've been here too long to expect that," smiled the minister. At that moment Maudy opened a window. The strains of oriental music from the circus sideshow floated into the plain little room.

"Well, I defy anyone to sing 'Lead Kindly Light' to a tune like that," snapped Mrs. Willoughby.

"Oh, you needn't worry about that, Mrs. Willoughby," responded the rector with a smile. "We can have soul in our

music if not skill. As for that out there—just think what a treat it is to the boys. Why they'd rather hear that music than listen to the finest church organ ever built."

"The boys'd rather see the circus than hear you preach," snapped Miss Perkins.

"Of course," replied the Rev. John Douglas. "I'm afraid some of the grown ups would, too."

Meanwhile Mrs. Willoughby's little Willie had found his way to the open window. "Willie," exclaimed his horrified mother, "come here instantly, what will the pastor think of you? Isn't it awful, Mr. Douglas?"

"Awful?" repeated the pastor.

"The circus, I mean," explained Mrs. Willoughby.

"I don't know. I haven't seen it."

"I should hope not," exclaimed Miss Perkins, with something akin to horror. And the widow giggled. "You *will* joke, Mr. Douglas."

"Not at all," replied the minister, "I saw the parade. It was quite wonderful. It made me think of the first time I ever saw one."

"The town has no right to allow that parade," broke in the spinster. "As for the circus, I think it's a shameful imposition for it to pitch its tent right under the church's nose. And *somebody* ought to stop it."

The Rev. John Douglas did not seem to hear. His thoughts carried him back some fifteen years. "That parade today made me think of the first one I ever saw," he



Watching over the unconscious Polly, the minister falls asleep.

said, "I never remember that first parade without a thrill of pleasure."

"Did you go into the tent?" demanded little Willie, his interest aroused.

"No, I didn't have money enough to get inside," he replied, to Willie's disappointment. "But I peeped," chuckled the rector.

"A parson—peeping?" repeated the shocked Miss Perkins.

"I wasn't a parson then, Miss Perkins," laughed Mr. Douglas.

"No, but you were going to be," reminded the spinster.

"Well," smiled the minister, "I didn't know it at the time."

The door bell rang and Deacon Strong, accompanied by Deacon Elverson, a little nervous man, of uncertain, hesitating manner, appeared. "I heard that Deacon Elverson was around the circus tents this morning," whispered Miss Perkins to Mrs. Willoughby. "And him the father of a boy and a father of the Church."

"We are all very much interested in the circus," remarked the young minister, having overheard the remark. "We thought you might tell us about it." The two choir members gazed at the minister with disapproval.

"Why—no—yes—I was obliged to look in at the circus lot—er—for my son. I fear—er—Peter strayed from home," stammered Elverson.

"Had he really?" inquired the parson.

"I stopped at your house on the way here. Deacon Elverson," said Miss Perkins, "and your son Peter was there all morning."

"Is it possible?" said the discomfited Elverson. "How strange. I must have—er—overlooked him."

"Let us hope the church will not overlook things as easily as you do," said the spinster primly.

"Oh, well," said the Rev. John Douglas, "if the church has nothing worse than a circus to overlook, we can all feel quite at ease."

At that moment unusual sounds came from the circus lot. The band was hushed and shouts and cries were heard.

"Something's happened," exclaimed Elverson, turning towards the window.

"Mr. Elverson," said the spinster reproachfully, "it's merely some fight. When these desperadoes who travel with circuses come to town, there are always fights. It does seem as if a law should be passed—"

Mandy rushed breathlessly into the room. "Oh, Marse John. Marse John," she cried.

"Yes, what is it?" responded the young minister.

"Dar's done bin a accident," panted the breathless Mandy.

"What, an accident? Who's hurt?" asked Douglas.

"Little circus girl done fall off her horse," continued Mandy, "an' de doctor say kin he bring her in here?"

"Why, of course," said John, hurrying from the room.

Miss Perkins turned to her friend again, "A circus rider, in here? In the parsonage?" "I can't believe my ears," snapped Mrs. Willoughby.

Loud voices sounded just outside the rectory. A crowd of villagers and circus workers crowded upon the porch. Mandy held the door open while John Douglas, carrying the unconscious circus girl, pushed his way through the throng with a doctor and Big Jim. An old clown followed. The young minister ignored the horrified church members and started up the stairway with the injured rider. The physician followed him up the steps.

The crowd tried to force its way into the rectory but Mandy blocked the way. "Jes' you stay whar you are, you folks. Ain't nobody comin' in to dis here house what ain't got no business here. Git along out now, git along."

The astonished Mrs. Willoughby turned to Miss Perkins. "Well, what next, I wonder? She's a circus girl. This house is no fit place for us."

"Gee, maw," responded Willie, "she's awful pretty, y'ought to seen her."

The gentle, sad faced clown, with his white wig and face and painted lips, smiled at the child. He was wearing a clown's skull cap and a black overcoat over his

"POLLY OF THE CIRCUS"

NARRATED by permission, from the photodrama of the same name.

Produced by Goldwyn with the following cast:

John Douglas.....Vernon Steele
Polly.....Mae Marsh
Mammy.....Lucille Laverne
Toby.....Charles Eldridge
Big Jim.....Wellington Playter
Sally Perkins.....Isabel Vernon
Jane Willoughby..Viola Compton
Deacon Strong.....Charles Riegel
Willie (child)..Maury Steuart, Jr.
Dr. Hartley.....Louis R. Grisel
Deacon Elverson.....J. B. Hollis

clown suit. In his hand was a girl's jacket, a straw hat and a small satchel.

"Excuse me," he said apologetically and rather timidly. "Jim knew it would be all right to bring her here. We just brung some of her things. She'd better put on her coat afore she goes out. It's gettin' kinda chilly."

As he placed the things on a table, sudden misgivings entered his heart. "It ain't—it ain't that she's—" He faltered, afraid to ask the question. "It ain't *that*, is it?"

Little Willie pulled away from his mother's hand. "Aw, maw, ain't he funny," he shrieked.

"Hush, Willie," exclaimed his mother. Turning to the clown, she said curtly, "I guess you'll find what you are looking for upstairs." And she departed with Deacon Strong and Miss Perkins, dragging the reluctant Willie with her.

The clown turned to Deacon Elverson. "She ain't hurt bad, is she, sir?"

"I—I'm sure I couldn't say, I—I must be going." And the deacon disappeared.

Jim and the old clown gazed about the rectory puzzled, just as the minister hurried into the room.

"Good evening, Jim," he said to the canvasman.

"How is she?" asked the old clown anxiously.

"The doctor hasn't told us yet."

At that moment the physician appeared from the upper room.

"Not bad, I hope, Hartley?" questioned Douglas.

"Um—yes—rather bad," responded the physician. Then he noticed the despair of Jim and the old clown and added, "Oh, don't be alarmed. She's still unconscious, but she's going to get well."

"You sure, sir?" asked the clown.

"Quite sure," responded the doctor. "But she had a close call, poor little thing."



"You can't go yet," said Douglas.

"Then, we'll have her back soon, sir," said Toby hopefully.

"Say, Doc," Jim demanded gruffly, "how long's it going to be before—before Polly can ride again?"

"Probably several months," replied the doctor. "The ligaments of the ankle are badly torn. Where are her parents?"

"She ain't got no parents," said the circus man, "except me and Toby."

"Is she a relative of yours?" asked the doctor.

"Well, no, not exactly," replied the



"You are badly hurt."

other, "but we've taken care of her since she was a baby."

"What'll we do?" said the old clown to Jim. "We can't stay with her."

"Can't, why?" asked the physician.

"You see, sir," replied Toby, "circus folks is like—like soldiers—it don't make no difference what happens—the show has got to go on and we've got to be in our places, no matter how we feel."

"Well, don't let that worry you," said the minister. "She shall stay right here until she's well again."

"That's mighty white of you, Johnnie," said the circus man gruffly to hide the tears in his voice.

"Well, if Mr. Douglas says it's all right, it's all right," said the doctor, before departing. "You see our town hospital burned down last month and it's hard to tell what to do with a case like this."

Jim and old Toby turned towards the door. "We'll be starting," said the canvasser.

"Can't you stay on here, Jim?" asked Douglas. "This is your home town, you know?" But Jim shook his head.

"You'll tell her how 'twas," said Toby, "me and Jim had to leave her without sayin' goodbye, won't you, sir, and tell her we'll write."

"I'll tell her, Toby," said Douglas kindly.

The old clown took some money from an inside pocket and put it in the girl's satchel. "I'll jest put this here," he said. "That'll be enough for now and we'll send some more soon. You see," he added apologetically, "we're mighty fond of her. Lord bless you, sir, I knew Polly's father and mother," continued Toby, "and I know'd their mothers and fathers, too.

Why, she comes of a circus family, sir. I noticed some of them church folks seemed to look kind of queer at me, and I thought maybe as how you folks don't understand us circus people — and now that I'm leaving her with you, sir, I just want you to know there ain't no better girl nowhere. She's good, clean into the middle of her heart. I've heard a good deal how some folks feels about circus people, but if anybody's got any finer families or any better mothers or fathers or grandfathers or grandmothers than we got amongst us, I jest want to see 'em, that's all. That girl's mother rode the horses afore her — and her mother afore that and their grandmother afore then, and there wasn't nobody nowhere's that cared more for their good name and their children's good name. You see, sir, a circus is just like one big family, and it keeps goin' on an' repeatin' itself for generations and genera-

tions. I—I jest wanted you to know 'cause we're leavin' her with you—you understand, sir."

"Perfectly," replied Douglas, "I'm glad you told me, Toby."

"I'll send you our route and you'll let us hear, won't you?" continued Toby.

Douglas promised. "It's mighty hard to lose her," sighed Toby, "but the show has got to go on." After the two had disappeared into the night, John Douglas turned to his study table.

Mandy tiptoed down the stairs. "Dat sure am an angel child straight from heben," she whispered. "She done got a face jes like a little flower."

"You can leave the lights upstairs, Mandy," said Douglas. "I haven't finished tomorrow's sermon. I can sit up with the child and write, too."

Douglas paused thoughtfully. From the distance came the creak of wagon wheels, the crack of whips and the muffled shouts of the circus workers.

Old Toby's words recurred to the minister. "The show has got to go on," he repeated.

It was not until the next morning that Polly fully recovered consciousness. Mandy was arranging the quaint old parsonage bed, when the little circus girl sat up suddenly, rubbing her eyes in bewilderment.

"Who are you?" she demanded. "Say, this ain't the car."

"Lor' bless you," exclaimed Mandy, "dis ain't no car."

"Where am I?" asked Polly. "How'd I fall in here anyway? Where's Jim and Uncle Toby and all the bunch?"

"Deys gone wid de circus," responded the negress.

"Gone! Gone where?" questioned the little girl. "Then what am I doin' here? I got to get to the next berg—Wakefield, ain't it? I'll be late for the show—" With that Polly tried to rise but she fell back with a cry of pain. "I recollect now," she sobbed. "It was the last hoop. I had a hunch I was goin' to be in for trouble. Say, it's my wheel, ain't it?"

"Yous' what, chile?" said the puzzled Mandy.

"My creeper—my paddle! Gee, it's sore all right. Say, where are my clothes? I got to get out of here."

The minister had heard the conversation

from below and appeared in the doorway. "Here, here, what's all this about?" he asked with a smile.

"Gee, it's the sky pilot!" exclaimed Polly.

"He's the one what done brung you here," explained Mandy.

"Well, he ain't goin' to keep me here," Polly snapped. "Say, you, mister. You get out of here. I want to get dressed."

"You can't go yet," said Douglas. "You are badly hurt. You had a bad fall."

"Jiminy crickets," sighed Polly, laying her head back upon the pillows. "I sure did. Without me that show will be on the bum for fair."

"They'll get along all right," consoled the minister.

"Get along?" demanded Polly, starting up again. "Without my act? Have you seen that show? Well, you bet you ain't, or you wouldn't make a crack like that. I'm the double forty racket. I'm the whole cheese—the star feature. Say, you're stringing me. You musta seen me ride!"

"No, Miss Polly," said Douglas, "I've never seen a circus."

"What?" exclaimed the circus girl, speechless with amazement. Finally her bewilderment subsided. "Say, this is a swell place all right," she exclaimed, gazing about the room. "This must be the main tent, ain't it?"

"It will be your room now," said Douglas.

"My room—think of me havin' a regular room." laughed Polly. Then her face clouded with tears again. "I bet Mother Jim's in the dumps, all right."

"Mother Jim," said Douglas for a moment astonished. Then he laughed, "You mean Jim?"

"That's what I call him," said Polly, "but the fellows call him Big Jim. He's been my mother since my regular mother went out."

"Out?" repeated Douglas, not understanding.

"Yes," continued Polly. "finished, lights out! Say, I don't like to talk about it. It was the limit. I'll bet she'd have been ashamed if she'd a knowed. Why, she was the best rider of her time, every one says, and she cashed in by fallin' off a trapeze. If you can beat that!"

"And your father?" asked the young pastor.

"Oh, his finish was on the level. He got his'n in the lion's cage where he worked."

Douglas turned to go. "He's got to go to de church pretty soon and preach," explained Mandy.

"Will you get onto me a landin' in a mix up like this," said Polly aghast. "Right with a sky pilot. I never thought I'd be a talkin' to one o' you guys. How long have you been a showin' in this town?"

"About six months," answered Douglas.

"Six months," repeated Polly incredulously, "in a berg like this? Your act must have an awful lot of laughs in it."

"Not many laughs, I'm afraid," said Douglas sadly. "But I try to say something new every Sunday."

"What kind of a spiel do you give them?"

"I try to help my people to get on better terms with themselves and try to forget their week day troubles," explained Douglas.

"Well," said Polly consolingly, "that's just like circus business—only circuses draw more people'n churches."

"Yes," responded Douglas with dry humor, "yours *docs* seem to be a more popular form of entertainment."

"Well, you ain't got all the worst of it," said Polly cheerfully. "If we tried to play this dump for six months we'd starve to death."

"Wish I could see your act," continued Polly, after a pause.

"You can, for we'll put you in an easy chair by the window," said the minister. "and you can hear my sermon in solid comfort."

Mandy helped Polly to the window. "I can see fine," laughed the circus girl. From her point of vantage she watched the little congregation file into the stiff pews and finally she saw young Douglas ascend to the pulpit. She listened intently. The words of the Sunday text came clearly to her ears.

"'Entreat me not to leave thee or to return from following after thee,'" Douglas was reading. "'For whither thou goest I will go, where thou lodgest I will lodge, thy people shall be my people and thy God my God. Where thou diest will I die and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me and more also if aught but death part thee and me.'"

"Um, that's kinda pretty, ain't it?" commented Polly wonderingly to Mandy. "I didn't know they had things like that in the Bible."

"There's a lot more beautifuller things than that," said Mandy. "That's the story of Ruth and Naomi."

"Ruth and who?" asked Polly.

"Naomi."

"I never heard that name—'Naomi,'" said Polly. "Gee, that'd look swell on the billboards."

"It's a Bible name, honey," explained Mandy. "Dar's a picture about it." And Mandy handed an open Bible to the little circus rider.

"Why, say," said Polly in surprise. "They're dressed jest like our chariot drivers."

Later that day the little circus girl asked Douglas to tell her the story of Ruth and Naomi. She was ashamed to confess that she was unable to read. "I ain't much on readin'—out loud. Read it to me, will you?"

"Indeed I will," said Douglas, pulling his chair close to Polly's bedside. "'And Ruth said, 'Entreat me not to leave thee or to return from following after thee, for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge, thy people shall be my people, thy God my God,''" he repeated.

The months passed swiftly for Polly in the parsonage. The long weeks of convalescence had served to endear the little circus girl to the young minister. At the same time John Douglas had unknowingly won the heart of Polly. Her neglected education had progressed rapidly, too. The slangy, ungrammatical little bareback rider of the old days had given way to a newer Polly—sweet and sincere. But affairs had not progressed without the frank disapproval of the village congregation. Polly was still "that circus person" to them.

The climax came finally. Deacon Strong, the church elder, a loud spoken, raw-boned bully, prompted by his daughter, Julia, who was "setting her cap" for Douglas, called the young rector aside.

"I want to talk to you about that girl—" he began blusteringly, "and talk plain. We want to know how much longer she is going to stay here."

"Indeed, why?" questioned Douglas, restraining himself with difficulty.

"Because she's been here long enough, that's why," Strong almost shouted.

"I don't agree with you there, Deacon Strong."

"It don't make no difference whether you agree or not. We say she's got to go."

"Whom do you mean by *we*?" asked Douglas.

"The members of this congregation. How much longer do you intend a keepin' her here?"

"Will you tell the congregation, for me, that that is my affair?"

"Your affair," demanded the deacon. "When that girl is living under the church's roof? Eating the church's bread?"

"Just a moment, Mr. Strong," said the minister calmly. "Let's understand this. I am minister of this church and for that position I receive—or am supposed to receive—a salary to live on; and this parsonage, rent free, to live in. Any guests that I may have here are my guests and not the guests of the church. Remember that please. There are other reasons. Two friends of the little girl came to me the night she was injured, the circus had to go on, and they were obliged to leave her behind. I promised them that I'd take care of her. A short time later, one of them, an old clown, died, with my promise in his heart."

"Well, we don't think she's the right sort of girl to associate with our young folks," returned Strong. "She's nothing but a circus rider—you know that."

"I shall do what seems best for Miss Polly," said the rector with finality. "And now you will excuse me, please."

Strong, mad with anger, turned away. A second later he came face to face with Polly, entering the rectory garden. Polly had just heard that Barker's Circus was showing in a nearby town. Indeed, Big Jim himself had called to see her. He had begged her to return to the circus but Polly had told him her whole view of life had changed. "Why, Jim," she had said, "when I lie in my little room up there at night and everything is peaceful and still. I think how it used to be. The cheerless cars, the fearful noise and the rush of it all—the mob in the tent, the ring with the blazing lights and the awful whirl around and round through the hoops—and Jim, the tights—I couldn't."

Polly was still sad when she faced the

frowning deacon. "Look here, young woman, do you know that your stay in this parsonage is making trouble?" Strong began.

Polly started back surprised. "It don't look good," continued the deacon, "and the whole town's a talking about it—and if Mr. Douglas keeps on being so bull-headed and refusin' to have you go, we'll get another minister and git him quick."

"Oh, no, no, Deacon Strong," exclaimed Polly. "You wouldn't do that. I'll go away—I'll go now—today—the circus is in Wakefield—only you won't send Mr. John away, will you? You see, it wasn't his fault. He was sorry for me, that's all. I'll go away and never, never see him again."

"He can stay for all me," responded Strong mollified. "He talked pretty rough but I ain't holdin' that agin him. He's been a good minister enough—I ain't forgettin' that."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Strong, thank you. I'll go right away."

That night she packed her few belongings and slipped away from the parsonage. Barker's Greater Shows welcomed her back with open arms.

The circus came to Mapleville months later and once more pitched its tents close to the village church. The afternoon performance had passed uneventfully and it was about time for the night show to start. Polly sat on a little trunk just outside the dressing tent. She was gazing at the church steeple, silhouetted against the star-studded sky, and repressed a flood of tears with an effort.

Big Jim came around the tent. "Star gazin', Poll?" he asked. "Do you feel better?"

"I'm all right," said Polly listlessly.

"I was a fool ever to have brung you back," said Jim bitterly. "You don't belong with us no more."

"Oh, don't, Jim, please don't. Don't make me feel I'm only in the way *here, too.*"

"In the way?" demanded Jim. "*Here, too.* You wasn't in *his* way, was you, Poll?"

"Yes, Jim."

"You couldn't a been," said Jim incredulously.

"I tried not to be—I tried so hard—I be

(Continued on page 166)



Photo by White

The Boy Magnate

ROWLAND, PRESIDENT OF METRO
AT THIRTY, BEGAN AT TWELVE
RUNNING THE LIGHTS IN AN
"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" SHOW

By Julian Johnson

THERE are a number of very important-looking people connected with the Metro Pictures organization. Some of them are tall and impressive; some have whiskers and some have pompadours.

But vibrating in and out among these people who look their parts is a lively young fellow, who, if he had any more hair than DeWolf Hopper, might be mistaken for a juvenile. He is there with the

strong hand-shake, the quick "yes" or "no," and he looks important only because of his frank geniality and his speed. Outside the office everybody seems to call him "Dick." Inside he is the kid magnate in the picture-magnate group of New York City—he is just a little over thirty—and on the line set for the president's signature, he signs "R. A. Rowland" to scores of Metro documents every day.

Young Mr. Rowland views his transparent enterprises with interest and ambition, but without illusion or without thrill. He was the doctor's errand-boy when the film business was born; he held its small inflammable hands when they were too weak to grasp anything bigger than a little finger, and he was its playmate and school-fellow on its road to adolescence. Now, they rather serve each other.

Last month Mr. Zukor gave PHOTOPLAY a great truth in a single sentence when he said: "My motto henceforth is: the best photoplays for the photoplay theatre." Meaning—no more of the casual material in the picture houses, and the reservation of all extra effort for a lengthy "two dollar show" in an auditorium devoted to the talkies.

This month, take an epigram from Rowland: "A star is the manager's insurance."

Isn't that the best short summary of reasons for the star system that you ever heard?

And Rowland doesn't believe in the star system, except as a means to an end.

It seems to me that he described fully and clearly the whole motion picture situation from the manager's standpoint when he said:

"The producing end of the film business is a great hazard, and we are only able to continue in it—rather those who *do* continue in it do so because they take advantage of every one of the very few certainties that it affords.

"The producing end is built on creative minds alone. That means the combination of delightful and exasperating qualities that we call 'temperament,' because we don't know what else to call it.

"A manager today can do one of two things: he can exploit starless pictures, or he can exploit stars. In any event he is going to make the best pictures he can, and let me tell you something: no picture has ever been profitable which wasn't in

some degree satisfactory to its makers. No matter how lurid, sensational or based upon news events photoplays may be, punk pictures do not produce results anywhere, at any time.

"However, a man can't be certain that a play is going to be good. As the old theatrical saying goes, if there were a man who could pick plays unerringly, he would be worth one million, two million—almost any yearly salary he might name.

"There is, and always will be, a great body of motion picture patrons who have neither the time nor the instinct to discuss plays, trends, or exhaustively criticise the drama. These people love the screen and they seize upon personalities as an embodiment of their respective creeds. Though they are in the same general class, they won't all admire the same man or woman. But the personality is the thing, in any event, and they follow the name. It drags them into theatres. It makes regular patrons of them. It makes the local manager pay higher prices for this person's pictures. Maybe it is profitable to the producer. At any rate, it makes a star.

"Now, the people who have been drawn into the photoplay vortex in the past two years—what we might call the new aristocracy in patronage—didn't like the old star system at all. And they had good reason. Most of the stars were tin idols who couldn't really act under any provocation or circumstance.

"So, more or less unconsciously, they made new stars. They demanded plays, too, but they began to use star's names. They go to see Viola Dana, and Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin—but Dana or Chaplin or Fairbanks couldn't hold these people a moment if their vehicles weren't in some measure satisfactory.

"So, really, you see it's just as Shakespeare said: the play's the thing. And while the manager's most ferocious effort is centered on getting good plays, and better ones all the time, the star is his insurance."

Mr. Rowland believes, however, that the whole industry is in danger from the giant salaries being demanded and received by some of the head planets in the silversheet sky. These, he says, will wreck the whole star system because of the utter inability of producers to keep up the pace. Prices that may be charged are more or less fixed

matters; therefore there cannot be unlimited expenditures.

The energetic, practical and productive young Mr. Rowland first saw the smoke of day in Pittsburgh. His father, in an optical business, furnished calcium light for stereopticon entertainments and theatres which had no electricity, and Dick's first really independent job was running the illuminations in Peter Jackson's and Joe Choynski's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." He was twelve years old.

The elder Rowland died before Richard attained his majority, and the business passed to the family.

The first genuine nickelodeon in the world is declared by Metro's president to have been John Harris's five-cent institution, on Smithfield street, Pittsburgh.

The picture business was beginning to talk, and the young optician began to rent films. They came to Richard for calcium material, and took away reels. He made a flying trip to New York with all the money he had: \$2200. He invested \$1200 in films—you bought them outright in those days—and \$1000 in projection machines, and hurried back to Pittsburgh. He had established a delightful and surprising reputation by dealing on a cash basis; a custom he has never forsaken, for Metro, unique among film manufacturing corporations, is not backed by a bank or a group of financiers.

There were at this time no exchanges. Those advantages to manufacturer and exhibitor came later. When a print was worn out another was purchased at the same price. The few producers in the business manufactured and sold their film outright. Rowland and his eventual Pittsburgh partner, James B. Clarke, found that their powers of rental and distribu-

tion west, north and south were limited only by the agility with which they could turn their money over.

Presently they had a tremendous business going. They were film powers, reigning without dispute in their territory from Canada to Florida. General Film, the then-great picture trust, flourished in equal luxuriance. In 1910 Rowland, his associates, who had started on less than \$3000, sold out to General Film. When the transaction was made they were the largest single interest of their sort in the country.

Rowland now became a huge exhibitor. He built theatres, and became the agent of Universal, Mutual and Famous in Pittsburgh and Chicago. From the moment he had sold his first large interests his lot was definitely cast with the primarily humble "independents," those little bottle imp who, released, were to fill the whole picture sky from horizon to horizon. Bye and bye Jesse Lasky purchased Rowland's Famous interests, and, two years later, he handed back his Mutual and Universal holdings.

He was drawing nearer his own production day.

This came about through the organization and exploitation of a huge film concern for which much was hoped, but from which came no results. This was the Seeley "Alco deal," and when the firm couldn't deliver pictures the exchange men who had placed their faith in it were stuck. They were the goats, and they made their butt of protest by organizing a manufactory themselves. Finding the executive was a matter of natural selection. Finding a name wasn't so easy, but they got that, too.

The result: Metro Pictures Corporation: Richard A. Rowland, President.

TULLY MARSHALL, the versatile Lasky artist, tells a new story. According to Mr. Marshall, an old actor organized a company to play one performance on Thanksgiving day in a small town. Upon their arrival in the town, being informed that the seat sale was poor, they decided to see the principal people of the village and personally sell them seats. They called on the leading banker and asked him to buy some seats. The banker drew himself up and said, "Sir, I will have you know that I have not been in a theatre for twenty years." The old actor came right back at him and said, "Well, that's fifty-fifty; I haven't been in a bank for twenty years!"



Photo by Hartsook



Photo by Luniere

Stars of the Screen and Their Stars in the Sky

By Ellen Woods

FROM the earliest times, "the heavens have told." The astral influence was believed in before Babylon. The astrologers of Persia, the oracles of Greece and the soothsayers of Rome took great stock in planetary augury, and star-readings have persisted in every century of the Christian era.

Whether you believe in starry signs or not, the careers of successful men and women today follow their set and unchangeable indications with the most amazing accuracy. The study is more than interesting; it's positively fascinating.

Nativity of Henry Brazale Walthall, Born March 16th.

IN the figure of this subject's nativity, 4:28 P. M., the fifth degree of Capricorn is on the cusp of the Fifth house, governing the theatre, and Saturn, the Lord of Capricorn, is in an angle and in close aspect to the Sun, Mercury, Mars and Venus, while the Fifth also holds the benevolent Jupiter. Thus we see what a great actor he must be. No wonder he can assume so many parts and make them appear real. As many aspects as the Lords of the Ascendant and of the Fifth receive, just so many kinds of characters will the native be able truthfully to portray. Mr. Walthall has all these aspects in the Zodiac. He should be able to play anything from a porch climber to a minister, humorous roles as well as dramatic, although he is invariably cast in the latter. He should generally play parts in which he is made to suffer persecution and unjust blame from men older than himself, but with those in high standing always coming to his defense. The Lord of the First House, which represents the native, and the Lord of the Tenth, which represents his honor and fame, being in conjunction with the Lord of the Fifth, and the theatre in the Western angle, indicate that he will have lasting renown in his profession. One of the finest traits of character appearing in this horoscope is reverence and pride of ancestry.

Nativity of Clara Kimball Young, Born Sept. 6th.

THIS lady missed, by just two minutes, being a "September Morn," as she was born at 11:58 P. M., September sixth. At this moment the sign Cancer was ascending, with the Moon Lady thereof, in the intellectual sign Gemine. The ancient astrologers say that Gemine bestows beautiful eyes, and they are surely right in this case. Miss Young's horoscope shows that she is above the average intellectually, with a philosophical mind and a tendency to the occult. She is an excellent judge of human nature, when her judgment is not biased by her affections. She is inspirational as an actress and in authorship, and in my opinion should be at her best when interpreting stories which have to do with the separation of mismatched couples. The Moon Lady of the ascending sign, in strong aspect to Mars, Lord of the Sixth and Eleventh Houses and posited in the Twelfth, the house of bondage, indicates that she must not believe that all are her friends who pretend to be so. The Sun coming to aspects of the planets promises to Miss Young three marital unions. Lack of harmony is indicated for the first two, but in the third, the tempestuous sea of discord will have become calm, and the greatest desire of womanhood will be granted her. With this marriage will also come much of this world's goods.

Ask the electrician or the cameraman how Neilan gets such excellent results, and he'll say, "Oh, Mickey just kids 'em along."



Director "Mickey"

HE ONCE MATINEE-IDOLLED AS
MARSHALL NEILAN BUT NOW HE
TELLS OTHERS HOW TO DO IT

By Alfred A. Cohn

"**W**HO d'juh want; Director Marshall Neilan? Why—Oh, you mean Mickey! Right over there in that bedroom, where the lights are going."

"Ain't got no puttees or sport shirt on?"

Sure not; but that's him anyhow. He doesn't even wear a wrist ticker."

The stage hand was right. It was Director Neilan, who has made good even though he has defied studio convention by refusing

to don the pigskins and other insignia of the Cooper-Hewitt maharajahs, potentates and poobahs. At any rate his elevation to the rank of Mary Pickford's director would sort of indicate his having made good; wouldn't it?

But the promotion hasn't had any appreciable effect on the size of Director Neilan's panama, so to speak, and he is still "Mickey" to all hands, although some of the writing highbrows continue to embarrass him by calling him "Mister" Neilan.

Marshall Neilan has the distinction of having played opposite Mary Pickford in more five reels than any of the other fortunate leading men who have enjoyed that privilege. So Miss Pickford wasn't "talking to a stranger" when she invited Mr. Neilan to become her director.

The subject of this essay is a pioneer of the films, although he is but 26 years old. A half



Only 26, yet he directs the screen's most popular actress. Some kid.

dozen years after his birth in San Francisco, he became a child actor, and as such played in the old Alcazar in that city. He also portrayed "kid" parts at the old Belasco in Los Angeles and on the road. Then those in authority removed him from the footlights and put him in school. Nothing noteworthy occurred for several years except indulging an ambition to become an automobile expert. Had the movies not happened along "Mickey" would probably be superintendent of an auto factory somewhere in Jersey as he was getting off to a good start in that field when his attention was attracted to the flicker stage.

Neilan's initiation into cameradom happened at the old Kalem. With that company he was everything from assistant cameraman to manager and during his last enlistment with that concern he wrote the scenarios, bossed the cameras, hired the actors and



Director, star, and scenario writer. You can see Mary pays attention to "Mickey"—and that other girl? Oh, that's Frances Marion. At the World studios they called her the Laura Jean Libby of the screen because she's such a prolific scenarioist, but wait—watch for a story next month about her.



"Mary, why not make the entrance like this?" says Mickey. "No, I think it ought to be like this," says Mary. And that's how they made "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

supervised the work of four directors. He was with Biograph in the early Griffith era, when he played opposite Blanche Sweet in many of her earliest pictures, including "Classmates," "Men and Women" and "The Wedding Gown." He was also with American and Universal and in the early days of Lasky, Cecil deMille starred him in "The Country Boy." Then he went to Famous Players and played opposite Miss Pickford in "Rags," "Madam Butterfly" and other well known photoplays. His last work with that company was with Marguerite Clark in "Mice and Men."

There was another journey to the Coast and Selig acquired Neilan to play *Colfax* in "The Crisis." At the completion of this big feature he directed several five-reelers for the same company, including "The Prince Chap" and "The Country God Forgot." In both of these he established a speed record that has never been equalled. In the former he directed 112 scenes in one day and the latter was completed, cut and shipped in seven days.

From Selig, Neilan reverted to Lasky, where he directed Blanche Sweet, Sessue Hayakawa, Louise Huff, Vivian Martin, Jack Pickford and other silversheet

notables. "The Tides of Barnegat" with Miss Sweet, "The Bottle Imp" and "The Jaguar's Claws" with the Japanese star and "The Girl at Home" with the Martin-Pickford combination were regarded as his best efforts for Paramount patrons.

Then came the request from Miss Pickford and "Mickey" became the director for the screen's most notable girl. Coming as it did immediately following such a tensely dramatic production as "The Little American," it was perhaps fortunate for Mr. Neilan that he was assigned to produce so delightful a story as "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" with its quaintly simple sweetness and engaging "kid stuff." This

he followed with an adaptation of Frances Hodgson Burnett's "The Little Princess."

Ask one of his colleagues why "Mickey" gets such excellent results and you will get the reply: "Great imagination and wonderful creative instinct." Ask the electrician or the property man, and he'll say: "Oh, Mickey just kids 'em along." Watch him in action and you'll see how well the observant stage hand has "Mickey" sized up. At work he employs the tactics of his Celtic ancestors rather than those of the ordinary camera autocrat.

The writer had the privilege of witnessing a number of the scenes of "Rebecca" in the making and was struck with the manner in which the most desired results were obtained without a single gesticulation or the raising of a voice. In one of these incidents, the pathetic deathbed scene where *Aunt Mirandy* cuts loose from her earthly anchor, there was only the briefest of rehearsals, during which the voice of the director could not be heard ten feet away. Then followed a bit of silent acting that raised considerably the humidity of the place. Even one of the cameramen—two negatives are made of each Pickford photoplay—had to stop grinding

in order to adjust his Adam's apple. And throughout there was scarcely an audible movement. No one seemed to be ashamed of the rising ocular tide either. There is a great deal of sincerity in the make-believe life of the sunlight stage. No where is there less desire to withhold the word of encouragement or the slap on the back for a bit of good work.

It's a pretty hard job to interview a director of Mary Pickford because they all insist on talking about Mary to the exclusion of all other topics. Because of space exigencies and the fact that just about everything has been said about Mary's sweetness, and cleverness and brains, and the joy it is to work with her, we will just skip to the Neilan ideas and ideals, reduced to a few brief paragraphs.

"The permanent photoplay of the future will be composed of these elements: A play written by a scenario writer, rather than a dramatist; directed by a motion picture director and played by a motion picture cast.

"The sooner stage stars who have come into the pictures merely for the big money, get out of it, the better for the pictures.

"There can be no success without co-operation, from star down to the lowliest employee. The most wonderful play, in the hands of the highest priced star and most artistic director, can be ruined by poor camera or laboratory work."

And not a word about the heretofore regarded necessity for pigskin puttees, hornrimmed goggles, sport shirts or forearm ingersolls. Times *do* change.

Why Are Vampires?

Why are Vampires?
I laugh at them.

These Dangerous Ladies
With Pasts which a glimmer of Light
Could never struggle through.
Vamps! They wear
Rings, though they have no hands—
only arms.
They Recline at Length on the Tiger-
skin
Which Reggie mortgaged the Old
Homestead
To buy.
They are eternally Wrecking Homes
And forcing trembling gentlemen to
their knees.
They never eat—they never laugh.
They hide behind screens.
They sneer.
They carry Concealed Weapons.
Vamps! These Tawny Ladies
Whose Smiles Burn One's Heart.
(Though Heaven only knows why
they should.)

Whose Eyes Sear One's Soul.
(I just wish they would try it on
ME!)

They are never Sorry.
They leave that to the audience.
They consume a thousand feet of film
In their Death Scenes—
The Terrible Death in the Last
Reel

Where they Wallow in Tragedy,
And Crumple Up and fall
And allow Close-ups to be taken
Of their Convulsed Features.
And then
There is one Final Heave,
And the Vampire's eyes close con-
tentedly
On the Ruin she has made
For the poor Property Man.
(I wish I were the Censor.)

WHY are Vampires?
I laugh at them.

Hats—New and Smart for Midseason Wear

Always stunning and especially for the girl with dark eyes and hair, is the fluffy white fur and the white hat which makes the eyes look larger and the hair darker by contrast.

This year milady looks through the brim of her hat and not from under it, as illustrated in the charming model shown below.

Milady's fur may form a question mark but there is certainly no question as to the becomingness of this happy combination of feather turban and summer furs.



Shown below is an extremely smart little suit hat made of satin and boasting a huge bow placed at the top of the crown.



Posed exclusively for Photoplay Magazine by Miss Gail Kane



A portrait by the National Studio

The Story of Edith Storey

By Frederick James Smith

I DON'T know why everyone calls me athletic," said Edith Storey protestingly, "I've never been able to understand it."

"But you ride splendidly."

"Yes, pretty well."

"And swim?"

"Of course."

"Drive a car?"

"Yes, and a motor boat, too."

"Handle a sail boat?"

"Ye-e-s."

"You like the out doors?"

"Indeed, I do. I love to work in my

garden. I'll admit that I can do the hardest sort of digging and weeding—and like it."

I tried to think of further queries and gave up. "What do you think an athletic girl should be able to do?" I asked.

"Well," said Miss Storey, pausing to consider, "I—I—don't know a single thing about baseball."

"Even with that horrible gap in your education," I remarked, "I'm afraid you would hit an average of about .950 in the athletic league, unless, perhaps, you've neglected aviation?"

"No," admitted the actress. "I've made quite a few flights, although not alone. Still, I have been thinking recently of getting a machine of my own."

Does Miss Storey love the open country? One glimpse of her artistic little bungalow, tucked away among the trees on the edge of Long Island Sound, proves that.

"I built it away out here," said the star at the end of our fifty-odd mile trip through Long Island in the family limousine, "because it's away from everyone. Here I can forget all about studios and photoplays and just listen to the sea and the birds." "Edith loves solitude," added the actress' mother, who made the trip with us.

The bungalow, to be exact by the way, is located at Eaton's Neck, Northport, L. I. Northport is a quaint old village. Its one point of interest is apparently Miss Storey, who has discovered that she is looked upon as "that actress person." Only a day or two before our interview the star took a hike along the beach. She encountered a villager, who, failing to

recognize the actress in sweater and sport skirt, asked if she lived nearby. "Up at the point," Miss Storey answered. "Oh, you must live up there near that actress person," said the Northporter. "I do better than that," replied Miss Storey, "I *am* the actress person."

So the arrivals and departures of the yellow Storey limousine are seemingly moments of pleasant anticipation and interest to the inhabitants. Immediately upon our arrival, Miss Storey hauled up the Stars and Stripes to the family flagpole on the

The patriotic Edith running up "Old Glory" on her private beach.



beach. (To be unpatriotically but strictly honest, she 'phoned to the village iceman first.) Then she dashed into her sport clothes, natty enough to influence growth out of any discerning radish or onion, seized a hoe and descended upon the garden.

Miss Storey surveyed her 12 ft. x 12 ft. vegetable plot and said, "I call this 'the farm.' I've got radishes, lettuce, onions, beans and something else that I've forgotten now planted here. Across the road, between the roadway and the beach, we have a lot of potatoes growing. I expect them to make us wealthy when they become ripe—or whatever you call a potato when it's ready to be French fried."

The Storey bungalow is an ideal summer place. The beach is a few feet away, where clams and oysters may be hunted in their native haunts. Other features of the place are a com-



Edith goes in for gardening. In these strenuous times one must do all one can to combat the high cost of living.

fortable looking fireplace, two cats racily named Stutz and Mercer, a dashing looking garage and two dogs. Accent upon one of the dogs, a collie yecept Laddie, possessing a particular dislike of interviewers.

Even stars have their troubles with servants. Miss Storey hasn't been able to find one with enough liking for the open country to sacrifice her evenings to the placid existence of Northport. "They all love the movies too much," sighed Miss Storey.

Due to this, my interview luncheon was served by the star herself, aided by her mother. Right here we should note that Mama Storey is considerable cook. "After this chat appears," I warned, "you're going to receive a lot of 'phone calls from hungry would-be interviewers." To these gentlemen we particularly recommend the Storey strawberries. For this dish one of the chauff-



The comfortable bungalow on Long Island Sound that Miss Storey calls "home."

feurs raced in a Ford to a nearby farm for cream—the thick, yellow cream that reminds you of the days when you sneaked away from the little red schoolhouse and played hookey.

To turn from epicurean matters to things statistical: Miss Storey started on the stage at the age of eight with Eleanor Robson in "Audrey." "I was in 'The Little Princess' and played Australia in the original 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.'" Miss Storey told me. "Then I was the stuttering girl, Emma Jane, in 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.' Ernest Truax played oppo-



"Sooner," one of Miss Storey's dogs, learning to salute.

site me. I was about to begin my second season in 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm' when I drifted into motion pictures. I began with the Vitagraph company and, shortly after, was loaned to the Melies company, then doing Western melodramas in Texas."

About this time Miss Storey attracted unusual attention with her daring riding. Vitagraph recalled her to its Brooklyn studios. Almost immediately she scored a hit in a production of "The Lady of the Lake." A varied series of characterizations followed, most of her roles being of the modern society type. Some months ago Vitagraph sent her to the Pacific coast to head its Western dramatic company. There she remained until recently when she severed connections with the organization.

ful young American girl of the self-reliant, rugged type. Miss Storey's brother, we are frank to admit, showed remarkable foresight in selecting a sister. I can't imagine a better candidate for the position of ideal sister. Seriously, however, Miss Storey is a young woman of initiative and ability to think. She would have been highly successful on the stage.

"Be sure to forget my freckles," warned Miss Storey. She isn't at all proud of these badges of athleticism. You see, they interfere with close-ups. It's because of them that I detest those magnified glimpses of beaded eye-lashes and painted lips.

"If you want to be really nice, you can say that I'm a good waitress. I'm sure that I'd have been a real success in Childs'—if the movies hadn't captured me."

ALL is not waste in the movies. Recently one of the big companies employed a director to produce a photoplay from a popular Western novel. A high salaried cast was employed and considerable time expended in making the picture, a ten-reel affair. When it was finally completed and submitted to the home office in the east, it nearly caused wholesale heart failure among the officials. It was that bad.

A release of the photoplay was impossible. It would have "queered" the company with every theater owner who exhibited it. Salvage was decided upon and the company's film "doctor" was ordered to the rescue.

The result was one five-reel feature with a highly euphonious title and lots of western thrills, one two-reel "western" and one single-reel comedy. The remaining two reels were saved for a retake of the original story.

“Don't Be Afraid of Breaking It— It's only Rented”



DIRECTOR JAMES YOUNG is having a hard time getting this scene put over exactly to his liking. So he's rehearsing it thoroughly before he orders "Camera."

This scene is in the new Bessie Barriscale production, the first under her own corporate name. And "Jimmie" is evidently determined to get it into the camera before the sun sneaks behind a cloud.



Who's Married to Who

Cupid takes pleasure in inaugurating his casualty list this month with portraits of Mrs. Joseph Schenck, and the gentleman who was fortunate enough to marry Norma Talmadge. Don't think that the hundreds of young men who swallowed rough-on-rats over Norma's nuptials were the only sufferers; numbers of Broadway young women had set their chapeaux for the enterprising young theatrical man, and these sustained all sorts of heart-pangs when they learned that their idol had gone the way of the license bureau. He has been general manager of one of the country's largest theatrical interests, and has determined to devote all his time to motion pictures.



Photo by White



Girls, did you know that Allan Holubar had a wife? Boys, did you know that Dorothy Phillips—you didn't? Well, here they are. At the right, Mr. and Mrs. They are among the liveliest producers in the Universal camp: Mr. Holubar as director and actor; Mrs. Phillips-Holubar as Universal's best emotional actress. Above, Joseph Kaufman, the well-known husband, holding his well-known wife, Ethel Clayton, on his not-so-well-known knee.





In the car, William Courtleigh, Jr., and his bride, snapped while Mr. Courtleigh was playing "Neal of the Navy" for Pathe. Below, George Hernandez and Mrs. Hernandez, a pair of Universal favorites.



“My,
Ain’t She
Grand?”



Only it isn't a lady a-tall; just Mr. Julian Eltinge, most famous male portrayer of feminine roles, who is submitting to film tests on his first day at the Lasky studio, with "Rebecca" (Pickford) "of Sunnybrook Farm" an interested spectator.

Sprocket-Hole Embroidery

The Mutual office in Chicago recently received a dirty-looking consignment of film from a water-tank movie house in South Dakota. Also a letter.

“Dear sir”—it said—“The reason we had for to send back your pictures today was because we couldn't run one of them through our machinery. The lace is all off one side.”

What Bill Hart Told in the Maid's Room

By Hilary Vosges

WHEN William S. Hart came to Chicago, on his recent shooting-up of the whole United States, he was assigned a magnificent suite at the Hotel Sherman. Among the thousands of Chicagoans anxious for just a peek at the rangy horseman I was one of the most fortunate, for I put in a good hour with him in his rooms.

Did I say "rooms?" Or even "his" rooms? Wait:

The particular Hart suite was furnished with a vestibule in Circassian walnut; a drawing-room of some Louis or other with piano to match; a bedroom of dim lights and luxury, and a bath which would have satisfied a calif. As is not uncommon with suites of this nature, a small, plainly furnished room opens off the entryway for the occupant's maid, or other servant.

Hart's secretary swung back the heavy door, and I turned toward the "parlor." Suddenly the door of the maid's room opened. Hart's big frame filled the doorway from top to bottom, and Hart's big voice filled the hall.

"I'm right glad to see you! Come in here—not there."

Hart closed the door, and indicated the

one straight-backed chair. I sat on it. He sat down on the little iron bed. His huge wardrobe trunk almost extinguished the small dresser, and a welter of guns and ammunition-belts was piled in a corner.

"I've gotten used to such plain surroundings," Hart explained, rather confusedly, "that fancy furniture mixes me all up. So I gave the rest of the place to the boys; this is good enough for me."

"The boys" in the Louis-whatever drawing-room and the sensuous bedroom were his secretary and his valet!

After we had settled the great war and the greater picture business, we fell to talking of the West that was, and the West that is in the show business — and never was.

"For instance, the rope," explained Hart. "I make no pretense of having been raised a buckaroo, so I go out frankly to learn. And one of the first things I learned is that the real puncher has a quaint, almost fanatic respect for his implements, and never plays

with them. In other words, he may be so unerring that he can noose a puppy, without hurting it, at the full extension of his rope, but he will not be able to show



"Your true desperado never pulled the trigger; he 'fanned' the hammer with his thumb."

We shook hands.

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Ain’t She
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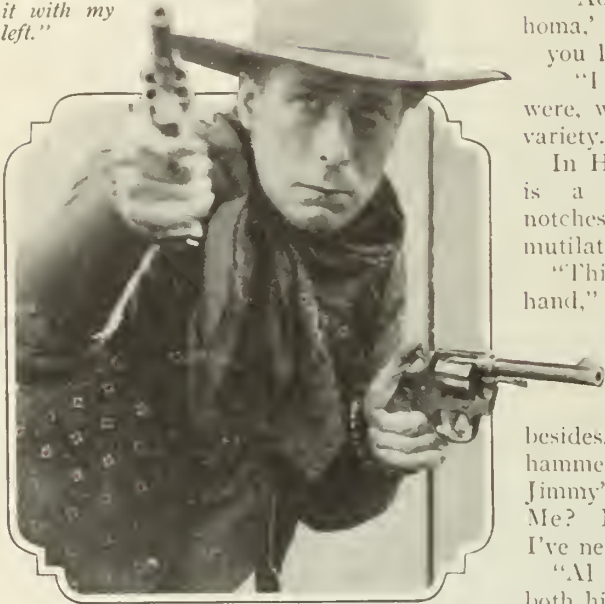
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"Your true desperado never pulled the trigger; he 'fanned' the hammer with his thumb."

We shook hands.

"I can only 'fan' with one hand, my right. I've never gotten it with my left."



you a single trick of the twirling or jumping-through sort. The country is full of alleged 'cowboys,' in vaudeville, circuses and even cabarets, who spin the rope, jump through it and do many other interesting and rhythmic feats. I dare say that not one of these fellows was ever on the range in his life. A year or two ago I had the greatest roper I ever saw at Catalina Island, off the Southern California Coast. A baby seal, far out in the bay, fell upon a ledge of rock from which its mother could not extricate it; yet this boy, throwing the farthest extension of his longest cord, lifted the baby seal back to safety as gently as a mother might lift a child into a cradle. He knew no "stunts," and was angry when asked why he didn't learn any. He said he "had too much respect for the rope to monkey with it."

"Will Rogers, one of the finest of all the 'Western acts,' is too honest to make any pretense of having ridden the range as a means of tuition.

"Where'd you learn that, Will?" I asked him in New York

last week, after a particularly hard exhibition.

"Aout behind a liv'ry stable in Oklahoma," he answered, grinning. "Where'd you learn your tricks?"

"I told him that mine, such as they were, were also of the domestic, not wild, variety."

In Hart's remarkable collection of guns is a triggerless weapon with three notches in its handle. I asked about the mutilation.

"This was taken from a dead bandit's hand," he answered. "It's the real 'fan gun' of the plains. Your true desperado never pulled his trigger. He would have been ashamed to be so slow, and besides, it wasn't safe. He 'fanned' the hammer with his thumb, and a real 'Jesse Jimmy' hero could fan with both hands. Me? No, I fan with only one: my right. I've never gotten it with my left.

"Al Jennings, the ex-bandit, gave me both his guns, and in both the trigger had been removed. Other members of the shooting craft, who didn't care to have their fire-arms amputated at the blacksmith shop, took rawhide thongs and lashed the triggers back to the guards."



"I make no pretense of having been raised a buckaroo, so I go out frankly to learn"

The Hollywood Studio Club where a new democracy among screenland's feminine members has been formed.

Here the "star," the "extra girl" and the girls of the studio who do not face the camera get together.



Photographs by Stagg exclusively for PHOTOPLAY

The Studio Club

By Elizabeth McGaffey

"WHAT on earth is that?" asked Mrs. Tourist, pointing to a handsome Colonial mansion on Carlos Avenue, in beautiful Hollywood.

"I don't know what it is, but it looks

good to me," replied Mr. Tourist, twisting his neck to catch a last glimpse. For the spacious grounds were filled with girls of every age and size, from the tiny tot with the Pickford curls, to the expensively

gowned beauty, whose face is known to fans all over the world.

No, it's not a Young Ladies' Seminary, nor a Mormon's dream of Paradise,—it's the only club of its kind in America—The Hollywood Studio Club.

Any girl connected with a motion picture studio in any capacity, is eligible for membership. And there are oodles of women who earn their living in the studios, who are *not* actresses—but that is another story.

Let's use a "cut-back" right here and see how this thing started.

First I must introduce the pretty little Hollywood public library, and its presiding hostess, Mrs. Eleanor Jones. Of course she is the librarian—but first and foremost she is a hostess—she just can not help it.

About a year ago, Mrs. Jones noticed several girls, "extras," who spent their evenings in the library reading room until it closed. One girl in particular,—young, pretty, well-dressed, interested her because she was always alone. They talked about books, and the girl read only the best. Mrs. Jones wondered what had happened when

A Sunday afternoon tea at the Studio Club, with Louise Huff presiding over the teapot. Left to right, the group comprises Anita King, Gertrude Griffith, Anna Bauchens, Miriam Mercedith and Louise Huff.



President Anna Bauchens (at left) head of the stenographic department at Lasky's, and Secretary Margaret Pendill, employed by the Y. W. C. A. to look after the affairs of the club.



the girl failed to appear for several weeks. One day a very pale, thin ghost of a girl walked in, and Mrs. Jones greeted her cordially.

"I've missed you—where have you been?"

The girl swallowed hard and said: "Hospital—a whole month and not a soul came to see me. I'm licked. I'm going back home."

The girl disappeared, and one of the "extras" told Mrs. Jones that she had renounced her ambition to be a star and gone back to her Eastern home. No one ever

knew her name—but *she* started the Club.

Some of the "big girls" got together and talked things over. Why should anyone be lonesome all by herself in Hollywood? Why not "get together?"

So Mrs. William C. deMille, Mrs. Richmond, "Mother" Lule Warrenton and Mrs. Lois Weber Smalley started a little club of drama study in the library basement room offered by Mrs. Jones. Then the Y. W. C. A. heard of it and offered an instructress in dancing to the girls. They met two nights a week, one for drama study and the other for gymnastics and dancing.

The fun they had and the comical gym suits they improvised!

The news spread—personal advertising, you know, gets results—soon the room was too small to hold the girls. The “big girls”

Miss Lee, of the Y. W. C. A. lived there, as “stage mother,” and camped out at first, with one sheet and a pair of blankets. The Club had absolutely nothing but an empty house and a crowd of enthusiastic members, all of whom were just a couple of jumps ahead of compulsory diet.

Then two girls who didn't jump



There are accommodations for regularly employed actresses as well as for girls who have found the going on "The Glory Road" too difficult for a slender purse. The girl here is Yvette Mitchell, whose specialty is Chinese roles at Universal City.

already referred to, interested the business men of Hollywood in the Club, and they paid a year's rent on the big handsome house on the hill.

lively enough, told Miss Lee they had no place to live. Miss Lee impulsively said, "Come right here;" and they came.

She never would tell how they managed to get an extra bed and some bedding!

The Y. W. C. A. strained their budget, and met the running expenses somehow. You see, they had no funds for this totally unexpected expense.

Providence seems to smile upon this Club, and it, being temperamental, does not object to a hand-to-mouth existence just so long as the Giant Loneliness has been routed.

One Sunday afternoon, one of the girls was playing the piano, and dropped into a swinging, popular melody. In a moment the room was full of dancing, laughing girls.

Miss Gertrude Griffith, of the Y. W. C. A., is the "House-mother" now, and speaking of tact—well, listen!

Some women would have scowled fiercely and ordered: "No dancing on Sunday," and been silently disliked forevermore. But, Gertrude Griffith clapped her hands and said: "Oh, girls! I have a wonderful idea!"

Instant attention on the part of the girls.

"Of course you know we ought not to dance on Sundays, but let's have a regular party—informal, of course, and ask the boys and just have a glorious time—what do you say?"

Noisy approval—squeals of delight and many squeezes for Miss Griffith.

So the little informal dances started on Friday nights, because—and here is a point which the wily Miss Griffith had considered long and prayerfully—because most of the girls went to public dances at the beaches on Saturday evening.

You see, Los Angeles' law prohibits dancing in the hotels, so light-footed youth must drive outside the city limits if it wishes to dance, and of course at the resorts a girl is very liable to take a glass of beer—perhaps more. Many a pitiful case of bitter sorrow and disillusionment has resulted from an innocent desire to dance.

Miss Griffith and the other "big girls" said:

"The Motion Picture Business is essentially a business of Youth, and Youth must play—especially if it works hard every day and several evenings."

The dances started and the crowds grew larger each week until one Friday night several girls got together in a corner and whispered mysteriously—then marched in a body to Miss Griffith and requested that the dances be held on Saturday nights!

With a beating heart, but a carefully careless voice, Miss Griffith consented—

but I can tell you that she walked quickly to the back porch and there laughed and cried in a most undignified manner, because she *knew* right then that the Club would be a success. The girls preferred its lemonade parties to those big public dances at the beaches. Clean fun with no aftermath of sorrow or regret.

How about it, Mr. Movie Fan, aren't you just a bit proud of the muchly-maligned extra girl?

The Club has grown beyond belief. Now the stars are interested in it, and every Sunday some famous person like Lois Weber, Ruth Stonehouse, Dorothy Davenport or Tsuru Aoki gives a tea.

There is keen rivalry between the studios and when Lois Weber gave her tea, every girl in the Universal Company who could possibly get there, was there in her best bib and tucker.

The last Sunday in June was Lasky day with Mrs. Wm. C. deMille as hostess, and the beloved Geraldine Farrar was there talking sociably with all the girls;—*socially*—do you get that?—not condescendingly.

The club has escaped the blight of "social patronesses" or "institutionalism" and is run by the girls and for the girls. They elect their own officers. Anna Bauchens, of Lasky studio is President; Miriam Meredith, Gertrude Griffith, Anita King, Ella Hall and Carmel Myers are Vice-Presidents.

Lessons on make-up and pantomime are promised the girls this Summer, besides their gym work and drama class. Just at present they are all studying "First Aid" and learning to knit for the soldier boys. With the blessed hopefulness of youth, they are not worrying about next year's rent—or little things like that! Every bedroom is filled—some "paying guests" and one "emergency."

The membership has reached the 175 mark and—most important of all—the stars, the directors and the "extras" have discovered that they are "sisters under the skin"—all working to uphold the dignity of their profession. Like all pioneers they must travel a rough road for a while, but let's wish them success and a receipted rent bill for next year and a few pieces of furniture for those big sunny bedrooms.

Loneliness is dead! Long live the Studio Club!

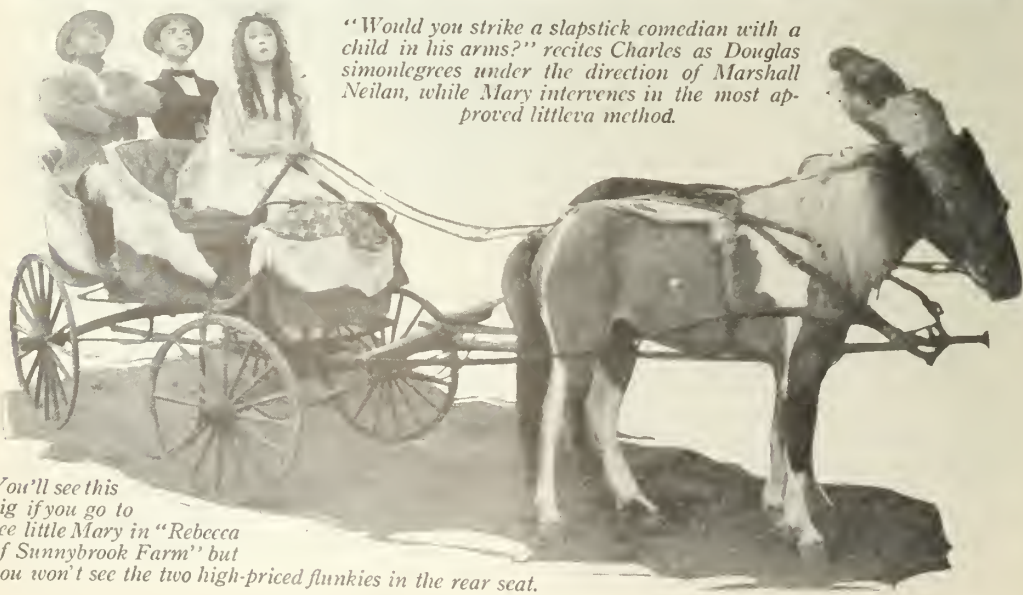
When Charley Dropped

EVERY once in a while the highest priced comedian in the world drops in at the Lasky drama foundry after a hard day's work for a little visit with the highest priced "movie queen" in the world and the highest priced juvenile in the world. Their respective studios are just a few minutes apart and whenever this trio gets together, a lot of the highest paid directors in the world, highest paid scenario writers in the world and highest paid

"Let 'er buck!" bravely cried the trio in unison, knowing that it was a studio-broke animal and not a bucking horse. But if President Adolph Zukor had seen this stunt, a movie magnate might have succumbed to a heart attack.



"Would you strike a slapstick comedian with a child in his arms?" recites Charles as Douglas simonlegrees under the direction of Marshall Neilan, while Mary intervenes in the most approved littleva method.



You'll see this rig if you go to see little Mary in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" but you won't see the two high-priced flunkies in the rear seat.

In for a Visit

cameramen in the world cease their activities temporarily and just play for their own amusement.

On this occasion the highest priced photographer in the world who had been subsidized by the greatest magazine in the world, lay in hiding and snapped at whatever he thought would look good in PHOTOPLAY.

When discovered by the famous trio, they insisted that he take a "regular" picture.

The "regular" photograph of Douglas and Mary and Charles. Don't it remind you of the old plush album group.



An interrupted serenade. The first plaintive notes of "Her Name Was Mary" had just emanated from the funnel of the horn when—unfortunately it wasn't a motion picture camera that was aimed that way. You'll admit that it is some picture though.





"It has been tough on you, deary girl," he said gently. "But can't you stand it 'til we can go back together?"

Big Timber

A STORY OF LOVE AND CONSPIRACY IN A GREAT LUMBER CAMP

By Mrs. Ray Long

IT was Fyfe himself who introduced Monahan to Stella. He had no one else to blame. But he didn't see how he could have avoided it for Stella was not the sort of person to be left in the background and Monahan would have found some way to meet her anyway.

Monahan was that kind. He had a cool assured manner and a searching eye. That combination never failed to single out the prettiest woman from any company for his own especial diversion. So what chance was there for Fyfe to keep Stella out of the range of his prehensile vision in a small lumber camp where the young wife superintended the cooking?

It had been late in the afternoon when

Monahan had come. After a look around at the great pine belt and Fyfe's men at work he was taken into the rough cook house to supper. And there Stella reigned as supreme and lovely and incongruous as some heavenly star shining alone over a mass of dirty storm clouds.

Monahan was served with Fyfe but gallantly refused to eat till Stella should join them. When she came he leaned a little too close and said, "Man only dines in the presence of woman. When alone he—feeds." Fyfe was terrified at the beauty of Stella as she smiled her acknowledgment to the implied compliment, and yet more terrified at the little wrinkle that ridged itself between her brows as she gave

a quick glance toward the rough lumbermen noisily finishing their meal at the next table.

From that minute Fyfe began to change. He ate little and said less. One day he was so absorbed with the torment racking him that a falling tree nearly caught him. His firm hold over the men slackened and he felt half sick. For after two weeks of trying every means to get Monahan to come to the point and buy the timber belt the sale was no nearer completion than on that first night.

Of course Fyfe had to keep at work for this holding was his only property. He had used a moderate inheritance and much skill and patience to get possession of it and then induced Stella to come into the wilderness with him. For he believed he could soon turn his claims into a fortune. But the slopes were steep, the ravines bad, and men hard to get. So when the wealthy head of "Monahan and Company," Seattle lumbermen, had shown an interest in buying his claim, Fyfe had jumped at the chance and written Monahan to come. Three or four days would have been enough to investigate the property but Monahan stayed on and on. He fished, he hunted, he climbed and he canoed—with Stella. He never let a day go by, however, without telling Fyfe that the acquirement of the timber still interested him.

Fyfe felt like a tormented monkey on the end of a string. For while he grew more glum and uncompanionable, Stella bloomed and pirouetted gaily. Back home in their native city he had thought her a beauty among beauties. But now, as he watched Monahan's open admiration of her she shone as one glorified to his jealous, adoring eyes.

"God, how I wish I were in a position to tell Monahan to get out of here," he burst out unguardedly one night.

Stella turned on him with more heat than he had ever seen her display in all her bubbling girlhood and their six months of marriage. "I should think instead you'd do everything you could to make him like the place and buy it, and stop moping around and being uncivil," she retorted.

That night Fyfe did not close his eyes. For the most part he lay staring into the darkness and wondering what he should do if he lost the dear golden head within touch of his outstretched hand. For the rest he let his tortured fancy paint pictures of what he would like to do to Monahan.

THE next day Stella stood intent before a piece of unframed mirror glass tacked to the log wall of the camp kitchen. She arched her white throat, posed her midnight eyes at different angles, and turned her head to get a satisfying view of the rich swirl of her audacious hair. She wondered whether she looked more like Helen of Troy or Lillian Russell in her gala days as Monahan had said.

She decided on Helen.

"Not that I have the least idea how the Trojan lady looked," she called gayly over her shoulders to the Indian girl wiping the thick camp cups, "but it must have been a plenty. And now that that weighty matter is settled let's discuss the evening feast.

"Bear meat with the hair off. Mind, off, smooth, scraped. White men, even lumber jacks, have their fastidious moments, Neemis. Perhaps you wouldn't believe it but they do stop at eating hide. Do you understand?"

Neemis grinned.

"Some day your garrulity will make me deaf, positively deaf," complained Stella, pretending to protect her ears. "Speak lower, please, and to the point."

Again the Indian grinned. But this time she grabbed a knife and vigorously scraped the outside of a cup.

"Perfect," smiled Stella, "and—oh, Neemis, if Mr. Monahan should enter these palatial halls and ask for me while I'm gone, tell him I'll be back soon. Understand?"

Neemis' grin widened till she showed the gums above her teeth.

"Too perfect," whispered the girl as she scurried out across a little clearing and into the shadow of a great timber stretch. "I don't like the look of Neemis when she smiles that way."

Her light step startled a family of young

"BIG TIMBER"

NARRATED by permission, from the Morosco-Paramount photodrama of the same name. Produced with the following cast:

Stella Benton...Kathlyn Williams
Jack FyfeWallace Reid
Walter MonahanJoe King
Charlie BentonAlfred Paget
Linda AbbeyHelen Bray

grouse. After their upward whirr, the afternoon silence, broken only by an occasional shout and crash at a distance, settled over the forest. Stella made straight for those sounds. Suddenly she came out of the heavy shade into another open space, one of nature's clearings, a mountain "meadow," that stretched and wound through the forests, a river of tall grass. Across this "meadow" in the farther timber belt, Fyfe was working with his men. He saw the slender figure beckoning and hurried.

"What is it?" he gulped, a strange fearfulness upon him.

Stella climbed daintily to a stump, clasped her knees in her arms, smiled coaxingly and hesitated. Fyfe gathered her to him just as she sat. "Did my little girl come away out here just to see her tramp of a husband?" he asked exultantly.

The girl viewed him gravely. She hesitated and then her words came with a little rush.

"I want some money. I want to go away. I can't stand it here any longer. I want to go back among people and have nice clothes, and sing. I do, Jack. Please, let's go." Her face flushed and her eyes pleaded.

Fyfe's arms grew limp and fell away. Fear sharpened his features and his tone. "You want to go back and sing in public places to make money,—and be admired?"

The words carried a certain cruelty. The girl drew in her breath sharply.

"I want to take more lessons and I want to sing to make money," she answered.

"Is it so bad here?"

"I've had six months of helping men turn themselves into animated heaps of pork and beans. U-g-h-h. How they do shovel it in!" The shudder was followed by a nervous laugh.

Fyfe did not laugh. "It has been tough on you, deary girl," he said gently. "But can't you stand it till we can go back together? I'm standing it too, you know."

For a minute Stella was shamed. Then that little wrinkle that Fyfe had first seen between her brows the night Monahan came, appeared.

"Jack, you don't understand—because your business is trees," she explained. "That's what you specialized in, forestry. So you're sort of at home up here, but my business isn't cooking. It's singing. I'm losing my voice here where I can't use it."

"But isn't it helping us both in the best way for you to be here?"



"Did my little girl come away out here just to see her tramp of a husband?" he asked.

"No, it isn't helping me most." There was a petulant note that jarred on Fyfe. "My voice is a part of me just like my hair or my teeth. And you wouldn't want me to neglect them and let them fall out, would you?"

Fyfe did not answer at once. He sat down beside Stella, folded his arms and rested his chin dejectedly on them. Finally he muttered, "if this timber were only on better ground. It's so darned hard to get out."

"Yes, poor trees," murmured Stella with a whimsical little outstretching of her arms up toward the tall tops that seemed to grow down from the sky. "It seems as hard for them as it does for me."

"Don't you think you're rather overdoing the pity act for both yourself and the trees?" rejoined Fyfe tartly.

Stella jumped up, a golden fury. Fyfe had struck the wrong chord. No beautiful woman, beautiful as Helen of Troy, takes criticism from a man without at least temporarily hating him. "I've told you what I want," she cried. "I want to live. I want to see people that are people. I want to see lights that light. I believe I could go down on my knees and kiss the cobble stones that used to tear the heels from my slippers. I'm sick, sick, sick of all this! No place to go that's any different from the place I'm in! Nothing to do but the same thing I do every day! If I'm very, very good and hurry my work I may put on my best calico and go out and speak to—a squirrel or a chipmunk. Isn't it thrilling? And everywhere I look there's nothing but trees, trees, trees. I want human scenery! Oh, how could you put everything into a timber place when this is a world of stucco houses, coal furnaces, and steel ships? You ought to have known better!"

Fyfe raised his head at that. A look of stubbornness settled about his mouth. Through all Stella's tirade he had been gradually deciding to give up, renounce what seemed the work of his life, leave the wilderness, and make a new try in the city. He could go into some lumber firm and work his way up, offering his timber claims for a partnership. He would do it. Stella was right. He would tell Monahan to go to the devil. He would pick up the beautiful wife of his heart and run away with her to civilization. And then came that wail at

his impotence, that attack on his ability and judgment. And no man can stand that from a woman, not even from a Trojan Helen. "We stay here," he said doggedly.

Tears suddenly came out like dew on Stella's long lashes. "Oh, you can't do this thing to me," she exclaimed in the amazed terror of a petted child who finds its world suddenly gone wrong.

"I have done it to you," and Fyfe emphasized the "have," brutally.

Stella stood her ground long enough to cry out, "it will be a relief to see a gentleman, a man who knows how to treat a woman. I'm so glad Mr. Monahan came. I was forgetting what the world was like." Then she was off like a wild thing.

Fyfe watched the flitting figure till it was lost in the trees. He was as a man in a dream, a bad dream, who longs to be awake again and find his misery gone. But waking didn't help him. When he finally came out of his dazed stupor and went back to work, he purposely kept the men busy long after quitting time. He wished he could avoid the cold meeting to come. He even wished vehemently in his mind that he did not have to see Stella again while his arms were craving the sweet burden of her, his eyes were burning for the sweet sight of her, and his ears ached for the sound of her voice, sweet to his ear even in anger.

It was almost dark when they reached the cook house. Supper was ready, and Neemis. But Stella was not there, nor Monahan.

Fyfe went over to his shack, his heart turned to ice. He found a note from Stella saying only "I am gone." And a search of the shack allotted to Monahan showed that he had gone too.

MAN is more mechanical than he thinks. Something makes him go on and on even after he has decided he hasn't anything to go on for. If he does not there is something missing. He isn't a man.

Fyfe kept to the business of felling his trees. He sold timber steadily, as fast as he could get it out with his limited facilities. His sales were enough to keep the camp running, and a little over. But he got no more inquiries about buying him out. The timber business seemed at a standstill.

He received infrequent letters from the



Fyfe's holdings were burning and Monahan's men were caught.

outside world. Six months after Stella left, a lumber dealer in San Francisco added to a letter asking for the filling of a moderate order that he had seen Stella singing at a leading hotel during the supper hour. He made no comment. He was the brother of one of Fyfe's college classmates. He did not mention Monahan. Fyfe inwardly thanked him.

He spent that night deciding on the surest way to end his tormented existence. But at seven the next morning he was leading as usual in the tree felling.

It was true what the lumber dealer had written. Stella was singing now while others ate instead of seeing that they were

well served. But the change had brought no pleasure. She liked only one place in a dining room, a place at the table with others to sing to her and do her bidding. She looked down at the women looking up at her with a greater envy for their place in life than their envy of her for her beauty. Her bitterness almost got into her song.

"A parlor voice, sweet and true, but only a parlor voice." The words clanged noisily in her consciousness even while the silly words of a popular song slipped from her lips. That is what the great singer on tour had told her that day.

"But a parlor voice with no parlor."

Stella had protested in her breezy, flippant way while her heart grew numb.

"The acquisition of the parlor should be easy for Madame," the singer had replied suavely.

So Stella stood facing her dinner audience with all the insouciance her valiant soul could muster till the applause ceased and she was at liberty to go. It was then that she saw Monahan. He arose and intercepted her as she hurried toward the door.

"Stella, you little devil of a run away," he cried exultantly and grabbed both of her hands.

"Please, Mr. Monahan, please," breathed the girl as she tugged to withdraw them. Her eyes gleamed and her cheeks flamed. "People will see."

"So they will," he said, "but we can easily fix all that," and he signalled a taxicab.

Stella moved away from him. He caught her wrist. "A scene wouldn't be nice," he said easily. "I want you to slap me again just as you did that last afternoon in camp before you took to the canoe. But I don't want you to do it here."

"And I had just finished telling Jack that, you were a gentleman!" cried Stella remorsefully.

Monahan laughed. The taxicab moved up and he helped her in. She did not dare object so tried to act indifferently. "Drive," he told the chauffeur and slipped him a bill. When he settled himself he folded his arms. "Just to show you I mean to be good," he said. "Now tell me all about it."

Stella clasped her hands and looked determinedly forward. She would not say a word.

"Do you want these arms of mine to get into mischief?" Monahan leaned toward her. "You got me hard, you little corker, and you know it. I found you up there, a queen. I smiled and you smiled. And there are two sides to everything. You mustn't overlook that. Fyfe had a legal claim to you, it's true. But he wasn't making good. And according to my code, it's up to a man to do his share of giving, not let the woman do it all, or step aside and let someone else have her, who can appreciate her. Why did you run away from me?"

Stella still kept her eyes forward but she had seen much. Woman's peripheral gaze

is wider than man's. She had seen an earnestness on the sleek face beside her that she had never seen before, and the fear in her evaporated like a fog before the sun. There was not so much to fear from a man in earnest. When she answered, her voice had the old lilt in it. "I ran away from everything. Why shouldn't I run if I want to?"

"But it must have been such an uncomfortable run when it could have been so comfortable. And to find you singing in a cabaret! God, what a finish for you!"

Stella's lips opened to retort that she had only made a beginning. They closed again over the miserable recognition that he was right. She answered not at all.

Monahan was quick to infer the truth.

"What's the use, little queen," he said coaxingly. "You're making yourself cheap when you should be a winner. The only trouble with you is that you've missed your line. You're a beauty, not a singer. Join with me and I'll make you make the other women of the country wish they hadn't come."

Still Stella gazed straight into space. But her lovely lips quivered and a tear dropped from the down-cast lashes nearest him. Despite his promise, Monahan's undisciplined arms unfolded and his hands sought Stella's cold, clasped ones.

"Come with me and I'll settle a fortune on you," he whispered hotly. "I'm making a clean-up. I came down here to meet a government agent who wants lumber for ships, millions worth of lumber. They want wooden ships, you know, to fill the gap made by submarines. I've got to start north this week to round up timber, all the stuff in sight. I'll give you, lord, I'll give you the world and an airship to conquer new ones if you will."

A gleam shot into Monahan's watchful eyes as he felt a thrill in Stella's soft fingers and noted her sudden look of interest. "Do it the regular way if you want to," he coaxed. "Divorce Fyfe, and we'll marry the day after."

STELLA remembered little else of what happened or was said on that ride. One thought only bubbled from her brain to her toes. It never left her till a week later when she and the government agent, of whom Monahan had told her, saw a strange haze in the air as they spurred on

their horses only fifty miles from Fyfe's lumber camp.

"Fire," muttered one of their guides. He took a long look at the morning sky with his practiced eyes. "And a hell of a fire too," he added.

From then on the ride was a race. The agent told Stella they would have to leave her if she couldn't keep up. She kept up. She was even gay in the face of the roaring devastation they neared. "My husband will find a way to beat the flames," she told the agent again and again. "He loves the trees. He will never let the fire get into our claims!"

But she was wrong. It was Fyfe's holdings that were burning, that had been secretly fired two days before. The fire had been kept to the southern end but the flames were gaining and threatening the whole great tract. For Fyfe had lost his spirit and was only half fighting.

It was night when Stella and her party reached the camp, a night of red glare, thunderous crashings, and furnace heat. The fire was burning from them toward the north. The awful swirl of the flames was a horror. The burned out, dry air was sickening. "Great God what a loss," the agent kept shouting. "Trees worth millions! Why don't they stop it? There's no wind!"

When they left the bank of the stream to approach the cook house a man appeared hatless and bootless. He had been catching a few hours of sleep. He rubbed his eyes to get out the smoke and glare as the riders came up. Stella threw off her hat and her

hair gleamed in the fierce light. Then the man leaped forward, grabbed her out of her saddle, and stared into her straight forward eyes as if he never could stop.

"Then you didn't go away with Monahan?" he demanded eagerly.

"With him?" Stella's amazement sent Fyfe's sluggish blood bounding. "Of course, I didn't go with him. I went from him!"

At that Fyfe almost finished the smothering the vitiated air had begun for her. It was minutes before the remonstrances of the excited agent got to his ears to make a new fight to put out the fire. He kept telling Fyfe that six hours more fighting was all that was needed.

"How did it catch?" inquired the agent.

"Monahan, rather Monahan's men," replied Fyfe. "I can't guess his object. We caught them, but they wouldn't tell."

And then for the first time Stella, who could guess Monahan's object perfectly as soon as he found she had used what he'd told her about the government wanting timber and fled to Fyfe, for the first time she remembered to introduce the agent to Fyfe and explain his coming. "Just to think Jack, what an idiot I was to put up my puny little voice against your great, powerful trees," she cried.

She stood, again her old whimsical self, and held out her arms toward the burning forest. "Look, Jack," she bubbled, "just look at that. You had millions, millions to burn, and I never knew it!"

"My Harem"

YOU have always thought a harem a vast place with latticed windows, surrounded by a mysterious chunk of water full of dirty murders, policed by brunette Shriners in cozy-corner pants. You're wrong. You should see my harem. It's not vast: it's very small, and I have no latticed windows, no moat and no Shriners. I can't swim, and I wouldn't trust the Shriners with the women in my harem. Oh, boy! Listen: Mae Murray spent four days with me two weeks ago. You know how dull rainy afternoons are? Well, Geraldine Farrar came up to my harem the last rainy afternoon. You should have seen the glow in her eyes! If the raindrops had hit them the place would have been full of live steam. I didn't know whether we were having rain, or a foreign invasion. Oh, boy! But I guess I'm fickle. Virginia Pearson was the only girl I had last week that I let stick around for as much as two days. She came up Monday noon, but back with her Tuesday night! Wednesday Fay Tincher came in; Thursday, Clara Kimball Young; Friday, Dorothy Dalton; Saturday, Louise Lovely. Yes, and Mary Thurman's coming next week. Oh, boy!

My harem is a projection booth. I am a motion picture operator.

Alan of All Trades

Photo by Witzel

IN the twenty-six years of his life, Alan Hale has been almost everything but ball player. Hale, who had been playing opposite Clara Kimball Young before the now celebrated Young-Selznick war was declared, is nothing if not versatile.

Young Hale began by studying at the Philadelphia College of Osteopathy, thus starting out to be an expert in

Alan Hale and Clara Kimball Young in a scene from "The Price She Paid."



Alan Hale: An actor in spite of himself.

the manipulation of bones and muscles. As the result of a prank, Hale, along with a few pals, departed from college and a medical career at one and the same time.

Hale next enlisted with the Massachusetts militia and became a member of a machine gun squad. Fate made the guardsman a movie actor. A motion picture concern

secured the gun crew for a big film scene. Hale still maintains that they used the twentieth century rapid firers to repel a Sioux Indian attack. Which is very possible, since the mere matter of a century, more or less, made little difference to producers of the early days.

Anyway, the movie debut, brief as it was, started Hale's theatrical-screen career. First he planned nothing less than an invasion of the Metropolitan. But his



voice, bank roll and music teacher gave up at the same time. So he turned to vaudeville, where a voice is taken on face value.

It was but a step to pictures. Hale has played with the Champion, Lubin, Biograph, Reliance-Majestic, Lasky and Famous Players, besides, of course, his recent association with the Selznick forces.

He is the husband of Gretchen Hartmann, the actress.

Moving Pictures in Church, School, and Home

"The motion picture will be the great educational factor of the future."

Thomas A. Edison.

Service will be the essential purpose of these articles. They will be full of practical information.

Beginning with the October issue, out Sept. 1st, Photoplay will publish a series of articles of extraordinary interest on the use of motion pictures in churches, schools, and homes.

Free Equipment for Churches and Schools!

Photoplay has instituted a plan whereby any school or church can secure a projection machine and full equipment absolutely free. Write the editor today for details of this plan.

The Shadow

Stage

By Julian
Johnson



A
Department
of
Photoplay
Review

Charles Ray and Margery Wilson in "The Clodhopper."

IN a shrapnel-smashed world, Mr. Chaplin is today the greatest single lightener of the iron burden. This statement is made in solemnity, with discretion and during sobriety. If there is any other device or being which has so successfully chased the imps of pain with lashes of laughter, chroniclers of current events are uninformed of his or its whereabouts. From the desert places of Mongolia to the Himalayas; from Petrograd to Gibraltar; from Rio to the villages of the Andes, Mr. Chaplin's smile and cornerings are almost as well known as they are in America, or France, or Japan—which enterprising country, indeed, has not a few slant-eyed imitators who are professional Charlies for the Nipponese.

The preceding paragraph is not an attempt to rattle anything out of a husk of perfectly-shucked news, but by way of introduction to a very live topic: Mr. Chaplin's growing and very genuine artistry; an artistry I dare say comparable to Mr. David Warfield's, or to Mr. Lew Fields' when that variable gentleman is hitting on all cylinders.

Did you see "The Immigrant?" I not only saw "The Immigrant," but I saw some light, disparaging reviews of it—one or two by metropolitan critics. Henceforth, these persons can never make me believe anything they write, for the subject of their maladministrations is a transparent intermezzo well repaying the closest analysis. In its roughness and apparent simplicity it

Next
Month

Julian Johnson's Second Annual Review of the Year's Photoplay Acting.

On all newsstands September 1st, in Photoplay's new size.

Warning—order your copy in advance, as this feature last season caused a complete sell-out of every number in a very few days. Don't be disappointed.

is as much a jewel as a story by O. Henry, and no full-time farce seen on our stages in years has been more adroitly, more perfectly worked out.

It has, to an extraordinary degree, those elements of surprise which are necessary in every play, and which put the capstone of humor on comedy, because they add to the ludicrous the deliciousness of the unexpected. Examine, for instance, the passages in which our shabby-genteel finds a half-dollar, and, slipping it as he thinks into his pocket, but really through a hole in his trousers, enters the palace of tough service and orders with the independence of a capitalist. How cunningly these sequences are bound together! Our gourmet-hero has no sooner hopelessly destroyed a half-dozen orders than he discovers himself decidedly not in funds. Then the grim procession of waiters, headed by the vast Eric Campbell, to destroy a recreant customer and oust his remains. The plot fairly curdles when, in answer to Mr. Chaplin's gasping query as to the cause of the trouble, the giant replies ominously: "He was ten cents short."

In dizzying succession come the waiter's loss of a fifty, Mr. Chaplin's screaming salvage of the piece, his return to calm—and the waiter's discovery that the half is pewter! Probability on a single incident would now be quite exhausted under ordinary circumstances, but Mr. Chaplin brings to his table a friendly artist. There is some polite fumbling for the check—and the knight of the rattan cane is outfumbled! His payment of the waiter with his friend's change concludes what is without any doubt at all the longest variation on a single comedy incident ever put on the screen—a

variation worked out with such patience and skill that every sequence of action seems entirely natural and spontaneous.

There is one flash of Chaplin's inimitable pathos in this picture: that rollicking moment in which, lifting the petite hand of la Purviance, he discovers clutched within it the black-bordered handkerchief which



Mary Pickford in a Scene from "The Little American."

tells the story of her mother's death. Simply, sincerely, and with a look of infinite pity he lowers her hand. The moment, genuinely affecting though sandwiched in boisterousness, is a little flash of genius.

"The Immigrant" is singularly free from vulgarity.

MR. BRENON is back.

He comes trotting in on "The Lone Wolf," a creature sired in the library of Louis Joseph Vance, and born to the sunlight in a Selznick studio.

Here, ladies and gentlemen, is the concrete instance

long sought to show the difference between real (or human) melodrama, and the synthetic (or mechanical) melodrama which has won almost every stage of tumult and conflict in motion pictures.

It is so easy, when you get right down to it, to devise schemes, deformities, tricks and traps. It is a bit harder to weave an all-brass symphony of purely human hates and desires; to fabricate an exciting play about an average lot of undecided villains, instead of a chemical formula on a diabolic nest of maniac scientists, their hellish inventions, and their pig-in-the-parlor puzzles of homes.

Mr. Brenon has, it is true, a story a bit old-fashioned. It narrates the dealings of a romantic Parisian criminal known as "The Lone Wolf," with a band of unromantic criminals calling themselves "The

Pack," but after this novelistic tradition is accepted, the director busies himself to such variety and interest with his naughty gentry that the improbabilities of the author's plot are forgotten in the extraordinary vividness with which each man and woman appear in full character and complete purpose before you. His grisly material thrill is provided by a particularly realistic murder; his hair-lifting touch in the awful—because commonplace—destruction of the murdered man's body. When more producers realize with Mr. Brenon that real, dull crime is far more blood-chilling than the entertaining stunts witty-malefactors *might* do, we shall have celluloid melodrama more nearly comparable to that of the old stage days. "The Lone Wolf" also contains the best practical demonstration of the airplane's possibilities yet seen in a regulation screen-play, and some unatmospheric and unconvincing attempts to connect the story with the current war.

Beyond its own excellence it should be noted as the vehicle for the birth of a full-sprung star—Mr. Bertram Lytell, who, as the lonely wolf, is debonair and romantic enough to win every kerribush-reid girl in the U. S. A., yet is endowed with enough force and sincerity to make men swear by and not at him. Lytell is a genuine find in pictures.

Miss Hazel Dawn is warmer, sweeter and more lovely than she has ever been on the screen, and the rest of the admirable cast includes William Riley Hatch, William Shay, Alfred Hickman and Ida Darling.

"The Lone Wolf" moves with such swiftness and power that Mr. Brenon's "Eternal Sin" may now be booked merely as a transient error.

PERSHING'S army in France is probably no more an advance guard than "The Little American," a tragi-comic Aircraft hurrah starring Mary Pickford. There will be war plays of the water, war plays of the land, war plays of the air. But all of them would do well to emulate the care, finish and ingenuity with which this precursor has been put together. "The Little American" is not only a stoutly patriotic play, but it is classy, it is sensible—a product for well-tutored people who know oleomargarine from butter when they taste it.

Angela Moore, summoned to France to receive the legacy of an expiring aunt, goes calm in the love of a German-American who has returned to fight for his Fatherland. Angela is torpedoed, and from the decks of the sinking "Veritania" shouts her defiance to Kulturdom. Thence her existence is a pandemonium of frightfulness, for, in the chateau inhabited by her aunt, she plays spy for the French, is witness both to murder and rapine, and is saved from a firing-squad's rifles only by the



Charlie Chaplin in "The Immigrant."

Douglas
Fairbanks
in
"Wild and
Woolly."



divine interposition of a 75 mm. shell.

Mr. De Mille, who directed this play, is responsible for a most admirable sequence of truths, from the garb and conduct of the soldiery to such wee matters of realism as an imminent voyager's selection of the one New York paper known among transatlantic travelers as the carrier of the most reliable shipping news.

On the other hand, there are two or three glaring improbabilities. But the balance is on the credit side of the ledger.

Miss Pickford is forceful as well as charming; Mr. Hatton, as a French reservist, has an inimitably sympathetic role; Jack Holt, as Karl von Austriem, the repentant Kaiserman, is excellent, and Walter Long and Hobart Bosworth are a valiant pair of hell-bounds in the Prussian officiarate.

Perhaps the most subtly dramatic moment of the play is that in which Angela, in the cry-wrung cellar of the chateau, is confronted by a bloody, muddy, dull-eyed girl whose rosary, still tightly clutched in her shamed and impotent hands, seems a cross upon the German Calvary of bestiality. "But," says the Prussian colonel to Angela's protest, "My men must have relaxation!"

MISS ANITA LOOS is the slyest burlesquer the film tricks ever gathered in. In "American Aristocracy" she burlesqued snobbery; in "The Americano" she split Latin frenzy right up the back; in Mr. Fairbanks' last play she took a resounding and timely whack at pacificism;

in "Wild and Woolly," his latest manifestation, she thrusts with friendly laughter at the "Western stuff" which has been plastered in all its rope-talk on peaceable Wyoming towns having a Chautauqua every summer and chamber-music concerts every winter.

"Wild and Woolly" in its main constituents is such sheer and impossible farce that you quit asking yourself as to its credibility, and swallow it whole. Jeff Hillington, son of a railroading New Yorker, is a Western nut whose room resembles a W. S. Hart bill-room. His father sends him to the plains to get rid of him, and the plainsfolk, trying to hagggle a branch

line out of father, remake their New England village and remold their staid talk to give the son a taste of what he thinks is the real thing. There is a real robbery, in addition to the fake, and Jeff, of course, is the real hero.

Mr. Fairbanks is seventy per cent of the picture. Miss Eileen Percy, his new leading woman, seemed unfortunate in make-up for her initial effort.

Some of the scenes, cut to too short flashes, make the titles, in immediate juxtaposition, seem entirely too long.

THE most significant and one of the most interesting Universal features issued in many months is "Come Through." It had as its author George Bronson Howard, than whom no cleverer nor more erratic man has written for the films; it deploys as its hero Herbert Rawlinson, who has been screen acting for years, yet who, as far as good work is concerned, might just as well have made his debut here; and it had as its director one Jack Conway, about whom you've heard very little, but concerning whom you're going to hear a great deal.

The fellow who makes the others come through is a rather common sort of crook, one James Harrington Court, who, after all, has the right instincts. His principal patron in the come-through business is Buck Lindsay, of Montana. Lindsay is in love with Velma Gay, an orchid-like girl who doesn't love him. She thinks she loves Archie Craig, a society stripling.

Buck, determined that the caveman idea is the only winning way, continues to press his suit with an overhot flatiron, and at length discovers the sly meetings and secret correspondence of Velma and Archie. At this juncture Mr. Court happens among the ungay Gays in search of plunder, and, resembling Mr. Craig, is "stood up" by the unceremonious Mr. Lindsay, and made to wed. Then begins a coming-through of heart for Velma, a coming-through of intentions for Court, and a coming-through and casting-out of all preconceived ideas by Lindsay. The story is long and interesting; it contains several fights, and a lot of real love-making and passionate restraint. And it winds up with the blatant cowboy and the erstwhile crook good friends. The crook keeps the lady.

The development of the play is slow for nearly three reels—too slow; it contains several pieces of such old-fashioned foolishness as the love-note-in-the-hollow-tree, and other relics from Laura Jean Libbey, but in the main it is a stirring, realistic affair. Alice Lake, George Webb, Roy Stewart—

and, as we have said, Herbert Rawlinson in the role of Court—are the chief members of the cast.

In "A Kentucky Cinderella," adapted from F. Hopkinson Smith's story of the same name, Universal produces a most refreshing bit of light comedy, and advances into certain favor one Ruth Clifford, a pretty girl who is not only pretty, but who brings to the screen certain traits of childish artlessness woefully lacking in most of the "pretty" girls of the present day. Rupert Julian directs and acts, and does both well. There is much intimate life in this photoplay, and the whole plot of its Cinderellaish content is revealed in the two-word title.

Artists and studios are absolutely fatal at Universal City. Like coy lures, they hang around to muss up otherwise perfectly good finales, insinuating themselves into the most unexpected places, and running a trail of beards, palettes, velvet coats and Bohemian intentions over the plane surfaces of matter-of-fact lives. Such a distortion concludes "Fires of Rebellion," a strong play with a strong name, all about a shoe



A Scene from "A Kentucky Cinderella."

town. The piece starts with the Homeric simplicity of a Galsworthy tract, and winds up in a dull fudging clatter of syrup-of-figs "morality." The participants include that fine emotional actress, Dorothy Phillips; Belle Bennett, Lon Chaney and William Stowell.

"The Little Orphan" is a light vehicle perfectly adapted to the talents of Ella Hall. Its story is highly reminiscent of "When We Were Twenty-One," except that instead of a male "Imp," to stir up the love interest and bedevil the elders, there is Rene Lescere, a little Belgian orphan, one of a trio of children adopted by three bachelors: David Clark, Dick Porter and Jerry Mathers. David is under the impression that he is getting a boy, but the realization that he didn't grows on him during the years, until finally, Rene failing to choose a suitable husband, she pounces on her guardian. Ella Hall is an accomplished minx, and Jack Conway not only directs, but acts the leading male role. This pleasing fantasy is the work of H. O. Davis, whose essays in management have been much more renowned than his essays on a typewriter.

MONTE KATTERJOHN has been rattling his Remington at Ince's camps for a long time, but "The Flame of the Yukon," recently shot down the ways with Dorothy Dalton as an iridescent figurehead, is the most vigorous photoplay he has turned out. In its directness and vitality it is, indeed, reminiscent of a work of Rex Beach or Jack London. There is a similarity in all the sub-Arctic stories; their range is as narrow as their climate; the men of '98 existed in gulches and recreated in dance halls; they endured the

silence and dark and cold, and when they came into the light their blood warmed either to fight or frolic.

In "The Flame of the Yukon" Miss Dalton is posed as Ethel Evans, the highly desirable shake-down artist of "Black Jack" Hovey's happiness emporium. Comes along George Fowler, a stranger who seems to have a lot of dust. The Magdalene melts, and saves where she should slay. And of course there is the inevitable crash of physical conflict. Miss Dalton is a blaze of fleshly glory, and though fights are as stale as double exposure, there is one in this play which will hold you as though you sat at a ring-side. Melbourne MacDowell, leading man of the heroic type years ago, makes a mighty debut as the wicked "Black Jack," and



Herbert Rawlinson and Alice Lake in "Come Through."

Kenneth Harlan plays the stranger.

If Louise Glaum can be kept away from nutty attire and too many close-ups, she is the screen's most credible vampire. She has acting ability, and she has sympathy, a faculty which none of the other lady demons seem to possess—though Bara, it must be confessed, came very near it in "Under Two Flags." One might say that any man can begin a good story, but only a genius can end it—so many are the well-begun and wretchedly concluded tales of the screen. "A Strange Transgressor," Miss Glaum's most recent expression, is an example. It begins on the trite plot of the father who confronts a former mistress in his son's wife—but it begins well. And it ends with a dull, inhuman plunk. J. Barney Sherry is elected to the role of the inhuman physician who was the girl's keeper. If the doctor could only shake Miss Glaum as easily as he shakes the belief of his audience!

"Madcap Madge" brings a new girl-star to the screen who will pile up public favor exactly in proportion to her layoff on potatoes and pastry. Olive Thomas plays Madge, and if she will hold herself at her present weight, she has the world by its celluloid tail. She is not only pretty but sweet, and she looks sixteen, eighteen—whatever. This play is light, trite and commonplace, but it serves: it introduces Olive.

Score two for author Katterjohn: while "The Clodhopper," his recent writing for Charles Ray, does not possess the power of "The Flame of the Yukon," it has that which most photoplays lack: a fresh, even if not novel viewpoint. The clodhopper is the choreboy son of a country banker. As father's safe swells his fists grow tighter, and at length the boy, having no desire to become the man with the hoe, beats it to "the city." The first job that stares him in the face is a janitorship in a theatre; and here the stage manager, struck with his humorous possibilities, injects him into the frou-frou entertainment. His success proves him no clodhopper.

"Paws of the Bear" is a secret-service story about the war. Not especially original, and weak in that its heaviest blows are delivered in the opening scenes. The

leading people are William Desmond and Clara Williams.

"The Hater of Men": an interesting study of feminine psychology by C. Gardner Sullivan, featuring Bessie Barriscale.

"BIG TIMBER" is the best vehicle Kathlyn Williams has had in a year. It is an honest, virile story of men and women in the lumbercamps; has real suspense, and a triangular interest where justifications are left up in the air until the crises arrive. It is used as a fiction story in this issue of PHOTOPLAY. Miss Williams has the fine support of Alfred Paget and of Wallace Reid, and if you would know how very, very much one little scant moustache can change a man's personality, try to find Reid under his. The picture is convincing until its final moment—that absurd, author-sent rain, nickoftimey as ye old-fashioned reprieve.

What we said last month about George Beban's need for new scenarios goes double in the case of "A Roadside Impresario."

WHOEVER selects Pauline Frederick's plays is ruining the greatest dramatic talent among screen women. No woman ever brought to the depthless stage such a



Dorothy Dalton in "The Flame of The Yukon."

wealth of physical and intellectual splendor, such big-muscled, perfectly trained histrionic resource, such glowing reputation. The slow-moving photoplay hath her sacrifices no less than war and machinery, and among these seems to be the young woman who began life as the most brilliant actress of her type in the English world. Some day we will arrive at celluloid revelations of life itself; we will have the scripts of a camera Bernstein, or a Thomas, or a Galsworthy, and we will cry for a Frederick to play them; and there will be no Frederick. For no woman can survive the rubbish which month after month encumbers Pauline's regal feet.

In "The Love that Lives," her latest masterpiece, she plays a scrub-woman coveted by a broker; and as if this were not novelty enough, she sells herself to the broker for long, terrible, awful, dreadful, hideous, unbelievable, unendurable, unendable years of luxury and leisure in order that her son may have an education—to become a fireman. When this splendid education, gained at his mother's inconceivable sacrifice, enables him to clap a nozzlemans' helmet on his head, of course mother kicks comfort right out of the window and goes back to scrubbing, as they all do, and is perfectly happy, as they all are. It is to be expected that the lad will find his own sweet kiddo, and that the (assuredly) very endurable broker will want her, too. Mother saves her in a fireworks finale (also expected) which enables the young man to show his tricks as a ledge-walker unafraid of water, ice or back-flare. Our impression of Miss Frederick in this sort of thing is Charles Dana

Gibson making a living drawing smutty post-cards.

"The Boy Scout" should not be condemned. It should be forgiven. It is a mis-fire, mis-fit play intended to star Ann Pennington. But it was a rocket which blew up before it got off the ground.



Corinne Uzell and Sydney Ainsworth in "On Trial."

Away with funerals, and on with the rejoicing! "At First Sight," a vivacious, dainty, down-to-the-moment story featuring Mae Murray, is ample cause for festalizing. In the first place, it presents a writing man of the real, not story type. In the second place, Robert Leonard's suave, human direction is felt in every foot unreeled. In the third place—just Mae Murray. Sam Hardy's portrait of Hartley Poole, the diffident writer of popular serials, who is persistently mashed by his worshipper Justina (Miss Murray) is a gem. The denouement of the story is delightful; Poole, telegraphing his

publisher for light on a snarl in his oncoming novel, receives this reply: "Why not abduct her?" And because his rival, who is let in on the wire at the country telegraph office, believes it refers only to Justina, the finish comes thick and fast.

"The Long Trail": a story of the Canadian Northwest, featuring Lou-Tellegen and Mary Fuller. Not notable, but passable program material.

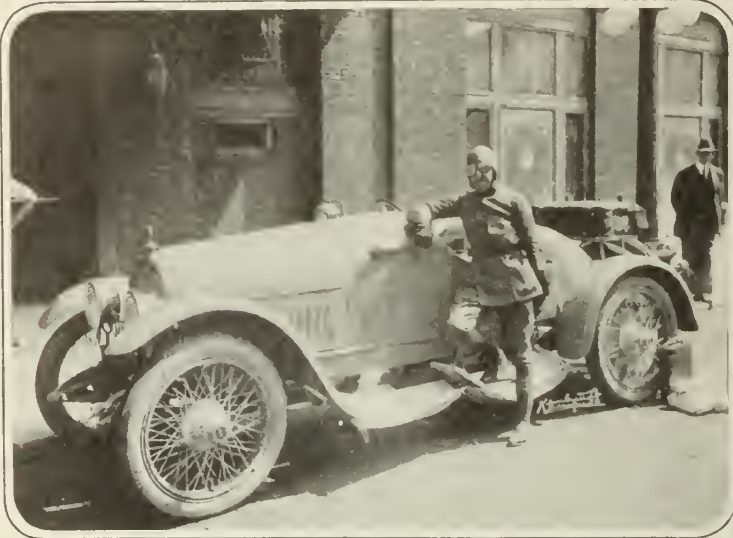
WHEN "On Trial" was produced in New York City it was a great sensation, because it exhibited actors in person making the quick changes of age and attire that have grown so commonplace in the
(Continued on page 143)

YOUR NAME, PLEASE?



Here is Mary mailing a few pictures of herself to her admirers. No wonder they pay her \$500,000 a year. She must spend at least half of it for postage stamps. But Mary is such a generous little soul she just can't refuse 'em.

Some Film Folks Not



Rembrandt Photo

Jesse Lasky about to start on the last leg of his recent transcontinental automobile tour.

William DeMille is getting an uncomfortable "cost" argument from Fred Kley, superintendent of productions of the Lasky outfit.



John Fairbanks is business manager of his brother Doug's company. Just now he's yelling to his kid brother to come to work.

Milton E. Hoffman, studio manager at Lasky's, is often called upon to settle differences between members of the company.



Seen on the Screen



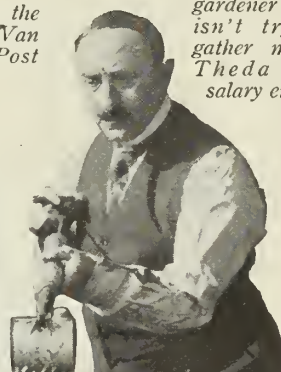
Stagg Photo



Henry McRea, manager of productions at Universal City. He's the original of "Davy McWade" in Van Loan's Saturday Evening Post Stories.

William Fox is a gardener when he isn't trying to gather money for Theda Bara's salary envelope.

J. Stuart Blackton, Vitagraph's moving spirit, was an artist before he went in for moving pictures. And still is. He's only changed his medium.



Plays and Players

FACTS AND NEAR-FACTS ABOUT THE
GREAT AND NEAR-GREAT OF FILMLAND

By Cal York

WELL, here we are. The million dollar salary is a reality. Charles Chaplin took unto himself a new affiliation during the past month. He signed a contract with the new National Exhibitors' Circuit, a co-operative organization of theater owners, by the terms of which he obtains \$1,000,000 for eight two-reel comedies. He was said to have received one-fifth of this in cash upon signing the contract.

BREAKING away from Triangle after having officiated as one of the angles of that organization since its inception, Thomas H. Ince has become one of the producing units of the Paramount-Artcraft rapidly expanding institution. He took with him from Triangle, William S. Hart, whose salary incidentally jumped to \$10,000 a week, placing him in the Fairbanks - Pickford - Chaplin class. The Hart pictures, it was said, would be released by Artcraft with those of Miss Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and George M. Cohan. Charles Ray and Enid Bennett also followed the lead of Hart and Ince-supervised photoplays starring them will be marketed by Paramount.

SIMULTANEOUSLY it was announced that Triangle had purchased the Keystone trade name and that Mack Sennett having disposed of that name, would make comedies under the Sennett brand.

AT about the same time word was sent out that Mabel Normand was also to become a Paramount star with Sennett participating in the photoplays featuring that dainty

little personage. It had been announced previously that Miss Normand had signed a contract with Goldwyn. Pretty hard to keep track of 'em these days. Now Goldwyn is seeking an injunction to restrain her from making pictures for anyone else.

LINA CAVELIERI, of grand opera fame and an international beauty, is again in the films. She has agreed to appear in a series of photoplays for Famous Players-Lasky. It is not her initial effort on the screen as she took part in a film play made in Italy about a year ago with her husband, Lucien Muratore, the noted tenor.



While on his inspection trip to Los Angeles, Major General Liggett of the U. S. Army visited the Fox studio and met Theda Bara, who quit vamping General Marc Antony to pose with General Liggett (Mrs. Liggett was there all the time.)

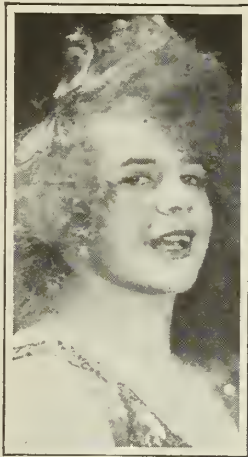
THEY call Wallie Reid "Father" at the Lasky studio in Hollywood. The reason arrived at the Reid home on June 18—a son weighing 10 pounds, net. As the result of a conference held some time ago between Mr. and Mrs. Reid *nee* Dorothy Davenport, the arrival was promptly titled, "Wallace Reid, Jr." The proud father states that indications point to a career in the vocal rather than the silent drama for the youngster.

BILL HART can lay claim to being a practical patriot. During his swing around the circle in May and June, he was requested in nearly every city visited to make a talk in behalf of the Liberty Bonds. He got so enthusiastic on the subject that he made

numerous purchases of bonds himself. Arriving in Los Angeles when the campaign was just winding up, Bill bought another batch of bonds and the next day his bank notified him that his account was overdrawn nearly

\$1,000. He had spent every cent he had for bonds, and then a lot more. But the bank extended him a bit of credit so that he didn't have to go out and touch his friends so that he could get along until his \$10,000 salary began.

FRANK MORGAN will be seen opposite Madge Kennedy in the first comedy dramas that famed comedienne will do for Goldwyn. Mr. Morgan attracted wide attention from screen-goers by his portrayal of the role of *Halkett* in "The Girl Philippa."



Eva Tanguay who takes a vacation from vaudeville to appear in a Selznick Picture.

COMEDIES in which the late John Bunny convulsed millions of film followers in the pre-Chaplin days will be reissued by Vitagraph, owing, it is said, to the big demand from exhibitors.

MAUDE FEALY, of stage and screen fame, was granted a divorce in Denver recently from her husband, James Durkin, a screen player. Miss Fealy was last with Lasky in California. She was originally known as Margaret Hawk and it was her second divorce, the first having been from Louis Sherwin, the dramatic critic.

ALICE MACCHESNEY, once of Essanay, is a new Metro luminary. Miss MacChesney got her chance by winning a popularity contest conducted by a Chicago newspaper. "The Trail of the Wisp" will mark her Metro debut.

FILM folk on both sides of the continent have been "doing their bit" almost continuously ever since the appeals have gone out from Washington for men and money. In New York they have been in almost constant demand for benefit performances and the same condition has obtained in California. After the Liberty Bond excitement came the Red Cross drive and every star in the duchy of Hollywood participated in the money raising.

THE big event of the Red Cross season in Hollywood was the band concert at which world famous stars did stunts they never even contemplated before in order to stimulate the money giving. A woman in the audience held out a check for \$100 which she said she would give if Doug Fairbanks jumped from the roof of the stand. Doug promptly shinned up the side of the structure and jumped down, a distance of about 20 feet. Charley Chaplin led the band for a similar amount and then auctioned off his hat—the one he was wearing—in two sections, the hat proper and the lining which he had autographed. Julian Eltinge consented to dance the hula hula for a \$100 donation to the fund and "Dusty" Farnum was induced to sing a song which was said to be "The Cowboy's Lament." Cecil B. DeMille acted as the spieler for the "show" aided by Wally Reid and other notables.

BEFORE the tourist rush begins this fall Universal City is to have a wedding. The engagement was announced at a ball given recently at that screen municipality in honor of President Carl Laemmle. Of course the story wouldn't be complete without the names of the co-stars in the approaching event. The bride is to be little Ella Hall, star of a hundred Universal photoplays and Emory Johnson, the handsome blond leading man of the same company now playing in "The Gray Ghost" serial.

PEDRO DE CORDOBA, who will be remembered for his *Escamillo* in the Farrar "Carmen" as well as other notable film portrayals, is a recent acquisition to the ranks of the wed. The bride was formerly Miss Antoinette Erwin Glover, a beautiful young woman of New York, where the marriage occurred. Miss Glover has been on the stage where she was known as Antoinette Erwin.



Here it is at last!—Mary Pickford and her little niece, Mary Pickford Rupp, snapped on the lawn of the Pickford home in Hollywood, Cal. Sister Lottie has kindly consented to allow Mary to pose with her wonderful daughter.

THEDA BARA has moved into a Hollywood bungalow and is now a full-fledged native daughter of the Golden West. In fact, she has become so thoroughly acclimated that she refers to the Atlantic Seaboard as "the effete East." Miss Bara is busily engaged, assisted by Director J. Gordon Edwards, in transcribing to the celluloid her conception of Cleopatra, whose batting average of .750 in the Egyptian Vamp League was never equalled until Edison discovered the motion pictures.

EDITH STOREY'S jump to Metro was another big item of news for the picture people last month. The resignation of Miss Storey from Vitagraph several months ago took film circles by surprise because of the fact that she had been identified with that company for so long a period. Metro will star Miss Storey in a series of six big photoplays.

VITAGRAPH jumped into the limelight when it signed up Frank H. Hitchcock as its chief executive. Mr. Hitchcock was postmaster general in the Roosevelt and Taft cabinets and was the man who was credited

with having "put over" the nomination of Judge Hughes at the Chicago convention. So he will probably be at home in motion picture politics.

LLOYD INGRAHAM has succeeded James Kirkwood as Mary Miles Minter's director. Mr. Ingraham was for several years a Griffith director, his best work for Fine Arts having been in the direction of Mac Marsh and Bobby Harron. Miss Minter recently agreed to play for two years more in Mutual pictures.

ELSIE CLARENS, a member of Goldwyn's Jane Cowl company, committed suicide in New York recently. She had just taken part in a death bed scene and because of the prominence of her role, the entire film will have to be retaken. She left no word as to her reason for self-destruction.

FANNIE WARD is no longer a Lasky star. Within a month after signing a new two-year contract the perennial flapper of the films got into a temperamental tiff with her director, George Melford, and the latter was awarded the decision. Result: Miss Ward was notified that her contract had been cancelled. The services of Jack Dean, Miss Ward's husband, were automatically dispensed with at the same time. Miss Ward is regarded as one of the wealthiest actresses extant, so to speak, her jewels alone being appraised at something like a half million dollars.

MMILDRED HARRIS, once portrayer of child roles for the old Domino and more recently a Griffith ingenue, has been selected by Lois Weber to play leads in the new pro-



Who's on the wire? Why it's Eileen Percy, but she's not on the phone. It's a guy wire which helps to keep the Fairbanks offices from blowing away. They're all doing it around the Fairbanks main top—vaulting fences, climbing buildings and all the other Doug stunts, and not even Eileen is immune. For purposes of identification, Eileen was "Our Little Nell" in "Wild and Woolly" and she now has a regular situation as the Fairbanks opposite.

ductions of that foremost film propagandist. The first photoplay to come from the new Weber studio is entitled "The Whim," and in it Miss Harris is supported by Kenneth Harlan, late of Fine Arts. Like the former Weber star, Mary MacLaren, Miss Harris is not yet seventeen. One of Miss Weber's forthcoming productions is to be an adaptation of Mary Roberts Rinchart's "K."

HARTLEY MANNERS, playwright-husband of Lurette Taylor, has enjoined Triangle from exhibiting "Happiness," an Enid Bennett celluloid vehicle, alleging it to be an infringement on his stage play of the same name.

THE Hollywood highbrow colony has been augmented by the arrival from New York of Miss Frances Marion, who has become official scenarioist to Miss Mary Pickford. Miss Marion, who is one of the highest paid script writers in the business, was for a long time head of the World scenario department. She made her bow to the filmers as an actress in "The Girl of Yesterday" with Miss Pickford, and prior to that she had been engaged in newspaper writing and poster painting.

GERALDINE FARRAR, doubly famous as the wife of Lou-Tellegen and America's leading operatic star, is engaged in making her fifth photoplay, as yet unnamed. It is a story that dates back to the Aztec rulers of Mexico and the players therein are said to be wearing garments made of chicken feathers. Cecil B. deMille is the director.

FLORENCE VIDOR, the girl who made such a decided hit as the unnamed little milliner who went to the guillotine with William Farnum in Fox's "Tale of Two Cities," is playing with Julian Eltinge in his first film play. After leaving Fox, Miss Vidor played opposite Sessue Hayakawa in a Japanese play.

J. WARREN KERRIGAN is now playing in pictures under his own auspices which are to be released by the newly organized Paralta Company. His first one will be an adaptation of Peter B. Kyne's "A Man's Man."

THAT sterling idol of the Amalgamated Association of Letter Writers, Antonio Moreno, is to be seen as leading man with Mrs. Vernon Castle in her newest Pathe picture. It is heralded as a thriller.

ALICE JOYCE'S husband, Tom Moore, is back in New York after a sojourn on the Coast. He will appear opposite Constance Talmadge in the stellar debut of that young woman under the Selznick colors. It will be known as "The Lesson."



Appearing opposite George M. Cohan in his new picture, is Anna Nilsson, the popular film actress. In the leading role of the "Seven Keys" supporting cast Miss Nilsson appears to particular advantage, which fact will be readily appreciated by those who are familiar with her work.

PARAMOUNT has gone into the serial business. The first "continued next week" affair to be turned out by that concern will be "The Twisted Thread" with Kathleen Clifford as the star. The serial was made by Balboa and was originally intended as a Pathe thriller.

TALKING about serials, that queen of the continued "story," Pearl White, is out in a new one which bears the interesting title, "The Fatal Ring." It will take fifteen weeks to find out what finally became of the ring.

DIGBY BELL, noted player of stage and screen, died in New York several weeks ago at the age of 68 years. He had been ill several months.

FIRST among the Los Angeles film colony to hasten to the front was Lucien Littlefield, the youthful character actor at the Lasky studio. Immediately following the completion of "The Little American" in which he played a French soldier, young Littlefield left for the front with a unit of the American Ambulance Corps. Harry Ham, a well known film comedian, was among those who departed later.

ABIG dramatic future appears to be confronting the well known Fairbanks twins, Marion and Madeline, once of Thanhouser films. They have been playing in Mr. Ziegfeld's Follies and that gentleman has been so impressed with their dramatic ability that he has signified his intention of presenting them in drama before long. They may eventually become photoplay stars—one can never tell.

MONTANA has decided to get on the film map. A company was recently organized at Butte with a two million capitalization and Vivian Rich, former American and Selig star, has been engaged to furnish the featured feminine feats for the initial offering.

CONSTANCE TALMADGE has joined her sister Norma in the Selznick constellation and has already taken steps to preclude the possibility of any sisterly advantage such as a bigger electric name on Broadway for Norma than for herself. The younger Talmadge did her best screen work as the *Mountain Girl* in "Intolerance." There is still another Talmadge, Nathalie, the baby of the family, who expects in time to increase the stellar duet to a trio.

PUBLICITY of a rather unwelcome sort has been lavished on Carlyle Blackwell during the last six or eight weeks. Alimony amounting to \$110 weekly is being paid his wife Ruth Hartman Blackwell, pending trial of a suit for separation. They have two children, Esther and Carlyle, Jr., five and three years old respectively. At one time Mrs. Blackwell was her husband's leading woman. It was disclosed during the hearing that Blackwell received \$500 a week from World and he testified that it took nearly all of this sum to get along.

ROMAINE FIELDING seems to have succeeded in his comeback stunt. After directing a number of pictures for World, Fielding went to Montreal to produce a patriotic film entitled "For Liberty" in conjunction with the Canadian military authorities. E. K. Lincoln is to be co-starred with Fielding in the picture and Miss Barbara Castleton plays the feminine lead. Fielding had been away from the screen for more than two years.

LEE SHUBERT and Arthur Hammerstein, whose names are familiar to stage patrons, have joined forces with Ralph Ince in a new picture-producing company. The principal stars will be Lucille Lee Stewart, Mr. Ince's wife, and Elaine Hammerstein, Mr. Hammer-

stein's daughter. The latter has been playing opposite Robert Warwick in recent releases.

ANITA STEWART was compelled to give up her film work in June because of a nervous breakdown, due to a too early resumption of camera activities after her attack of typhoid fever last summer. She spent several weeks in a Connecticut sanitarium.

JAMES W. HORNE who has been with Kalem for many years is suing the Kalem Company for \$16,000 for breach of contract. Horne of late has been directing *Marin Sais* and it was he who created the famous "Mysterries of the Grand Hotel" series, two years ago.



Captain Ian Hay Beith, author of "The First Hundred Thousand," one of the great stories of the present war, visits Laskyton and is photographed with Captain Cecil B. deMille, commander-in-chief of the Lasky studio.

MUTUAL has acquired Director Albert Capellani, one of the best celluloid guides in filmdom. The well known French director is to look after the screen destinies of Julia Sanderson, who is making her shadow stage debut. M. Capellani directed many of the recent film successes of Clara Kimball Young.

JULIAN ELTINGE, who has been designated "the best dressed woman on the American stage," is now a film player. He reached Hollywood late in June, signed the payroll at the Lasky studio and donned his latest feminine creations for a photoplay under the direction of Donald Crisp. It is to be a comedy-drama with Eltinge in his well known double standard role.

ANNOYANCE NOTE: So enthusiastic do the film

patrons become when they see June Caprice in a theater that the little star always disguises herself now when venturing out to see a "movie show," so we are told by the Secretary of Intelligence for William Fox. Fame is sure a terr'ble thing.

RITA JOLIVET is re-entering American movies under the Selznick banner, and the personal management of her husband, Count Cippico, a young Italian nobleman closely related to the reigning house.

(Continued on page 169)

"Writing" Slapstick

THE MOST SERIOUS BUSINESS IN THE WORLD

By Alfred A. Cohn

Drawings by R. Wetterau

IF you have any doubts as to the correctness of the above caption, take a peep into the scenario department of any slapstick works. That is, with reference only to the seriousness of that little-known-about profession, for slapstick comedy is not written. It is "doped out." But so long as they call it "writing" we may as well fall into the spirit of the thing. As to the utter seriousness of the vocation, trade or profession—or you might stretch a few points and call it literature—why a conclave of comedy writers would make an undertakers' convention look like the most joyous occasion one might conjure up. These plotters of boisterous film fun are serious almost to the point of morbidity; they even take themselves seriously.

Don't mistake the intent of this little paper; it is not intended as an expose. Its purpose is purely educational. The author will guarantee that after perusing this thoroughly, anyone can succeed as a writer of slapstick comedy.

In other words, fortified with the information about to be divulged, the ambitious reader will only have to go out and get a job, and then make good.

In learned articles of this kind, there is usually a little preface containing a history of the subject, as it were. Hence:

The father of comedy—and comedy is



The first comedian struck the second comedian with a wooden implement so constructed that a loud report was given out.

refined slapstick; or it might be said that slapstick is ultra-obvious comedy—was a Greek gentleman named Aristophanes. Prior to his appearance something like 2,500 years ago, the only thing the people had to laugh at was tragedy. A few hundred years after Aristophanes had cashed in, two Roman fellows called Plautus and Terence broke into the torchlight of publicity, as it were, with some more modern

comedies which were probably advertised as containing "a laugh in every line." Anyhow they wrote several hits which had long runs in the leading playhouses of Rome about 150 B. C. The next thousand or so years did little for the cause of comedy, the next notable writer being William Shakespeare, a number of whose plays have recently been filmed with great success. The first really obvious comedy was contributed to the stage by one Moliere, a French author-actor-producer of the seventeenth century and it has been alleged that a lot of his stuff has been purloined by present day artists.

But with the exception of a few Moliere comedies, nothing worthy of emplacement in the slapstick hall of fame transpired until the middle of the last century.

For the benefit of those who do not realize the fine distinction between straight comedy and slapstick, it may be stated that the latter is more pointed and therefore more apparent and easily understood by the masses than the former. Here is

how slapstick comedy came to reach its fruition:

The climax of many

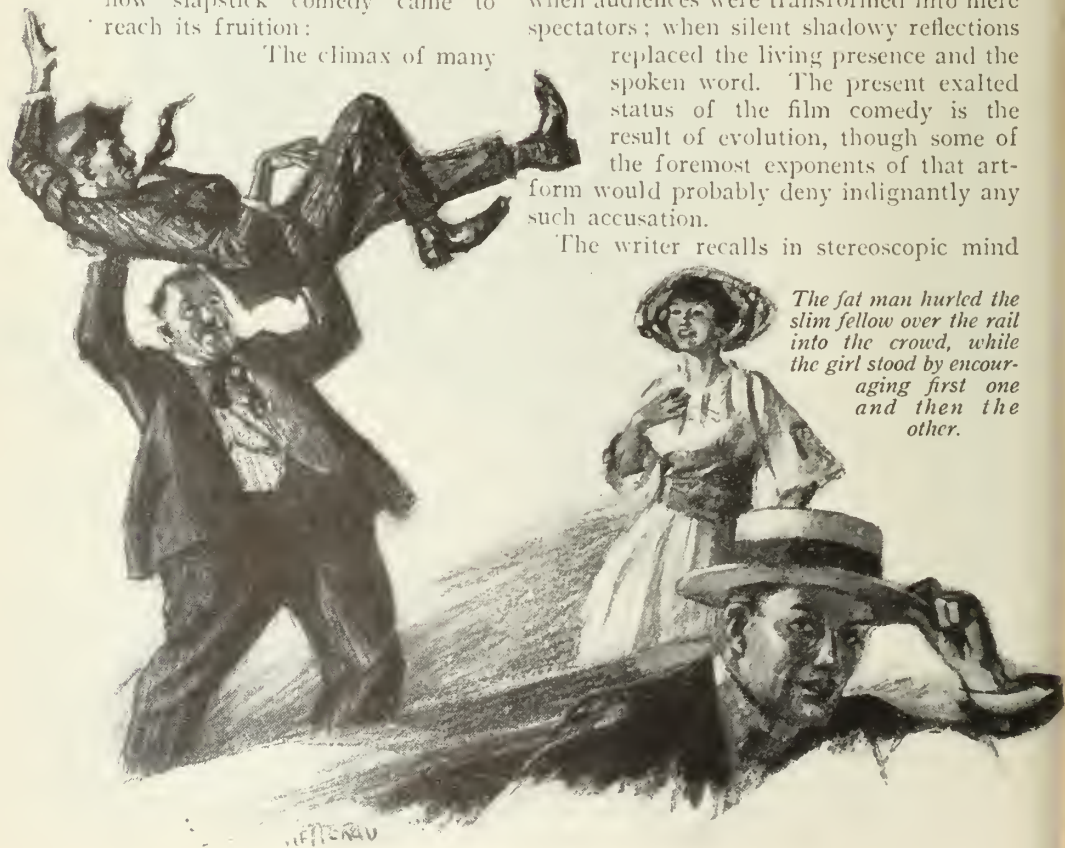
comedy situations didn't "get over" back a generation or two ago, because the comedy was too subtle. For instance one comedian would stick a pin in some part of his partner's anatomy, thereby causing the latter to jump suddenly, or perhaps fall grotesquely. Everybody would "get" the result but only to the initiated was the cause obvious. To correct this weakness the slapstick was devised. Those to whom the foregoing example was too subtle, quickly got a clue to the situation when the first comedian struck the second comedian with a wooden implement so constructed that a loud report was given out when the point of contact was reached. This implement was called the "slapstick." Truly, necessity is the mother of invention.

The civilized world owes a great debt to the inventor of slapstick comedy, whoever he was. The Encyclopedia Britannica and like publications are strangely silent on this vital subject.

Regardless of its early history, a new technique for slapstick came into being when audiences were transformed into mere spectators; when silent shadowy reflections replaced the living presence and the spoken word. The present exalted status of the film comedy is the result of evolution, though some of the foremost exponents of that art-form would probably deny indignantly any such accusation.

The writer recalls in stereoscopic mind

The fat man hurled the slim fellow over the rail into the crowd, while the girl stood by encouraging first one and then the other.



pictures, his first sight of a slapstick comedy in the making.

The locale was the front of an immense grandstand at a famous automobile racing course.

The time about five years ago; perhaps only four.

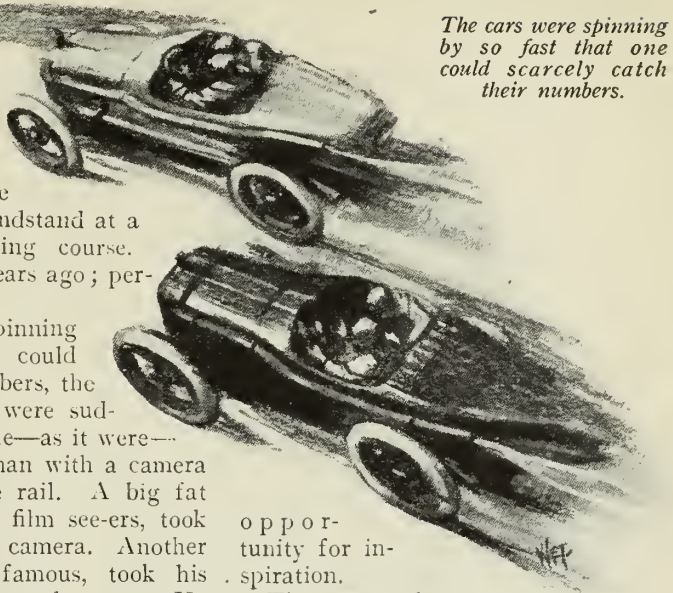
While the cars were spinning by so fast that one could scarcely catch their numbers, the thousands in the stand were suddenly attracted to the idle—as it were—side of the course. A man with a camera had “set up” along the rail. A big fat man, now known to all film see-ers, took his place in front of the camera. Another man, perhaps equally famous, took his place at the side of the corpulent one. He was made up as an old man. A pretty girl whose face is familiar wherever films are screened, joined the party and a little thin man with a strong Teutonic accent stationed himself beside the cameraman.

With a word from the latter the action began. The slim man at a command from the director made a jump for the fat man and bore him to the ground.

In a moment arms and legs were flying and the crowd forgot the racers.

The little director yelled for more speed. He exhorted the thin man to kick the obese one in the stomach. He pleaded with the fat man to claw at the thin one’s face. He importuned both to battle more fiercely and when the fat one managed to throw off his tormentor, he directed the big fellow to hurl the little fellow over the rail into the crowd. All the while the girl was hopping about, encouraging first one and then the other. By and by, one of the racers drove into the pits for repairs and at the instigation of the director the girl dashed across the course regardless of oncoming cars and threw her arms about the astonished and begrimed driver.

When asked what the film story was all about, the director blandly replied that he didn’t know. That they were just “shooting as they went along.” They didn’t know the beginning of the story, nor the ending. They were taking advantage of a big event, a made-to-order mob and an



The cars were spinning by so fast that one could scarcely catch their numbers.

o p p o r -
t u n i t y f o r i n -
s p i r a t i o n .

That was characteristic of the early, or Pleistocene age of the slapstick comedy. No one knew what the story was to be until it was well along toward completion.

It’s much different now. Before they get more than 10,000 feet of film “shot” for a two-reel comedy, they can almost tell how the story may be going to end.

The chief policy of one slapstick foundry is to “thrill ’em as well as make ’em laugh.” So they have brought into play the super-stunt in which the camera is the chief performer, aided by derricks and piano wires. The pioneer slapstick is indeed a modest, and one might almost say, refined, comedy appurtenance in these days of strenuous stunts. Yet the name still clings though the stick is not nearly so potential as the familiar pie, which continues to be called upon to fill any unexpected void in a comedy. They get the old slapstick effect most commonly now by hitting the victim with an auto or blowing him up with a bomb. There are many other standbys, commonly designated in comedy circles as hokum, or gags.

One of the accepted studio proverbs is: “When in doubt, gag it.” That is, slip in one of the old sure-fire laugh producers, or some variation of an old one.

Getting back to the subject of “writing” slapstick comedies, thousands—perhaps hundreds of thousands of writers have wondered why they haven’t been able to sell

a comedy scenario to one of the big film companies.

The chief reason is that there is no such thing as a scenario or 'script of a slapstick comedy. No continuity is written and the writers, as stated earlier in the day, do not write.

In one of the biggest comedy plants, a staff of about twenty writers is employed. Yet, perhaps not more than a few of these writers have ever written anything, or could if their respective lives depended upon it. The only desks in the place and the only typewriters are for the stenographers. In this place of strenuous endeavor, no one person has ever been solely responsible for a completed comedy. The finished product almost invariably is the result of conference work.

One "writer" comes in with the skeleton—or maybe only the jawbone—of a plot. It is passed up to the "chief." If the latter's verdict isn't "rotten," as it often is, a council of writers and a director whose forte is building this sort of a comedy, get together and "dope it out," every word spoken in the conference being faithfully taken down by the stenographer. Then there are other conferences and rehearsals before they start "shooting."

Perhaps the entire plot is altered during the course of production and not infrequently several months have been required to complete a two reel comedy.

Film is the cheapest thing around a comedy plant and for the average two-reeler, between 12,000 and 20,000 feet of film ordinarily is exposed.

When all has been shot, then comes the subtitling. Each of the "writers" submits a set of subtitles. These, of course, are actually "written" and the best of them are chosen for the completed picture after perhaps a week or ten days has been spent in the cutting room. The "writer" is usually called in when the director puts the "story" on the operating table for the deletions. The theory of the cutting room is that the more a comedy is cut the better it becomes, a precept that probably had its origin in more advanced surgical sources.

The early slapstick fathers would probably fail to recognize their posterity. Adjudged by the old standards, the antics of the old boys were rough. Subjected to

the modern curtain fire of custard pies or bombardment of brittle bottles, they would become peeved; they would probably lose patience with a director who asked them to roll in a lot of molasses so that a feather bed would more easily attach itself and if requested to hop from a skyscraper into a tank of unfiltered water, they would perhaps object strenuously that this was not art. Thus have times changed.

The "writers" of this form of inaudible dramatic expression have been gathered from all fields of endeavor. Some have been barbers; some have been bookkeepers; some have been butchers; some have been poets and others song writers; and in isolated instances humorous writers have been employed.

An encouraging sign of the times is the improvement in this so-called slapstick comedy. There is more story and more human interest than in the earlier days, without sacrificing any laugh potentialities. A slapstick explorer has rediscovered an ancient apathem that laughter and tears are closely related and occasionally we get bits of pathos and dramatic acting that are real art, even though sandwiched in between a meringue engagement and a hydrolaughic bombardment.

There is a distinct trend comedywards. There isn't an awful lot to laugh at in these days of conscription, high onions and increased income tax. Besides there is big money in laughter and it is no wonder that those who would tickle a harassed world's funnybone are taking their business more and more seriously as they reiterate their everlasting query, the eternal question of the slapstick studio: "Will it make 'em laugh?"

Doing Its Bit

No small share of credit is due moving pictures for the recent successful floating of the liberty loan.

A "trailer" showing President Wilson dictating a message to the American people in his office in the White House was sent to nearly every motion picture theatre in the country. Half a million feet of film was necessary for this purpose, and was donated by the Eastman Kodak Company of Rochester, N. Y.



She reminded her hearers of that priceless heritage, the courage of their ancestors; she reviewed for them the brave deeds that had served as milestones to mark the progress of the nation.

The Slacker

By Janet Priest

"CALL the lifeguards. A man is drowning!"

The cry aroused the listless group on the beach. Some of the bathers, who had been sunning themselves on the sand, ran hysterically to and fro in a wild attempt to find someone who would go to the rescue.

"Bob" Wallace, one of society's idlers, raised his lazy length from beneath a great sun-umbrella to see what all the noise was about. His keen eyes caught sight of the black spot bobbing, battling helplessly with the breakers. Hastily taking off coat and shoes, he swam swiftly out. A few moments later, the lifeguards were reviving the half-drowned swimmer, while Bob was being acclaimed as a hero.

"Why, I never dreamed he had so much

spirit," said Virginia Lambert, a pretty little debutante.

Marguerite Christy answered her. "Nonsense! Do you suppose I'd be engaged to marry him if he hadn't? Your George isn't the only member of the Wallace family, even if he is yearning for war so that he can be a soldier!" She gave the girl a good-humored smile, and then turned to Robert.

"You'd better run along and change your clothes, Bob," she said. "You're all wet, and this hero talk is very gratifying, but it won't dry you a bit." Marguerite would not admit it, but she was really very proud of her lover's brave deed.

One thing, though, she could not quite fathom. He had shown no interest whatever in the talk of impending war. "Of

course it will be different if war is actually declared," she told herself. "He's just waiting for that."

A few nights later, at the McAllister dinner, she stopped short on hearing her own name pronounced. She was about to answer with one of the quaint jests for which she was noted when further words held her spell-bound. Her hostess, Mrs. McAllister and Morton Hayford were discussing her engagement to Robert Wallace.

"He's treating her shamefully," said the aristocratic hostess. "They've been engaged two years, and the date of the wedding is still, as the society editors say, 'indefinite.'"

"Perhaps she's not ready to be married," suggested Hayford.

"Oh, it isn't Marguerite. She confessed to my daughter Jane that it wouldn't annoy her in the least to be married. You know her odd way of saying things. It's Robert. I suppose he loves her, in his way, but he's just too lazy to think of changing conditions." They moved toward the music-room and Marguerite fled, not wishing to be discovered.

Rather amused than otherwise, she wandered into the garden. Gossips! What did she care about them? She and Robert would marry in their own good time—or, rather, in Robert's own good time. For the present, she was at least contented, if not happy.

John Harding, faithful friend of the family, followed her.

"Marguerite! This *is* luck!" he exclaimed. "To see you alone for a minute. You're generally surrounded by a mob."

"Why, John! You could see me at any time you wanted to. A good old friend like you!"

"I'm afraid that's the trouble, Margie. I'm too old a friend to be taken seriously."

There was a note of surprise in her voice. "Surely you don't mean that."

"That's just what I do mean, Margie. I can't bear it! Robert is neglecting the

opportunity any other man would give his right arm for."

"John, you mustn't talk like that," she said, her face white in the moonlight.

Disregarding her words, he continued. "Margie, marry me! I've loved you always; dear. My life is yours to do with as you please."

She laid her hand gently on his arm. "Really, you mustn't talk so. You know I'm in love with Robert. I know it's stupid of me, but I'll never get over it."

John stood silent for a moment, trying to control his emotions, and then strode into the house. As luck would have it, he encountered Robert on the veranda, and his wrath flamed out at the laggard in love.

"Bob Wallace, you treat that wonderful girl as she deserves to be treated, or by God! you'll have to answer to me!"

Robert gave him a look of well-bred surprise, and Harding, regaining his composure, hastened to apologize for his rashness. The men shook hands, and Robert continued his lan-

guid stroll into the garden to join his fiancée.

"Really, Margie," he said with a good-humored laugh, "I had no idea I was engaged to such a heart-breaker. A moment ago Harding almost threatened my life." He put up a well-manicured hand that failed to conceal a yawn.

"Do I bore you?" asked Marguerite, with an amused smile.

"Oh no, really, Margie—not in the least." Another, and more persistent yawn, possessed him.

The girl quietly took his hat from his other hand and put it on his head, then grasping him by the shoulders turned him squarely about.

"Go home, Robert," she said. "Don't let me keep you up." And home he went to the attentions of his valet, thanking his stars that he was engaged to a girl with some sense.

Next day the blow, long expected by the

"THE SLACKER"

NARRATED, by permission of the Metro Pictures Corporation, from the photo drama of the same name, written and directed by Christy Cabanne. Produced with the following cast:

Marguerite Christy. Emily Stevens
Henry Wallace.... Daniel Jarrett
Robert Wallace.... Walter Miller
John Harding..... Leo Delaney
Mrs. McAllister.....
 Mrs. Mathilde Brundage
George Wallace... Eugene Borden
Jane McAllister.... Belle Bruce
Virginia Lambert. Millicent Fisher
Mrs. Christy.... Mrs. Sue Balfour
Sergt. Jennings.....
 G. P. Hamilton, Jr.
Valet..... Charles Fang
Child of the Flag.. Baby Ivy Ward

whole nation, fell. Great headlines in the newspapers proclaimed the declaration of a state of war. The enthusiasm long withheld by a position of neutrality broke loose, and everywhere excitement reigned.

John Harding went thoughtfully up to his "den." There the Confederate and the United States flags hung together. Reverently John kissed the flags his forefathers had died for. Then gently unfurling the Stars and Stripes he said: "My father fought under the Confederate flag. I'll fight under this one!" In that silent room John Harding dedicated his life to the nation and to humanity, wherever it might be menaced by the spirit of militarism and ruthless slaughter.

He thought himself unseen, until his Chinese valet, Wing, spoke.

"Allee same my flag, too," grinned the Chinaman.

"Your flag, you yellow rascal. What are you talking about?" said Harding.

"Wing go enlist. Wing go to wah allee same boss."

"Why, Wing, they don't need you. There are plenty of good Americans to fight for the flag."

But the little Chinaman for once in his life was serious. He shook his head earnestly as he made his position clear to his beloved "boss."

"Wing good Amellican, too. Wing leceive honorable discharge from Spanish-Amellican wah. Wing on Admillal Dewey's flag-ship. Now wah you say, boss?"

Harding was dumfounded. "I haven't a word to say, Wing. You enlist."

One day George Wallace, Robert's younger brother, slipped away and enlisted in the navy. Everywhere men were dedicating their services to the nation, and women were proud of them.

But it was not so that Robert Wallace took the news. Over and over he read the announcement that single males between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-one would be the first called. That word "single" seemed to stand out in letters of fire. He turned for relief to the society column. Almost the first item upon which his eyes rested was a criticism of the long engagement between himself and Marguerite Christy. He picked up his hat and without more ado went to the Christy home.

Little effort was needed to make his fiancée agree to an early marriage, and Mrs.

Christy was overjoyed to think that at last she could still the tongues of the gossips. Everyone was delighted at the union,—except poor faithful John Harding, who suffered in silence as the bridal party drove away.

Marguerite, radiantly happy, always intensely patriotic, plunged into the work of recruiting on her return from her honeymoon. "Robert! isn't it glorious?" she exclaimed, "to think we have the privilege of putting liberty on a firm foundation for all nations? Peace is wonderful, but the fearful, uncertain peace of one who fears a thief in the night is not peace. It is terrible, of course, that the contest had to come. But isn't it glorious to know that we have the will and the courage to grapple with the menace, and fight for ideals against anarchy and barbarism?"

"Fine, Margie," said her husband. "But why waste all this on me? Save the fireworks for your recruiting meetings."

It was a matter of great annoyance to Robert Wallace that his wife insisted on his accompanying her on these patriotic excursions. He sat back in the automobile, utterly bored, while she addressed the groups at the recruiting stands. The blood of heroes was in Marguerite Christy's veins, and that fact was never more apparent than now. She put her whole heart and soul into the work.

She reminded her hearers of that priceless heritage, the courage of their ancestors; she reviewed for them the brave deeds that had served as milestones to mark the progress of the nation. She brought vividly before their eyes the valorous souls who have won the nation's eternal gratitude.—Nathan Hale, the gallant Paul Revere, the stately Washington, that sturdy aristocrat who could keep warm the spirits, if not the bodies, of his patriots at Valley Forge; and Lincoln, who had the high courage to be true to the right as he saw it and save a nation for posterity.

"Are you worthy of such sires as these?" she cried with arms outstretched. "Did courage, patriotism and honor die with them? Don't dare to tell me that it did!"

They rallied around her, eager to enlist. On the edge of the crowd a mother was pleading with her boy, who had started toward the recruiting officer. "Richard!" she implored. "Your father was killed in the war with Spain, your brother died at



A few moments later the life guards were reviving the

Vera Cruz. Surely our family has done its duty by its country."

"Yes, mother," he answered. "But there's *my* duty to be considered!"

A blond youth, plainly of Teutonic origin, was arguing with his father, after

listening gravely to Marguerite's speech.

"Yes, those were brave deeds," said the older man, "but this is not your country, Rudolph. Your country is the Vaterland, where both of us were born."

"True, we were born there, father," said



half drowned swimmer while Bob was being acclaimed as a hero.

the son, "but this is where we live, and it is here the little Mother is buried. This is my land now, and I will fight for it!"

A blind man forced his way to the group around the motor-car. Tears streamed from

his sightless eyes. "I'm not shirking, lady," he said to Marguerite. "I lost my sight in the Spanish-American war, and I'd gladly give my life if they'd take me now."

"Haven't we had about enough of this?" asked Robert. And Marguerite, tired but

"A slacker! Why that's all you are at any time."



happy, signalled the chauffeur to start homeward.

A boy scout jumped up on the running-board and gave her a handbill. It read: "Is the man you're going with a slacker?" A hideous fear possessed Marguerite for a moment. She looked at her husband involuntarily, as if to measure him with a glance. But the incident of the beach, when he had risked his life to save an unknown man from drowning, came to her mind. Reassured, she laid her arm across his shoulders, satisfied. She did not realize that the sporting instinct in a certain type of selfish man would cause him to risk his life once, whereas he would not deliberately walk into danger in cold blood.

Social, rather than patriotic duties, continued to interest Robert Wallace. The usual round of receptions and dinners claimed his attention, and he was already beginning to neglect Marguerite. With her accustomed bravery she hid the wound in her heart. It was at a musical that Robert upbraided his brother George for coming in his sailor's uniform.

"Have you no more respect for your hostess?" he asked, "than to come to a social function dressed in the ugliest costume a man was ever cursed with?"

"Why, it's beautiful!" said Virginia

hotly. "It shows he's a brave man, and I'm just as proud of him as I can be!"

"Why don't you object to *my* appearing here in uniform?" asked John Harding.

"Why, you're an officer!" said Robert. "That's vastly different."

"It is not in the least different!" said Harding. "If every man waited to be made an officer there would be no soldiers and sailors to uphold the honor of the nation!"

"Bravo! we'll have to let you join Margie on her recruiting tours."

"I notice you are not yet in uniform," said Harding. "What branch of the service do you intend going into?"

"You read the call, didn't you?" said Wallace coolly. "Single males within a certain age limit. Well, I'm not single. I took mighty good care of that!"

Harding stood aghast. "Do you mean to say that you deliberately married to escape duty?"

Robert did not know that his wife stood just within the doorway. He made answer glibly enough.

"Certainly! Why should I be annoyed with all this jingoism? Life is too sweet for me deliberately to put myself in the way of German bullets."

Harding turned on his heel without a word, unable to bear the presence of this avowed coward. George, humiliated beyond words, turned his back on his brother, and led Virginia away. Marguerite fled to her room like a stricken, wounded creature, not wishing her friends to know that she had heard. It was Jane McAllister and Virginia who went up to Robert's room and tied a yellow ribbon to his curtain, as a visible reminder of his cowardice.

Marguerite sent for John Harding, to ask his advice. As she left the house, gloved and hatted, her husband asked where she was going. "I don't know," she answered dully, and vouchsafed no further information. He followed her, and saw her join Harding in the park.

"You thought you could deceive me," he sneered when she returned. "But I saw you—you were with Harding."

Marguerite had anticipated this scene. It was the inevitable climax.

"And why not?" she answered scornfully. "Why should I not consult my best friend as to what can be done to arouse a slacker?"

He winced at the word, and she followed up her advantage. "Yes, a slacker! I only wish the word were a whip with which I could lash you across the face! It might bring back some of the natural feeling, some of the manhood I once believed you to have. A slacker! why, that's all you are at any time! You've married me under false pretences, and you're paying attentions to other women. You're a slacker in love, and a slacker in war. The very blood in your veins is not red, it is yellow! Truly the young people were right when they tied a yellow ribbon to your curtain!"

She turned away and went slowly up the stairs to her own room. All night she sat alone in the darkness, dry-eyed and sleepless, in a despair too deep for tears. And in her heart was the knowledge that another little life was to come into the world.

"Oh, God, don't let him live!" she prayed. "I cannot give him a coward for a father."

Dawn came, and found her still staring out of the window with eyes that saw nothing of the scenes before them. The brilliant spring day seemed to mock at her. The hours wore on, and at last she became conscious of some children playing in the

street below. They were playing at war. No slackers there, anyway, she thought with a bitter smile. Suddenly there was a childish cry. A big boy had torn a flag from the chubby grasp of a baby girl. "I want my fwag!" wailed the little one. "How tan I be a Wed Cwoss nurse wivout my fwag?" George Wallace, home for a day's shore liberty, dashed across the street and took the flag from the boy. A drunken German truck-driver, lounging nearby, decided to take a hand in the game. Snatching the flag with one hand, he felled George with the other mighty fist. Marguerite was about to cry out for someone to come to the boy's rescue when another figure was added to the little group below.

Robert, her husband, had been watching the scene unknown to her, and at last his manhood had asserted itself. With a bound he was in the middle of the street and had grappled with the giant Teuton who stood over his younger brother. Back and forth they struggled in the



Reverently he took its sacred folds in his hands and kissed it.

dusty road. The hot liquorous breath of the truck-driver fairly nauseated the fastidious Robert, but he stuck to his task, using in a righteous cause the muscles that had received such expensive training, only in the interests of sport. It was the newly aroused spirit of the man, the grim determination that injustice should not conquer, that finally won the victory. As Marguerite watched her husband compel the big German to salute the flag, and then give it back to the child, hope surged once more into her aching heart. "Thank God!" she exclaimed. "At least I have married a man!" She descended the stairs to meet him. Covered with the dust of the street, one hand bleeding from the encounter, he was more handsome in her eyes at that moment than he had ever been before.

"Every word you said was true Margie," he said dully, without any other salutation. "But I'm going to make good. I'm going now to enlist." He turned away, and though her whole heart followed him, she did not move, knowing that it was his privilege and his duty to work out his own salvation.

The days that followed, while Robert was in camp, were lonely ones for the young wife, but filled with a secret happiness. Letters from Robert were read and re-read by the whole family, and then laid away tenderly with Margie's sewing, where she could glance at them in moments stolen from her work. They told of long, hard hours spent in training, of unaccustomed toil, of hardened muscles and bronzed skin. Because of his iron determination to succeed, to make a man of himself, Robert Wallace found favor with his superior officers, and was speedily advanced.

The day came when he returned home on leave of absence, prior to sailing for France with a detachment of soldiers. The old Wallace mansion blossomed with light and cheer for its soldier sons, for George, the sailor, was at home too, to welcome his brother. The meeting between the two young men was a touching one, second only in sincerity to that between Marguerite and her husband.

Virginia Lambert, with Jane McAllister and other girl friends who were engaged in sewing for the Red Cross, had crept up to Robert's old room, untied the yellow ribbon, and hung across the window a beautiful silk flag. A lump came into Robert's

throat as he stepped across the threshold and saw it. Reverently he took its sacred folds in his hands, and kissed it, tears springing to his eyes. In that moment he consecrated himself anew to the cause of liberty, and humanity. He went across the corridor to Margie's room. With a hurried movement she hid the tiny garment on which she was sewing, burying it beneath a pile of Red Cross work. The silent embrace of the two was more eloquent than any words could have been.

A brilliant smile struggled for supremacy with the tears that glistened in Margie's eyes. "I must share you with the others," she said. "I think the whole town is here to greet you."

Indeed, it seemed so, for the broad rooms, the verandas and the gardens were filled with friends, come to welcome the "Wallace boys." They thronged around Robert and George, eager to shake hands with their "heroes." There was another demonstration when the boys departed. A little French serving maid paid her tribute. "I am proud you go out there, Monsieur Robert," she said. "My brothers—they die for Belgium. Maybe you live—for France!"

"I would gladly go," said one friend, "but I have five children. Their mother is dead. I cannot leave them."

Robert gave him a reassuring pat on the shoulder. "That is just why we men without children are going," he said. "So you men with families won't need to go."

Margie caught her breath convulsively, but at once regained her composure. Her secret was safe.

When Marguerite Wallace had said goodbye to her soldier husband and watched him out of sight, smiling, as the brave wife of a brave man should, her mother turned to her in amazement.

"Marguerite, why did you keep the truth from Robert?" she asked.

The resolute woman made answer. "He would have left part of his heart behind, mother, if he had known. He will need all his courage at the front. I did it for the sake of the nation. Not all the fighting can be done by those who go to war. Each and every one of us can make some sacrifice for the cause. I want to be worthy of my soldier husband—and I want a son worthy to bear his name. This family cannot contain one slacker!"



WHY-DO-THEY-DO-IT?



THIS is *YOUR* Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have *you* seen, in the past month, which was stupid, unlikelike, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of impossibility in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.

How to Spot the Villain.



DONALD MACDOUGALL, Portland, Me.

NOT by his cigarette or his leer, or yet by his waxed moustache, shall you know the heavy, but by his hat. At least, that's what Eugene Pallette seemed to think when, as a city guy and a heart-breaker in "The Lonesome Chap," he vamped the trusting maiden to perdition without once removing his derby in her presence.

Avaunt the Screen Vampire!

I UNDERSTAND that vamps are becoming unpopular. This is a matter of deep regret to me. I am even told that some people insist that they ain't no sich animal. Well, isn't that just their chief attraction? Now that we have no more salamanders and gargoyles and other slinky, slithery things, I don't think we should be deprived of our pet zoological horror, especially when Misses Glaum and Bara so graciously consent to wriggle for us.

HELEN SOUTHWORTH, Evanston, Ill.

"Ain't it the Truth?"

WHY, oh, why? Last night I sat through a Burton Holmes travelogue and a Shriner parade in Cheyenne to find that Chaplin will show tomorrow.

HILDEGARDE RUDIN, Chicago.

Battle Stuff.

I'VE seen everything, I think, from the rows of the ancient Huns to those of the modern ones, and in every scrap where guns are used, the men are always equipped with breech-loading Springfield rifles (pat'd 1869). And you'd be surprised to know how many people, including the ladies, notice, too, when the Green Mountain Boys or General Custer's followers execute a charge with more up-to-date guns than some of our regulars can get hold of today.

H. W. CYRUS, Rickreall, Ore.

We Pass on This One.

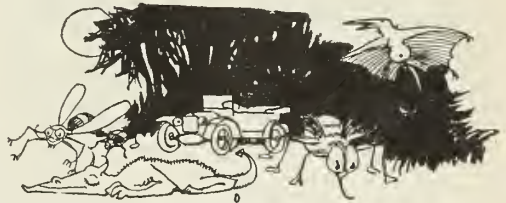
IN "The Millionaire's Double," the hero, traveling across the continent, reads a newspaper account of his suicide. In the next column is an article about an explosion. Later, in San Francisco, he reads in another paper the account of his wife's getting the money. But the same old explosion story is right beside it again!

E. SOUTH, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mutilation of Films.

CAN'T something be done to stop this careless hacking up of films? To go to see a picture repeated because of the pleasure its first presentation gave, and find it all shot to pieces, is a disappointment which does not seem altogether necessary. When we note the cast reduced in footage so that it cannot be read, whole scenes missing, leaders left standing alone and meaningless like chimneys in a burnt district and even the title of the piece lacking, we wonder whether this mutilation is due to country censorship or country operators, who are better adapted to handling threshing machines than the delicate celluloid.

LIZZIE CHENEY WARD, Denver, Colo.



Biologists Please Note.

IKNEW that the woodland glades of other days, such as the one in which Valeska Surratt walked through in "She," were infested with various species of big black bugs, just as they are today, but I must admit I was somewhat startled to see a little Ford machine running pertly along in that forest primeval of another century.

ALICE MORGAN, Bronx, N. Y.

That Scrap Again.



THE eternal attempted assault on the heroine and the eternal shooting of the husband, extra lover or villain who stands in the way of the happy ending, by the heroine, must be done away with. To how many women of refinement do these two repellent things happen? Yet, in nearly every picture I have seen this

year, either one or the other has occurred. In real life, these circumstances would, in the average case, reflect on the dignity of the girl or woman. Pauline Frederick has shot at least a dozen men in her screen life. I do not read in a year's newspapers of so many shootings and stabbings of men by women as I could see in a week of moving pictures. In only one play that I recall was this everlasting struggle well done—"The Jaguar's Claws," with Sessue Hayakawa. That Japanese actor has such a splendid personality that the scene escaped the usual vileness, though the suggestion was there.

MADLINE M., New York City.

Order in the Court!

"LOVE OR JUSTICE" had just one mar in it—the courtroom scene. In the real thing, do the people in the courtroom jump up and press against the railings every time the witness says something? I think not—unless they wish to risk being tapped on the coco by some burley policeman.

I hope some of these "nut directors" will take notice of your new department. But now, why not an appreciation department also? When an actor does a fine bit of acting, or an author writes a good story, why not let them know that you like it? They are human.

JOHN BULLINGTON, Dallas, Tex.

Well, You Don't Need Opera Glasses, Anyway.

WHY the wholesale abuse of the close-up? It is really annoying to have your bird's-eye view all sliced up and sectioned off. For instance, I watch a dialogue between two men, such as that in "The Americano," one man hiring another. My mind holds the combination perfectly; any child could get the simple idea. Yet I am shown a separate, regular old-fashioned family crayon enlargement of the employer's face, and after I have looked at that a little too long, I am given the doubtful privilege of viewing the same huge close-up of the face of the prospective employee. This conveys nothing to me but annoyance, and makes a fair-looking person appear like an old bat, showing up all the pores and wrinkles.

AMY H. SLATER, On the Pacific Coast.

Awfully Considerate of Him.

IN spite of his corduroys and V-necked haberdashery, the romantic lead spares us the distress of watching him work for a living. In "A Romance of the Redwoods," Elliott Dexter looks up from the pan of dirt he has been washing with a long-suffering expression that would seem to indicate months of fruitless prospecting, although we know, from the scenes that have preceded, that he's been on the job for just about ten minutes. In "The Moonsome"—I mean "Lonesome Chap," House Peters does go so far as to remark, in a subtitle, to his dog: "Let's go down to the mine, where there's work to do." But fortunately, something happens to block his horrible intention and the only time he's seen around the works is when there's some picturesque rescuing to be done.

ELIZABETH FORREY, Pensacola, Fla.

What She Saw.

IN one scene of "The Sting of Victory," where Dave Whiting (Henry Walthall) was provost-marshal in his home town during the Reconstruction period, I looked through the window and saw skyscrapers.

MARJORIE MYERS, Medford, Ore.

Church Etiquette.

DID the director of Marguerite Clark's latest picture ever go to church? If so, it wasn't the Episcopal Church in which he worshipped. He doubtless chose the setting of that church for "The Valentine Girl" because it was picturesque. But—

1. Doesn't he know that *all* talking, much less love-making, is forbidden within the altar rail?
2. And that to place anything—even flowers—on the altar itself (Miss Clark and her lover even rested their arms on it) is considered sacrilege?
3. That the candles are never left burning after the service?
4. And that to lift the candlesticks off the re-table and blow them out with one's breath is ridiculous? M. A. PEETE, Denver, Colo.



She's the Referee.

IT gets my particular personal goat to see two men fighting over or about a girl, while she stands there registering terror. If she were terrorized, she'd run or do almost anything but stand there. If she were any kind of girl at all, she'd sail in and help. Wouldn't she?

CARLOW, Baltimore, Md.

Dual Roles.



HOW often have we seen twin sisters miraculously alike in appearance! But one is a lily-white saint, who exists solely that she may sacrifice herself for her coal-black devil of a sister, who in turn is entirely occupied in wrenching the halo from her sanctimonious twin's head and placing it on her own. How often have pictures—innumerable

we seen them? In times; in life—never!
KATHRYN REINLANDER, Sacramento, Cal.

Southern Sentimentalism.

THE most unfair, inopportune and incongruous picture that I have seen for a year was "Those Without Sin," with Blanche Sweet in the leading role. There can be no justification for such a picture. The Northern soldiers were grossly misrepresented. They were pictured as ill-bred, unkempt and utterly lacking in respect for women, while the Southern soldiers were clean, well-groomed and all that was noble. There was not one decent Northern character in the picture. All the honorable people were Southerners, and still the high-bred women of Richmond, by deliberate lies and malicious gossip, distorted a harmless incident until it bore no semblance to the original, and ruined the leading lady's reputation. The producers of this picture evidently were suffering from brain-storm, and the censors were probably on a vacation.

ISOBEL GRAY, Tulsa, Okla.

Rah! Rah! Rah!

THERE was no mistaking the alma mater of those college boys who hazed Charley Ray in "The Pinch Hitter." They came from Keystone University all right. Practical joking and peppermint stripes were their specialties and their smart aleck buffoonery failed to suggest, even remotely, the antics of a bunch of college kids.

JOHN RANDOLPH, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Shine, 5c.

A FALSE note in an otherwise consistent characterization is detected when the bold bad man of the slums, with soiled, sullen features and ragged clothes, agrees to do the murder in new, well-polished shoes instead of the old, worn-out pair which you would naturally associate with such an individual. Perhaps I am unduly critical, but anything like this affects me in much the same way as if I saw the above mentioned vagabond wearing a jaunty fedora instead of that dirty cap pulled over his shifty eyes.

OLIVER SHEPPARD, Penn Yan, N. Y.

An Anti-Feminist Heard From.

I'm for the dissolution of the "Only-Their-Husbands Club." Just because friend wife happened to get there first, is no reason why Lou-Tellegen, Elliott Dexter and Owen Moore should be put in eclipse by big scareheads on every theater signboard proclaiming their brilliant matrimonial connections. If their wives run true to form, as far as feminine psychology goes, they don't like it either.

KAE GARRETT, Brantford, Ont.

No, We've Never Seen That Kind, Either.

I HAVE been a stenographer for several years, have known many stenographers, and have seen hundreds of young men and women taking "notes," but never yet have I seen—that is, off the screen—a stenographer standing up, with absolutely no brace for her paper, and taking lengthy dictations at about a mile-a-minute speed. That's one thing; here's another:

Never, oh, never, have I seen a stenographer take her employer's hat and coat upon his entrance and hang it up. He usually has the pleasure of doing that himself. To be a man's stenographer does not necessarily mean being his valet.

V. F. H., Houston, Tex.

The High-heeled Slavey.

WHY do kitchen servants always wear high heels? And housework slaveys, too? And all the others from tattered farm lassies to moonshiner cuties? High heels are hardly the thing for mountain hikes, and I've yet to find a cook with any sort of heels at all. I'm willing to concede a high heel or two to a French maid who is optically pleasant, but darned if I think directors should keep on permitting 'em to the rest. Here's hoping PHOTOPLAY solves the shoe problem.

SHOE STORE OWNER.



Can Anyone Enlighten the Gentleman?

THIS is my eighth year as a regular city fireman. That's why I'm hanged if I wouldn't like to know what brand of asbestos clothing our pompadoured film heroes wear that enables them to dash through the burning building, grab girl or papers and return unscathed to the cheering throng outside, without even a wet towel for protection.

WALTER L. GARRISON, Keokuk, Ia.

Coincidence or Fate?

By Elizabeth Peltret

PERHAPS it was coincidence that Leslie Reid, an actor with the American Film Company in Santa Barbara, California, should have died at about the same time as his two brothers in France and his mother in Canada, and just as fame held out her arms to him. Yes, it may have been coincidence, but somehow it seems simpler to take the fatalistic view of this strange real-life drama and repeat the old formula of "Kismet—what is to be, will be."

"None of the results we know in this world have, in point of fact, been purposed in advance in all their details," said William James in a lecture. And again, in the same lecture, "Things tell a story. Their parts hang together so as to work out a climax. They play into each other's hands expressively. Retrospectively, we can see that although no definite purpose presided over a chain of events, yet the events fell into a dramatic form with a start, a middle, and a finish.

"The world is full of partial stories that run parallel to one another, beginning and ending at odd times—"

All of us have heard such stories. History and fiction alike are crowded with tragedies in which an adverse fate seemed to move living people around like puppets. Of this type is the story of Leslie Reid.

Reid was a British subject, handsome and talented far beyond the ordinary. At the outbreak of the war his mother gave her two eldest sons to the service of her country but she pleaded with her "baby" not to heed the call to arms.

So, for her sake, Leslie Reid came to the United States. He joined a stock company in Santa Barbara. After a few weeks, the company disbanded and Reid became an extra man with the American Film Company. He gave promise of unusual success from the start. For a small part which he played in his second pic-

ture he was given almost as many notices as the star.

After this a scenario called "The Ride for Life" was written especially for him. It was a western picture, full of the usual thrills and hairbreadth escapes.

The hero, taken prisoner, had his hands bound behind him before he was able to

destroy some written evidence derogatory to the reputation of the heroine. The action required that he should make his escape by springing from the top of a stage coach into the river with his hands still bound behind him. Ordinarily, the "stunt" would have been doubled by a professional swimmer but Reid insisted on doing it himself. It was his first leading role and, naturally, he wanted all of the glory.

The spot from which he was to jump was carefully marked on the bridge — ("Something

strange about that," said an eye witness. "they said the motion of the coach must have had something to do with what happened")—Exactly how it happened no one will ever know, but Reid jumped ten feet too soon. His head struck a projecting rock, and he bounced into the river. His director jumped in after him. When the body came to the surface the face of the dead actor was only a few inches away from that of the director.

Reid's death was all the more tragic in that he died just on the verge of the success he coveted and even more utterly unknown than if he had been killed "Somewhere in France."

After his death three letters came for him. The first opened told of how his eldest brother had met death "on the field of honor," and the second letter said that his other brother had also died in the service of his country. The third letter told him that his mother, too, was dead. She had been unable to withstand the shock.



Leslie Reid



Photo by Bangs

A Pioneer Without Whiskers

By Randolph Bartlett

WHEN anyone says "pioneer" you immediately visualize a rather ancient party with a heavy curtain of "Belshazzars" draped from his chin to his waist line, whose remarks are usually prefaced by "I remember in the fall of '76," whose voice is squeaky, and who is saved from being classed as a bore only by

the reverence which is invariably commanded by old age.

However, ladies and gentlemen, do not question the word of the present scribe when he assures you that the pleasant-faced young man whose features more or less adorn these pages, is a pioneer. For in the picture business anyone who was

actually drawing salary for work in the camera realm previous to "The Birth of a Nation" is a pioneer.

For example, our present subject, Director Charles Giblyn. When he first began work, out in Los Angeles, the places where pictures were made were not called studios—they were called "camps." There were three good reasons for this. The first was that most of the pictures in those days, especially those made in the vicinity of Los Angeles, were of the wild west variety, calling for the presence of many cowboys, and the whole outfit looked as if it had just dropped in. The second reason was that the plants were of the most temporary and makeshift character. But most important, in reference to the word "camp" was the military atmosphere.

It is a long, long way from these pioneer days to the luxurious Selznick Studio in the Bronx, with its marble staircases, elaborate equipment, shower baths, hot and cold stage-hands, etc., ad lib. It is in this palatial setting that Director Giblyn was found recently, working on the latest of his Clara Kimball Young pictures. He dropped Clara, metaphorically of course, for a moment, to tell about the cinema trenches of his pioneer days.

"You could always tell when you were approaching a moving picture plant in those days."

said Giblyn, "because you would come across a man sitting on the top rail of a locked gate, with a double-barrelled shotgun across his knees. If you made any move to enter the place you found yourself looking into the business end of the gun, and heard a gruff voice wanting to know your name, age, business, color, weight, and previous condition of servitude. If you satisfied him that it was not your intention to steal the star, the camera, the scenario, and the watchdog, he allowed you to explain the cause of your visit to the inner guard, and in the course of time you were passed on to the manager.

"The story of the bloodless battles of Edendale would take more time to tell than you have to spare. The cause of the cruel war was that the now quite respectable and peaceful General Film, at that time controlled, or claimed to control certain important patents, which would prevent anyone else from making pictures. While the fight was going on in the courts, a few of us dared to make pictures anyhow, but we guarded our operations as if we were second-story workers. We

thought the other fellows were the real crimi-



Director Giblyn rehearsing Clara Kimball Young and David Powell in a scene in "The Price She Paid."

nals, and in the end the courts said something of the same sort. Now anyone can make pictures, if they have the money, but believe me, in those days it took nerve to be a pioneer."

Mr. Giblyn has graduated from the rough and tumble. He is now one of the highest salaried directors in pictures. Following his creation of the Clara Kimball Young feature, "The Price She Paid," he took over the new Selznick star, Constance Talmadge. He will make a series of pictures with this young sister of the popular Norma in the next few months.

Director Giblyn is one of the few men in the picture world who have a successful stage background. Most of the big screen

successes have been achieved by men and women who were failures on the stage, or at least of no great importance—Griffith, Ince, Pickford, Talmadge, Brenon, Stewart, Fairbanks, Chaplin, Hart—etc., ad lib. again. Giblyn, on the contrary, was well known through his connection with such productions as those of Harrigan and Hart, William Gillette, E. H. Sothorn, Charles Frohman and Henry W. Savage.

But he has found his real work in films, and his work with Triangle attracted the attention of Lewis J. Selznick so favorably that he was induced to leave his beloved California—he is the most rabid of Los Angeles boosters—to take the supervision of the big studio in the Bronx.

THEY'RE NOT AS SCARED AS THEY LOOK



Even the kiddies are called upon to do hair-raising stunts for the camera. But they are never in danger; the hero is always at hand. These youngsters, Jane and Katherine Lee, are being featured by William Fox in "Two Little Imps."

"Dusty" Collects Dust for the Red Cross

THE big ones of screen-land took a big part in the Red Cross drive for millions. These are scenes from the Red Cross band concert in Hollywood where film stars helped raise thousands of dollars. Cecil B. deMille, acted as official spieler and chief wheedler for the entertainment, while Dustin Farnum passed the hat.

Photo by Stizz





Jack Pickford.



Olive Thomas.

Yup! They're Engaged!

NOW all the Pickfords are taken. Olive Thomas is going to be Mary's sister-in-law. They've been sweethearts for a long time, and the engagement was announced recently in Los Angeles where they are both playing.—no working.

For several years Miss Thomas deco-

rated Ziegfeld's Midnight Frolics and the Follies, and recently she graduated into the flickering shadows. She is now being starred in Triangle productions.

Jack has been a star several years, and is just old enough to get caught in the registration. Olive is just twenty.

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(Same as Cosmopolitan and American.)

new features. Better order yours now. It is going to be in great demand, so be sure of getting a copy by speaking to your newsdealer in advance. It's the only way.

BIGGER! BETTER! AND BRIGHTER THAN EVER!

On all news-stands Sept. 1st. Eight wonderful pages of roto-gravure and a hundred other

A Gentleman of France

AS SUCH MR. CLARY
HAS ATTAINED DISTINCT
SUCCESS ON THE SCREEN

By K. Owen

PERHAPS you saw him as "La Tremouille," *the Spider*, in "Joan the Woman," and if you missed him there you surely saw him as *St. Evremonde* in "A Tale of Two Cities." The latter was not so important a part, but it fully established the right of Charles Clary's title as he is dubbed at the top of this page.

But it is only lately that Mr. Clary has been playing Gallic gentleman, if it is permitted to place *the Spider* in that category. And just to make good on the title, it may be stated that Mr. Clary can family tree himself way back to the very day of Joan herself in French history, with the added distinction of being a son of the American Revolution. His mother's great-grandfather was Benjamin Stoddert, the first secretary of the navy who authorized the construction of those historic battleships the "Constitution" and the "Constellation," the names of which are to be perpetuated in two modern men-of-war now building. Secretary Stoddert himself named the originals and his painted portrait



Charles Clary as "La Tremouille,"
one of the principal roles in "Joan
the Woman."



still hangs in the Army and Navy Building in Washington. To complete the family history, Mr. Clary's father was a captain in the Twelfth Kentucky Cavalry during the Civil War.

Mr. Clary, of this sketch, first looked upon the world and declared it good, in Charleston, Ill. The date was March 24, the year—strangely enough the interviewer forgot to ask him the year, but it was somewhere in the last century. He went to Kansas at an early age and received his education at Washburn College, Topeka. He also got his first job in Kansas, working in a hay field.

Mr. Clary obtained his initial job as an actor in that histrionic prep school that has turned out so many stars, the old Burbank in Los

(Continued on page 168)



Photo by
Hartsook

*Below, Mr. Clary as
"St. Evremonde" in
a scene from "The
Tale of Two Cities."*



Chaplin—And How He Does It

(Continued from page 23)

tent to do great bodily harm, set upon by a violent New Idea. Together they left the street set and forgot it.

There was no picture making that day.

"Something's got his goat," the camera men whispered.

"Rain. No light, street set waiting" was the wire report to the home office of a studio manager bankrupt on alibi material. It may be here remarked in passing that if the rain reports from Los Angeles studio managers received in New York offices were correct submarines could dock in Hollywood.

But the Street-Idea was not dead. It recovered and staggered in from the desert. One day while "The Rink" was in the cutting room and the perennial quest for "the next story" was reaching one of its periodic peaks of acuteness the Street-Idea knocked and was welcomed.

This time the street throve and blossomed into "Easy Street," which according to the box-office assay is reported to have run more dimes to the running, linear and cubic foot than any previous Chaplin comedy.

Mr. Chaplin may be said never really to construct a story. He merely worries about a story until it hatches or happens, or sort of exudes out of the circumambient ether like gum on a cherry tree. The story arrives first in the embryo of a piece of "business," in the vernacular of the play-craft, related to the then tentative Main Idea. This piece of "business" grows and grows and grows, at both ends and in the middle until it is a story—just like the escalator victim's fall in Sixth Avenue grew into a department store built around an escalator and Mr. Chaplin as the novice floorwalker, beset by circumstances which made it necessary and advisable for him to use the escalator frequently even if ineptly.

So, any reader who is yet with me will see that the quest for "the next story" is very closely related to the equally constant quest for new gags or pieces of business.

It is as natural for Mr. Chaplin to find new business as it was to Henry D. Thoreau to find Indian arrowheads, and for the same reason—he is looking for them. Chaplin's only difficulty is in sorting out his collections and making a choice of material. In looking for new stuff Mr. Chaplin takes his own where he finds it. It may be a joke in the cartoon comics in

his daily paper, a stunt on the vaudeville stage, a street happening, a related story, or an accident of his own active fancy. It is a part of Mr. Chaplin's life and work to expose himself to crowds and people that he may observe their mannerisms, expressions and mishaps. When anything makes an impression on him it is sure to be translated into picture material at some time. Some weeks after Mr. Chaplin went to live at the Los Angeles Athletic club, where wrestling bouts in the gymnasium drew his attention, along came his comedy entitled "The Cure." In "The Cure" he worked off a wealth of wrestling burlesque for some of the best laughs in the piece.

It is not either plagiarism or misappropriation when Chaplin adopts a bit of "business." He refines, recasts and recoins it into a new product bearing his own original imprint. For every idea he captures he creates a dozen.

Chaplin was walking past a store with his brother Syd one day, where a window trimmer was dusting off a bewigged wax figure.

"Here's business, Syd,—get it in the book, put it down." Chaplin's voice was quiver with his momentary excitement. "Dress up a butler with a wig, put a rubber tube in it, fill the hair with talcum. Then I come along and blow into it, while he stands there all dignified. Big puff of powder—see—that'll get a laugh."

This incident occurred months ago. It is freely forecast that someday, sometime, this will appear in a Chaplin comedy—unless he boycotts the idea to put the lie on this forecast.

To trap the notions and inspirations that come to him in the night Chaplin has a phonographic dictating machine by his bedside. Just how this has been overlooked by his press agent I can not say. Into this phonograph Mr. Chaplin pours any comedy idea which invades his boudoir. Then in the morning along comes Mr. Thomas Harrington, secretary extraordinary, diplomat unusual, to transcribe anything of promise he finds in the wax record.

(N. B.—The author reserves all joke rights on the idea of Chaplin talking to the dictaphone in his sleep.)

The Chaplin comedy formula—if there were one—would be this: Get an idea carrying one "punch" or "gag" or "laugh" of major importance. Then build a con-

tinuity of plot in front of and behind it to make it swing into, and appear as part of, a story. Note that the phrase is "a story," and not "the story." Having taken care of the big laugh, proceed to tie into the continuity material as many incidental and occasional laughs as is convenient, making sure that there are enough to properly support the footage of film and that they do not fall too close to one another and get into each other's way—Chaplin spaces his laughs far enough apart that you may get your breath and be all set for the next one—then add dramatic interest, pathos, tragedy or anything equally handy to create somber backgrounds against which to parade the laughs.

It is inevitable that this method should lead to experiments and excursions off the mainline of construction, often resulting in a complete change of the structure as originally planned. If one of those incidental, secondary and ornamental supporting laughs as developed before the camera proves a promising lead Mr. Chaplin is more likely than not to follow the new line of thought, leaving his original conception of the comedy flat on the lot, so to speak. But this means nothing if it should happen that yet another "laugh" or new piece of business should turn up with still better promises.

Raw film stock ready for the camera is about thirty dollars a reel to the buyer, but it is nothing at all to Mr. Chaplin. When he gets on the trail of a comedy Idea he goes after it with the camera shooting film stock with the abandon of a machine gun marksman repelling a German charge. Talking studio costs to Mr. Chaplin would make you think that the American eagle on the other side of the dollar was a buzzard, talking salary—well that's another matter.

When Mr. Chaplin and the battery of cameras at the Lone Star studios got done shooting "The Immigrant" he had used slightly more than ninety thousand feet of raw film stock. Out of this came two thousand feet of negative, selected in the cutting room, for the printing of the finished production. This figure will appear particularly significant when it is recalled that this is about equal to the reported footage of film used in the taking of "The Birth of a Nation," a production which was released in twelve reels of one thou-

sand feet each, or six times the length of the Chaplin comedy.

When it comes to raw stock Mr. Chaplin can spend money at a rate that would have made Coal Oil Johnny think he was a miser. Chaplin is after the laughs and nothing is going to stop him even if Eastman has to work nights over at Rochester. The taking of every Chaplin comedy takes enough celluloid to reach from the Battery to the Bronx.

There are several things that Mr. Chaplin knows better than any one else in the world. One of them is that there is nothing funny about a homely woman.

A very great deal of nature's rawest material has been used up in the construction of feminine forms and faces that are doing the landscape no good. A lot of these natural mistakes have appeared in motion pictures, but not in Mr. Chaplin's motion pictures. If one is going to laugh it is vastly necessary to be in a good frame of mind to do it. Nothing is so disturbing to the placid poise of the so-called mind than the appearance of a girl who looks like a neglected opportunity. Mr. Chaplin, whether as a matter of gift or culture I know not, is a very competent judge of scenery of this character.

All of this is introductory to the remark that Miss Edna Purviance is susceptible to observation without fatigue and that while her part in Chaplin comedies is distinctly that of a foil, she is considerable foil. It is not to be assumed that it is merely accident or coincidence that she is pretty, that she is just tall enough to make Mr. Chaplin appear not too large on the screen, that she is in blonde contrast to his brunette tone, or that she is of Junoesque design in contrast with his slenderness of form. Those are the reasons why she appears opposite.

True to my promise I have set forth the complete science of Chaplinism. Do not think that Mr. Chaplin knows all these things. He can not and does not. Mr. Chaplin is not an organized thinker or worker. If he had a correct system of mental operation and knew how to run himself as a producing machine he would be a failure.

Science knows a lot about proteins and carbohydrates but the hen still controls the egg market. It is so with Chaplin comedies.



Ruth and

A GLIMPSE INTO THE
VERSATILE YOUNG

By K.

UNLESS you are familiar with the Hollywood hills, you'd have a rather difficult time finding the domicile of Ruth Stonchouse. It's up in beautiful Laurel Canyon, a picturesque gash in the mountains which overlook the cinema empire of Hollywood, California. It's a sort of cross between a Swiss chalet and a bungalow, surrounded on all sides by nearly every breed of tree mentioned in Mr. Webster's work on words. It's the sort of a place a literary hermit would select at which to compile his *magnum opus*, or words to that effect.

And the Stonehouse house has a kind of literary atmosphere at that, owing to the fact that the little actress is also

We forgot to ask Ruth if she answers her letters personally, but this picture would lead one to believe that she does.



Her House

DOMESTIC LIFE OF THAT
PERSON—RUTH STONEHOUSE

Owen

quite clever as a writer of film stories. And it's also the home of Mr. Stonehouse— or rather, Mr. Joseph Roach, who, in private life, so to say, is the husband of Miss Stonehouse. Mr. Roach is a writer of considerable repute in photoplay circles. The rest of the family comprises "Billy," a Scotch collie who has an intense dislike for automobiles and onions.

Although rather difficult of approach, the Stonehouse house is a happy destination once reached. The wayfarer is assured a hearty welcome, flanked by wholesome food and drink, and unless especially desired, no one will talk shop.

The lady of the house, Miss Stonehouse is now serving her second year at Universal. During the year which has elapsed she has been promoted to a directorship, but she is again "just acting" because

It seems that the long-handled implements of the garden have succeeded the golf stick in the estimation of the "movie stars."



of the many difficulties which beset the path of the actress-directress. She is proud, however, of the fact that she "got away with it" when she was writing, acting and directing her own "stuff."

Miss Stonehouse, who is better known as just "Ruthy" on the big "lot," is a Western girl. She was born in Denver, and raised in Arizona. Some of her fondest recollections are of her childhood home in Douglas, Ariz., during the days when that border town was one of the few "wild and woolly" spots on the U. S. map. Then she was sent to school in Illinois; learned to dance

gracefully enough to get into vaudeville and finally turned to the shadow stage.

For a number of years Miss Stonehouse was Essanay's leading star in Chicago. She remained with them until joining Universal a little more than a year ago.

There is nothing else to catalogue but the facts that the heroine of this sketch loves riding and hunting and her home life, which includes a vegetable garden and a lot of flowers.

"It's a perfectly dandy life" said Miss Stonehouse by way of an interview; "and my ambition is to be a good director."

"For Instance!"

THE recent successful film production of Augustus Thomas' "Witching Hour" recalls an inimitable story of the days attending its preparation for the stage.

The producing manager, an energetic though ignorant man, had just been bitten by the flea of amateur stagecraft, and took it upon himself to conduct as much of the rehearsals as Mr. Thomas' patience would permit. And Mr. Thomas was very patient. His friends wondered at his smiling philosophy; but they underrated the Thomas resources.

Anyone who remembers this play will recall its superb lines; its glittering epigrams; its rich, ripe humor; its scintillant philosophy. It is one of the most literary manuscripts ever written for the American stage.

At the dress-rehearsal this episode had been passing in magnificent review before a number of admiring watchers, and at its conclusion no one felt that he had at hand the proper thing to say. Except the astute young manager.

"Say!" he cried, popping up from a front seat where he had been sitting on his spine; "what we need in here is a lotta bright talk!"

Everyone was aghast and outraged. Save Thomas. He leaned forward, smiling.

"Yes?" he agreed. "For instance?"

The Motion Picture "School"

REPORTS indicate that the fake motion picture school is beginning to show itself again. This evil is not new, indeed, it seemed at one time that it had been entirely wiped out.

The methods of the "schools" are outright swindles. They charge a certain amount for a try-out film to determine the photographic possibilities of the applicant and a considerably

larger amount for a course in screen acting. Naturally, every applicant passed the film test. In the end the victim gets a bit of film, a few stills and a resplendant diploma. In many instances "graduates" are promised positions with reputable concerns. In the end comes disillusionment to the victim.

Not one of these schools can aid a would-be screen player. They have nothing to teach; in fact, their recommendation is an outright handicap. A number of companies have been calling

for concerted action against the evil. This would aid, of course. But the menace will never be stamped out until all moving picture publications as well as newspapers follow the lead of PHOTOPLAY and refuse the advertisements of the swindling motion picture "schools." No magazine can retain its self respect and allow fraudulent advertisements in its columns.



© Int. Film Service

"The film has come to rank as the very high medium for the dissemination of public intelligence, and since it speaks a universal language it lends itself importantly to the presentation of America's plans and purposes."

President Wilson

(Continued from page 106)

rapid scenes, cut-backs and visions of the screen. When the witness in the stage production of "On Trial" began to tell about the murder the lights suddenly faded, as quickly came on again, and lo! his evidence became visible and material, re-enacting itself just as he saw it. Extraordinary rehearsing, military precision and a revolving stage made these things possible in the famous Candler theatre production. For this very reason, "On Trial" on the screen is a matter of supreme difficulty; its spoken appeal lay only in its great novelty, and in pictures this novelty is no novelty at all.

James Young, handling it for Essanay, did as well as any director could have done with the piece, and better than most. Playing a good part himself he was assisted by Sidney Ainsworth, Thomas Guinan, Barbara Castleton, little Mary McAllister and Pat Calhoun, and hindered by Corene Uzell.

"Filling His Own Shoes": Bryant Washburn's job, unaccomplished if the shoes are the lovable Skinner's, as they must be, since Washburn is wearing them. Try again, Bryant.

"The Land of Long Shadows": one of the mine-run of "frozen North" melodrama, with Jack Gardner.

ETHEL BARRYMORE'S is another great talent which seems to be wandering about disconsolate in motion pictures. "The Greatest Power," a five-reel charge of spies and explosives, is a fine example of the old-fashioned mechanical melodrama—of which we spoke more extensively in our opening paragraphs—in which fulminate mysteries, not souls, make the swirl of action. Only the adroit scenario of A. S. LeVino, creating probability where probability never stood before, and weaving a thread of human interest into a fabric old as the pyramids and dry as the dust therein, makes this cellulodrama endurable.

"The Trail of the Shadow": next month we think we will offer a prize for the epigram best describing the numerous plays of this type: smug, dull, hypocritical, full of a fairly shocking appreciation of virtue, and the notion that there are two classes of men: the ivory-soap pure, and the skunks. Emmy Wehlen illustrates "The Trail of the Shadow."

"Aladdin's Other Lamp": here is Viola Dana, Metro's best bet. The play is a trifle whose sweetness would be somewhat sugary, perhaps, were it not livened by Miss Dana's very real and delightful humanity, and relieved by the careful direction of Mr. Collins, who is probably delighted in being Miss Dana's husband, but who, we feel assured, would ride in an automobile even if he were not. The story of "Aladdin's Other Lamp" has been told at length in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, so it need not be re-related here; but it is a quaint, clean little story, full of charm; and it is well acted, and well produced.

RECENT Fox productions include "The Slave," a very moral play featuring the very bizarre Valeska Suratt, with her very freak clothes; another Suratt play called "The Siren," and described as "a drama of transgression"; "Two Little Imps," a quaint little vehicle for those real little imps, Jane and Katherine Lee; and "Some Boy," which we can only guess is a to-be-expected attempt to beat Julian Eltinge into pictures. Here George Walsh, never an easy actor, always an extraordinary poser, fusses himself up completely in the togs of a girl. The best that can be said for the picture is that it is harmless.

THE MAELSTROM": a melodramatic play, with plenty of action and material thrill, deploying Earle Williams and Dorothy Kelly. The suspense is good, and because the casting has been carefully done—the players include such people as Julia Swayne Gordon, Denton Vane and Robert Gaillard—the parts are uniformly played with snap and speed. The piece is a bit old-fashioned, but it is well done.

"The Question": a dream play, featuring Alice Joyce and Harry Morey. To their names must be added that of Gladden James, in a rather unsympathetic role. The trio do excellent work in a play whose technique may be judged by the source of the revolver, which, as is to be expected in all drammers of this class, is lifted from the table's drawer.

"The Magnificent Meddler": a turbulent story of an inexperienced but capable hand's "meddling" with the affairs of a newspaper in Arizona. The featured: Antonio Moreno and Mary Anderson.

PHOTOPLAY ACTORS

Find the Film Players'

THE PRIZES

1st Prize \$10.00 3rd Prize \$3.00
2nd Prize 5.00 4th Prize 2.00
Ten Prizes, Each \$1.00

These awards (all in cash, without any string to them) are for the correct, or nearest correct, sets of answers to the ten pictures here shown.

As the names of most of these movie people have appeared many, many times before the public, we feel sure you must know them.

This novel contest is a special feature department of Photo-play Magazine for the interest and benefit of its readers, at absolutely no cost to them—the Photo-play Magazine way.

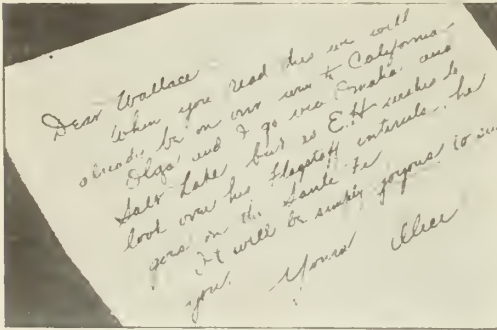
The awards are all for this month's contest.

TRY IT

All answers to this set must be mailed before Sept. 1, 1917.



1



2



4



3



5

WINNERS OF THE JULY PHOTO-

First Prize... \$10.00—Mrs. W. R. Welhaf,
Cortland, N. Y.

Second Prize.. 5.00—Mrs. S. L. Lyons,
Grand Forks, N.
Dak.

Third Prize... 3.00—Mr. Fred Hall, West
Haven, Conn.

Fourth Prize.. 2.00—Miss Kathryn Tim-
mins, Chariton, Ia.

\$1.00 Prizes to { Mrs. F. Hank, Chey-
enne, Wyo.
Mrs. Robert Cloughen,
Mountain Lakes, N.
J.
Miss Ruth M. Tainter,
Fitchburg, Mass.
Miss Gertrude Dorn,
Miami, Fla.
Mrs. H. Sorensen, Chi-
cago, Ill.

NAME PUZZLE

Names in These Pictures

DIRECTIONS

Each picture represents the name of a photoplay actor or actress. The actor's name is really a description of the picture that goes with it; for example—"Rose Stone" might be represented by a rose and a rock or stone, while a gawky appearing individual looking at a spider web could be "Web Jay."

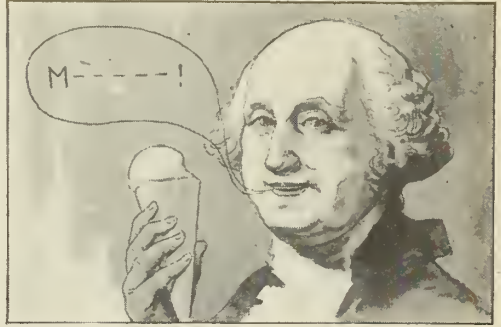
For your convenience and avoidance of mistakes, we have left space under each picture on which you may write your answers. Remember to write your full name and address on the margin at the bottom of both pages. Cut out these pages and mail in, or you may send in your answers on a separate sheet of paper, but be sure they are numbered to correspond with the number of each picture. There are 10 answers.

Address to Puzzle Editor, Photoplay Magazine, 350 North Clark Street, Chicago.

We have eliminated from this contest all red tape and expense to you, so please do not ask us questions.

Only one set of answers allowed each contestant.

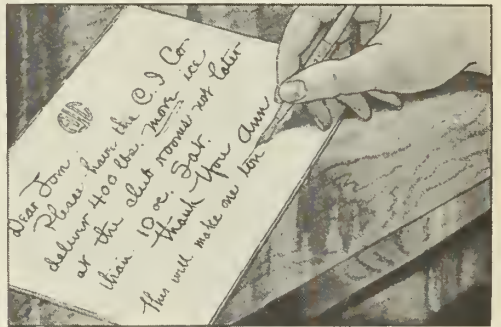
Awards for answers to this set will be published in Photoplay Magazine. Look for this contest each month.



8



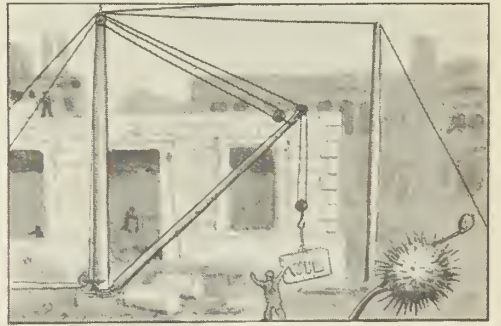
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10

PLAY ACTORS NAME PUZZLE

\$1.00 Prizes to
(Continued)

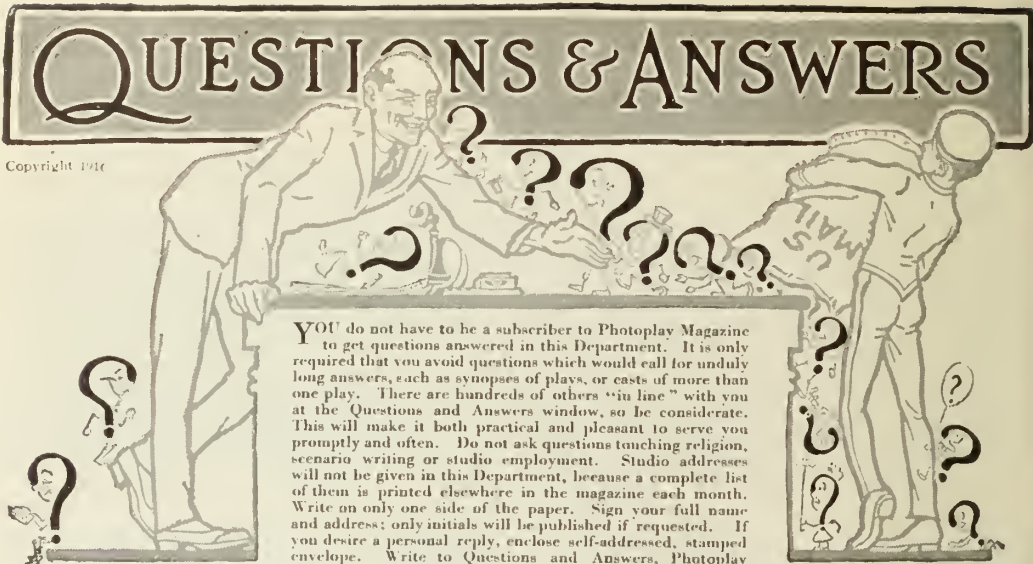
- Miss Miriam Briston, Mansfield, Ohio.
- Mrs. Robert Beasley, Beeville, Texas.
- Mrs. B. F. Lloyd, Atlanta, Ga.
- Miss Nancy Buhta, Minneapolis, Minn.
- Miss Edna Davis, Fort Wayne, Ind.

CORRECT ANSWERS TO THE JULY PUZZLE CONTEST

- | | |
|----------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Marguerite Clark. | 6. Gail Kane. |
| 2. Harold Lockwood. | 7. John Mason. |
| 3. June Caprice. | 8. Peggy Hyland. |
| 4. Arline Pretty. | 9. De Wolf Hopper. |
| 5. Theda Bara. | 10. Kathlyn Williams. |

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

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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. There are hundreds of others "in line" with you at the Questions and Answers window, so be considerate. This will make it both practical and pleasant to serve you promptly and often. 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.

NAPOLEON, PORTLAND, ORE.—Not wishing to take the word of anyone because of the importance of the issue, your answer was delayed until we had an opportunity of ascertaining in person the real low-down truth in the matter. Well, here it is: Mary Pickford's eyes are *hazel*; not blue, nor gray. That's final. Sorry to disturb you further, but Mary was really 24 in April, your figures, deductions and subtractions to the contrary notwithstanding. Now go back to St. Helena, Nap, and your potato patch.

ALPHA BETT, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.—Sorry, but we can't identify the photoplay from your vivid description, so it must be one of the few we never had the pleasure of seeing. Adda Gleason played the lead in "Ramona." She was on the legitimate stage prior to entering pictures. Virginia Pearson is 29, Myrtle Stedman in her early thirties and Kathryn Williams does not state her age for publication.

T. S., ROCHESTER, N. Y.—You have been eating something, child, which hasn't agreed with you. There have been no stories in PHOTOPLAY recently about Mary Pickford or Francis X. Bushman. Clara Kimball Young seems to be disengaged at present. Had a story about Charley Ray about a year ago. Fifteen cents will bring it to your door.

MOLLIE, TORONTO, CANADA.—After a diligent search we fail to locate any governess in "The Birth of a Nation." Try it again.

SUNNY JIM, CHELSEA, MASS.—Lizette Thorne is still with American and will probably answer your letter if she doesn't die alaffin. Your sense of humor is so gruesome that you ought to make a hit writing comedies. Moral: Don't try to kid the Answer Man.

L. L., ROCKFORD, ILL.—Charles Gunn played *Otis Slade* in "Blood Will Tell" with William

Desmond. Presume this is the role to which you refer.

H. P., QUEBEC, CANADA.—Write the Christie Film Co. at Gower and Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

B., JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—Hobart Bosworth's chief roles this year were in "Joan the Woman," "Oliver Twist," "A Mormon Maid" and "What Money Can't Buy." Your laudatory comment is deeply appreciated.

J. L., FREEHOLD, N. J.—Miss Minter has renewed her contract with American. Her address is American Film Co., Santa Barbara, Cal.

JANE, DES MOINES, IA.—Joseph Henaberry, who played *Lincoln* in "The Birth of a Nation," has never used any other name and was never in vauville. He is now one of Douglas Fairbanks' directors. Marshall Neilan directed "The Tides of Barnegat" and recently completed "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" with Mary Pickford. Yep, you're wrong. Franklyn is not related to Dustin or William. Call on us often, Jane. We will be glad to hear from you.

THE GIRLS, HIGGINS, TEX.—Pests? Well, rather not! Your devotion is positively touching. By the way, what's the fare to Higgins from Chicago?

FRANK, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Shirley Mason gets her mail in care of McClure Pictures, McClure Bldg., New York City. Her real name is Leonie Flugrath. Doris Pawn is with Fox and June Caprice was born in 1899. Sidney Ayres died last September.

VIOLET, WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.—Maurice and Walton are married. They have been dancing partners for several years. Robert Walker is married. Francis Ford's wife is a non-professional. Don't seem to know anything here about Lillie Leslie.

IN order to provide space for the hundreds of new correspondents in this department, it is the aim of the Answer Man to refrain from repetitions. If you can't find your answer under your own name, look for it under another.

PHYRNE AND DAPHNE, KNOXVILLE, TENN.—Both Mary and Marguerite have natchelly curly hair and they very, very seldom resort to wigs. Now trot along to school.

CLYDE, COLUMBUS, O.—“Brownie” Vernon’s first name is really Agnes, and if you address her at Universal City, Cal., she’ll get the letter unless the mail train is wrecked.

SUNSHINE, SAN FRANCISCO.—Theda Bara’s first work in Los Angeles was “Cleopatra,” which was begun in New York. Yes, there are several points of resemblance between Messrs. Lockwood and Hamilton, noticeably in the number of eyes, ears, etc., possessed by each. Enjoyed your newsy letter. Write again.

BEE KAY, LOS ANGELES.—So you think our answers “are getting humorous.” Well, sis, there’s nothing like trying, is there? William S. Hart was born in 1874. Do we think he is handsome? We pass that one; Bill’s a friend of our’n. Florence Vidor was the sister in “American Methods.” Alan Forrest is the husband of Anna Little. No, you’re not too large to become a “movie queen.” Yes, some girls *do* ask “rather silly questions.” (Just *entre nous* though, if they didn’t, we’d have a hard time holding this job.)

ANXIOUS, SHERMAN, TEX.—Antrim Short may be reached at Universal City, Cal.

READER, LOWELL, MASS.—We’ve told the editor about your Webster Campbell request. Anna Nilsson is the wife of Guy Coombs.

R. J. H., MOUNT UNION, PA.—So you gather that we are a man. Heavens, that confirms a suspicion we have long cherished! Mr. Warner’s full name is Henry Byron Warner and his wife is Rita Stanwood. His big stage hit was in “Alias Jimmie Valentine” and he was last with Selig in Chicago. Write him at 58 East Washington St., that city. Liked your letter.

D. P., HAVANA, CUBA.—It’s really too bad that you don’t get the opportunity to see good photo-plays down there. Why don’t you protest to the theater people. Louise Lovely was in the July number, so your request was anticipated.

GRACE, GREEN BAY, WIS.—Haven’t the slightest idea what you are trying to get over. Give it another whirl.

PEGGY, PASADENA, CAL.—Yes, quite a few of ‘em get away with it until they fall down on their alimony. Ruth King, who is the wife of Tom Forman, is now with Essanay at Culver City, Cal.

AGGIE, MEMPHIS, TENN.—You most certainly are mistaken. That *was* Mr. and Mrs. Bushman. Be sure you’re right before you write.

EDA, CHICAGO.—The Chaplin contract last year called for twelve and not ten pictures. The last of the dozen is just being completed although the contract, expired on March 20. Glad to get your correction on the Pickford eyes.

ALINE, POCATELLO, IDA.—Antonio Moreno is no longer a Vitagrapher. He is now with Astra, one of the Pathe producing units.

F. E. L., WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.—Your friend is wrong and you are right—most emphatically so. Those fights and tumbles are the real thing. If there has been any faking in any of the Fairbanks films, it has been kept a secret from the cameraman. Thanks ever so much for your appreciation.

RITA, TORONTO, CANADA.—Charles Clary had a big part in “Joan” with Geraldine Farrar, then he went to Fox and played in “A Tale of Two Cities” and other big productions. Mary Pickford’s latest is “Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.” Yes, we heard she was born in Toronto. We, also, think “Pearls of Desire” is quite some story.

GYM, MILWAUKEE.—Charles Ray was born in Jacksonville, Ill., and educated in Los Angeles. He entered the pictures soon after graduating from High School.

BETTY, GLOUCESTER, MASS.—Edward Langford played opposite Gail Kane in “As Man Made Her.” Dustin Farnum played the title role in “A Gentleman from Indiana” and Valentine Grant starred in “The Innocent Lie.” Vivian Rich was featured in “When Empty Hearts Are Filled.” Edna Holland was *Madame Barastoff* in “The Confession of Madame Barastoff.” “The Heart of Lincoln” was done by Francis Ford for Universal.

E. K., PHILADELPHIA.—Ethel Clayton is an 1890 girl and she is just as good an actress as you think she is. Write her care of World for a photograph.

G. H., PONTIAC, ILL.—Hazel Dawn is not married; Geraldine Farrar can be reached through the Lasky company and Mae Murray in private life is Mrs. Jay O’Brien.

J. K., SHREVEPORT, LA.—Biograph changed the name of “Judith of Bethulia” to “Her Condoned Sin” when it was re-issued. Why? Search us. The reason was probably pathological rather than financial.

A. D., MINNEAPOLIS.—Edward Earle’s latest release is “God’s Man.” He is mum about his birthday. William Garwood was last with Universal and Violet Mesereau still is. Marguerite Clark’s latest is “Cinders.”

MAVIS, FREEPORT, L. I.—It seems to be a pretty well established fact that Olive Thomas is now Mrs. Jack Pickford, although no formal announcement has been made. Miss Minter is to be with American for the next two years. You probably know all about those eyes now. Your other requests have been forwarded to the board of strategy with a favorable recommendation.

B. C., NEW ORLEANS, LA.—We have no record of “What Will People Say?” having been published in any of the motion picture magazines; nor has there been a story about Mr. DeLint. Ella Golden was the dancer in “The Love Liar” and she was not in “Wasted Years.”

SO that constant repetition of addresses may be obviated, letters to screen players addressed in care of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will be immediately forwarded to their destination.

L. L.—All your questions can be answered in the negative: Pearl White isn't married, Creighton Hale isn't married, Dustin Farnum isn't married to Winifred Kingston, John Bowers isn't—hold on, we're not so sure about that, but we're perfectly willing to give him the benefit of the doubt anyway. Warren Kerrigan is not partial to any particular leading lady, but regards variety as the paprika of existence.

PEG O' YER HEART, MT. CARMEL, PA.—Sorry, Peg, if, in our conscientious adherence to the truth, we have smashed some of your illusions concerning your idols. We've spoken to the editor about it, but he says he's powerless and that you'd better plead with said idols yourself. Yes, Blanche Sweet appeared in the old Biograph, "Oil and Water." Yes, again, it was at Mission Hill, California, that Mary and Owen were married. Douglas Fairbanks is not the father of the Fairbanks twins. Why did they call it "The Deep Purple?" Oh, suppose they wanted a change of color scheme. Didn't you find it an agreeable relief from the scarlet titles that have been so popular?

F. M., DES MOINES, IOWA.—Mae Marsh has left Triangle for Goldwyn, and Bobby Barron has gone to England to join Griffith. David Wark Griffith is no longer connected with Triangle—never has been very much so, according to his own statement. The "B." in Henry B. Walthall's signature stands for Brazale. Here's the cast of "Hell's Hinges": *Blaze Tracy*, William S. Hart; *Faith Henley*, Clara Williams; *Rev. Robert Henley*, Jack Standing; *Silk Miller*, Alfred Hollingsworth; *Clergyman*, Robert McKim; *Zeb Taylor*, J. Frank Burke; *Dolly*, Louise Glauam.

THE KID, NASHVILLE, TENN.—Ethel Clayton, which was her real name before she had a husband named Kaufman, was born in Champaign, Illinois, on November 8, 1890, and married on February 10, 1914. She has no children. Joseph Schenck is Norman Talmadge's husband.

G. C., RACINE, WIS.—A little directory for your own personal use: Marguerite Clark, Famous Players, New York City; Mary Miles Minter, American, Santa Barbara, California; Dustin Farnum, Fox, Los Angeles, California; Earl Williams, Vitagraph, Brooklyn, New York.

M. M., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—Pearl White's hair is red and her eyes are green and she's twenty-eight and unmarried. Florence La Badie, who has brown hair and blue eyes, is five years younger than Pearl and George Ovey is five years older.

M. B., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Valentine Grant, who happens to be of feminine persuasion, and Sidney Mason played in "The Daughter of MacGregor." Why does Olga Petrova always wear a wrist watch? Well, since, as far as we have been able to observe, madame never wears it hanging down her back or clamped to her ankle, but in the place where one naturally expects to see a wrist watch, do you think that it would be presumptuous for us to state that she uses it for the purpose of telling the time?

ROSE AND LILLIAN, CLEVELAND, OHIO.—In 1912, Harold Lockwood was with the New York Motion

Picture Company (Kay-Bee). He is five feet eleven and three-quarters inches in height, according to his own statement.

DARLEINE, BEATRICE, NEB.—For your benefit and that of the seventeen other young women who are losing sleep and weight worrying over the question of whether or not Montague Love is married: He isn't—that's a fact.

J. I. A., VANCOUVER, B. C.—We must reply to your question concerning Anita Stewart's popularity with a decided affirmative. Miss Stewart was born in Brooklyn in 1896 and went to school at Erasmus Hall there. Her screen work has been done exclusively for Vitagraph, notably in "A Million Bid," "He Never Knew," "Sins of the Mother," "The Goddess" (a series), "My Lady's Slipper," "The Suspect," "The Daring of Diana" and "The Girl Philippa." In spite of the undeniable charm of her lovely brown hair and eyes, Miss Stewart has so far escaped matrimony.

E. B., COLUMBIANA, O.—No, Earle, Kathlyn and Clara Williams are not related. Louise Lovely, who is married and who was an extra girl before becoming a star, is with Universal. So are Herbert Rawlinson and Jay Belasco. Little Marie Osborne is with Pathe and Theda Bara is with Fox. Cast of "The Bugler of Algiers": *Gabrielle*, Ella Hall; *Anatole Picard*, Kingsley Benedict; *Pierre Dupont*, Rupert Julian.

H. H., TAMPA, FLA.—The Fairbanks twins are fifteen years old. "Our Wives," "The Stranger in Gray," "A Royal Family," "Emmy of Stork's Nest," "The Kiss of Hate," "The Crucial Test," "The Narrow Path," "The Blossom and the Bee" and "Miss George Washington" are a few of the plays in which Niles Welch has appeared.

SARY ANN TRIANGLE, NEW YORK CITY.—Where have they gone to? Well, Flora Finch now has her own company, Mary Fuller is with Lasky, the Fairbanks twins with Thanouser, and Dorothy Bernard with Frohman. Joyce Fair isn't with Essanay any more. She's about thirteen years old and has been on the stage.

A. W. C., TASMAN, N. Z.—Seena Owen, alias Signa Auen, of Fine Arts, was born in Spokane, Washington. She was educated there and in Copenhagen and has been on the screen since 1914—with Kalem, Reliance-Majestic and Fine Arts. "The Lamb," "The Penitents," "Martha's Vindication" and "Intolerance" are among her best pictures. Miss Owen is five feet six inches in height, is very fond of art and music and is the wife of George Walsh.

A. P. H., NEW YORK CITY.—Cast of "Lost and Won": *Cinders*, Marie Doro; *Walter Crane*, Elliott Dexter; *Kirkland Gaige*, Carl Stockdale; *Cleo Duvenc*, Mayme Kelso; *B. H. Holt*, Robert Gray.

TRIANGLE BOOSTER, LAWRENCE, MASS.—House Peters' last pictures were "As Men Love," with Myrtle Stedman, "The Lonesome Chap," with Louise Huff, and "The Highway of Hope." The fact that the Griffith players have disbanded does not mean that you will have fewer opportunities

ALL letters sent to this department which do not contain the full name and address of the sender, will be disregarded. Please do not violate this rule.



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of seeing them than formerly. They're all working just as hard as ever. Since you wrote us, Douglas Fairbanks has acquired a company of his own, releasing through Artercraft.

IMA NUTT, RACINE, WIS.—Your pen name is startlingly original. How did you ever think of it? Ella Hall is twenty-one and Charles Chaplin is thirty-one. Yes, we liked your letter and shall try to be patient until you write again, but don't wait too long. Kathleen Williams' address is Morosco.

HENRY, TROY, S. C.—You will have to be more explicit—in other words, put us wise to what you really want us to do. Can't tell from your letter whether you want us to make you a successor to F. X. Bushman or to Captain Kidd.

ADELAIDE, CHICAGO.—We haven't all of Tom Meighan's stage record. His wife, Frances Ring, has never appeared on the screen. She did play in stock in Los Angeles. At this writing Dustin Farnum is making his final picture under his Fox contract. Yes, it is trying to answer so many questions. We're just trying all the time.

E. P., NEW YORK CITY.—The man who married Marguerite Clark in "The Valentine Girl" was Richard Barthelmess. He is 22 years old.

GRACIE, BROOKLYN.—William Farnum is now playing at Fort Lee, N. J. His wife was known as Olive White on the stage and they have a little adopted daughter.

L. W. J., GLENDALE, CAL.—If you are really Mrs. Castle's double you are five feet seven inches tall and weigh around 135 pounds. She is a blonde.

C-F ADMIRER, STRATHROY, CANADA.—Francis Ford's wife's name is Mrs. Elsie Ford and they have a little boy. Grace Cunard is living with her husband, Mr. Joseph Moore. Is she as cute off the screen as she is on? Well, we assume so, although we do not make a practice of prying into the private lives of the players.

G. N., FLATBUSH, N. Y.—You won't be disappointed.

G. A., HAMILTON, ONT., CANADA.—Many thanks for your commendation.

M. N., NORFOLK, VA.—Frank Campeau played the male lead in "Jordan Is a Hard Road." Mary Pickford has no children. Arthur Johnson has been dead more than a year and G. M. Anderson is engaged in an effort to elevate the musical comedy stage. Write whenever the spirit moves you.

ELAD, SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Your queries are slightly out of our line. Pretty hard to tell why the popularity of any player or team of players slumps. That is, it's hard to give the exact psychological reason. People just get sick of looking at 'em, we suppose. As to the increasingly big salaries of some of the stars—well, if he, or she, can make a million dollars a year for his, or her, employer, it's only fair that he, or she,

should be given a half million of it, isn't it? As a general rule, salaries are based on the earning power of the player.

M. C., LACKAWANNA, N. Y.—Bill Hart has never been married, but we'll bet you an Easter bonnet, payable in 18 months from date, that he'll get hitched within that time. Now don't all write at once. The address is Culver City, Cal.

ETHEL C., TORONTO, CANADA.—Lois Weber's address is corner Vermont Ave. and Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.

S. T., HANNA, LA.—Don't you mean "Not My Sister"? If you do, the little sister was Alice Taafe. She is still with Triangle at Culver City.

E. F., CHEYENNE, WYO.—It wasn't Alice Joyce's baby in "Her Secret." Tom Moore is with Lasky. He has played with his wife many times in the old Kalem days.

BABE, QUEBEC, CANADA.—You will have some trouble getting in touch with Mlle. Alice Lagrange, who played Marie in "Mothers of France." She is "somewhere in France."

ESSIE, GREENVILLE, O.—Mary Boland played the lead in "Stepping Stones." Roy Stewart was born in 1884 at San Diego, Cal.

LOLA, SALT LAKE, UTAH.—Monte Blue was the youthful bandit in "Hands Up." He played the cowboy who pretended to be the bad man in "Wild and Woolly," the Douglas Fairbanks thriller. Write him care Fairbanks Company,

Hollywood, Cal.

BETTY LOU, FT. LEAVENWORTH, KAN.—Try the Motion Picture News Directory, which your news dealer probably has in stock, or can get for you.

J. L., ROANOKE, VA.—Frank Kecnan is back on the stage playing in "The Pawn," produced by himself. Nicholas Dunaew will get mail addressed to him at Universal City; Mabel Trunnelle at Edison and William Shay with Herbert Brenon, care Selznick. (How is the Roanoke Bushman Club prospering?)

ETHEL, HECTOR, MINN.—In Vitagraph the "i" is long. In "Anita," the accent is on the *knee*.

ETHEL, LEWES, DEL.—Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks' maiden name was Beth Sully and she was not on the stage. There have been no divorces in the Pickford family.

CLUTCHING HAND, ST. JOHNS, NEWFOUNDLAND.—Spottiswoode Aitken was the girl's uncle and Elmo Lincoln the blacksmith in "Her Shattered Idol." Here's the cast for "On Secret Service": Nell Bertram, Winifred Greenwood; Frank Ketchell, Ed Coxen; James Whitmore, George Field; John Bertram, Charles Newton.

JIMMIE, PERU, ILL.—Rockliffe Fellowes was born in Ottawa, Canada, in 1884 and made his film debut in Fox's "Regeneration."

This department will be glad to forward to the proper destinations all letters addressed in care of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, to any of the screen players. This is a service department and is conducted solely for the convenience and pleasure of its readers.



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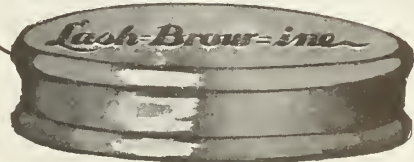
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FRENCHIE, KANKAKEE, ILL.—Write Florence Holbrook, care Variety, New York City, and it will be forwarded. Thelma Salter is eight years old.

VIRGIE, NEW ORLEANS.—Frank Mayo was last with Balboa. Letters addressed him there will be forwarded. Ralph Kellard has the male lead in "Pearl of the Army." The "Skinner" pictures are not a serial, but perhaps, a series.

HONOLULUIAN, BERKELEY, CAL.—You wrong us woefully. We never play golf. Not exciting enough. And we didn't forget you either. Hope the House Peters story in the July number gave you a thrill.

C. F., NEW HAVEN, CONN.—William S. Hart is still unmarried and may be reached at Culver City, Cal. Tell *him* what you told us about him and we'll bet you a liberty bond against a hard boiled egg that he'll send you a nice photograph of your favorite actor.

M. T., ROXBURY, MASS.—No contest on for movie stars now that we know of. Hard luck.

LOLLYPOP, EMANS, PA.—All we know about it is that they were real rocks that Miss Kellerman was dashed against. We cannot go into the technical details. Sorry to have kept you waiting so long.

C. S., WICHITA, KAN.—Dustin and William Farnum are not the same person but almost. They are brothers spaced by a period of two years. Paul Willis is 17 years old.

T. E., ELIZABETH, N. J.—Baby Marie Osborn has played in "Little Mary Sunshine," "Sunshine and Shadows," "Told at Twilight" and other child plays. She is now with the LaSalida Company, Los Angeles.

RUTH, REDLANDS, CAL.—It's just perfectly adorable of you to think that we write such awfully cute answers. No, we never get bored reading "foolish letters like mine." Reached the state of immunity long ago, so write often. A letter addressed to Mahlon Hamilton at Famous Players will reach him but we can't guarantee his matrimonial freedom. The all-star cast you suggest would be a great stunt, but the battle for footage would surely result in fatalities.

THE CHUMS, PASADENA, CAL.—Haven't any dope on the salaries you are curious about. Different with ages though; listen: Clara K. Young, 24; Marguerite Clark, 30; Jack Pickford, 21; Blanche Sweet, 22; Owen Moore, 29; Harold Lockwood, 30; May Allison, 25.

Y. J., SAN DIEGO, CAL.—Gertrude Glover may be reached at Essanay, Chicago. Edith Johnson is no longer with Universal. Blanche Sweet has been away from the camera for about six months. Thanks for your good wishes.

D. R., HAMILTON, ONT., CANADA.—William Farnum played the two roles of *Darnay* and *Sidney Carlton* in "A Tale of Two Cities."

H. M., DES MOINES, IA.—May Allison, at this writing, has not signed with any other company. Anna Little has taken her place in the Lockwood company.

GEORGIE, VANPORT, PA.—George Walsh is 25 years old and is with the Western Fox studio at Hollywood, Cal. He is married to Seena Owen.

C. P., NEW HAVEN, CONN.—It's hard to tell you how many summers Marie Prevost has seen. You see it's always, or nearly always, summer in California. That's why so many stars have given up attempting to figure out the number of their summers. If it's all the same to you, Marie is 19 years old and is wholly unincumbered. Emmy Whelen is in her early twenties. She was starred in "The Merry Widow," "The Dollar Princess," "Marriage a la Carte," "Tonight's the Night" and other musical plays before taking to the screen.

A. M., APPLETON, WIS.—Those are the Gish girls all right in the October number, but they occupy just the opposite positions. Both sisters are now "Somewhere in France" taking part in a Griffith war picture.

PAULINE, TERRE HAUTE, IND.—Ella Hall lives in Hollywood, Cal., and may be addressed at Universal City, Cal. She will be glad to send you her picture and so will William S. Hart. Glad you like PHOTOPLAY so much.

MARY AGNES, CHARLESTON, S. C.—Address Shirley Mason at McClure Pictures, McClure Building, New York City. Mrs. Vernon Castle sends her pictures to admirers. There was no trick photography in "Poor Little Rich Girl" that we know of.

K. S., ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.—Martha Ehrlich was the beautiful blonde who played opposite Max Linder. She was on the musical comedy stage in New York prior to the Linder engagement.

ESCRIBE PRONTO, DUNKIRK, N. Y.—So you don't know which you like best, this department or "the reading matter." Of course you didn't mean it that way, but gosh, it sounded awful rough to us when we first lamped it. "Diantha" has not been pictured so far as we know. PHOTOPLAY is on sale on the first of each month.

AMOUR PROPRE, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.—Ethel Barrymore is Mrs. Russell Colt in private life. She was in "The Feast of Life" was filmed in Cuba. Enid Bennett was born in Australia and is 20 years old. You're much too far distant to advise you as to employment, even though that particular subject were not banned.

BILLY, CHICAGO.—When it comes to falling in love, you seem to be a sort of feminine Don Juan. Write to them as follows: Gladden James, Pathe; Emory Johnson, Universal; Harry Benham, World; Charles Gunn, Culver City, Cal.; Mahlon Hamilton, Lasky; Crane Wilbur, Horsley, Los Angeles; George Walsh, Fox, Los Angeles.

G. M., GREAT FALLS, MONT.—Being the only girl of your age who is "not crazy to be a movie star," a copper cross is being made for you. (To make a copper cross you hit him with a brick.) Grace Cunard and Francis Ford had a company of their own for several years with Universal. The dogs you mention were borrowed. There has been some talk as to whether Theda Bara was born on the Nile or the Ohio. Our information is that Egypt is in the lead now for the honor of being her birthplace. George Beban is a native of California. Grace Darmond, Ralph Kellard and Leon Bary are the principals in "The Shielding Shadow." Grace Darmond has been on the screen about three years and hasn't discussed her age with us as yet. We'll have to see about it.



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On all newsstands September First

S. T., SAN FRANCISCO.—Berna in "Civilization's Child" was Anna Lehr. She is married. Valeska Suratt's nationality is Hoosier, as she was born in Indiana.

L. C. WIFE, DETROIT, MICH.—Glad you got it out of your system. We quite agree with you that Margery Wilson is a very nifty little player. Had a story about her last year, but you must have missed that issue.

T. W., SALT LAKE, UTAH.—Marie Walcamp is still with Universal although she left that company for a while to play in "Patria" with Mrs. Castle. Send fifteen cents for the magazine containing the Walcamp story.

L. P., JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—We have no record of the play to which you refer.

MOLLY, WASHINGTON, D. C.—Vola Vale was the real *Lady Pamela* in "The Wooing of Sally Temple" with Fannie Ward. Miss Vale is now with Balboa at Long Beach, Cal. Mrs. Castle's maiden name was Irene Foote. Milton Sills played with several companies before getting "Patriatic." Gee, but that's a bad one, isn't it?

J. S., EXETER, N. H.—"The Ne'er-do-well" was filmed by Selig more than two years ago. The leads were played by Kathryn Williams and Wheeler Oakman and most of the scenes were taken on the Panama Canal.

A. D., CHARLEVOIX, MICH.—Divorce proceedings between James Young and Clara Kimball Young are pending. Address Jack Pickford, care Morosco Company, Los Angeles. Yep, it's a *tegiou* job, but we never get *discusted* with our correspondents.

MISS BOBBY, PENSACOLA, FLA.—Delia Trombley was the sister of Anton in "Anton the Terrible." We thought it was too. None of those you mention are related to any of the others. Your suggestions are excellent and we have passed them over to the editor.

TOMMY, ALTON, ILL.—Norma Nichols played *Chiquita* in "The Ne'er-do-well." She is American. We have no record of "The Primitive Call."

D., JOHNSON CREEK, WIS.—You will have to take up the matter of Farrar stills with the Paramount Corporation in New York.

STELLA, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.—Pearl White don't seem to have birthdays. "Pearl of the Army" ought to be over there pretty soon. Ask your theater man about it. Don't worry about our "Americanisms"; sometimes they puzzle us, so you have nothing on the Answer Man.

DOROTHY, ALAMEDA, CAL.—Chester Barnett was *Bilce* to Clara Kimball Young's *Tribly*. Write Charles Ray at Culver City and he will send you a photograph.

A. L., SMITHFIELD, N. C.—J. Warren Keirigan is with Paralta, 5300 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal. Creighton Hale, we are told, is wifeless.

HELEN, NORFOLK, VA.—Jane Grey was born in Middlebury, Vt. in 1883 and has had a successful career on the stage. She made her film debut with Fine Arts in "Let Katy Do It" and has since played with a number of other film companies.



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A. R., DENVER, COLO.—You are right: "Ivanhoe" was filmed by Imp with King Baggot and Leah Baird in the principal roles.

M. M., COLLINSVILLE, OKLA.—Yes, that's the way Ethel Clayton really looks—Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Reid live in a cute little bungalow in Hollywood, Cal., with their young son who was born on June 18. Creighton Hale is with Pathe, Edward T. Langford has gone to France and Harold Lockwood is with Metro.

MABEL C., NEW YORK CITY.—Governor Hunter in "The Honor System" was portrayed by James Marcus and not the real governor, who at that time was Governor Hunt. George and Raoul Walsh are brothers and they have a sister, Mrs. Willie Hoppe, wife of the billiard champion. Marc McDermott is the husband of Miriam Nesbitt, and Milton Sills is noncommittal on his marital state.

B. B., GUTHRIE, OKLA.—Inasmuch as he has married her, it is a pretty safe assumption that Bill Russell will appear again with Charlotte Burton. His last two are "The Frame-Up" and "Pride and the Man."

H. S., NEW YORK CITY.—Our opinion as to the merits of the actors you mention is no better than yours. Their salaries are a pretty good indication of their commercial value and they rank in that respect just as you have named them. Fairbanks, Hart, William Farnum and Walsh.

ADMIRER, GRAND FORKS, N. D.—If your argument is based on a sound premise, people who "put their whole heart" into a dry goods business, or a law business, or street car conducting, or milk delivering, etc., should also refrain from marrying because they are thrown into daily contact with those of the so-called gentle sex. And just think of the ice man! Where the movie star meets one girl, the ice man meets a hundred every day. Sure; write any old time.

E. B., KANSAS CITY, MO.—Florence Rockwell is back on the legitimate stage. She has been playing in Australia. Theodore Roberts was born in San Francisco. Lenore Ulrich is not married. Sessue Hayakawa uses his own name. Thomas Forman appeared last in "Forbidden Paths." Isaac Henderson was the author of Morosco's "The Mummy and the Humming Bird."

E., KIRKLAND, WASH.—Marc McDermott was enjoying good health, when we saw him last. "Builders of Castles" was one of his recent photoplays.

ELIZABETH, LOUISVILLE, KY.—Robert Warwick's right name is Robert Taylor Bien and he is married to Josephine Whittell, of the operatic stage. Shirley Mason's right name is Leonie Flugrath. You will have to write to the studio addresses of your friends as it is not customary to send letters to their homes. Norma and Constance are sisters. No trouble.

ELIZABETH, OAKLAND, CAL.—Victor Moore was last reported at Jacksonville, Florida, by our secret service, care Klever Komedies. Mary Pickford usually answers her correspondence, so your letters must have gone astray.

ETHEL, EAST PALESTINE, O.—Gretchen Hartman is Mrs. Alan Hale. Alice Brady and Francella Billington are free.

BETTY, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA—Cleo Ridgely and Margaret Thompson are not the same. Miss Thompson is with Triangle. We have nothing about Miss Neilson. Sorry you don't get time to answer the puzzles, but you can have a lotta fun outa them even if you can't win a prize.

SILVER SPURS, ST. PAUL, MINN.—Earle Foxe is over six feet, weighs about 180, has dark blue eyes and was born in 1887. Yes, it was very sweet of Harold to send you a photograph and letter. We never printed "The Dream Girl." Glad you like the covers so much. They're sure beauties.

J. K., WACO, TEXAS—Tom Forman was born in your state and seems to be proud of it.

C. T., ST. LOUIS—Your request concerning little Mary Pickford Rupp is already answered.

MABEL, SARNIA, ONT., CANADA—Jack Barrymore is married. Frank Elliott is with Selig. "Nearly a Lady" was produced by Bosworth (now Morosco). Grace Cunard is a blonde. Sorry you don't approve of her marriage. It's pretty hard though for the players to please all their friends.

S. M., HAVANA, CUBA—Antonio Moreno is Spanish born but so far as we know there are no Cubans in the movies. Glad to hear that we're so popular in Cuba.

H. W., SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA—Olga Petrova's married name is Stewart. Louise Lovely was born in your city. Her husband's name is Welch, also of Australia. Edmund Breese is still at work. Marguerite Snow's last appearance was in a Canadian National Feature Ltd. production.

LUCILE, BROOKLYN—Gerda and Stuart Holmes are not related. Gerda is the wife of Rapley Holmes, a well known actor. Miriam Nesbitt is the wife of Marc McDermott. Lillian Walker recently signed up with a company at Ogden, Utah. Valeska is still with Fox.

H. B., NORTHFIELD, MINN.—Actresses usually buy their own costumes except where period costumes are required. Robert Warwick is in his late thirties and is married. Write Clara Kimball Young, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York.

PAULINE, PLAINFIELD, N. J.—Freckles don't show on the screen as they are carefully hidden behind the make-up. Harry Hilliard is with Fox yet.

L. F., NEW YORK CITY—Mrs. Vernon Castle has signed a contract with Pathe. She is 24. Hobart Henley is 30.

J. W., SAN MARCOS, TEX.—Rosemary Theby is still playing with Harry Myers. Understand she's unmarried. Let us know when you get ready to take the PHOTOPLAY examination.

CHARLOTTE, BROOKLYN—Musta been a mistake. Creighton Hale is not hooked as yet. Retain your composure.

DARK EYES, GOSHEN, IND.—No indeed, sixteen is not too young to have a screen favorite. Mr. Reid makes it a practice to answer letters from his admirers. Enjoyed your poem very much. Many thanks.

J. P., HONOLULU, H. I.—Emmy Wehlen is five feet, four inches. Don't know of any Chinese player on the screen.

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PERSONALITY STORIES

Which Have Appeared in PHOTOPLAY During the Past Twelve Months

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ALDEN, MARY	May, 1917	LINDER, MAX	February, 1917
ANDERSON, MARY	June, 1917	LITTLE, ANN	May, 1917
BARA, THEDA	May, 1917	LLOYD, FRANK	July, 1917
BARRYMORE, LIONEL	August, 1917	LONG, WALTER	July, 1917
BAYNE, BEVERLY	March, 1917	LOOS, ANITA	July, 1917
BENNETT, RICHARD	April, 1917	LOSEE, FRANK	May, 1917
BROCKWELL, GLADYS	April, 1917, and June, 1917	LOVE, BESSIE	August, 1917
BRUNETTE, FRITZI	May, 1917	LOVE, MONTAGU	July, 1917
BURTON, CHARLOTTE	December, 1916	LOVELY, LOUISE	July, 1917
BUSHMAN, FRANCIS X.	April, 1917	LYTTON, ROGER	April, 1917
CARMEN, JEWEL	July, 1917	MARSH, MAE, March, 1917, and June, 1917	1917
CHAPLIN, CHARLES	June, 1917	MARTIN, VIVIAN	August, 1917
CLARK, MARGUERITE	December, 1916	MASON, SHIRLEY	March, 1917
CLAYTON, ETHEL	April, 1917	MEIGHAN, THOMAS	August, 1917
CLIFFORD, KATHLEEN	August, 1917	MORENO, ANTONIO	August, 1917
COBURN, GLADYS	May, 1917	MURRAY, MAE	March, 1917
COHAN, GEORGE M.	March, 1917	McGOWAN, DOROTHY	June, 1917
CONNELLY, EDWARD	June, 1917	MacLAREN, MARY	February, 1917
CONNELLY, ROBERT	February, 1917	NELSON, FRANCES	May, 1917
COOPER, MIRIAM	July, 1917	O'BRIEN, EUGENE	August, 1917
DANA, VIOLA	February, 1917	O'NEIL, NANCE	April, 1917
DESMOND, WILLIAM	August, 1917	OSBORNE, HELEN	April, 1917
DORO, MARIE	December, 1916	PALEY, "DADDY"	March, 1917
DREW, S. RANKIN	April, 1917	PETERS, HOUSE	July, 1917
DWAN, ALLAN	May, 1917	PETROVA, OLGA	June, 1917
EMERSON, JOHN	November, 1916	PHILLIP, DOROTHY	May, 1917
FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS	May, 1917, and June, 1917	PICKFORD, MARY	March, 1917
FARRAR, GERALDINE	August, 1917	POWELL, DAVID	June, 1917
FAWCETT, GEORGE	April, 1917	PRETTY, ARLINE	June, 1917
FAZENDA, LOUISE	August, 1917	READ, LILLIAN	November, 1916
FISCHER, MARGARITA	February, 1917	REED, FLORENCE	July, 1917
FOX, EARLE	December, 1916	REED, VIVIAN	February, 1917
FREDERICK, PAULINE	June, 1917	REICHERT, KITTENS	August, 1917
FULLER, MARY, Nov., 1916, and May, 1917	1917	REUBEN, ALMA	April, 1917
GISH, DOROTHY and LILLIAN, May, 1917	1917	RHODES, BILLIE	July, 1917
GREY, OLGA	February, 1917	RICH, VIVIAN	December, 1916
GRIFFITH, DAVID WARK	August, 1916, to November, 1916, inclusive	ROBERTS, THEODORE	July, 1917
HALE, CREIGHTON	November, 1916	SAIS, MARIN	March, 1917
HAMILTON, MAHLON	May, 1917	SAUNDERS, JACKIE	August, 1917
HARLAN, MACEY	May, 1917	SEBASTIAN, CHARLES	July, 1917
HARRON, ROBERT	August, 1917	SMITH, C. AUBREY	February, 1917
HART, WILLIAM	May and July, 1917	SNYDER, MATT	December, 1916
HATTON, RAYMOND	November, 1916	STANDING, HERBERT	November, 1916
HOLMES, GERDA	March, 1917	STEVENS, EMILY	August, 1917
HOLMES, HELEN	March, 1917	SWEET, BLANCHE	July, 1917
HOLMES, STUART	December, 1916	TALMADGE, CONSTANCE	May, 1917
HOWELL, ALICE	August, 1917	TALMADGE, NORMA	February, 1917
HULETTE, GLADYS	November, 1916	TEARE, ETHEL	June, 1917
JACOBS, BILLY	August, 1917	TELLEGEN, LOU	July, 1917
KEENAN, FRANK	May, 1917	THEBY, ROSEMARY	December, 1916
KELLERMANN, ANNETTE	April, 1917	TURNBULL, HECTOR	December, 1916
KELLY, ANTHONY	April, 1917	VIDOR, FLORENCE	August, 1917
KELLY, DOROTHY	November, 1916	WALCAMP, MARIE	November, 1916
LA BADIE, FLORENCE	December, 1916	WARWICK, ROBERT	March, 1917
LAWRENCE, PAUL	November, 1916	WASHBURN, BRYANT	August, 1917
LEE, JENNIE	April, 1917	WHITNEY, CLAIRE	December, 1916
LEGUERE, GEORGE	May, 1917	WILLIS, PAUL	August, 1917
		WORTMANN, FRANK HUCK,	February, 1917
		ZUKOR, ADOLPH	August, 1917

Pearls of Desire

(Continued from page 49)

and came fluttering toward me. A clear, quavering voice cried out:—"Jack . . . Jack . . . I'm not a ghost . . . I'm real . . . real!"

And then the moon began to rock and sway while its light dimmed and darkened and I slipped gently into oblivion.

CHAPTER XI

IT is probable that I got the truth of it barely in the nick of time to save my reason and that my brief faint was in the nature of a mental anodyne. I recovered consciousness to find myself lying on the sand, my head on Enid's lap and she alternately sluicing my face from the water jug and pouring between my lips the last few drops of the bishop's Schuydam gin. Even as I lost my senses I had realized that here was no ghost, but Enid in the flesh.

And now as my brain resumed its functions I understood it all. We had been the wretched victims of a deliberate ruse on the part of this subtle, self-willed girl who for reasons of her own (and sound reasons as it proved) had decided in the depths of her extraordinary mind that a man of my nervous and imaginative nature could not be left alone upon a desert island without danger to his reason and therefore, feeling under obligation to me and being of a nature to pay her debts at any cost had coolly determined to share my exile.

My awakening intelligence had gathered these facts before she discovered that I had come out of my faint and I took my time about relieving her anxiety. I wanted a few seconds in which to reflect. Besides, for the moment I felt physically unable to stir an eyelash though my mind was active enough. Why had Enid done this outrageous thing? Was it really through a sense of duty or in large measure to spite her aunt and uncle, for Alice had told me that her niece had possessed from childhood an intolerance of reproof which at times had seemed scarcely sane. Certainly she had given me ample evidence of this quality the day I had tried to bring her to her senses and nearly got her drowned and lost my sight in the foolish attempt. But now, while my feeling to her was one of unbounded gratitude I could not help but think that she ought to be scolded for the

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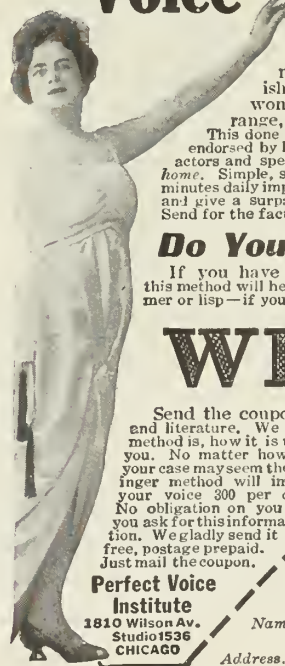
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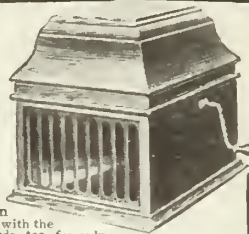
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misery she had made, so presently I opened my eyes and looked up into her strained and pallid face and muttered: "You wicked, girl!"

Her answer came in a flood of tears. She sobbed as if her heart would break and begged me incoherently not to blame her, demanding to know what else she could have done. I lay there astonished, for I would not have believed that she knew how to cry, except in rage or thwarted will. It was a phase which I had never thought to be latent in her character and I was destined to discover many more such unsuspected traits. This silent, scornful girl now began to babble all sorts of nonsense about my poor efforts at keeping them comfortable and of cheerful mind during our sojourn on Trocadero. An unprejudiced person listening to her might have been led to believe that I had been in the habit of transfusing them daily from my heart's blood and the volatile extracts of my soul. It made me ashamed to lie there and listen to her, but I found it singularly pleasant all the same. It was precisely the medicine required by my system at that moment.

"You see, Jack," she murmured, "Uncle Geoffrey is rather muddy after all, and I knew that he would quickly get over it while Alice will make an heroic effort as soon as she comes to realize that violent grief is bad for the looks. Two people who could go off and leave you here alone are not the sort to suffer very deeply because their silly niece chooses to slam off in a rage and get herself eaten by a shark or drowned or something. I considered all of that. You are the one that would have felt it the most, though you never liked me very much." She sighed. "I was watching you from a grotto in the cliffs not fifty feet away when you found my tunic and sandals . . . and it was all that I could do to keep from coming out. But I knew that it would not be for very long."

"What if I had gone with them?" I asked.

"Then I should have come out," she answered. "But I knew that you wouldn't."

"How?"

"First, because you loathe this horrible creature Drake and wouldn't put yourself in his debt. Second, because you know that he means to come back here and try to steal your pearls, and last because . . ." She hesitated.

"Well . . .?"

"Well, because you are not the least in love with Alice. Are you?"

"No," I answered. "That's all off."

"I knew that you would call it off when you went out together this evening," said Enid. "And I knew, of course, that you would stay here. And I knew that if you stayed here you would either go off your head from loneliness or else that Drake would come back and very likely murder you. I had already made up my mind that you must not be left here alone, so when Uncle Geoffrey absolutely refused to stay with you . . . and of course I knew that Alice would never think of doing so . . . there was nothing left but for me to carry out my plan. They would not have let me stay if they had been obliged to carry me aboard that horrid beast's schooner by force."

"That is true," I answered, "but what I fail to understand is why you should have been so solicitous about me. The mere fact of my having tried to be of as much service as possible and to make your captivity as endurable as might be under the circumstances is not enough. Any man who was a man, and a gentleman into the bargain would have done as much. If I chose to stick on here and take a chance on going looney or getting a bullet from Drake, that was my own affair. It was no reason why you should sacrifice yourself and nearly drive your aunt and uncle crazy with shock and grief. Why did you do it?" I raised myself on my elbow to see her face more clearly. "Do you realize what it means? Do you realize the risk and the privation, for our stores are mighty slim, and how it is going to affect your reputation when the truth of the business is known?"

She nodded. "Yes," she murmured, "I realize all that."

"Then why did you do it?" I persisted.

Her head seemed to droop. "Because I love you, Jack. . . ." She whispered; and then with no more faltering and in her usual even steady voice this amazing girl went on:—"I have loved you ever since we had our fight. Perhaps it was the shock of it which started something running inside me, like shaking a watch that has stopped. No man had ever seen me as you saw me nor spoken to me as you spoke to me nor handled me roughly as you did. Somehow it must have wakened me up and

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I felt rather as if I were some wild animal that you had tamed. But I didn't realize it until I saw that you and Alice were falling in love with each other. You can imagine how disgusted I was at her going off and leaving you in that cold-blooded way. But no doubt she didn't realize what it meant. Alice hasn't much imagination. You see, Jack, I have watched you pretty closely and studied your character and I knew that no one of such high nervous tension and active mind as yours could stand the solitude. So here I am Jack, for better or for worse and I am afraid that you will have to make the best of me."

I could not find anything to say, immediately. Here was a young and beautiful girl of distinguished family and an heiress in her own right making an unasked present of herself to me, John Kavanagh, *ci-devant* adventurer and South Sea planter because some weeks of close propinquity under primitive conditions had deluded her into fancying herself in love with me. I was certainly not in love with Enid, and my two recent and unfortunate affairs of sentiment had made me feel that I should never be such a fool as to fall in love again. But her clear reasoning and tremendous sacrifice had unquestionably saved my wits and no doubt my life, and I could not help but feel an unbounded gratitude. I tried rather clumsily to express this but she cut me short.

"Don't bother to thank me, Jack," said she. "I know how it is and so long as you don't blame me I am quite satisfied."

"When we get out of this will you marry me, my dear?" I asked.

"Of course I will, if I am sure that you really want me and are not acting from what you feel to be a sense of duty, Jack," she answered. "No . . ." (for I had stretched out my arms to her) "don't try to make love to me while we are here on this island, Jack. That would spoil everything . . . don't you understand?"

"Perfectly," I said. "It would mar your splendid sacrifice. All right, Enid, you may count on me to do my part. Until I can pay my debt to you in full I shall remain in yours and be proud to do so. You are a wonder of wonders, my dear, and I have been a silly fool and a baby into the bargain, because I might as well own up that I was pretty close to going off my chump when you came along, just now. It

(Continued on page 164)

STUDIO DIRECTORY

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal ones below. The first is the business office; (*) indicates proper office to send manuscripts; (s) indicates a studio; at times all three may be at one address.

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EDISON, THOMAS, INC., 2826 Decatur Ave., New York City. (*) (s).

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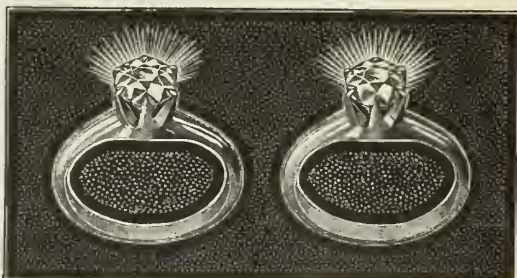
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(Continued from page 162)

didn't take very long, did it? But I must say that I think I might have worried along if it hadn't been for the shock you gave us. That hove me down, because I felt that it was my fault and it started the black thoughts that wound up by sapping all of the strength out of me."

She nodded. "Of course," said she. "But all the same I don't believe that you could have stood it very long. A stolid, phlegmatic person might, or one who had been alone here from the start and was thankful enough to get off alive. A shipwrecked sailor might have managed well enough for a certain length of time. He would have been too busy keeping body and soul together to have felt the solitude so much and would probably have taken it philosophically. But you are a good deal of a child in some ways, Jack; an imaginative child and your fancies might have got away with you. I felt that when I made up my mind to stay here. You had better go to bed, now, and I will do the same as we are both tired and we have got a lot of things to do to-morrow. I don't suppose that beast of a Drake left you anything, did he?"

I told her that we had only our few remaining stores with the little stuff which Drake had sent ashore, including the flannels and calico. In the stress of the moment not even Drake's callousness had been capable of depriving me of these insignificant articles. But they were sufficiently precious to Enid and myself, especially the textiles, as the season was approaching a change.

So we bade each other good night and retired, Enid apparently indifferent to the loneliness of the bungalow and accepting the new and extraordinary condition of things with a calmness which amazed me. It seemed outrageous; incredible. Here was a young girl who had been brought up in such an atmosphere of cold storage conventionality as to make it seem doubtful that a lifetime of varied experience would be enough to thaw her out around the edges. One day in the early part of our exile when I had jokingly remarked that any reader of modern fiction ought to have had a pretty good course in the expedients of shipwreck she had told me primly that she never read such stories as they were usually indelicate. Her ideas of delicacy had been analogous to those of a surgeon on

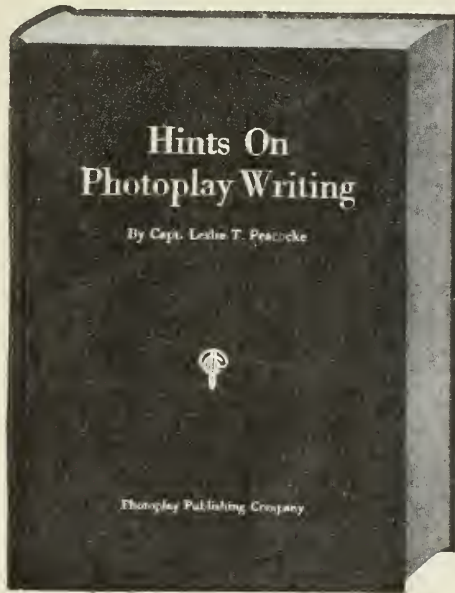
the technique of asepsis; the contact of any unsterilized body requiring immediate re-sterilization. I doubt that she would have prepared for bed in a room which contained a full face portrait of a man. Alice had told me that in travelling she could not be induced to enter the big galleries for fear of being offended by some masterpiece of art. She abominated "problem novels" and most modern current fiction. Her prudery had amounted to a passion and she moved about the world like an Alpiniste making a dangerous ascent in a fog. This extreme abhorrence of what she chose to consider the gross had never taken the form of timidity. On the contrary if unable otherwise to avoid it she would probably have tackled a lascivious work of art with an axe, and shown animus in its annihilation.

Not only did this extreme prudery prevail in regard to inanimate suggestion but also in her personal relations with men and other beasts of prey. According to Alice and the bishop she had sent no lack of swains scudding for shelter, up stick and away before the gusty draughts of her disapproval. Any amorous suggestion had been abhorrent to her and even timid votive offerings to her shrine had been spurned and sent spinning from the temple gates. She appeared to have considered it a sacrilege even to have been admired from a safe and respectful distance, but as she was destined to be richly endowed, her near relatives had never worried themselves sick over this phase of character.

And now, here was this Vestal, this golden Artemis slipping down from her ivory tower to immolate herself on a desert island with a wild Hibernian for fear lest he have hysterics . . . and by St. Christopher, saving him from them by the skin of his teeth. I make no excuse for my frailty. I was really in a very bad way and might easily have flown to pieces. But I like to think that this was less the result of unmanly weakness than because even at that early moment there were germinating in my system the grains of such a love as grew later when the fallow soil had been properly labored. Possibly Enid had felt subconsciously this nascent burgeoning and responded to it. Some instinct may have told her that in one poor honest soul the day would come when the touch of her little finger would outweigh the mass of all the universe.

(To be continued)

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CHICAGO

Polly of the Circus

(Continued from page 62)

used to read me verses from the Bible about my way being his way, and my people his people. But it isn't so, Jim. Your way is the way you were born, and your people are the people you was born with—and you can't change it, no matter how hard you try."

"You was changin' it, Poll," protested Jim. "You was gettin' jest like them people. It was me that took you away and spoiled it all. Poll, do you love the parson?"

"Yes, Jim," answered Polly softly.

"Didn't he care for you that way?"

"Oh, no, Jim. He was good and kind, always, but he didn't care, *that* way." Jim hurried away to supervise the packing of the circus paraphernalia just as the young minister suddenly appeared from the shadows.

Polly started and drew her cloak about her. "We were close neighbors today, I rather thought you'd call on us," began Douglas.

"When you're in a circus, there isn't much time for calling," answered Polly with an effort.

"Well, you see," smiled the rector. "I've come to call on you. Why did you leave me as you did that night?"

"I've come back to my people."

"You aren't frank with me. You're not happy here. I know it. And I'm not happy without you, Polly. You've grown so close—"

"Oh, don't, please don't," begged the little rider.

"I want you, Polly," continued the minister passionately. "I need you. I love you. Polly, Polly, why did you leave me?"

"You mustn't, it's wrong, all wrong," said Polly, frightened.

Before Douglas could reply, Deacon Strong climbed over a tent rope. "So, you're here, are you, Douglas? I've been watching you tonight."

"Yes, deacon, I'm here," answered the minister defiantly.

"I might a known how she'd keep her bargain," sneered Strong.

"Bargain, what bargain? So that's it. It was you who drove that child back to this."

"Oh, please, Mr. John, please don't make him any worse," begged Polly, clinging to Douglas' arm.

"What right had you to interfere?" demanded the pastor of the deacon.

"I had every right," gruffly answered Strong. "It was my duty."

"Your 'duty,'" repeated Douglas. "Your narrow-minded bigotry."

"I don't allow no man to talk to me like that," shouted Strong, "not even my parson."

"I'm not your parson—any longer," returned Douglas. "I've stayed with you and your narrow-minded congregation up to now, because I believed that you needed me. But, now, this child needs me more. She needs me to protect her from just such injustice as yours."

"I don't need you, Mr. John," sobbed Polly. "I can take care of myself. Don't mind what he says, Mr. Strong, I'll do as I promised. I'll stay with the circus. And Mr. John will think only of his church and his people."

"God is greater than any church or creed," answered Douglas. "There's work to be done everywhere—*His* work. We'll find our work together."

"No, no," begged Polly. "It's time for my act. I'm going to ride now." With that she ran into the main tent entrance.

Shouts and cries came from behind the dressing tent. Douglas turned puzzled, and saw Big Jim fighting off a gang of toughs. The young minister dashed into the maelstrom and, between the two, the hoodlums were beaten off. One of the gangsters, badly battered, crawled away to a pile of straw. A quick flash of a match and the straw blazed high into the summer sky. The flames swept rapidly along the ground and a second later the "big top" had caught.

The sudden whirl of smoke threw the audience into a paroxysm of fear. At that moment the animals and elephants caught the smell of burning canvas and their cries completed the panic. An elephant, in mad fright at the flames, ripped up the stake to which he was chained and burst bellowing through the crowd.

Douglas and Big Jim forced their way among the fleeing villagers with one thought—Polly! The minister was blinded by the smoke but the big canvasman dashed under the flaming canvas. Staggering to the animal tent, he found the little rider lying unconscious by her horse's side. The flames were creeping through the straw towards her fluffy riding costume.

Jim picked up the frail little form and

(Continued on page 168)

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(September)

Polly of the Circus

(Continued from page 166)

crawled through the blinding smoke. Twice he fell but each time he managed to regain his feet. Finally he reached the main entrance, where the minister was trying to force his way through a cordeon of circus men.

"Old friend," said Jim, still half choked by the smoke. "I've brought her back to you."

The two men carried Polly to the parsonage for a second time. The circus girl recovered quickly. "You've brought me back at last—back—home!" she sighed as she snuggled into Douglas' arms. Tears came to her tired eyes. "Entreat me not to leave thee."

Big Jim turned stoically away. Beneath his rough exterior was a deep, all powerful love for Polly but he knew that his love was futile. "I'm still part of the circus," he said, "and the show has got to go on. Goodbye, folks."

Polly clung to Douglas' arm. "Whither thou goest, will I go," repeated Polly. "where thou diest will I die."

And Douglas responded tenderly. "The Lord do so to me and more also if aught but death part thee and me."

A Gentleman of France

(Continued from page 137)

Angeles. Upon receiving his degree as a journeyman actor he was variously employed as leading man with Mary Mannerling, Mrs. Leslie Carter and other important stars.

It was in 1910, the stone hatchet era of the movies, that Monsieur Clary deserted the footlights, and he never returned to them. His first affiliation was with Selig, and he was Kathlyn Williams' leading man in the first great film serial "The Adventures of Kathlyn." His first great role was *Father Kelly* in "The Rosary." Since then he has been with Griffith and Lasky. Now he is with Fox. He played *Senator Harrington* in "The Honor System," one of the big roles of that sensational photoplay.

As it is customary to quote the interviewed party, we will conclude with some regard for the conventions:

"Yes," declared Mr. Clary. "I have a hobby. It is the non-ownership of automobiles. I have never owned an auto or a wife. I'm afraid of both."

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 114)

Cippico is the greatest European manufacturer of raw film stock, and, with the Eastman company of America, makes the world's supply of film. The Italian's factories and laboratories have, of course, been greatly dimmed in their productive lustre by the smoke of war, but he has been experimenting with color, spectroscopic and other advanced films. One of Miss Jolivet's claims to fame is that she was a passenger on the Lusitania, the sinking of which was the original act which began heading us toward war. Miss Jolivet was the passenger to whom Charles Frohman addressed his immortal words "Why fear death—it is a great adventure."

EVA TANGUAY is to do a picture. She will be seen in the role of a girl who is disguised as a gypsy youth, who finally runs away from the tribe to adopt a more conventional existence. The cyclonic Eva ought to be a lively figure on the screen.

THE legal difficulties between Clara Kimball Young and Lewis J. Selznick are not yet cleared up, although the speed with which conditions change in the picture business may make this statement inaccurate before this paragraph reaches the public. Miss Young published a de luxe advertisement in the trade papers about the first of July announcing the organization of her own company, to which Mr. Selznick replied with a legal notice the following week, warning producers, exhibitors and distributors to keep off the grass on account of his contract with Miss Young which does not expire until September 1st, 1921.

I Wish Ma Wouldn't Marry So Much!

"Come in!" said I to the lonesome lad who stood within the lobby,
 "And see the motion picture plays,"—but he only answered sobby:
 "Sir, the pictures are no treat for me,—my heart they cannot soften,—
 I wish my Ma would settle down, she marries quite too often!"
 "Explain yourself!" said I to him, "your words have made me dizzy!"
 Said he: "My Ma is way out West and, Gee! but she is busy!—
 My mother married a miner, a broker and a dude,
 She also wed a burgular whose ways were rather rude!
 Last week she married a banker; next day she wed a bum,
 Then she eloped with a traveling-man—I guess that's going some!
 But she came back and married a Swede and two bold Irish lads,—
 Just think of me to be spanked each day by twenty-seven dads!
 Some of my Pas are Portugees and Spanish, French and Dutch!
 I hope she quits, for you can see, she's marrying quite too much!"
 I reeled and gasped, but heard him say, as things grew black and shady,—
 "With a picture company, is Ma, and she's the leading lady!"
 HARRY J. SMALLEY.



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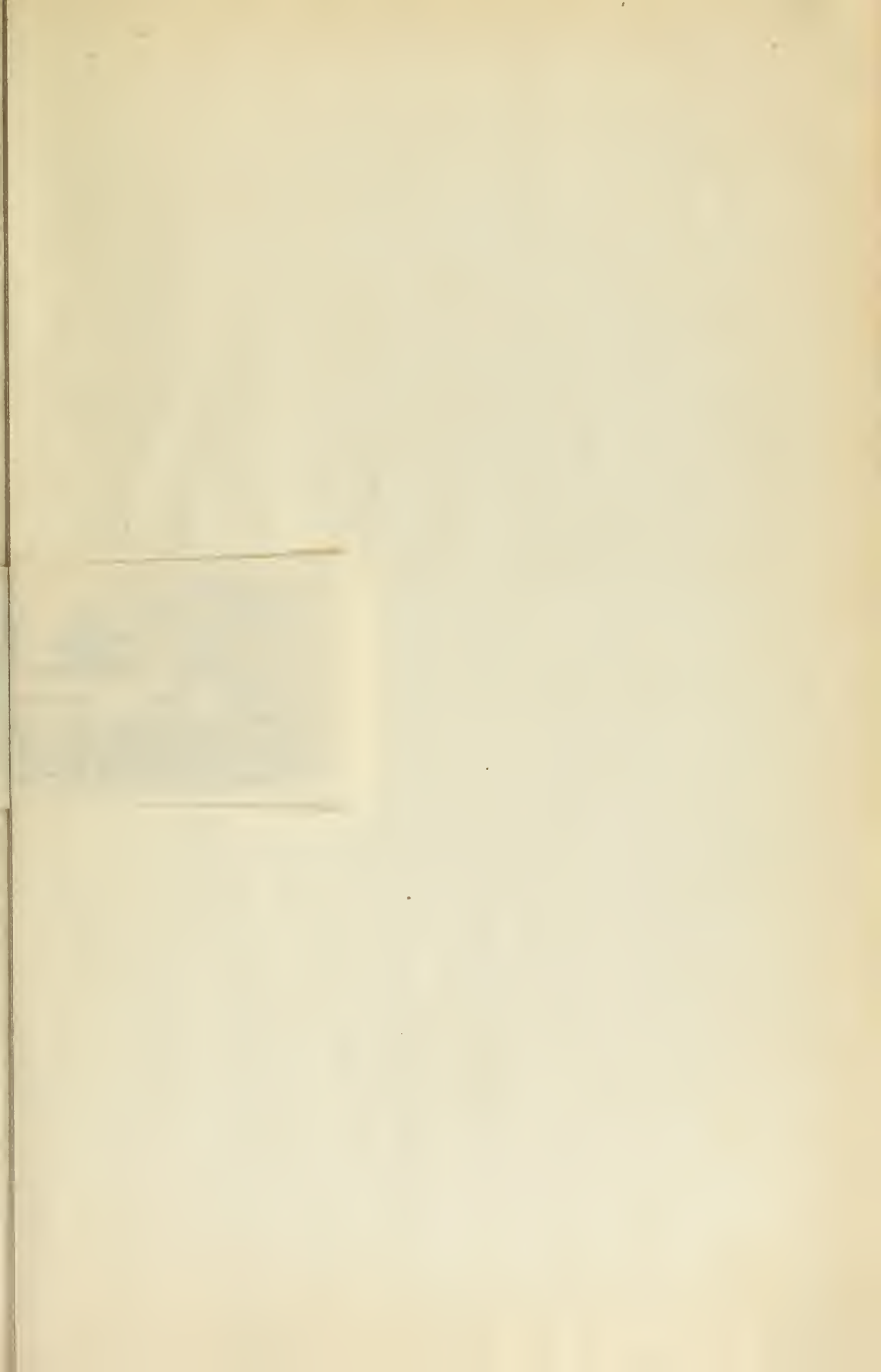
Give cheer to the boys in camp and on shipboard by sending them pictures from home. There are likely to be some tedious, homesick days and a little cheer-up in the way of photographs of the home folks and the home doings will do them a lot of good.

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